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The

# Outlook

*Saturday, May 2, 1903*



*Illustrated Magazine  
Number for May*

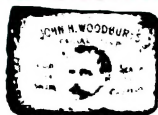


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# The Outlook

*A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER*

VOLUME LXXIV.

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# The Outlook

Vol. 74

May 2, 1903

No. 1

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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 74

May 2, 1903

No. 1

Russia Threatens  
China

Gladly taking advantage of the Boxer rebellion of three years ago as a pretext, Russia occupied the Chinese province of Manchuria, ostensibly to protect the workmen on her great railway, but after the close of hostilities signed a treaty agreeing to restore the province under certain conditions. Last week the Russian representative at Peking informed the Chinese Government that no further steps in the Russian evacuation of Manchuria would be taken until China had signed an agreement forthwith presented. This agreement is nothing more or less than a "hold-up." It demands (1) that there shall be no new treaty ports and no new foreign consulates in Manchuria—a special thrust at the United States Government, which, in the new Chino-American treaty just presented to the Imperial Government, asks for the establishment of treaty ports at the Manchurian towns of Mukden and Takushan; (2) that the customs revenues of Niuchang, the Manchurian treaty port, be paid into the Russo-Chinese Bank, and not into the Chinese Customs Bank; (3) that no portion of Manchuria be alienated to another Power than Russia; (4) that none but Russians be employed in a military or civil administrative capacity in Manchuria; (5) that the present status (Russian) of the administration of Manchuria remain unchanged—a clause apparently included in the preceding; (6) that Russia have the right to own the telegraph wires wherever there are Chinese telegraph wires in Manchuria, using the same poles; (7) that Russia control the Niuchang sanitary regulations. In view of the uncommonly drastic nature of these demands—those with regard to Niuchang of course violating treaties between China and the various Powers—it is not surprising that Japan, the nearest of the Powers,

has ordered three war-ships to Niuchang, and that the Japanese press insists on immediate and vigorous action, not unreasonably confident of the support of the United States as well as of the British Government. While the Chinese Government is reported to be greatly disturbed, it is apparently powerless in the matter. Though Prince Ching, Chinese Foreign Minister, has refused the Russian terms, his refusal probably pleases Russia almost as well as his acceptance would have done, since either alternative means the relinquishment of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria. As those acute observers, Messrs. Gerrare and Shoemaker, have shown in their just-published books on Manchuria, Russian occupancy of the great province is now practically complete. Even if Russia fulfils the exact terms of the treaty by which she agreed to relinquish Manchuria, the removal of her soldiers and officials from one part of the country only concentrates them in another part—that is, along the line of her great railway, bisecting the province and connecting the trans-Siberian road with Port Arthur. By the terms of the treaty, Russia has a right to protect this railway, and she chooses to believe that its protection demands the presence in Manchuria of about two hundred thousand men, mostly soldiers.

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The Dreyfus Letter

Last week a letter was published in the French papers, written by ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus, under date of April 21, to General André, Minister of War. The communication is likely to have historical importance in the history of the Dreyfus drama. M. Dreyfus pleads that the court martial which sentenced him at Rennes was improperly influenced, (1) by the annotated document ascribed to the German Emperor, and (2) by the false

testimony of certain witnesses, and, reinforced by new facts, begs that an inquiry be instituted as to the further fraudulent practices only now discovered. The letter has caused agitation in France, not only by reason of its appeal for a reopening of the case, but also because of the dramatic recapitulation of the "Five Years of My Life." "Picture to yourself," implores Dreyfus, "the horrors of a soldier whose whole life was devoted to duty, to work, to loyalty, and to profound devotion to his country; and who in an instant is stripped of his good name and despoiled of the honor of himself and his children. For five years this soldier is subjected to horrible sufferings . . . amid the tortures of a murderous climate. . . . He is absolutely innocent of all crime, and struggles in vain to penetrate the mystery. . . . At last he is brought back to France, the guilty one is discovered, and the soldier hears himself proclaimed innocent by some of those who before reviled him as a traitor. . . . But, alas! if I returned to find the devotion of friends who have battled for truth, it was to find also that deadly hatreds had been unloosed. . . . My second condemnation was but an aggravated reaffirmation of what occurred in 1894." These words are none too rhetorical. When Esterhazy was recognized as the author of the treason, the same men who had cheated justice in 1894 sought to cheat it again five years later, and by practically the same maneuvers; that they succeeded in their aim constitutes, as *The Outlook* said at the time, the infamy of army judicature in France. Fortunately, in the inquiry now ordered there is hope for Dreyfus and hope for the dignity of French institutions.



#### The Little War in Somaliland

Since last autumn, when the startling check to British arms in Somaliland, East Africa, occurred, there has been little news from that region. During the winter and spring reconnaissances of dismounted troops have been ordered, the advance being a march in hollow-square formation. Orders were given that the square formation should be maintained during the halts. From recent news, it would appear that the hollow formation has not been of suffi-

cient military power to overawe the natives. At all events, they overwhelmed a hollow square last week, annihilating nearly two hundred men and a large number of officers. The pleasant feelings aroused in England by the unexpectedly favorable terms of British taxation for the ensuing year were chilled by the receipt of this intelligence, which recalled the early days of the Boer War. General Manning, commanding the British forces in Somaliland, has, it is evident, a more difficult task than has been supposed. With a large force he immediately started for Gumburru, the scene of the casualty, forty miles from his own station at Galadi, and on Saturday an engagement was reported by which Colonel Cobbe was relieved; 2,000 of the enemy, it is said, were killed by the British forces. While there is no more doubt about the ultimate result in Somaliland than there was in South Africa, it would not be surprising if the hardy native chiefs under the so-called "Mad Mullah" were to give the British troops as long a resistance as did the whites in the south. The possession of Somaliland has, of course, a strategic value, in the development of Anglo-African trade, in the building of the great Cape-to-Cairo railway, and because it commands, with the colony of Aden on the Arabian shore, the entrance to the Red Sea.



#### Unrest in Morocco

Last week's news from Morocco was certainly startling enough. It culminated in the announcement that Muley Mohammed, the Sultan's brother, had been proclaimed Emperor at Fez. Though this despatch is as yet unconfirmed, the news was not unexpected, since the Moroccan pretender, who is really only the leader of a rebellion, announced some time ago that he did not wish the throne for himself; he only wished the downfall of the present Sultan, on account of the latter's pro-foreign tendencies. Ever since Abdul Aziz began his reign, nine years ago, he has evinced a remarkable partiality for everything European—a tendency ascribed to the fact that his mother was a Circassian. As the pro-foreign tendencies of the Chinese Emperor are said to have been a principal cause of the Boxer Rebellion, so the pro-foreign tendencies of the Moroccan



Emperor became the chief cause of the recent insurrection in that country. The Emperor persisted in purchasing all kinds of goods from abroad, in introducing European methods of administration, and even in appearing in European dress. When the rebellion became really serious, he dismissed the Europeans in his entourage, but, as soon as he thought that he had crushed the insurrection, immediately resumed his bicycling, polo games, and foreign costumes, meanwhile recalling his European friends. Hence there was a second outbreak. This is more serious than the first, because it affects a larger region of country, extending even to the seacoast towns, the inhabitants of which are now so terrorized that in some cases they have asked for ships to be sent to take them away, on account of the large forces of mountaineers who are robbing them. Even such important places as Melilla and Tetuan have yielded to the demands of tribesmen, while Europeans traveling on the principal Moroccan highway—that between Tangier and Tetuan—have been robbed of animals and baggage. Mequinez, the headquarters of an American mission, and a town thirty-six miles from Fez, the capital, has been attacked and pillaged; it is believed that no Americans have resided in the place during recent weeks. At the capital itself discontent is increasing, owing to a great rise in prices, caused partly by the rebellion and partly by the drought. The superstitious think the drought due to the presence of the Christians at court, especially as rain has fallen at Marakesh, where there are no Christians. While these events are happening, the French Government looks calmly on, not ill pleased at a disintegration which makes a hoped-for reintegration more possible.



**Turkish "Reforms"** As a rule, the unspeakable Turk deserves little sympathy; but last week all the world had to acknowledge that he was in a sorry plight. To begin with, the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople had audiences with the Sultan in which, while acknowledging the Porte's good intentions, they urged the imperative necessity of immediately checking the Albanian disorders. These disorders have taken on a more

serious aspect since two of the new reform judges were shot by Albanians at Skutari. The other judges appointed under the reform scheme of the Powers now act in fear of their lives. The Albanians are also detaining the Sultan's reform commissioners as hostages, threatening that, if the native who shot the Russian Consul at Mitrovitsa, in North Albania, is executed for his crime, an awful revenge will fall on the Sultan and on the Christians who forced the death sentence. However, three trials by a Turkish court martial were required before this verdict was secured. In contrast with these facts, the Government's official statement of progress forms interesting reading. It asserts that the Courts of Appeal have been successfully reconstituted, half of the judges being Mohammedans and half Christians; but it declares that the Orthodox Bishops are dissuading Christians from accepting positions in the gendarmerie, alleging that they would be forced to become Muslims. The pay of the gendarmerie has therefore been increased by one-quarter, and the Government has assured the Christians in writing that their religion is in no danger. In Macedonia the institution of these reforms and the publication of these assurances do not seem to have made much impression. The Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand bands continue their programme of pillage, outrage, and murder, hoping thus to compel the Powers' intervention. At Opela, for instance, a sanguinary fight occurred last week, at which the revolutionists resorted to the use of dynamite, hurling bombs among the Turks, seventy of whom were killed or wounded. The next day, at Radovitz, a band of about five hundred insurgents, partly in Bulgarian uniform, was defeated by Turkish regulars. While Russia and Austria continue their apparently impassive attitude as regards measures other than diplomatic, a British battle-ship has sailed from Malta to Volos, on the Greek coast, close to the Albanian frontier. It is to be hoped that the British and Austrian Governments, recognizing their special responsibility for present conditions in the disturbed provinces, will now act in harmony with the Russian Government, instead of opposing any sensible plan of the last named, as they did twenty-five years ago. Wherever Slav Christians are in the great

majority, as in Macedonia, they come more naturally within a Slav than a Teutonic sphere of influence. At all events, they must be redeemed from the terrible Turk.



**England's Peace Budget** The English Chancellor, Mr. Ritchie, in presenting last week the first peace budget in four years, began with the remark that whereas his predecessors had been compelled to increase tax burdens, it was his privilege to reduce them, but he did not add—as a less optimistic mood would have required—that it was not his privilege to reduce them as much as his predecessors had increased them. The South African war, together with the short campaign in China, he reported, had cost nearly eleven hundred million dollars, of which less than a third had been paid out of current revenues, and less than a fifth could be recovered from the Transvaal and China. A full half of this vast sum, therefore, or \$550,000,000, was added to the permanent debt of the country. The interest upon this new debt, however, forms the smaller part of the increase in the nation's expenditures. The increased army estimates Mr. Ritchie regarded with great concern, and hoped soon to effect reductions in this field, but the increase in the naval estimates he regarded as inevitable and unalterable unless Great Britain's neighbors called a halt in their armaments. If this were done, however, he added, "Great Britain is fully ready to follow suit." The Chancellor stated that there were hopeful indications of a movement for lessened armaments, but, unfortunately, Italy is the only Continental country where this movement is strong outside of the ranks of the Socialists. The net result of the increased expenditures is that the peace budget this year calls for appropriations aggregating \$719,000,000, as against \$515,000,000 six years ago. Heavy as the war taxes had become, it was only possible for the Chancellor to propose a reduction of \$50,000,000 a year because of the return of peace. Forty millions of this sum the Ministry would grant to the income-tax payers, reducing their tax from six per cent. to four and a half, and the remainder would be granted to the whole consumers by repealing the new taxed grain. Sir William Har-

court, the last Liberal Chancellor, spoke for his party in condemning the Ministry for relieving the well-to-do classes more than the wage-earners. In Mr. Gladstone's time it became the custom to divide reductions in taxation, so that indirect taxes burdening the poor should be as much reduced as direct taxes burdening the property-owners. By the new budget the latter class get four times as much relief as the former. But the Liberal protest against this feature of the budget did not compare in warmth with the rejoicing over the repeal of the tax on grain, which a year ago seemed to threaten a return to the old system of taxing the bread of the wage-earners to "protect" the rents of the landlords. The abandonment of this grain tax also indicates flagging faith in the possibility of an imperial customs union, by which Great Britain and her colonies might grant each other preferential duties against the rest of the world.



**The Merger Decree Relaxed** To the surprise of the stock market, Judge Sanborn, of the United States Circuit Court—one of the four judges who had united in the decree against the Northern Securities Company—last week modified the injunction so as to permit the Company to pay to its shareholders the regular May dividend. At the hearing before Judge Sanborn the representative of the Attorney-General opposed the modification, taking the position that it involved permitting the company to continue to violate the law. Judge Sanborn, however, held that the major portions of the injunction forbade the Northern Securities Company from controlling the operation of the two competing railroad systems it had purchased in order to unite, and from voting their stock, and maintained that it was a matter of minor importance whether the company paid the dividends earned by these roads pending the decision upon its appeal to the higher courts. These dividends, he pointed out, would in the end go to the same parties, whether paid by the Northern Securities Company or by the railroad companies merged into it, and it would be a relief to the stockholders to get their dividends now. The Supreme Court, he argued,

had provided a rule by which judges granting injunctions might suspend them pending appeal, if the suspension would not affect injuriously the party securing the injunction. In this case the United States had secured the injunction, and he believed its interests were not affected injuriously by the modification granted. So far as financial interests go this is doubtless the case, but there is a public injury if the public in the slightest degree loses its confidence that its laws are enforced with the same rigor against the strongest corporations and the weakest individuals.



#### Disastrous Effect of Rate Changes

Week before last the people of the middle Northwest were astounded to learn that practically all the flour-mills in Minnesota and the Dakotas engaged in making flour for more than a local trade had closed. The great mills of Minneapolis, with a daily capacity of 75,000 barrels, and an average daily production of approximately 50,000, consuming over a million bushels of wheat a week, stopped their machinery, or continued to run only long enough to meet contracts. The mill-owners announced that they had shut up their mills because the discrimination against flour and in favor of wheat by the transportation companies had reached such a point that they were losing money. The immediate effect of the closing of the mills was to put the price of flour up from ten to twenty cents a barrel, and to throw out of work 2,500 men in Minneapolis and 2,000 at other milling towns. The millers announced that their mills would not turn a wheel until the transportation companies granted them fair rates. The rate on flour is nearly three times the rate upon wheat. The difference is so great that the Minneapolis mills, with all the economies of water-power and immense capacity, are not able successfully to sell flour in competition with the smaller Eastern mills in supplying the Eastern or export trade, or with the mills of Europe, though the latter use American wheat. The transportation companies assert that wheat can be transported much more cheaply than flour. The millers admit that it can be moved somewhat more cheaply, but insist that the present difference has passed the bounds of rea-

son. They also insist that the real interests of the railroads, which control the lake lines, is in making it possible for more and more wheat to be ground into flour in the Northwest, as the industry contributes directly and indirectly much more revenue to the railways than the mere hauling of raw wheat. The Minneapolis flour-mills, by far the largest in the world, were built up to their present eminence on a flour rate of 7.5 cents to Chicago per hundred pounds, and 18 cents to New York; to-day the rates are 10 and 25.5 cents, respectively. Fortunately, the manufacturers injured by this advance were able to make their protests heard both in railroad and legislative circles, and last week they received assurances of redress, which led them to reopen their mills.



#### The New Stock Exchange in New York City

Last week the new building of the New York City Stock Exchange was formally opened, and the opening marks another period in its history. It was formed in 1792, and its first meetings were held under the historic buttonwood-tree in front of the old Tontine Coffee-House in Wall Street. The Exchange has well lived up to the very first article of its constitution: "To maintain high standards of commercial honor among our members, and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business." The importance of the Exchange was well illustrated by Mayor Low in his speech at the dedicatory exercises. After referring to the projected expenditure of many millions of dollars by the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railways in construction work in New York City, the Mayor asked: "How could these things be done for our city if such institutions as this did not exist to make a market for the securities of these companies, and to enable the companies to secure from the banks the necessary facilities to obtain funds? This is a home illustration, but it is equally significant for the whole country. Before the end of this century it will be equally significant for the whole world." The Mayor was equally apt in referring to the new structure itself: "I think it no accident that, in building your new home, you have made

it beautiful. To me it signifies the idealism that characterizes the conduct of great business affairs. It is said that trade is sordid; but I think it is true that the man who is to succeed in it on a great scale must be gifted with the imagination of the poet." The building is indeed beautiful, as any building is likely to be which has for its architect Mr. George B. Post, and for the sculptor of its ornamentation Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. The new Exchange is in the form of a Grecian temple, constructed of Georgia marble, the severity and harmony of outline in grateful contrast with certain Philistine, complicated, and over-elaborated sky-scrapers in the vicinity. The demolition of the old Stock Exchange was begun just two years ago, and occupied a long time, because, first, the walls had been laid in cement and had to be blasted; secondly, the site was now surrounded by new and immensely tall buildings; and, thirdly, while the walls were being reduced, the safe-deposit vaults, which were in the center of the old building, about twelve feet below the street level, presented a delicate problem. Inasmuch as the floor of the cellar of the new building was to be thirty feet below the floor of the old vault, the slightest settling by a fraction of an inch in the mass of masonry and iron would have caused the doors to bind, and would have prevented access to the many safe-deposit boxes containing the securities of bankers and brokers who must have them for daily use. To show the excellence of modern methods, we may add that not once did such a state of things occur.



#### An Act in Favor of Disease

One of the Acts passed by the New York Legislature, just adjourned, is so obstructive to the public health of New York City and of the State that we sincerely hope the Governor will withhold his approval. The history of the act is this. Dr. Ernst Lederle, Health Commissioner of the City of New York, planned an outdoor charitable hospital, or camp, for consumptives, to be located in the pretty village of Central Valley, in Orange County, this State. The plan—although to some extent experimental—conformed with the very successful plan which the Health Board and the Board of Charities have accom-

plished in this city in fighting the scourge of tuberculosis. It has been very definitely proved by practical experience that tubercular patients and invalids, when living under hygienic conditions and control, are not a danger to the community in which they live. This is indicated by the community at Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains, in which is situated the widely known sanitarium established by Dr. E. L. Trudeau. But some of the wealthy property-owners in the neighborhood of Central Valley, with what seems to us to be a very unreasonable if not an inhumane fear, brought such pressure to bear upon the State Legislature that Assemblyman Bedell introduced an act prohibiting any individual, association, corporation, or municipality from establishing a "hospital, camp, or other establishment" for the treatment of consumptives "unless the Board of Supervisors of the county and the Town Board of the town shall each adopt a resolution authorizing the establishment thereof and describing the limits of the locality in which the same may be established." No doubt all hospitals should be established and conducted under proper regulation. As a matter of fact, all hospitals, either in cities or in the country, are now subject to the regulation of the local and the State Boards of Health. The Bedell act, however, makes it exceedingly difficult if not impossible for tuberculosis hospitals, either private or public, to be built in the State of New York. For it is very unlikely that such an unwieldy body as would be composed of the county Board of Supervisors and the town Boards could agree on anything, whether it be a school, a hospital, or a village band-stand. It appears to those who are most interested in fighting the dreaded disease of tuberculosis that the act was framed for the very purpose of preventing the establishment by New York City of hospitals for consumptives in the country. Tuberculosis is one of the most terrible of diseases in its ravages. About sixteen thousand individuals die annually in the State of New York from it, and yet it is difficult to get the public to support the work of those faithful men and women who are doing what they can to cure the disease and alleviate the suffering arising from it. That it can be cured, prevented, and controlled is clearly proved by med-

ical statistics. In the city of New York, under modern methods of treatment, the deaths from tuberculosis have been very greatly reduced in number. One such modern method of treatment is the maintenance of patients in outdoor camps or hospitals. It seems to us unfortunate that intelligent men with influence and money should use their power to combat those who are fighting tuberculosis, in not only a humane and public-spirited way, but with scientific, hygienic, and successful methods.



**National  
Municipal League  
Convention**

The annual meetings of the National Municipal League serve to mark the progress of this country toward higher standards of municipal conduct and efficiency. The Detroit meeting (April 22 to 24) was no exception to the rule. The Secretary's annual report and the special reports from New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and other cities, both large and small, were all hopeful in a marked degree. Perhaps the most striking paper was that of James L. Blair on the "St. Louis Disclosures," in which he completely and satisfactorily dispelled the recently prevalent idea that, notwithstanding all the splendid and significant work of Attorney Folk in convicting the rascals, the same old crowd was still in control. Of the six Councilmen elected at the recent election, five were men of the very highest business and social rank; the sixth, though not ranking so high, was yet much above the average partisan nomination. Likewise the twenty-eight nominations on both sides for the House of Assembly were above the average performances in the past. Mr. Blair also refuted the current impression of a misunderstanding between Mayor Wells and Mr. Folk, and that all the candidates indorsed by the latter were defeated. He showed how Mayor Wells has personally raised \$15,000 to enable Mr. Folk to pursue his prosecutions, and that the latter did not indorse any candidate, announcing that he would take no active part in any campaign because he thought it improper to do so in view of the peculiar nature of his office. The subject of instruction in municipal government in educational institutions was treated of in several brilliant papers, and a committee, with Superin-

tendent William H. Maxwell, of New York, as Chairman, was authorized to take up the work of extending the League's activities along these lines to the secondary and elementary schools. The need for such instruction was most clearly set forth. The idea of a closer federation of the National bodies interested in the various phases of the municipal problem was considered by J. Horace McFarland and representatives of the other bodies interested, and the idea of a civic alliance to promote this idea was heartily indorsed. The League's practical work in the direction of uniform municipal accounting was given deserved prominence. Although the committee has been but two years at work, its schedules have already been adopted in the Ohio cities and Boston, Baltimore, Providence, Detroit, not to mention a number of smaller communities like West Newton and Brookline, Mass. Charles J. Bonaparte was elected President in place of James C. Carter, who was made Honorary President, and Horace E. Deming, of New York, was made Chairman of the Executive Committee.



**The Boston  
"New Voters' Festival"**

A "New Voters' Festival" was held in Boston on Sunday, April 19, "Patriots' Day," the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The service—for it was religious as well as patriotic in character—was held in Faneuil Hall, unconventionally and artistically decorated for the occasion. The "Boston Equal Suffrage Association for Good Government" had invited a large number of young men, those who had just reached, or were about to reach, voting age, to assemble and hear addresses on the duty of the citizen. The addresses were made by the Mayor, the Lieutenant-Governor, a member of Congress, two clergymen, and a Jewish rabbi. It is worth incidentally mentioning that the subject most frequently reverted to in these addresses was the value of immigrants as citizens, and that two of the speakers were foreign-born. On the programmes distributed there were printed suggestions as to proper "study of the affairs of the city, State, and country." Information was given concerning clubs and societies that would direct the aim of young citizens to

unselfish and patriotic service of the community and the Nation ; concerning prizes offered by the Equal Suffrage Association for essays on the city's government ; and, finally, concerning the names and Public Library numbers of useful books for new voters to read. The celebration, it is expected, will hereafter be annual. The fact that this meeting was devised and carried out by women who are organized to promote the cause of woman suffrage afforded an example of that spirit, too rare among reformers, which is willing to use other than favorite instruments for attaining the supreme end of all civic reform—the righteousness of the State. This meeting may suggest to other municipalities the adoption of some custom by which new voters can be welcomed and advised.



#### The Southern Educational Conference

The sixth session of the Southern Educational Conference, held in Richmond on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and at the University of Virginia on Saturday of last week, brought together a large number of men distinguished in educational and literary work, North and South ; and the exercises, held in the Richmond Opera-House, were attended by crowded and responsive audiences. Never before in the history of this great movement has so much popular interest been manifested, and it is doubtful if any previous meetings have been more stimulating. Mr. Robert C. Ogden's opening address struck the keynote of fraternal co-operation and broad educational advance. Governor Montague's welcome was more than cordial ; it was a forceful statement of the enlightened policy which has won for him, as for Governor Aycock, the significant title of "Educational Governor." The reports from the field by such educational leaders as Dr. Frissell, of Hampton Institute, Dr. Alderman, of Tulane University, Dr. McIver, of the State Normal College at Greensboro, N. C., President Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, registered the rapidity of the forward movement and gave a vivid impression of obstacles overcome and a tide of public opinion rapidly rising in all parts of the South. The programmes were devoted chiefly to practical subjects, such

as local taxation for educational purposes, consolidation of schools in rural districts, transportation of pupils, technical education, model schools ; and the addresses were strikingly progressive, hopeful, enthusiastic ; it was significant that reactionary notes, whenever struck, were heard in silence. Mr. St. Clair McKelway spoke frankly and fervently of the common work and feeling of the North and South, and at the closing session Dr. Lyman Abbott interpreted the Conference as one of the most impressive evidences of the reunited Nation. The hospitality of Richmond was without bounds ; and nothing was left undone of graceful and cordial courtesy and thoughtfulness.



#### Mr. Carnegie's Gift to Tuskegee

During this Conference a letter was made public, written by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., one of the members of the Endowment Fund Committee of Tuskegee Institute, and a trustee of the Institute. In this letter Mr. Carnegie gives the sum of \$600,000 to the Institute, with absolutely no restriction except the one requirement that suitable provision be made for Principal Booker Washington and his family. It is known that Mr. Washington has unreservedly given his life to his work and has never had time to think of the ordinary and quite proper efforts of professional men to accumulate provision for the future. Mr. Carnegie well says : "I am satisfied that the serious race problem of the South is to be solved wisely only through Mr. Washington's policy of education—which he seems to have been specially born, a slave among slaves, to establish and in his own day greatly to advance." It was pointed out at the recent Madison Square Garden meeting in New York City that one great need of Tuskegee was that Mr. Washington should be able to give more of his attention directly to the management of the Institute, and that the only possibility of this lay in completing the proposed endowment fund. Already about \$400,000 have been raised for that purpose, and Mr. Carnegie's generous gift will complete the first million dollars ; another million will be required to put the endowment on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. Although

the 1,400 students pay their own board, usually in labor, and buy their own books, the expenses are necessarily very heavy, and the opportunities are practically boundless. It was particularly pleasing that the announcement of Mr. Carnegie's gift should have been made during the sessions of the Southern Educational Conference, in which men of both sections of the country were earnestly trying to systematize and perfect plans for the increase of educational facilities for both races throughout the South.



**The New President  
of the City College,  
New York**

Professor John Huston Finley, of Princeton, who was chosen last week to be President of the College of the City of New York, has had an unusual career as an educator. After graduation from Knox College, while a student in Johns Hopkins University, he began to contribute by his writings to the discussion of sociological topics. He then became Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. When he was only twenty-nine he became President of Knox College, Illinois. From there almost directly he went to Princeton University, where he has since occupied the chair of politics. While at Princeton he adopted unconventional and effective methods for acquainting his students with the political methods of different countries, by organizing them into legislative bodies. Dr. Finley has also done considerable literary and editorial work. He will be expected to achieve lasting changes for good in the institution of which he is now the President-elect. The College of the City of New York is a free college—a part of the public-school system. It is one of the three or four colleges in the United States that are under city control. The oldest of these is the picturesque College of Charleston, S. C., which dates from the eighteenth century. The College of the City of New York is, on the other hand, we believe, actually the youngest, having been founded as a high school in 1847 and having been made a college as late as 1866. But its value to the city has been very great; it has done much to democratize higher education, and, like the system of which it is a part, has aimed to make the instruction which it

has furnished practical rather than merely academic. Next fall the corner-stone of the first new building on its new site, on the heights uptown, will be laid, and at the same time the new President will be installed.



**The Work of the  
Methodist Episcopal  
Church**

Two measures of far-reaching importance are now before the Methodist Episcopal Church for consideration. The first has to do with the unification of the publishing interests, and involves a number of radical changes. At the present time the publishing department of the Methodist Episcopal Church is conducted by the Methodist Book Concern and the Western Methodist Book Concern—the former located at New York and the latter at Cincinnati—and there are depots in various cities. The Book Committee at its recent session in this city drew up a paper, which is to be presented to the next General Conference, in which it recommends that there be one publishing house, called the Methodist Book Concern, and that all the publishing interests of the Church be conducted by that establishment. The plan is to consolidate the manufacturing plants now existing at New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and locate the new plant in a place contiguous to some large distributing point. The impression is that this new location will be in a small town in the region of Chicago. The conduct of the publishing interests is to be under the direction of a Publishing Agent elected by the General Conference, instead of four Publishing Agents as at present. The plan also calls for sub-agents at New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; and there are various other details which give the entire measure an exceedingly radical aspect. It is claimed that in these days of the consolidation of business interests the Methodist Episcopal Church should fall in line and develop its resources to its greater financial benefit. The advocates of unification claim that over one hundred thousand dollars a year will be saved by their plan, and that in a short time the annual dividends appropriated to the superannuated ministers of the Church, which are a part of the earnings of the Book Concern, will be greatly increased.

The second proposition comes from a Commission, appointed in accordance with the action of the last General Conference, which has had under consideration for the last two years a plan for the consolidation of the benevolent societies of the Church. At present there are six such organizations—the Missionary Society, the Board of Education, the Board of Church Extension, the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the Sunday-School Union, and the Tract Society. The headquarters of four of these organizations are in New York; the Church Extension office is located at Philadelphia; and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society has its headquarters at Cincinnati. The plan proposed divides and combines these societies into three new organizations: a Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at New York; a Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, with headquarters at Philadelphia; and a Board of Education, with headquarters at Cincinnati; this latter board to be composed of the present Board of Education, the Sunday-School Union, the Tract Society, and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. This plan is quite as radical as the proposition for the unification of the publishing interests of the Church, and together they are sure to produce a considerable amount of debate. It is impossible to forecast the action of the General Conference, but it is quite likely that both of these measures will be adopted, with modifications.



**A Union Service in Holy Week** The opportunity which Holy Week affords for union services of churches of different denominations was exemplified in the borough of Kittanning, Pa., this spring. The rector of the Episcopal church there, the Rev. F. C. Hartshorne, who directed such a service, writes us that it "was rendered possible by the cordial co-operation of the ministers of the various churches, and, owing to their influence, the chorus was composed of singers belonging to many different churches." The service was held in an Opera-House. It had been widely advertised. The place was crowded with a heterogeneous audience, including many children. The narrative of the week was

read in the words of the New Testament until the event of the crucifixion was reached; then Stainer's "Crucifixion" was sung; then the narrative was resumed through the events of Easter Day. The whole was illustrated with stereopticon pictures. Upon the audience, which was composed only in part of usual churchgoers, this made a strong impression. The people were quiet and reverential throughout the entire service. Mr. Hartshorne estimates that from one-half to one-third of the population of the town, excepting the aged, the sick, the incapacitated, and infants, were present; and he comments: "It proves that, whether church attendance falls off or not, the power of Christ to draw is as great as ever; and the problem is to find ways in which to lift him up. . . . It was noticeable at the time, and from comments heard afterwards, that the more refined and artistic the picture, the greater the impression it made." He mentions the religious atmosphere that prevailed in spite of the unconventional character of the service and the place in which it was held, and adds that it certainly "was something to have brought the facts of the Passion, Crucifixion, and Resurrection to the attention of twelve hundred people." If there is any time above another when denominational differences ought to disappear, it should be in the celebration of these events, and it is for that reason that this service seems to us worthy, not only of notice, but also, in its spirit at least, of imitation.



**Tennessee Almost Saloon-Free** In the Southern States the anti-saloon movement continues to make steady advances, and to-day very much the larger part of the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line is free from saloons in which liquor can be bought to be drunk on the premises. A fortnight ago we published an account of the recent advances in North Carolina. This week a correspondent in Tennessee sends us an account of the advances that have been made there. Anti-saloon legislation in Tennessee began, he says, in 1873, when Major Fairbanks, then associated with the University of the South at



Sewanee, secured the election of a legislator pledged to propose a law forbidding the sale of liquor within four miles of the University. The bill for that year was defeated, but it was reintroduced two years later and passed. In 1877 the law was broadened so as to forbid any sale in the rural districts within four miles of any incorporated institution of learning. A little later the act was still further broadened so as to forbid sales within four miles of any school. This act practically forbade the sale of liquor outside of incorporated or chartered towns. So popular, says our correspondent, was the prohibition that "some towns having charters surrendered them and did without town government in order to come within the provision of the law." It was the existence of this law that kept the State from adopting the prohibitory amendment submitted in 1884. The people believed that they had in the four-mile law practically all the prohibition that could then be enforced. Two years ago, however, agitation against the liquor traffic was renewed with great vigor, and a bill was passed in the Legislature extending the four-mile law to all towns of less than two thousand people which should hereafter become incorporated. Soon after the passage of this act "nearly all the towns in the State, in this class surrendered their old charters and became incorporated anew in order to come within the provision of the law." Last year the Anti-Saloon League, which had secured this broadening of the law, entered upon a new agitation and secured the extension of the four-mile law to all towns of less than five thousand people which should hereafter become incorporated. This act, says our correspondent, was passed early in the recent session, and the "greater number of towns affected began at once to take steps toward getting rid of their old charters." At the present time there are only eight cities in the State in which liquor may be sold to be drunk on the premises. Tennessee thus has achieved the enviable position of suppressing the saloons, wherever their suppression is made practicable, by the honest sentiment of the people, without enacting a State prohibitory law to be nullified by perjured officials or genuine public opinion in the larger cities.

## Public Ownership Conflicts

The exciting scenes of last week in the Legislatures of New York and Illinois all turned upon the public ownership of city franchises. In New York the advocates of the city's rights in this field met with a succession of defeats—but they were in the main defeats by narrow majorities for bills which could not have commanded a handful of supporters six years ago. The most important measure, perhaps, was the bill introduced by Mr. Robert Grier Monroe, the Fusion Commissioner of Public Lighting in New York City, authorizing the city government to construct its own electric plant for the lighting of city streets. Mr. Monroe's report in favor of this proposal, showing the absence of competition among the private lighting companies and the extortionate charges paid by New York City—especially when compared with cities having their own street lighting plants—is one of the most convincing arguments for public ownership that has yet been submitted. Commissioner Monroe's report, and the indorsement of it by the Merchants' Association of New York City, give the cause of municipal lighting a prestige it has not before enjoyed in the Nation's financial center. The other important bill defeated was that authorizing the city of New York to construct rapid transit subways independent of those already under way, and lease them to operating companies for not more than twenty years. This measure, known as the Elsberg bill, was drafted by the Citizens' Union, and indicated the advanced attitude of that great organization in favor of the immediate public ownership of municipal monopolies and more rigid public control of the operating companies. The one defeat for public ownership which left the public poorer was the passage of a bill reviving charters of a great suburban trolley company which had lapsed because of non-usage. The possession of these charters had for years enabled the company to keep competitors from constructing lines on the streets covered, although the company itself did not render the service delegated to it. The final lapsing of the charters should have restored to the municipalities concerned

the right to re-lease them to any company on the best terms obtainable. The act of the Legislature in restoring them to the old company, without price or conditions, was a flagrant betrayal of public rights. Fortunately, even here the opposition that the bill aroused bespeaks the great public awakening that has taken place in this matter. The metropolitan press condemns the "grab" bill, and Governor Odell may yet veto it.

In Illinois the conflict upon the same subject has been even more violent, and the evidence of the great public awakening still more striking. After the municipal election, as well as before, the Republican and Democratic candidates for Mayor have stood shoulder to shoulder in their vigorous demand for legislation authorizing the city of Chicago to own and operate its trolley lines. Behind them, too, has stood the reformed City Council. Practically the whole city has stood back of the Mueller bill, freeing the hands of the city to deal with its street railway problem as it saw fit. The bill had passed the Senate, yet the powerful private interests opposing it were able to dominate the House committee to which the bill was referred and report a substitute entirely unsatisfactory to the people of Chicago. It soon became evident that while a majority of the Legislature was willing to carry out the policy of the overwhelming majority of the people, the machinery of the House was in the hands of those who wished to force the city of Chicago to make a new contract with the old traction companies—many of whose franchises are about to expire—before the city was in a position to turn to other bidders or undertake the service itself. The Speaker of the House showed himself ready to take practically any action demanded by the opponents of the city's emancipation, first dexterously failing to recognize members rising to put motions in behalf of the city, and finally openly refusing to allow roll-calls demanded by a majority of the House. This high-handed action the Speaker lamely defended by claiming to be governed by vague reports that bribery was being used to advance the measure desired by the public—a report which seems now to have originated with a newspaper man, who is openly and widely alleged to be servilely devoted to traction com-

pany interests. When the Speaker thus brazenly refused to discharge the duties of his office, members rushed toward the chair, a wild *mêlée* ensued, the Speaker fled, another representative was seated in his stead, and the Mueller bill was passed by the reorganized majority. The day following the House declared its want of confidence in its Speaker. The Speaker is to be given an opportunity to defend his course before an investigating committee appointed, and it is likely that no extreme charge can be proven against him, but the course already taken by the determined majority is significant of the public resolution to obtain the rights demanded for the city of Chicago.

These rights ought to be the city's for the asking. The Mueller bill in Illinois, like the Monroe and Elsberg bills in New York, simply asks for public corporations the rights everywhere enjoyed by private corporations. None of these measures proposes to force the cities of Chicago or New York to operate their own lighting or transit systems. The measures simply authorize the cities to do this if they see fit. One of the most telling arguments used in favor of the Monroe bill in New York is the fact that a great many private corporations, by reason of their right to put an electric lighting plant in their own buildings, have saved thousands of dollars—sometimes by the cheapness with which they can make their own light, and sometimes by the low rates granted them by the electric lighting companies to keep them from making the experiment. Municipal corporations should be armed with the same weapon of self-defense. In every field of governmental action it is being found that the right of the government to furnish its own supplies is the surest guarantee against extortion from contractors. In the last issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" Mr. George C. Sikes points out that the Senate amendment to the Naval Bill two years ago, authorizing the Department to construct its own armor-plate works if it could not secure reasonable terms from private companies, resulted in the receipt of bids twenty per cent. less than Congress had been on the point of granting before the public ownership amendment was carried. In the municipal field the same advantage has been experienced again and again. The first

street railroad in America to grant three-cent fares was in Toronto, Canada, and there the then unprecedented offer was made to the public only because the city itself had taken over the roads and favorable terms were necessary to prevent municipal operation. Similarly, in the electric lighting field the great reduction in street lighting charges secured by the public operation of lighting plants is not more striking than the reduction in the bids made by private companies since municipal competition entered the field. If cities are to secure good service from private companies, they must be made free to serve themselves if private companies refuse reasonable terms. Better than either private operation or public operation in many communities is the right of the public to choose between them.



## A Voice from the Past

No one who is familiar with the history of this country will question that Henry Ward Beecher was a friend of the African race. He was one of the first to enter the lists in behalf of that race. Before he had graduated from college he spoke for the negro. Before he had graduated from the theological seminary he bore arms for the negro in Cincinnati against the mob. He plead for him, bearing witness against American slavery, in Indianapolis, where there was no prejudice against slavery and much prejudice against abolitionism. The first Sunday that he preached in Brooklyn he reaffirmed his loyalty to liberty. When the compromise measures were proposed in Congress, he outlined the principles which the Republican party afterwards adopted as its platform, and upon which it elected Abraham Lincoln. In all these years he faced obloquy, reviling, threatening. There is more than mere historical interest in reading what this man said in 1865, six months after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and two months before the notable speech of Thaddeus Stevens in the House of Representatives in behalf of the reconstruction measures afterward adopted, based upon universal suffrage. This is what Mr. Beecher said:

All the laws in the world cannot bolster a man up so as to place him any higher than his

own moral worth and natural forces put him. You may pass laws declaring that black men are men, and that they are our equals in social position; but unless you can make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, and intelligent; unless, in short, you can make them what you say they have a right to be, those laws will be in vain. . . . I am satisfied that while we ought to claim for the colored man the right to the elective franchise, you will never be able to secure it and maintain it for him, except by making him so intelligent that men cannot deny it to him.

Prophetic words. The Nation disregarded the wise counsels of such counselors—and he was but one of many. Congress gave political power to the African first, and trusted that he would acquire political wisdom afterwards. It was a grievous error, and grievously has the Nation suffered for it. And the negro has been the worst sufferer. To give a race the ballot before it has been taught its meaning is to give a child a gun before he has been taught how to shoot. It is worse than that. Man is emerging from the brute. He is as yet, at the best, imperfectly developed. To give him political power before the brutal appetites and passions have been brought under the control of the higher reason is to enthrone the brute in him and in so far to enthrone the brute in the community. No man is prepared to control others until he is prepared to control himself. That ought to be axiomatic; but the doctrine of universal suffrage denies it. Brood the egg and the bird will appear. Wait till he is fledged and the bird will fly. America tried the experiment of throwing the egg out of the nest as soon as the bird's head appeared though a crack in the shell; and the consequences were disastrous.

We do not defend the recent suffrage laws in the South. Suffrage should depend on character, not on the color of a skin or the accident of birth. Ignorant, incompetent, and corrupt suffrage is no better for being white. The States which have shut off ignorant and corrupt suffrage which is black will suffer from permitting ignorant and corrupt suffrage which is white. But neither the State, the Nation, nor the negro was benefited by an unconditional suffrage; and neither would be benefited by a return to it. The inequity is in allowing incompetent white voters, not in disallowing incompetent

negro voters. And it is well to remember two facts: First, that in all the Southern States the negro can acquire the right to vote by qualifying himself. We do not think that in any State the qualification is put so high as to be prohibitive to the aspiring and the energetic. Second, that probably fewer negroes are excluded from voting by the law than before were excluded by lawless methods. Practically, in most of the Southern States, the negro is as well represented since the recent legislation as before; perhaps better represented. A hundred votes that are respected and counted are of greater value than a thousand votes that are neither respected nor counted. A hundred votes that represent the intelligence and will of the voter are of more value to the race than a thousand votes that are purchased at two dollars apiece. In fact, the first votes are of value to the race, the latter are injurious to the race.

What, then, Mr. Beecher said in 1865 *The Outlook* repeats in 1903: it is the key to the whole situation; in it lies the secret of the true enfranchisement of the negro; it discloses the only possible method of securing to the negro the political privileges and prerogatives which are coveted for him, which—of that we are not so sure—perhaps he covets for himself. “You will never be able to secure the elective franchise for the negro and maintain it for him, except by making him so intelligent that men cannot deny it to him.” This was true then; it is true now; it is always true. The question of suffrage can wait; it is secondary. The question of education cannot wait; it is primary. Suffrage depends on education. Even if it did not, education is far more important than suffrage. If the negro is educated, he will prosper, even if he cannot vote; if he can vote, he will not prosper unless he is educated. Manhood suffrage may be important; but the manhood is more important than the suffrage, and the manhood must precede the suffrage. Nine millions of negroes, soon to become fifteen millions—who can estimate the wealth they will add to the country if they are chaste, temperate, honest, intelligent, industrious? Who can estimate the burden they will be to the country if they are licentious, intemperate, idle, dishonest, ignorant? “All the laws in the world

cannot bolster a man up so as to place him any higher than his own moral worth and natural forces put him.” Our problem is not to bolster up the negro with laws, State or Federal, but to inspire him with moral worth and develop in him natural force. “Unless you can make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, and intelligent; unless, in short, you can make them what you say they have a right to be, those laws will be in vain.” Our problem is to make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, intelligent. Then those laws will not be in vain.



## To Parents and Teachers

Eighteen years have elapsed since the beginning of a movement in public-school work in this country which has been carried on with a quietness surpassed only by its importance and value. In 1885 Mr. J. H. Thiry, who in early manhood had left his home in Belgium for America, an immigrant who came to give, as well as to receive what the New World offered, was appointed School Commissioner for Long Island City, in the State of New York. At this time press and public were aroused over the prevalence of cigarette-smoking among boys and gum-chewing among girls—habits which were spreading to an alarming extent throughout the school population of the country. To Mr. Thiry, remedy for these enticing and injurious indulgences seemed to lie not in restrictive measures. If the children have some other use to make of their money, he argued, they will not spend their pennies for gum and tobacco and such self-gratifications. When a young man, he had taught for a few years in a normal school in Belgium, and remembered the system of savings in the schools of his former home and in other Continental cities. He wrote to the Ministers of Instruction of various European countries for the methods and statistics of this branch of their work. With these before him he devised a plan adapted for use in this country. Co-operation of savings bank, principal and teachers was gained, and in March, 1885, in one of his schools in Long Island City the plan was put in operation.

It would at first seem complicated to

take a penny here and a nickel there from four or five hundred children, and keep the accounts in order, but practically there are no difficulties. On Monday morning at roll-call each child, as his name is called, brings his week's savings to his teacher. Beside his name on the roll-book the amount is written. A hasty addition is made, the money is put into an envelope, sealed, and sent to the principal. The principal takes the envelopes which come to him from all the classes, makes a note of the teacher's name and the amount written on the outside of the envelopes, and gives them to the janitor to be taken to the bank. Mr. Thiry has sometimes met a janitor on his way to the bank with envelopes amounting to seventy-five dollars—and this from a school in a city which would not be considered the most prosperous in the United States. It is not to be wondered that American children have the reputation of handling more money than the children of any other country.

At the bank the money is carefully counted. On the first Monday morning in each month the teacher sends the roll-book containing the name of each child and his weekly deposit to the bank. These are recorded, and a small bank-book is issued to each child when his deposit has reached the sum of one dollar. A few long-established banks have objected to undertake the extra bookkeeping involved, but all those which have accepted the school savings have found more than compensation in their increased number of depositors, for in many families the parents followed the child, and his bank-book was the means of his father and mother having one also.

In some schools details slightly differ, but the system as first adopted has proved both adequate and admirable. In over fifteen hundred schools throughout the country it is now working, and every week brings to Mr. Thiry requests from other schools for information and blanks concerning his system. Sometimes he is invited to visit a school to explain and inaugurate the plan. He always tells the children that it is not the money he is after; that is a small thing. The object is to foster the habit of saving, of providing for the future, of teaching them that a coin given or earned is not to be spent

for the gratification of the moment, but represents a power to be rightly used; that the self-denial and self-control which saving indicates are the basis of all manhood, all citizenship, all right living.

Money can be drawn out by the child alone, but by him only with the written indorsement of parent, teacher, and principal. The whole object would be defeated if a quarter or a dollar were constantly withdrawn, or could be taken back as easily as when one shakes a toy savings bank upside down; for the aim is to promote regularity. While in some period of family distress the child's savings have often proven a blessing, his teacher can guard him against unjust demands from home. For if father or mother too frequently visit the saloon, and the child is told, "Johnny, you have twelve dollars in the bank; you can let me have two of them," the teacher, knowing the probable disposition, can decide which parent must sign the indorsement.

Once a year Mr. Thiry writes to each school where the plan is followed asking for the year's statistics, that he may prepare an annual report. Certainly the beanstalk that reached the sky after a night's growth of a tiny bean, and the farthings for the horseshoe nails that netted a fortune, are not more marvelous than these cold figures, which show at once how much money the children have, and how much they might have wasted. In Long Island City, during these eighteen years, one hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars has been deposited, and to its three thousand school depositors is now due thirty-five thousand dollars. In Los Angeles, California, the plan has been in operation since 1900; from its fifty-three schools thirty-eight thousand dollars has been collected. Owosso, a town in Michigan, began to save two years ago; the children of its four schools have now in the bank one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven dollars. These places are taken at random from the returns the principals send, generally with some word of appreciation of the benefit they have found coming to their communities and their pupils from this effort to put in practice the old-time, homely virtue of thrift.

The Outlook commends these facts to the consideration of its readers, and espe-

cially of teachers, school authorities, and parents throughout the country.



## Power and Resistance

In a recent volume of "Sermons" bearing the imprint of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, by one of the most thoughtful men who has spoken from a New York pulpit for many years—the Rev. Dr. Jacob S. Shipman—a phase of the Christian life is presented which many people are in the habit of overlooking or ignoring. Many earnest men and women are persuaded that if they were living in the Middle Ages it would be easy for them to be saints, and that they are not saints because of the distractions of modern life. They imagine that if they were taken out of the turmoil, and released from the claims of a hundred so-called secular duties and the pressure of an immense amount of so-called secular work, they could develop their spiritual natures without delay or hindrance. There are hosts of people who still associate the religious life exclusively with the atmosphere of the Church, and who look upon all out-of-church life as essentially antagonistic to the development of the spirit and inimical to its interests. This is, of course, a survival of a very partial view of religion, but it is still quite general, and many persons are misled by it because they have never analyzed the real sources of religious power, nor have they ever clearly and adequately defined for themselves the real scope of the religious life. A life spent in devotion, with sacred images around them, with chants, hymns, and the subdued light of great church windows, and the associations of worship, seems to such people all that would be necessary to create the religious atmosphere and develop the religious character.

Dr. Shipman very clearly points out that in locomotion two things are necessary—power and friction. The locomotive cannot move if there is a glare of ice upon the track; it cannot take hold of the rails. The bird ascends, not only because it has the faculty of flying, but also because it meets with the resistance of the air. In the development of the religious life there must be the presence of these two elements—power and resistance. Without resistance the power re-

mains undeveloped; there is no gain of strength, no toughening of the muscle, no conquest of temper, no assertion of principle; in a word, no character. In the Church, in all its forms of worship, the soul finds its motive power, gathers its strength, prepares itself for its growth; but it is in the world in which it meets resistance that it uses this power, increases it, and turns it into moral strength. "We worship God that we may get strength from him to do our work in life religiously. But that work is not here in the church; it is at home, amid the nameless worries of those noisy children, in the shop, the office, the field. Wherever your daily occupation is, wherever your daily trials are, there is your religious work. If religion consisted in praying and singing and feeling good, then, I grant you, the time devoted to the everyday duties and drudgeries of life would be so much time lost. But, as religion consists, in fact, not simply in acts or emotions, but in character—in being loving and pure and patient and honest and truthful—I can conceive of nothing more favorable to the best religious culture than a life filled to overflowing with the very commonest of duties and cares."

There is a profound truth in this statement which many good people overlook. The resistance of the world, and in many cases its antagonism, are quite as essential to the growth of the spirit as acts of worship. Without that resistance no man or woman is ever thoroughly tested, and without testing there is no final development of character. We are slow to learn and quick to forget that the division between the so-called religious and the so-called secular is of human and not of divine making. Not until we recognize that all things were made by God for the highest uses; that the body is in its way as sacred as the mind, and the mind as sacred as what we call the soul; that the home is as religious as the church; that to public life is due the same conscientiousness that is brought to worship; that men are saved, not by their creeds, but by their characters, and that no man can really love God, whom he cannot see, unless he loves his neighbor, whom he can see, do we enter into the fullness of the religious life, or grasp the conception that Christ lived and died to interpret to man.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The centenary of Emerson's birth will be observed on May 25

From the portrait by Alfred L. Smith. Copyright 1908, by Foster Brothers, Boston.

# CONCORD AND EMERSON

*By Hamilton Wright Mabie*

*With pictures by Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts*



EMERSON'S FAVORITE CORNER

EMERSON was born in what has become one of the busiest sections of Boston; but when the future poet and thinker opened his eyes in this world, on the 25th day of May, 1803, it was in a Congregational parsonage "in the silence of retirement, yet in the center of the territory of the metropolis," where, to continue the words of his father, "we may worship the Lord our God." That was the lifelong occupation of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and it is interesting to note that from the beginning it was singularly free from conventions and forms of every kind. Nature is, to most men, a middle term between God and man; to Emerson it was a common ground over which the Universal Spirit always brooded, and where the open-hearted might happen upon inspiring hours. He felt the sublimity of the Psalms of David, and the noble swell of the *Te Deum*, the ancient hymn which the centuries have sung in antiphonal worship, never left him cold; but his highest thoughts came to him in the broad silence of summer afternoons in the fields, or when the stars kept up the ancient splendor of the wintry

heavens. "Boys," Dr. Holmes reports him as saying to two youths who were walking with him as they entered the wood, "here we recognize the presence of the Universal Spirit. The breeze says to us in its own language, How d'ye do? How d'ye do? and we have already taken our hats off and are answering it with our own How d'ye do? How d'ye do? And all the waving branches of the trees, and all the flowers, and the field of corn yonder, and the singing brook, and the insect, and the bird—every living thing and things we call inanimate feel the same divine universal impulse while they join with us, and we with them, in the greeting which is the salutation of the Universal Spirit." In the life of the author of "Wood-notes," as in that of the author of the great ode on "Intimations of Immortality," Nature was a background so intimately and reverently lived with that the work of both poets was not only colored but penetrated by it.

Favorable conditions conspired in Emerson's ancestry, birth, and childhood to make him peculiarly sensitive to the influence of star and field and wood, by familiarizing him with the simplest habits of life and centering his interest in the things of the mind. He was the child of a long line of highly educated and poorly paid ministers; men who had the tastes and resources of scholars, but whose ways of living





THE PINES OF WALDEN

were as frugal as the ways of the poorest farmers to whom they preached. "We are poor and cold, and have little meal, and little wood, and little meat," wrote his father at the close of his Harvard pastorate and on the eve of the removal to Boston, "but, thank God, courage enough."

The moral fiber of the stock was as vigorous as its life had been self-denying and abstemious; but it must not be imagined that the long line of ministers behind Emerson were pallid ascetics. When his father was on the edge of death, he wrote to a relative: "You will think me better, because of the levity with which this page is blurred. Threads of this levity have been interwoven with the entire web of my life." This touch of gayety could hardly be called levity; it was, rather, the overflow of a very deep spring in the hearts of a race of men and women who kept their indebtedness to external conditions at the lowest in order that they might possess and use freely the amplest intellectual and spiritual means. Again and again, in the simple but noble annals of this family, whose name was on the college roll in every generation, one comes upon the fruit of this kind of frugality of appetite in the fine use of common things, and, above all, in an intimate sense of access to Nature

and the right to draw freely on her resources of beauty and power.

This ancestral heritage of simple fare and good books first comes to light in the little community with which the greatest of the long line of scholars and teachers is so intimately associated that to think of "Nature" and "Wood-notes" is to see Concord lying in quiet beauty in a tranquil New England landscape. There were Emersons in the pulpit in Ipswich and Mendon, but it is upon Peter Bulkeley, grandfather at the seventh remove of Ralph Waldo, that attention rests as typical ancestor. He was descended, one of the oldest of the colonial chronicles tells us, from an honorable family of Bedfordshire; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of the rich tone of whose second quadrangle Ruskin spoke with glowing enthusiasm; was given a goodly benefice, but found himself later unable to conform to the services of the English Church; came to New England in 1635, and after a brief stay in Cambridge "carried a good Number of Planters with him, up further into the Woods, where they gathered the *Twelfth Church*, then formed in the Colony, and call'd the Town by the Name of Concord."

This pioneer scholar is described as a well-read person, an exalted Christian, who had the reverence not only of his own people but of all sorts of people throughout the land, and especially of his fellow-ministers, "who would still address him as a "Father, a Prophet, a Counsellor on all occasions." He had, we are told, "a competently good stroke at Latin Poetry," and he gave no small part of his library to Harvard College. William Emerson, who came five generations later, was as notable a leader in Concord as his great-great-grandfather had been. He preached the gospel of resistance to tyrants and practiced it as well; for he left the pulpit in Concord to join the army at Ticonderoga. When the miniature but immensely significant fight in which

"... the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world," took place at the bridge, he stood on the steps of the Old Manse, which he had built ten years before, and



EMERSON'S DESK



EMERSON'S HOME FROM THE ORCHARD

was kept out of the fray only by the vigorous intervention of his friends.

In 1834, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was at the end of his period of apprenticeship, had withdrawn from the pulpit and made his first memorable trip to Europe, he went back to the Old Manse in Concord as to his ancestral home; henceforth he was to know no other. His grandfather, Dr. Ripley, sustained in the famous old house the best traditions of his race; "he was a natural gentleman," wrote Emerson in a charming character study; "no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly, and public-spirited; his nature social, his house open to all men. His brow was serene and open to his visitor, for he loved men, and he had no studies, no occupations, which company could interrupt."

In September of the following year Emerson took his young wife to live in the house which was to be his home to the end, and which has become, by reason of its association with him and his friends, one of the places which both illustrate and interpret American life at its best. The village of Concord was then the quietest of rural communities; no trains connected

it with Boston; no literary pilgrims visited it; no city folk had discovered it. It was rich in historical associations; it had long been the home of a small group of families of social and intellectual distinction; the memories of its heroic age were still fresh in the minds and hearts of elderly people; but it did not stand out as yet on the map of the modern world. It was what Dr. Holmes would have called a Brahman town; in quality and dignity of character and habit it held a place by itself; and when, later, three or four men of genius made it famous, it seemed as if they had revealed Concord to the world rather than imparted to it a sudden prestige by reason of their residence there.

The country which was to be the background of Emerson's life and work was in such consonance with his temper and habits that, as in the case of Wordsworth and the English lake country, it is not fanciful to trace a real rather than an accidental relation and resemblance between the men and the landscapes they loved. In a very true sense, all history and all countries were behind Emerson's thought and work; he seemed to have the two hemispheres in his brain, one

lobe, being Oriental and the other Occidental. In certain moods he was of the East as distinctly as in the applications and urgency of his thought he was of the West. He was akin with Saadi in the breadth of his view and the catholicity of his experience; and he was brother to Hafiz, not in physical delight in fragrance and melody, but in instinctive ease in softening the hard line of the fact by evoking its mystical significance. He was enamored of Plato, and spoke of him with more warmth of advocacy than was in his tones in urging the claims of any other man of representative genius. He valued the Roman power of organization; he felt the immense sense of reality in Dante's symbolism of the experience of the soul in the three worlds; he had read nearly all the fifty-five volumes of Goethe that he owned in the German, although he was never a methodical reader, and he was in deep sympathy with Goethe's great contemporaries; and he was at home in the wide range of English literature. He moved lightly through the storehouse of the past, with sound knowledge of what it contained and with a sure instinct of finding what was of value to him. He borrowed generously, as he had a right, from the capital of the race, and in every case he repaid the loan at a high rate of interest.

Cosmopolitan as Emerson was in his interests, his surroundings, his tastes, he was nevertheless a true New Englander of the Concord quality. No one roamed further, but no one was a more devout home-keeper. He was eager to get the spiritual product, the deposit in the spirit, of the strain and storm of life; but he hugged his own hearth and was content to hear faint echoes of the tumult of life in the distance. A cosmopolitan in the range of his intelligence, he was a provincial in his habits and personal associations; and this was the prime characteristic of Concord. To a European it must have been a place of extraordinary contrasts; it was the home of the loftiest idealism and of the simplest manner of life. The little group of men and women of culture, among whom Emerson took his place by personal and hereditary right, shared this habit of rural or rustic simplicity with the farmer folk who surrounded them. In the old-fashioned farm-houses,

which stood and still stand along the roads or hidden among trees in sheltered nooks, there was a mingled air of thrift and generosity. They were built on ample lines, and their frugality was tempered by hospitality. The living was of the plainest; the mug of hard cider and the pot of beans were in every house; but there were also reverence, sobriety, respect for learning, the peace of God, and a love of liberty that had elements of passion in it.

"These poor farmers, who came up that day to defend their native soil," said Emerson in a memorable historical address, "acted from the simplest instincts; they did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing. These men did not babble of glory; they never dreamed their children would contend which had done the most. They supposed they had a right to their corn and their cattle—without paying tribute to any but their own Governors. And as they had no fear of man, they yet did have a fear of God." And he recalls the simple statement of one of these "embattled farmers" "that he went to the services of the day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he carried to the church." The spirit of the best in New England is revealed in these few words. They feared God, but they feared nothing else; they held to the highest truths in the simplest speech; and the best of them carried the world in their minds and stayed quietly at home. They had penetrated to the foundations; and although there was in Concord, as elsewhere in New England, an aristocracy of birth and intellect, men and women were honored on a basis of character.

This independence went so far that it sometimes became whimsical, as in Thoreau, and sometimes issued in such an excess of nonconformity that a man found it impossible to get on with his neighbors, and took refuge in isolation. The peculiarity of the New England hermit has not been his desire to get near to God, but his anxiety to get away from man. In later years, when Concord had become a Mecca, a whimsical self-consciousness was sometimes evident in the more individualistic members of the community. Alcott said that Thoreau thought he lived in the center of the universe and would annex the rest of the planet to

Concord; while Thoreau's view of his own relation to the place is reflected in his confession: "Almost I believe the Concord would not rise and overflow its banks again were I not here." This note of superiority did not escape the keen-witted neighbors of Thoreau. "Henry talks about Nature," said Madame Hoar, "just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord."

Emerson was the highest type of this

the marvelous felicity of his diction. would not have disclaimed the comment of being called the "Yankee P" so entirely content was he to be a resident of Concord as well as a citizen of the world. In nothing was his soundness of nature, his health of mind, more evident than in the delicacy with which he protected himself from the intimacy of those who were eager to gain some personal possession of his thought, and the g



WALDEN LEDGE BY MOONLIGHT

mingled frugality of the life of the body and generosity of the life of the mind; of this harmonization of the highest and broadest interests with the simplest domesticity. He took pleasure in dissociating the resources and distinction of the intellectual life from the conventions and forms of an elaborate social life; and he seemed to affect in dress and manner a slight rusticity as heightening the effect of his thought, as the slight hesitation of his speech in public address brought out

persistency with which he held unbalanced people at a distance and kept himself clear of all rash attempts to bring in the millennium prematurely.

Hawthorne has given us a characteristic report of the strange folk to be met in Concord in the days of the "newness": "It was necessary to go but a little way beyond my threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hob-



EARLY MORNING AT THE OLD MANSE

goblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance,

took refuge in Concord, "stretched beneath the pines," Emerson wrote the poem which expresses the deepest instinct of his nature and the tranquillity and detachment he was to find in the quiet village :

GOOD-BYE, proud world ! I'm going home :

I am going to my own hearthstone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,



THE CONCORD RIVER (MUSKETAQUID)

but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom."

No one will ever know the annoyances, perplexities, and dangers of Emerson's position ; what every one does know is that he never fell a victim to the countless illusions, delusions, and unbalanced dreams in which reproachful and perhaps impertinent followers, who misread his leading, endeavored to involve him. The foremost idealist of the New World, he rendered incalculable service to the cause he had at heart by holding it clean and clear above the touch of fanaticism, impracticable experiment, and the bitterness of the egoistical reformer. If he had committed the fortunes of Idealism to a disastrous venture, the loss to the youth of America would have been irreparable.

In April, 1824, two years before he

I laugh at the love and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools and the learned clan ;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Emerson was in no sense a hermit ; an inveterate traveler of the mind, he was, for his time, an experienced traveler among his kind. His trips to Europe were memorable by reason of his quick and decisive insight, of which the "English Traits" is a permanent record ; and by reason of what he brought back in broader sympathies and clearer discernment of the great race qualities. He was for many years a familiar and honored figure on the lyceum platform in distant sections of the country, and he came to have a wide knowledge of the United States of the middle decades of the nineteenth century. He had a keen appetite

THE GREAT MEADOWS





for good talk, and he was often seen in Cambridge and Boston in social gatherings, great and small. But his genius was essentially meditative; he brooded over his subjects until they cleared themselves in his mind; he kept himself in an attitude of invitation, and his thoughts came to him; above all, his work was the fruit of the ripening of his own nature, and he needed alike the quiet of the fallow and of the growing field. The solitude in which a man finds himself and the silence in which his thoughts come to him he found in Concord.

Tranquillity and peace were its possessions by reason of its isolation and of the conformation of its landscape. Monadnock and Wachusett stood on the horizon for those who went to look at them; but Concord lay content along a river of slumberous mood, with a group of pellucid lakes or ponds within easy reach, with broad meadows and low hills and stretches of whispering pines at hand. It was a shire-town, and it had business relations with lumbermen and farmers who came to it for supplies. It was on the route of four stage lines, and under the roofs of as many taverns old-fashioned toddy was mixed for home consumption and as an expression of hospitality to guests and travelers. Thoreau noted in the quiet village all the signs of the ordinary uses and habits of men: "I observed that the vitals of the village were the grocery, the bar-room, the post-office, and the bank; and, as a necessary part of the machinery, they kept a bell, a big gun, and a fire-engine at convenient places, and the houses were so arranged as to make the most of mankind, in lanes and fronting one another, so that every traveler had to run the gauntlet, and every man, woman, and child might get a lick at him."

It must be remembered, however, that two houses within call made a crowded community for Thoreau, and that the appearance of a strange or inquisitive person on the highway sent him incontinently into the woods. Concord, in the thirties and forties, was an entirely normal village, with the usual conveniences for conducting life; but the life of the time was exceedingly deliberate in movement, and the passage of several stages a day did not make a fever in the blood of the villagers. Emerson found there seclusion

without isolation, and solitude and silence tempered with the most congenial companionship.

The Old Manse, in which he lived for the first year, is a dignified old house, in a locality of heroic tradition, in a place of singularly reposeful beauty, in so quiet an air that one can easily overhear the whisperings of the pines. Under its roof generations of gentlefolk have lived frugally and in loyal devotion to the highest interests of the spirit; from colonial days books of classic quality have been within reach in the halls and rooms; in a small room on the second floor at the back of the house Hawthorne wrote a part of the "Mosses from an Old Manse" and Emerson wrote "Nature." When the latter appeared anonymously, the question, "Who is the author of 'Nature'?" brought out the reply, "God and Ralph Waldo Emerson."

If tranquillity is the distinctive note of Concord, a tinge of something dim and shadowy seems to touch the Old Manse and impart to it, not gloom nor sadness, but something of the twilight effect of the pine groves. When one recalls its traditions of plain living and high thinking, one is reminded of Dove Cottage; but the little stone cottage embosomed in foliage where Wordsworth spent the most productive decade of his life is now a shrine set apart to memory, while the Old Manse is still a home from which in these later years has come pictorial genius of a high order; and the impulses which have made Concord a place apart have not spent their force.

In this rural community, snugly at home in a landscape full of repose, Emerson found the best conditions for his growth and work, and through his long life lived on most intimate terms with his nearest and most companionable neighbor, Nature. "Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers," he wrote when he had settled himself in the Old Manse. "Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favor let me come hither. Bless my purposes as they are simple and virtuous. . . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say, at public lectures and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake and not for the first time with a view to that occasion." In these words is to be found



THE ELMS OF THE CONCORD RIVER

the secret of his relation to Concord and of his beautiful and fruitful life; he came to Nature as to the word of God, and he gave the world only the ripe fruit of his quiet, meditative, consecrated life. The twin activities of his spirit found their field and their inspiration under the open sky. He played with Nature and she worked with him. With him, as with Wordsworth, his working-room was outdoors; his writing-room was the place where he made a record of his hours and studies under the open sky. No season barred the woods to his eager feet; he was abroad in winter as in summer, and he loved lonely walks at night, finding companionship with the stars full of inspiration.

The pine woods brought him some of his happiest moods and many of his most felicitous thoughts and phrases. In all weathers he went abroad alert and expectant, waiting serenely and confidently on the ancient oracles; and, holding himself in this trustful, receptive attitude, the pines became for him

"Pipes through which the breath of God  
doth blow  
A momentary music."

Thoreau, keen observer though he was, took into the woods a personality which affected his vision and made him the most

conspicuous object in the landscape; Emerson left himself at home and brought to Nature the most receptive and impersonal of moods. He saw fewer things than Thoreau, but he saw more deeply. "But if I go into the forest," he wrote, "I find all new and undescribed; nothing has been told me. The screaming of wild geese was never heard; the thin note of the titmouse and his bold ignoring of the bystander; the fall of the flies that patter on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of some bird that crepitated at me yesterday; the formation of turpentine, and, indeed, every vegetation and animation, any and all, are alike undescribed. Every man that goes into the woods seems to be the first man that ever went into a wood. His sensations and his world are new. You really think that nothing can be said about morning and evening, and the fact is, morning and evening have not yet begun to be described. When I see them I am not reminded of these Homeric or Miltonic or Shakespearean or Chaucerian pictures, but I feel a pain of an alien world, or I am cheered with the moist, warm, glittering, budding, and melodious hour that takes down the narrow walls of my soul and extends its pulsation and life to the very horizon. That is Morning; to cease for a bright hour to be the prisoner

of this sickly body and to become as large as the World."

Compare this account of the attitude which Emerson took toward Nature with the fragrant, dewy, glowing account of a day under the pure sky which Corot left among his records, and the secret of spiritual and artistic vitality and freshness is plain. The men of genius, who recreate life in art to assuage the thirst and renew the heart of the world, are immortal not only in their works but in themselves; for they are the children of God, playing in a world in which their fellows toil.

There was a garden on the south side of the Emerson house, and apple-trees brought the most ancient fragrance and domestic associations to the place; but Emerson was more at home in the broad landscape which inclosed his own acres. What the old road over the hill to Grasmere and Loughrigg Terrace were to Wordsworth in the long years at Rydal Mount, the Great Fields and Meadows, the shores and groves of white pine about Walden Pond, Peters Woods, and the level stretches through which the Musketaquid, most quiet of rivers, flows, were to Emerson during the most fruitful period of his life. He found endless delight in the ownership of a tract of land from which he could look down on Walden Pond and away to the farther hills:

"My garden is a forest ledge  
Which older forests bound;  
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,  
Then plunge to depths profound.  
Self-sown my stately garden grows;  
The wind, and wind-blown seed,  
Cold April rain and colder snows,  
My hedges plant and feed."

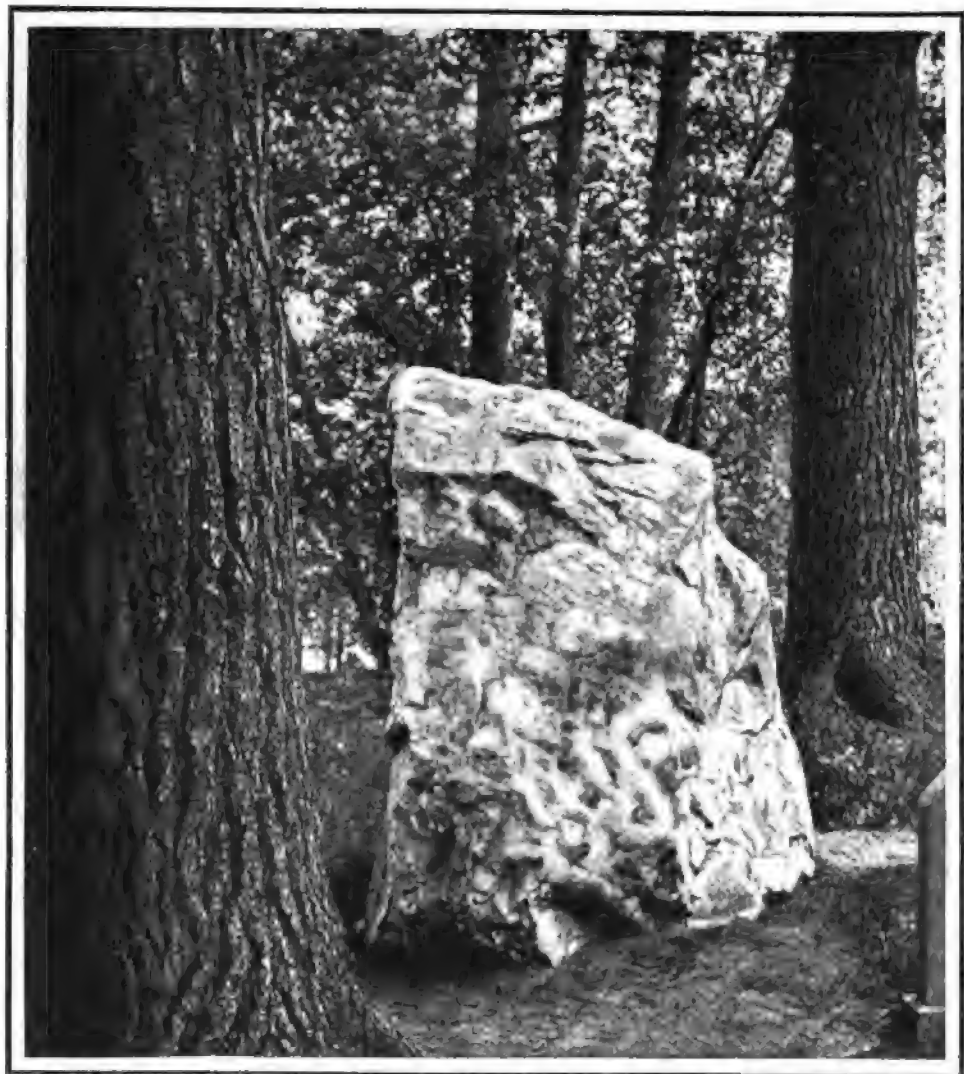
Emerson was not a successful farmer,

though he had the respect of the practical farmers about him, and was known as "a first-rate neighbor and one who always kept his fences up;" his business was not with the acres, but with the landscape. No one ever took ampler or nobler harvests of the spirit off the land than Emerson. He had a keen eye for the small facts of natural life, but he cared chiefly for the vital processes, the flooding life, the revelation of truth, the correspondence of soul between man and Nature; he was, in a word, the poet in the woods and fields. With serene faith and loyal fellowship he kept friends with Nature from youth to age, and the joy of his intimacy suffered no shadow of estrangement as the years went by. A walk in the woods, he declared, was "one of the secrets for dodging old age;" and in an address "To the Woods" he wrote: "Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson, whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. . . . Give me a tune like your winds or brooks or birds, for the songs of men grow old, when they are uprooted; but yours, though a man have heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like Time itself, or like love."

To the very end this devout lover of Nature lived in daily intercourse with her, and it was during a walk in a cold April rain that he contracted the illness which proved fatal after a few days of sitting in his chair by the fire calmly waiting for death. In the quiet place where he lies, near Hawthorne and Thoreau, the pines seem to be always whispering among themselves; but, alas! there is no longer one who understands them.



PETERS WOODS



## AT EMERSON'S GRAVE. BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, uncarved stone  
Which marks the resting-place of Concord's Sage  
Suggest to our time-serving, restless age!  
How strong is its simplicity! Unknown  
To its complexity of line! Alone,—

Amid the commonplace who ever gauge  
Life's guerdon by its fickle gauds and wage,  
Unheeding of the world's grave undertone,—

It stands, fit type of him whose soul's behest  
Transcended mere convention's petty bound.  
The boulder's rugged outline power implies;  
The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz, suggest  
That inward light which energized and crowned  
A gracious spirit, kindly, keen, and wise.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF JOHN S. SARGENT

## Sargent the Portrait Painter

By John C. Van Dyke

Professor of the History of Art in Rutgers College

**M**R. Sargent, the painter, is not a person whose career may be safely summarized at the present time. The chances are that at forty-seven his style is established, and that he will not change radically hereafter, but in that assumption lies danger. No one can foresee what new manifestation may be flung off by his active talent, nor how contradictory it may be to his earlier work. Thus far he seems to have developed in one direction—a direction not difficult to point out—but who shall say that he will always continue as now? It were wiser, perhaps, to follow him in what he has done than to waste words in predicting what he may do hereafter. And wiser,

too, not to worry ourselves about whether he will "rank with Titian and Velasquez." We are not the best judges of that. Posterity will give him his place, and no doubt it will be a conspicuous one; but we may be reasonably sure it will not be the place we assign him.

The events in Mr. Sargent's life, as we read them or hear them told, seem not in any way striking or fateful. He was born in Florence in 1856. His parents were Americans residing in Italy, and legally Mr. Sargent is an American, too; but the legal tie is about all that binds him to us. We like to claim him now that he is the most celebrated portrait-painter living, but in reality he is Ameri-

can only in name. He was not reared nor educated here, he has not lived here, he has not fought in our quarrels, nor failed in our failures, nor succeeded in our successes. The greater part of his life has been lived abroad, amid other scenes and other peoples. As a boy he traveled about Europe with his parents, speaking German as his first acquired language, and gaining the bulk of his schooling in Italy and Germany. At seventeen he was an art student in Florence, and a little later he went to Paris and entered the *atelier* of Carolus-Duran—at that time perhaps the most dashing technician of the French school. It was not until 1876, when Mr. Sargent was twenty years old, that he made his first visit to the United States. He did not stay for any length of time, and what were his impressions of the land and people we do not know. Several times since then he has been here for short periods, but one or another of the large European capitals has always been his residence. Since 1884 his permanent abiding-place has been London, though he lived for some time in Paris, and has traveled in Morocco, Spain, Egypt, and elsewhere.

It would seem, then, that, however much pride we may take in Mr. Sargent's achievements, we can hardly be proud because he is peculiarly our own. He is not American in the sense of knowing the land and the people, sympathizing with our aims and aspirations, and reflecting our life and civilization. Just as little has his birth in Italy made him Italian or his residence in France and England made him French or English. No country can appropriate him, no people can claim him, for in reality he is a citizen of the world at large—the manner of man we sometimes call a cosmopolite. If there is one place above another that he can be traced to and said to emanate from, it is Paris; and Paris is no longer merely the first city of France. It, too, has become cosmopolitan—the center of modern life and the gathering-place of the world's knowledge, intelligence, and fashion. Mr. Sargent reflects its taste and its skill, but not anything else that is peculiarly French—not anything that smacks of the French soil. The accomplishments of Paris are his, but without the sentiment or the feeling that is French.

It is questionable if a man who is equally at home in London, Paris, Florence, and New York will or can have a very strong sentiment for any one of those places. He can hardly spend a winter in New York and become vitally interested in democracy, and the next winter go to London and fall deeply in love with aristocracy. Nor can he live for a few months in Spain or Germany and penetrate to the quick the life and character of the people. The cosmopolite who moves hither and yon about the globe hardly ever takes to heart the affairs and interests of those with whom he is temporarily sojourning. On the contrary, it is rather his attitude of mind that nothing is to be taken too seriously. To ruffle one's composure with an emotion or to worry one's self about a sentiment is the very thing he seeks to avoid. He accepts facts as facts, concerns himself with the appearance of things, is a great stickler for the refinements, and a great student of manners, methods, and styles. He quickly absorbs whatsoever is intelligent or artistic or learned, his perceptions are very acute, his knowledge and skill are polished to the last degree; but the strong feeling that, after all, lies at the bottom of great endeavor finds no utterance in his work, and the national beliefs that are really the insistent and the persistent things in both literature and art are not the mainspring of his action.

So much may be said in a general way about the man we are considering. And so much without a thought of either praise or blame. Mr. Sargent's life has been the result of peculiar circumstances—fortunate circumstances, some may think, or perhaps unfortunate, as others may hold. At least they have brought forth an accomplished painter whose art no one can fail to admire. That his work may be admired understandingly it is quite necessary to comprehend the personality of the artist—to understand his education, his associations, his social environment. For if the man himself is cosmopolitan, his art is not less so. It is the perfection of world-style, the very last word in method, learned to a startling degree, accurate, scientific, almost faultless; but it belongs to no country, reflects no people, discloses no sentiment, and causes no emotion. It is calmly intellectual and begets enthusiasm



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**SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF W. M. CHASE, THE ARTIST**

only for its absolute truthfulness to appearance and the brilliancy of its achievement.

To achieve and to accomplish—that is, to draw and to paint—seem to have been Mr. Sargent's ambition from the start. He early became proficient with the brush. Leighton remarked his skill as a boy, and before he left Florence he was accounted a student of uncommon ability. He had grown up in the home of Leonardo and

thus: "We were astonished at the cleverness shown in the water-color and pencil work, and his *début* was considered a most promising one. He made rapid progress from the day he entered the school, and gradually rose to perfection in academic study." He soon surpassed his master, learned all that was to be taught in Paris, and then passed on to newer fields. If one may judge from appearances, craftsmanship—the best way of



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SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH

Andrea del Sarto, and had studied the works of the old Italians from many points of view. Everywhere among the Renaissance painters he had met with the skilled technician, and doubtless his early aspirations were to excel as a craftsman. Certainly it was with no little knowledge of drawing that he presented himself at the Paris *atelier* of Carolus-Duran in 1874, aged eighteen. Mr. Beckwith, who opened the door for him and presented him to the master, speaks of his sketches

doing things—continued to be his quest wherever he journeyed. It is easy to imagine that in Madrid he would admire such a painter as Velasquez, in Antwerp Rubens, in Holland Frans Hals, in London Sir Thomas Lawrence. No doubt a man of his sensitiveness sees and sympathizes with the sentiment of painters like the early Italians, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, and possibly Millet; but he thinks and works in quite a different way from them. His attention is drawn by the



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SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF ADA REHAN

picturesque appearance, and his handling has more in common with Lawrence than Rembrandt, more affinity with the robust, matter-of-fact Velasquez than the nervous, hesitating Gainsborough. But while he may have admired one more than another, he gained what he could from all. And at last, like the eclectic Raphael, having absorbed from many sources, he finally established a style of his own.

In choosing portraiture for the field of his operations Mr. Sargent was perhaps wise as well as fortunate. For it requires something of the keen, cool observer, the man who can record the fact without romance, to make a good portrait-painter; and Mr. Sargent has proved himself an observer above all. His successes in other fields are perhaps only manifestations of the same peculiar talent. The lovely "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose" is little more than the portraits of two young girls lighting Japanese lanterns in a flower garden, told with great beauty of color and light. "Carmencita" is a portrait in costume. "El Jaleo" is a portrait of a Spanish interior with a dancing figure, and his Venetian scenes are not different. All of them are treated in the portrait spirit—that is, from the point of view of an observer and a recorder, rather than a lover or a rhapsodist. Mr. Sargent does not rhapsodize—at least not in his works. The decoration in the Boston Public Library is no exception. It evidently cost the painter much time and thought, but the symbolism of it bewilders, and its excellence lies less in meaning or appropriateness than in masterful execution. It does not enthrall or sway or charm; it astonishes by the brilliancy of its coloring and the supreme excellence of its workmanship. It is something that one marvels over but cannot fall in love with. And the sanest part of it is perhaps the panel of the prophets, which is essentially portraiture again—that is, something painted from the model.

To say that Mr. Sargent has produced only portraits is not by any means to depreciate either the painter or his subject. On the contrary, it may be affirmed that painting knows no higher range than portraiture, and to-day the masterpieces of the world will be found in that department. And to say that he produces a portraiture somewhat wanting in intimate

sympathy, devoid of race bias, a calmly intellectual product that has little sentiment back of it, is not to underrate its value as pure art. Seldom, indeed, do we find the intensely sympathetic and the technically skillful combined in painting. There is usually a strong leaning toward one or the other extreme. But the loss of either quality has its compensation in the superior excellence of the quality which is gained.

Mr. Sargent's portraits are good illustrations of this. They may not be all that could be wished for in soul, but they are not lacking in life. You will not be able to look into the eyes and seem to know the inner consciousness of the sitter, as in a portrait by Rembrandt; but you will feel the bodily presence, the physical fact, as you do in a portrait by Frans Hals. There is the Marquand portrait at the Metropolitan Museum, to which reference may be made. How well he has emphasized the facts of the spare figure, the thin, nervous hand, the refined if somewhat weary face! How very effective the placing of the figure in the chair, the turn of the head, and again that thin hand against which the head rests. Every physical feature is just as it should be. Look at the bone structure of the forehead, the setting of the eyes, the protrusion of the lower lip, the modeling of the mouth and chin. Could anything be more positive?

All his portraits of men are of this character. They stand well, weigh well, have bulk and body—in short, they live and breathe. The "Speaker Reed" and the "Mr. Chamberlain" are likenesses of men in the flesh, done apparently without a thought of their being statesmen. There is nothing of the official about them, but everything of the actual. Just so with the celebrated portrait of Mr. Wertheimer, or the portraits of Mr. Booth, Mr. Richard M. Hunt, or Mr. Widener. It is the look of the man that is given in each case rather than the professional air.

His portraits of women are not different. He seeks the personal presence, sees keenly every physical peculiarity, and gives as truthfully as is consistent with pigments the facts as he sees them. There is no romance of mood, no idealizing or prettifying of the likeness. All phases of fashionable life have come to his studio,



COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF HENRY G. MARQUAND

and he has painted a host of celebrities—some of them more worthy of his brush than others. Many times he has painted the grand lady in flashing jewels and gorgeous robes, and been accused of vulgarity in the doing of it. But the accusation will not lie. Frequently the vulgarity has been in the sitter and has been shown by the painter; but that is a portrait fact which it is just his business to show, not suppress. Many times the lady, the robes, and the jewels have been given without a suspicion of vulgarity. That wondrous creation which appeared in the

Salon some years ago—the tall lady in the magenta gown—was something bordering upon the bizarre; it was flashing glittering, noisy; but not unrefined in any sense. The portrait of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth is “stagy,” as perhaps it should be, for again the “staginess” was before the painter; but surely it is not wanting in taste. And for refinement, distinction, sensitiveness, what could be better than the beautiful portrait of Lady Agnew, shown some years ago among the “Portraits of Fair Women” in London? Whatever may be the qualities or the



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### THE DOGMA OF REDEMPTION

Sargent's new decoration for the Boston Public Library.

defects of the sitter, Mr. Sargent may be trusted to record the facts before him exactly as they are. For his knowledge is almost absolute and his execution almost faultless.

In the production of the portrait clear and accurate observation is half the battle. If a painter sees and knows his subject thoroughly, he will have little trouble in telling what he sees and knows to other people; and to repeat of Mr. Sargent that he sees rightly and records rightly is to state the case in a sentence. Nothing in the physical presence escapes him. The slight inclination of a head, the shyness of a glance, the mobility of a mouth, the uneasiness of a hand, the nervous strain of a gesture, are all turned to account. Every tone of color in itself and in its relations to the other tones, every light in relation to its shadow and to the other lights, every melting contour in contrast with every accented contour, and every texture in relation to every

other texture—all are caught within the angle of the painter's focus.

And how certain is his technical expression! Here comes in the value of his cosmopolitan education. His hand obeys his mind without flinching, without doubting, without hesitation. There is not the slightest uncertainty about the drawing in the Marquand portrait. The group of portraits, sometimes called the "Hall of the Four Children," was painted twenty years ago; it is an early work, and yet the exact values of the tones, the relations of the lights to the darks, the atmospheric effect over all, are precisely and irreproachably right. And as for color, there is the portrait of Mrs. Playfair to illustrate the truth of brilliancy, and the "Lady Agnew" again to illustrate the truth of sobriety, even if we had not the lovely coloring of the "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose" or that jewel-like setting of varied hues upon the ceiling of the Boston Library. All of his technical skill,

all of his taste, all of the sentiment and emotional feeling that may be in his personality, seem to be shown in his beautiful child-portrait, "Beatrice." It was painted a dozen years ago, and since then the painter has done more talked-about but certainly not more effective work. The naïve look, the childish character, are given with convincing drawing and exquisite coloring. It shows the painter at his very best, and it must always be accounted one of his pronounced successes.

Possibly the feature of Mr. Sargent's work that excites the greatest admiration in his fellow-artists is his facile handling of the brush. The final result of it gives one the impression of work done easily—in fact, rather improvised than premeditated. But the impression is somewhat misleading. Every stroke is calmly calculated, every touch is coolly designed. If the effect looks labored, the palette-knife cleans the canvas and the work is done over again. There is no excitement or feverish haste, however swiftly the brush may seem to travel. The nimble hand obeys a well-trained mind, and if the work is easily and accurately done, it is not through any burst of inspiration or preternatural facility of the moment, but through long and careful training. In this respect our painter reminds us

of that supreme master of the craft—Rubens.

Mr. Sargent's whole style is more Parisian than anything else, and is based upon that of his master, Carolus-Duran. Of course he has greatly improved upon his preceptor. Whatsoever he has found to be good in the art of the times he has studied, but not everything that came to hand has been accepted. He has never been led away by new movements, nor has he sympathized with mere fads. He has taken the best from without and added it to the best from within, producing a sane and individual style of his own. No cosmopolitan painter of the present day has a more individual expression than he. And one cannot think of a living painter who expresses himself so well. We have deprecated the ranking of Mr. Sargent with such old masters as Titian and Velasquez, and yet a comparison with present-day painters is very tempting. It is almost impossible to think of him otherwise than as the leading portrait-painter of the time. We need not claim that place for him, because it has already been given him by Europeans who bear us no great love, and some of whom still think of Mr. Sargent as "a typical American." We wish he were such an American; we wish our title to him as an American painter were a little less questionable.

## Dawn

By Alice Ward Bailey

Darkness, on which no ray hath risen,  
Fetter and guard and prison,  
In vain I bar to thee my soul;  
I give thee dole, I give thee dole!

Thy trailing robes I cannot reach,  
Deaf are thy ears, thou hast no speech;  
Thou art not what thou seem'st to be;  
O formless Dread, depart from me!

Hark! far away I hear a ringing note  
Answered from many a throbbing throat.  
The East is dappled like a fawn—  
It is the dawn, it is the dawn!

The day breaks and the shadows flee:  
Sing, sing your Benedicite!  
Let all the earth the shout prolong,  
Thank God for Light, thank God for Song!



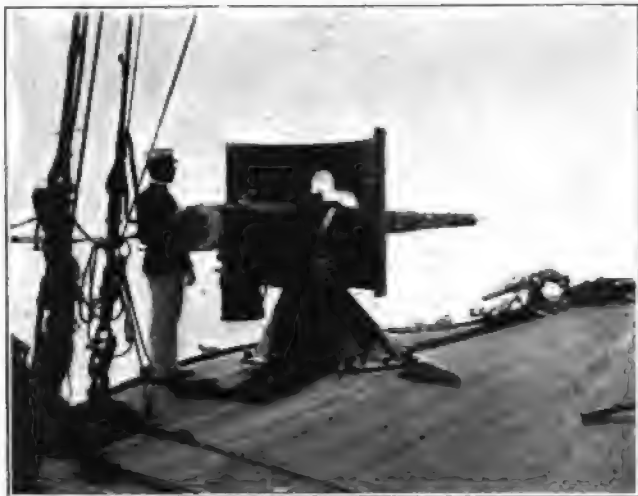
PHOTOGRAPH BY KADGISHN, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

## Edgar E. Clark

No better selection could have possibly been made by President Roosevelt in filling the office of Assistant Secretary of the new Department of Commerce, of which Secretary Cortelyou is the head, than that of Mr. E. E. Clark; particularly is this the case from the point of view of the best element among the supporters of organized labor. Mr. Clark rose from the lowest place in the employ of a railway to that of a responsible official; while his influence among his fellow-workmen is shown by the fact that he was six times made head of the Order of Railroad Conductors. When President Roosevelt named Mr. Clark as a member of the Anthracite Coal Commission, he was regarded as filling the description of sociologist, that being one of the characterizations of the man to be selected made by the railway operators in their agreement to submit to arbitration. At that time the President himself defined a sociologist as "a man who has thought and studied deeply on sociological questions and has practically applied his knowledge." It was because Mr. Clark answered this definition that he was selected for the Coal Commission, and in that capacity, as is agreed by all his fellow-commissioners, Mr. Clark showed remarkable ability.



# THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY'



THE GUN ON THE NASHVILLE THAT FIRED THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

BY

JOHN D.  
LONG

SECRETARY OF  
THE NAVY FROM  
1897 TO 1902



## THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA AND ITS EFFECT

**B**Y the terms of the joint resolution voted by Congress on April 19, 1898, and approved by the President on the following day, the Government of the United States recognized the independence of Cuba and pledged itself to remove Spanish control. Of itself, this resolution made that island the military objective of the American land and naval forces. All other offensive operations, though necessarily conducive to final victory, were simply incidental to its attainment. Mars had girded on his armor and was raising his sword to strike. In despatches to the President and the State Department, Minister Woodford, in Madrid, had asserted that a public sentiment was there crystallizing which would sustain the Spanish Government in its effort to preserve peace even though the price were the surrender of an island which had been an appurtenance of the Crown for four hundred years. So rapid was the march of events, however, that this sentiment failed to attain the strength necessary

to enable Maria Christina, the brave and anxious mother of Alphonso XIII., to sever from the kingdom of her son the "Pearl of the Antilles." Approval by the President of the joint resolution of Congress was immediately followed by a request from the Spanish Minister in Washington for his passports. To Minister Woodford an instruction was sent directing him to demand formally that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces therefrom. Before the Minister could communicate this instruction to the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, he was notified that diplomatic relations had been broken off. His further stay in Madrid rendered useless, he withdrew.

Diplomacy had failed. To the sailor and to the soldier the United States now intrusted the task of expelling Spain from Cuba. In the councils of the Navy Department there were some who asserted that this purpose could be most promptly and economically achieved by destruction of the commerce of Spain and by threatening ports of the Peninsula which lay upon the seashore and which were known to be as notoriously lacking in defense as

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This is the seventh of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.

number—had been constructed specially to supplement the shore fortifications in repelling attack by an enemy. It was suggested that one be stationed at Boston, another at New York, a third at the mouth of the Delaware, and a fourth at Hampton Roads. But clamor for protection arose at points for which we had no monitors. Besides, a single vessel of this type, not of modern construction and armament, would be of little avail in a battle with five armored cruisers, swift and thus able to choose the scene and position in conflict, and provided with an armament composed of the latest models of heavy guns. To reduce this superiority, it was urged that the monitors be mobilized at a central point on the Atlantic coast. The insuperable objection to this plan was that the slowness of the craft would prevent them from reaching a distant port attacked by the enemy in time to catch him if he were disposed to avoid a fight. Were he willing to risk the chances of conflict, their unsteadiness as gun platforms in a seaway would increase their disadvantage.

Thus, though the monitors were built especially for coast defense, they were manifestly unsuited for this purpose, and the Department, driven to the employment of every weapon, whatever its value, was compelled to order them to Key West for participation in offensive operations for which they were equally unsuited. This decision necessitated, however, the division of the battle fleet, the full strength of which would be needed in case Spain made the natural tactical move and mobilized her entire fighting force. Circumstances consequently forced separation of the real effectives of the United States navy—its battle-ships and armored cruisers; but as far as possible the Department sought to overcome them and to place each squadron within supporting distance of the other. The "Flying Squadron," the name of which denotes the purpose of its organization, was assembled at Hampton Roads, one thousand miles from Key West, but nearer to that point and to Porto Rico than to New York, and yet within easy striking distance of this great commercial center, upon which particularly it was apprehended that an attack might be made. Organization of the Northern Patrol Squadron, at first

composed of the San Francisco, flagship of the Commander-in-Chief; Prairie, Dixie, Yankee, and Yosemite, relieved to some extent the pressure upon the Navy Department to hold the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads, and partially allayed the unwarranted terror felt by the inhabitants of the coast towns.

Instead of frittering away our naval strength by assignment of vessels before every port of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the Department, by the use of makeshifts, succeeded in concentrating it into two squadrons. That at Key West, when war began, had an armored backbone made up of the battle-ships *Indiana* and *Iowa*, armored cruiser *New York*, and monitors *Puritan*, *Miantonomoh*, *Amphitrite*, and *Terror*. The lighter framework was made up of the cruisers *Cincinnati*, *Detroit*, *Marblehead*, and *Montgomery*, the gunboats *Castine*, *Dolphin*, *Helena*, *Machias*, *Wilmington*, *Nashville*, *Newport*, *Vesuvius*, *Fern*, and *Mayflower*, the transport steamer *Resolute*, revenue cutters *McLane* and *Morrill*, lighthouse tender *Mangrove*, tugs and converted yachts *Accomac*, *Leyden*, *Uncas*, *Wompatuck*, *Eagle*, *Hawk*, and *Hornet*, and torpedo-boats *Cushing*, *Dupont*, *Ericsson*, *Foote*, *Rodgers*, and *Winslow*. Other vessels were rapidly added. The Flying Squadron comprised the battle-ship *Massachusetts*, second-class battle-ship *Texas*, armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, protected cruisers *Columbia*, *Minneapolis*, and *New Orleans*, armored ram *Katahdin*, and converted yacht *Scorpion*. Hastening with all speed around Cape Horn were the battle-ship *Oregon* and gunboat *Marietta*, the former needed to reinforce the armorclads of the North Atlantic fleet and make them undoubtedly the superior of the Spanish ships believed to be ready for sea.

In the officers and men who formed the complements of the vessels which represented the naval arm of the United States, the country possessed efficient and courageous servants who could be depended upon to do more than their duty and to do it well. Commanding the division at Key West was Captain William Thomas Sampson, promoted upon the outbreak of war to the rank of acting Rear-Admiral and given supreme command of the entire naval force in North Atlantic waters. Before the destruction of the *Maine*, none of the



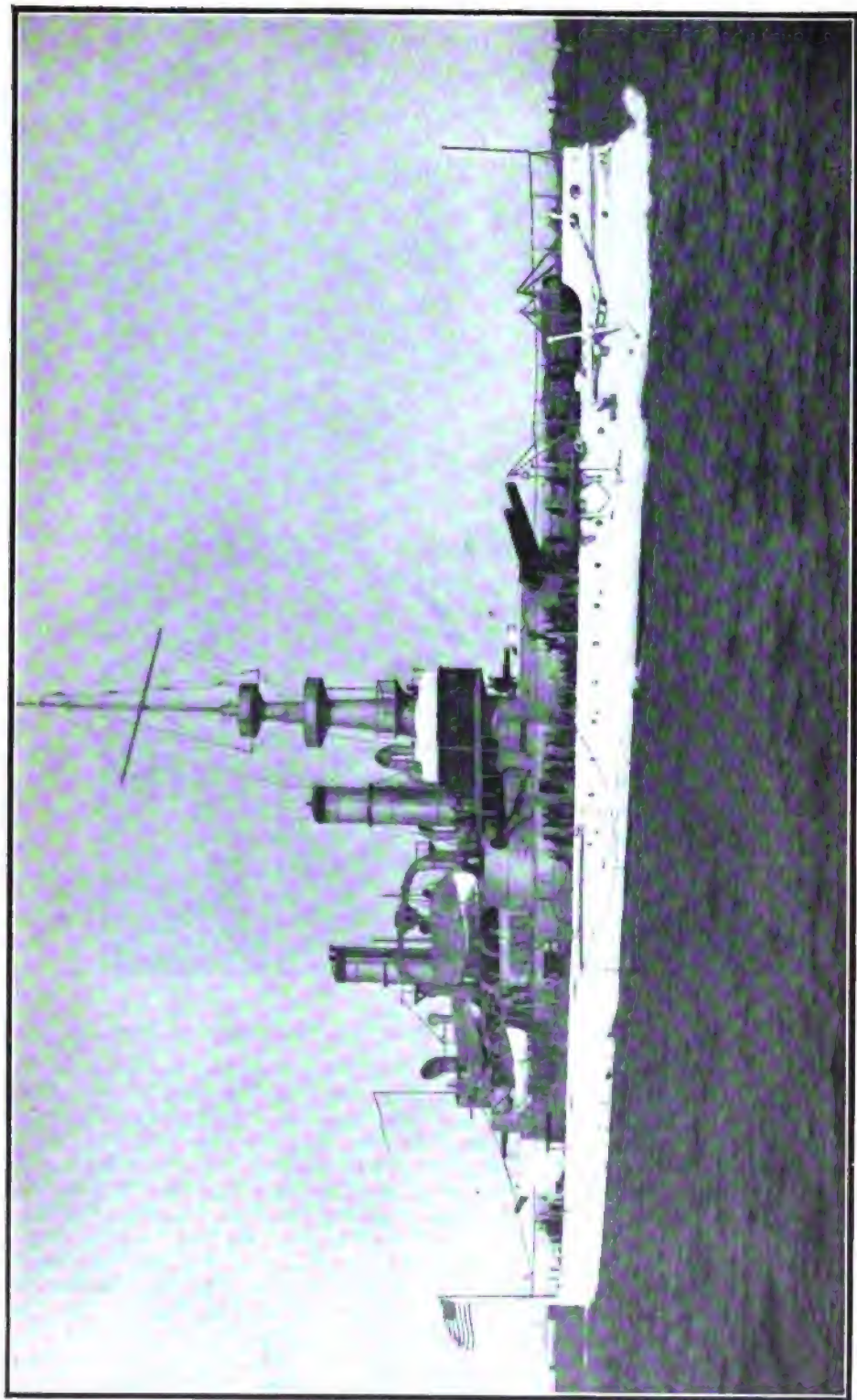
PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

**REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON**

In supreme command of the American Naval Force in Atlantic waters during the war with Spain.

officers on the active list of the navy was prominently known to the country, though many had gained distinction in their profession and some had displayed gallantry and ability during the war of the Rebellion. Sampson was pre-eminent among this number. His courage had been proven by performance in the Civil War. An officer of the ill-fated *Patapsco*, sunk by a submarine mine at Charleston, S. C., he calmly stood on the roof of the turret while the vessel was going to the bottom, and when his men had safely left the ship he stepped into the water. He

demonstrated his progressiveness by striving constantly to improve the service. His executive ability, especially in ordnance, made him a rare administrator, and was responsible for his retention on shore duty a longer period than usual. When I entered the Navy Department, Sampson was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. He was offered a transfer to the Bureau of Navigation, but, believing that he would be more useful at sea and that his health would be benefited by the change, he declined it and assumed command of the battle-ship *Iowa* in the summer of 1897.



THE MASSACHUSETTS, OF THE BLOCKADING FLEET

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The North Atlantic squadron was then under Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard, who had earnestly and energetically striven to make his command an efficient instrument of war. Illness of this Commander-in-Chief caused the Secretary of the Navy, in March of 1898, to appoint a Board of Medical Survey to make an examination of his physical condition. To his own regret, no less than to that of the authorities in Washington, he was condemned, and the Department was advised that his health demanded his detachment from the squadron.

On the eve of war the Department was confronted by the necessity of choosing a fitting successor to this capable and conscientious officer. The moment required a man of splendid judgment, quick decision, possessing intimate knowledge of the characteristics of the vessels he would have to use and the officers and men manning them, and enjoying the esteem and confidence of his subordinates. The consensus of naval opinion was that Sampson had these qualifications. He had graduated number one in his class at the Naval Academy, and this without the prestige of blood, of wealth, or of position. He had maintained this superiority throughout his naval career. He had been a dominant voice in important boards which had considered the development of the *matriel* and personnel of the New Navy. He was the senior captain of the North Atlantic squadron, and in command of it during Sicard's incapacity. He enjoyed the full confidence not only of the officers and men of his own ship, but of the officers and men of the entire navy.

There was no political demand for Sampson. He had no friends in Congress to speak for him, nor did he directly or indirectly indicate to the Department that he desired to succeed Rear-Admiral Sicard. For his selection the Department is alone responsible; and it was made advisable by the interests of the country, to which the eye of the Department was single. The President gave his cordial approval to the choice, and Sampson, though there were worthy and efficient officers his seniors, was to give ample evidence that the assignment was justifiable.

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley was in Washington serving as Chairman of the Lighthouse Board when the Maine

was destroyed. He at once made application for assignment to sea duty, and upon the organization of the Flying Squadron I selected him as its commander-in-chief. Among his naval associates Schley was not credited with as high a measure of professional ability and judgment as Sampson and some other officers. Nevertheless, his career was filled with stirring incidents which had their scenes in the War of the Rebellion, in the frozen North, where he voluntarily went in search of Greely and his daring companions, and in other parts of the world where American interests demanded protection. He had been Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, had commanded a vessel of the New Navy, and appeared to be an officer of skill, judgment, and resource. That there might be no doubt of his position at sea, I personally informed him that, while his command would, for a time at least, be independent, it was a part of the North Atlantic Fleet, and when his squadron and that at Key West were merged he would be subordinate to Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson. To this condition he cheerfully agreed, and expressed his cordial readiness for co-operation and service.

To assure efficient operations on the part of the numerous vessels engaged in the blockade of Cuba, the Department determined, a few days after the outbreak of war, to order two officers of the rank of Commodore to report to Rear-Admiral Sampson. Commodore George C. Remy, who was senior to Sampson in actual rank, accepted, without the slightest objection, orders to command the naval base at Key West. In a letter to Sampson in regard to Commodore Remy's duty, it was explained that he would see that the ships of the squadron were coaled, provisioned, and supplied with ammunition speedily, and that any repairs on them were pressed with all the despatch possible with the facilities on the ships themselves and the station on shore. "One of his most important duties," to quote the letter, "will be to complete each vessel that you send him or that comes into his station as quickly as possible and return to you." Commodore John C. Watson, the junior Commodore ordered to report to Sampson, was appointed for employment in the squadron operating on the coast of Cuba

or in the general neighborhood. The object of sending him was to provide Rear-Admiral Sampson with assistance in the military duties devolving upon him in connection with the squadron of operations. Commodore John A. Howell, the commander of the Northern Patrol Squadron, had been brought home from the European Station, of which he had served as commander-in-chief.

The captains of the ships would be largely the brains directing maneuvers in action; and upon their behavior and judgment would depend whether their commands fought well or ill. Anticipating war, the Department had been most careful in its selections of commanding officers. Of the armorclads, all but two were commanded by officers assigned during my administration, and the exceptions were Captain Henry C. Taylor, commanding the battle-ship *Indiana*, and Captain Francis A. Cook, commanding the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, who had been assigned by my predecessor. Captain Taylor had gone to sea from the Naval War College, where at its head he had solved problems such as were likely to arise during the war. Captain Cook assumed command of the *Brooklyn* on December 1, 1896. Both thoroughly understood their ships, and could be depended upon to handle them with skill. The promotion of Captain Sampson left the *Iowa* without a commander, and the vacancy was filled by the assignment of Captain Robley D. Evans, at the time serving on the Lighthouse Board. Captain Evans's career showed intrepidity and resource, and the Department believed he could be relied on. The armored cruiser

*New York* was under Captain French E. Chadwick. Captain Chadwick had been Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, which had charge of all matters connected with the equipment of ships and coaling, and the knowledge he possessed, especially in relation to such matters, made him valuable to the Commander-in-Chief, whose flag floated on the *New York*. Captain John W. Philip was the commander of the *Texas*. He was known to be a brave, God-fearing man. The Massachusetts had as her captain Francis J. Higginson,

an earnest officer. The scout *St. Paul* was given to Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, who had commanded the ill-fated *Maine*; and Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, executive of that sunken ship, was ordered to the auxiliary yacht *Gloucester* when she was commissioned. Captain Bowman H. McCalla was on the *Marblehead*. The Department had no difficulty in obtaining willing hands, for most of the officers of the service on shore volunteered for sea duty, and those of sufficient rank were placed in command of vessels available.

Like our own force,

the section of Spain's armored fleet in the Atlantic Ocean was divided into two squadrons, one of which, homogeneous and mobile, was at the Cape Verde Islands, and the other, unready, although the work upon it was pushing to completion, was distributed among the ports of Spain. The squadron at the Cape Verde Islands had been assembled by the withdrawal from the West Indies of the armored cruisers *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo*, which had been sent across the ocean to display the flag of Spain and to show the United States that



PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

Commander of the Flying Squadron during the war with Spain.



their Government possessed means of defense, and to inspire courage and faith among the loyal in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. War's approach caused the despatch of the Vizcaya and Oquendo to St. Vincent, where they found the armored cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa and Cristobal Colon, the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor, Terror, and Pluton, and three torpedo-boats and two colliers. This first move by Spain was sagacious, and it was anticipated that she would follow it up by adding the Carlos V. and Pelayo, the former an armored cruiser and the latter a battle-ship, to the force. Such action would have required concentration of all American armored ships in the Atlantic, for the Oregon could not have arrived at Key West by the time the Spanish fleet reached American waters, and singly each division would have been inferior to the enemy.

The exact value of the Spanish fleet was to us unknown. It was true that the Department had received many reports, some apparently authoritative and circumstantial, indicating that the ships were indifferently equipped and inefficiently manned, and these reports were worthy of some credence in view of the corruption notoriously existing in Spanish administration, and the studious neglect which the Madrid Government had observed toward its navy. After a visit to Cadiz in 1793, Nelson wrote: "The Dons may know how to build beautiful ships, but they do not know how to procure men. At Cadiz they have in commission four battle-ships of first rank, very beautiful ships, but miserably manned." Until the contrary was established, the Department was bound to estimate the Spanish ships as highly trained and

efficient, to credit their officers and men with patriotism and strategical and tactical ability, and to put forth every effort to bring about their prompt destruction. Five of the Spanish vessels were armored cruisers, all of modern construction and armament and possessing swifter heels on paper than any of our armorclads with the exception of the Brooklyn and New York; and one was a battle-ship, which, if properly fought, could give a good account of itself in a duel with the Indiana. Spain had also a type of vessel which we had not, and which, its possibilities unknown, was greatly feared by experts and laymen. I refer to torpedo-boat destroyers. To the Department and to the world, Spain possessed a fleet composed of vessels of tactical and strategical value, and properly handled it would have a chance of obtaining control of the sea. We know now how misleading was our information.

Writing in the month of April, shortly before the war, Cervera said:

My fears are realized. The conflict is coming fast upon us; and the Colon has not received her big guns; the Carlos V. has not been delivered, and her 10-cm artillery is not yet mounted; the Pelayo is not ready for want of finishing her redoubt, and, I believe, her secondary battery; the Victoria has no artillery, and of the Numancia we had better not speak.

In another letter he said:

You talk about plans, and, in spite of all my efforts to have some laid out, as it was wise and prudent, my desires have been disappointed. How can it be said that I have been supplied with everything I asked for? The Colon has not yet her big guns, and I asked for the bad ones if there were no others. The 14-cm ammunition, with the exception of about 300 shots, is bad. The defective guns of the Vizcaya and Oquendo have not been changed. The cartridge-cases of the Colon cannot be re-



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICE

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE C. REMY  
Commander of the Naval Base at Key West  
during the Blockade of Cuba.

charged. We have not a single Bustamente torpedo. There is no plan or concert, which I so much desired and called for so often. The repairs of the servomotors of the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Vizcaya were only made after they had left Spain. . . . The Vizcaya can no longer steam, and she is only a boil in the body of the fleet.

Spain's withdrawal of her Minister and the enforced departure of Minister Woodford from Madrid were, in themselves, defiant declinations to comply with the President's demands. Assured of the safety of Mr. Woodford and the Consular officers of the United States in Spain, who had started on April 21 for neutral territory, the President on the following day issued this proclamation of blockade:

#### PROCLAMATION

Blockade of Cuban ports. By the President of the United States, a proclamation. Whereas, by a joint resolution passed by the Congress and approved April 20, 1898, and communicated to the Government of Spain, it was demanded that said Government at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and the President of the United States was directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as might be necessary to carry said resolution into effect; and

Whereas, in carrying into effect said resolution, the President of the United States deems it necessary to set on foot and maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, including ports on said coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast of Cuba aforesaid, in pursuance of the laws of the United States and the laws of nations applicable to such cases. An efficient force will be posted so as to prevent the entrance and exit of vessels from the ports aforesaid. Any neutral vessel approaching any of said ports or attempting to leave the same without notice or knowledge of the establishment of such blockade, will be duly warned by the commander of the blockading forces, who will indorse on her register the facts and the date of such warning, where such indorsement was made, and if the same vessel



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. HOWELL.  
Commander of the Northern Patrol Squadron during  
the Blockade of Cuba.

shall again attempt to enter any blockaded port, she will be captured and sent to the nearest convenient port for such proceedings against her and her cargo, as prizes, as may be deemed advisable. Neutral vessels lying at any of said ports at the time of establishment of said blockade will be allowed thirty days to issue therefrom.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. [SEAL.]

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-second day of April, A.D. 1898, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twenty-second.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

By the President,  
John Sherman,  
Secretary of State.

With the limited force at Rear-Admiral Sampson's disposal, a blockade of the entire island was impossible; furthermore, the President had no intention of establishing merely a "paper" blockade, with its accompanying international embarrassments and entanglements. "A blockade to be binding and effective," to quote the instruction given to Rear-Admiral Sampson, "must be maintained by a force sufficient to render ingress to or egress from the port dangerous," and this principle of international law was observed strictly and legally.

In selecting the ports to be blockaded the Department had considered those which, closed, would shut the enemy off from food supplies and munitions of war. Cuba imports large quantities of foodstuffs, and the insurrection compelled the Spanish troops to obtain most of the components of their rations from adjacent lands. From Havana a railroad stretched to the east, connecting the capital with Cardenas and Matanzas, and to the west, where it provided communication with Bahia Honda. A branch connected the capital with Cienfuegos—an excellent harbor, which, it was anticipated, might be the objective of the Spanish squadron. In this section of the island most of the Spanish army was concentrated. Here



its rule was effectually maintained, and here would occur military operations when the War Department determined the time propitious to invade the island.

By the measure of blockade three important results were anticipated: First, exhaustion of the Spanish army in Cuba without injury to ourselves; second, destruction of Spanish commerce—the main artery of which connected the Peninsula and its West Indian possession—and, third, the imposition upon Spain of the duty of sending relief to her colonies, and the consequent strain of conducting war more than three thousand miles from an effective home base. "They [the Americans]," wrote a Spanish captain of artillery who served in Cuba, "realized that, owing to our lack of naval power, the island of Cuba, separated from Spain by a long distance and without direct means for supporting its army and people as a result of the agricultural conditions, could be easily cut off, and reduced by starvation, without much effort or bloodshed." Great as was the promise of this measure, it did not appeal to those who could not understand the Department's refusal to permit an immediate assault upon Havana. Rear-Admiral Sampson himself advocated such a movement, pointing out that the batteries—the western batteries particularly—were well placed for an attack from the westward and close in shore, where they would be exposed to a flank fire, or to the fire of our big ships at short range, where the secondary batteries would have full effect. Rear-Admiral Sampson reported that he had discussed the plan with Captains Evans, Taylor, and Chadwick, and that they united with him in the belief that the direct attack was sufficiently promising of the capture of the city to warrant a trial. It is quite possible that had Rear-Admiral Sampson been allowed to make the assault, the results he expected would have been achieved. But the Department could not lose sight of the fact that, dashing though the project, it involved a grave element of risk for the vessels participating in it, and that even if Havana were captured, the Spanish squadron at Cape Verde was still intact and capable of inflicting heavy damage upon our coast, especially if there were any reduction in the fighting strength of our fleet. Writing to the

Admiral under date of April 6, the Secretary of the Navy said:

The Department does not wish the vessels of your squadron to be exposed to the fire of the batteries at Havana, Santiago de Cuba, or other strongly fortified ports in Cuba, unless the more formidable Spanish vessels should take refuge within those harbors. Even in this case, the Department would suggest that a rigid blockade and employment of our torpedo-boats might accomplish the desired object, viz., the destruction of the enemy's vessels, without subjecting unnecessarily our own men-of-war to the fire of the land batteries.

There are two reasons for this:

First, there may be no United States troops to occupy any captured stronghold, or to protect from riot and arson, until after the dry season begins, about the first of October.

Second, the lack of docking facilities makes it particularly desirable that our vessels should not be crippled before the capture or destruction of Spain's most formidable vessels.

Spain would have welcomed an attack upon Havana. "It would likewise have been of good effect," observed the Spanish artilleryman I have already quoted, "if we had compelled the enemy to engage in a battle against Havana. A victory there would have cost them much time and blood." Moreover, Germany and France had made no secret of their wish that Spain should prove victorious, and Germany particularly, unofficially, it is true, indicated among her people her contempt for the American navy, and was not unconscious that she might develop into an important factor in determining how the war should end.

Preservation of our armored ships was, therefore, imperative. It would have been the height of recklessness to have risked the destruction of one or more of our few battle-ships while the Spanish fleet was afloat intact. Contributory to this decision was the unwillingness of the Department to stray from its purpose to devote itself to one thing at a time. Adequate fortification of the Atlantic coast would release the Flying Squadron and enable its location at Cienfuegos on the south of Cuba, the one place above all others where it should have been stationed. The blockade of the north coast was strengthened by the armored ships under Rear-Admiral Sampson; that of the south coast was maintained by small vessels, ridiculously inadequate in strength, and, at first, in numbers, which could have been brushed aside without the slightest difficulty by

the Spanish cruisers. The Department was deeply concerned about the maintenance of the blockade of Cienfuegos. Had it been raised, Spain would have gained an advantage which would have been hailed with satisfaction in Europe and might have produced international complications. To re-establish it, formal proclamation and maintenance before the port of a sufficient number of ships to enforce it would have been necessary. But in the interim merchant ships flying neutral flags departing from or entering Cienfuegos could not have been seized under the provisions of the original proclamation. In consequence of the insufficient force at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, a trade was developed by neutrals with Batabano and other ports in the vicinity of Cienfuegos not specifically closed, and thus the purpose of the blockade in the early days of the war partially failed of effect. International law recognized the legality of this trade unless declared contraband by the United States, and the President and his advisers were not disposed to take this action, because it would have increased the unfriendliness of nations none too well disposed toward us. Once Cervera's fleet was safely locked in the harbor of Santiago, and with additional converted war-ships available, it was possible to prevent this trade by extension of the blockade on the south coast of Cuba from Cape Francis to Cape Cruz. After the destruction of Cervera's fleet, an expedition was ordered to the Isle of Pines to occupy it as a base for small vessels operating against Cienfuegos, Batabano, and other southern coast ports; but the peace protocol suspended hostilities and the occupation was not effected. Not so much for the purpose of starving out the Spanish army in Porto Rico as to watch the port and prevent the departure of the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer which had sought refuge there, a blockade of San Juan was declared.

What was the gain of the blockade of Cuba? This question may be best answered by quoting from an article written by Commander Jacobsen, commanding the foreign cruiser Geier, whose constant inspection of the blockade was most irritating to the Department:

A walk through the streets of Havana (May 17) revealed the usual every-day life. Of

course the traffic was not as great as in time of peace. . . . Beggars were lying about in front of the church doors and in the main streets, among them women with half-starved little children, but not in very large numbers. Many a coin was dropped into their outstretched hands by the passers-by; but there was nothing to indicate that the blockade had entailed serious results for the poorer population. . . . The general opinion was that there were sufficient provisions in the city to sustain the blockade for some length of time; but what was to become of the poorer class of the population in that event was a problem. . . .

Since our last visit to Havana, about a month ago (June 22), there was hardly any change noticeable in the aspect of the town and the conditions prevailing there. The harbor was empty and deserted. . . . Provisions were expensive, but the prices were held down by the Government, so as to prevent excesses on the part of the dealers. The poor were being taken care of as far as possible by the distribution of food in free kitchens and by entertainments for their benefit. . . . The rate of sickness and death was said to be hardly higher than usual. . . .

We . . . again returned to Havana on August 1. . . . Few changes were noticeable in the city itself. There was not as yet an actual famine, but the poorer classes were evidently much worse off than they had been on our former visit, for the number of beggars in the streets had increased. Crowds of poor people would come alongside the ships in boats to try to get something to eat. . . . "If the Americans would only attack Havana," the people would say, "they would soon find out what the garrison of the capital is made of. They would get their heads broken quick enough. But Uncle Sam is only beating about the bush. He is not going to swallow the hot morsel and burn his tongue and stomach." No wonder that the Spanish troops, condemned to inactivity, poorly fed, cut off from the whole world, and without any prospect of relief, were anxious for the end to come. . . .

. . . . But I have information from reliable sources that on August 12 the military administration of Havana had provisions on hand for three months longer, outside of what the blockade-runners had brought into the country and what was hidden away in the houses of the city. One can therefore understand the indignation of Captain-General Blanco when he heard that the peace protocol had been signed. But of what use would have been a further resistance on the part of the Spanish garrison? The United States Government only needed to make the blockade more rigid. That would necessarily have sealed the fate of Havana sooner or later. A fortress in the ocean, cut off from its mother country, can be rescued only with the assistance of the navy. The enemy who has control of the sea need only wait patiently until the ripe fruit drops into his lap.

None regretted more than the President and the people of the United States the

condemnation of the poor of Cuba to starvation equally with the Spanish army. But war inflicts its wounds upon all classes. How different became the condition in Havana when the peace protocol was signed! I again quote from Captain Jacobsen :

... I returned to Havana for the fourth time on September 3. How different everything looked! The clouds of smoke of the blockading ships were no longer seen on the horizon. That circle of brave vessels, greedy for prey, ready every moment to pounce upon anything that came within their reach, had vanished. . . . The harbor entrance was animated. In the harbor itself German, English, and Norwegian steamers were busily engaged in loading and unloading. Alongside the custom-houses there were a number of American and Mexican sailing vessels that had brought food and wine. All the storerooms were filled with provisions of every kind. The city had awakened to new life, business houses were once more open, merchants were again at work, the streets were full of people. . . .

By her severance of diplomatic relations with the United States Spain had, by international usage, precipitated a state of war; and the United States gave recognition to the same condition by declaring a blockade of her colonies. To define more clearly the status of the United States, and, to quote Mr. McKinley, "to the end that all its rights and the main-

tenance of all its duties in the conduct of public war may be assured," Congress declared, in accordance with the recommendation of the President, that a state of war existed, and had existed since April 21. This declaration at once imposed the obligations of neutrality upon nations not party to the conflict. The Spanish squadron lay in the Portuguese harbor of St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands. It had been rumored that Portugal would throw in her fortune with Spain, and this report was important, because the attitude of the Lisbon Government would determine the length of time Cervera would remain at St. Vincent. That the King had no intention of injecting himself into the Hispano-American quarrel was shown at 5 P.M. April 28, when he signed the Imperial proclamation of neutrality. That proclamation permitted the stay of belligerent vessels in Portuguese ports for a "short time"—an indefinite period, somewhat puzzling to the men who were attempting to work out the grand problems of war. Cervera relieved our anxiety on this point, but gave us fresh cause for concern. On April 29 he left the Cape Verde Islands, and for almost two weeks the Navy Department floundered in a sea of ignorance as to his whereabouts.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRIQUE MULLER

THE TORPEDO-BOAT MORRIS



DRAWN BY WALTER HALE

THE OLD CHURCH OF LA CANDELARIA, CARACAS

# - The Land of Stand-Still

By James Barnes

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in Venezuela

**I**T is only the stirring events of the last few months that have forced Venezuela to the world's attention, only the immediate and positive evidence of the deep interest, financially and diplomatically speaking, of three great Powers, that filled the public press. Perhaps there was, frankly speaking, no special reason otherwise why curiosity should have arisen. For two or three centuries Venezuela had remained discovered and unchanged, and, saving the boundary-line dispute, now almost forgotten, and the omnipresent revolutions, she had individually done nothing. The occasional mention of her existence had been owing to the strength or activity of the recurrent local irruptions. The country had come to be regarded as merely a place on the map, whose location was more or less uncertain, but whose name had the vague familiarity of a distant and infrequently visited volcanic island. In fact, Venezuela, like many of the South American countries, is yet, in one aspect, nothing more nor less than an intermittent republic. Yet, in another, she has some of the potent forces of the slumbering volcano, and the flames that could arise there might redden the sky. Twice the warning has been given. Only those who see no deeper than the surface consider the trouble settled.

But it is not to the latent, nor to the present active, force that I would speak just now. Rather I would like to tell, in a few short words, of how Venezuela appears from the standpoint of visitor or traveler.

Remove the foreign and intruding elements of steam and electricity and we are in the past—a past whose promised glory has crumbled and decayed through neglect and age—we walk in the Land of Stand-Still.

It is a very beautiful and flowering land, where the thermometer varies but a score of degrees from year's end to year's end. Yet it is more than a superstition that the native feels when he says, "Wait till you have been here longer, and you

will live as we do." Perhaps the visitor who yet feels the vim of the North in his veins, whose ambitions are awakened by the possibilities to the left and right—visible, tangible, and insistent—denies the possibility and condemns the excuse.

But will the alien ambition fade with the custom of the siesta, disappear under the balm of the upland day breezes and the long sleep of the cool, still nights? Will the spirit soften in the damp of the summer season and the warm, monotonous clearness of the unchanging winter? Will the soul sink hopeless in the few scattered pest-places where, resigned, the people accept without inquiry the conditions they have assisted nature to impose? That is a matter for conjecture—I do not believe it. The argument of proof is on the native's side, perhaps, for he stands immobile in a land that began with an onswEEP of action and energy. He inherits but the desire for ease and apparently a delight in the amusement of bloodshedding, in one form or another, when aroused from his lethargy. The original Spaniard was ambitious; he gave full-swinging impetus to the mental pendulum that has now come to gyrate slowly in the circle of a dying or a slumbering national force. He was a hard taskmaster, but a harder worker.

Here are things that mean wealth and assure commerce; here is the capacity for self-support in the way of agriculture and industries; here are gold-mines that twenty years ago were giving an average yield of nearly four millions of dollars, while later new fields have been discovered, new sections prospected, and a war almost took place for their possession. But when the Boundary Commission had finished its work, and England had accepted the decision, Venezuela found the wealth within her boundary; and there are copper-mines there too, and even tin and silver, the extent of which has not been well determined. Bituminous coal of a good quality is abundant in many districts, good petroleum is refined in the State of



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNESTO PARES

A VIEW OF CARACAS

Los Andes, and asphalt enough to supply the world in the districts of Bermudez and Maracaibo.

When Columbus, on his third voyage, in 1498, sighted the long main coast, he little knew of the country that lay behind the frowning ramparts of the mountains; he had no idea of the stretching wastes of wealth that lie back of the Orinoco's mouth; and we know little more of parts of the land to-day. On the old Spanish maps there is a vague country put down as "Castilla del Oro." It is claimed by some people now that modern civilization has touched its edge. That may be so. Even the traveler sees but the unawakened on all sides of him; the slumbering fallow ground, waiting but for irrigation and the plowshare, the same unpenetrated forests into which Drake and Pizzaro looked, are there with their treasures. Coffee, actually now the wealth and the medium of exchange, is not indigenous; but, once imported, it flourished to its present undeveloped capacity. But in fifty-five years, from 1830 to 1885, the export had increased per annum by less than 75,000 ds. For ten years at a time it would

remain stationary, owing to the revolutions, and then when peace came it would bound to soaring figures.

It is difficult, perhaps, in writing an article, with the ever-present temptation to refer to figures and statistics, to avoid them. But this is not my intention—it is but to make the reader stand with me on one of the mountain-sides and look over the grand spread of sweeping hills and narrow valleys; to have him wait at the corner of the street while the heavy carriage of a Cabinet Minister joggles and twists over the uneven, ill-paved streets of the capital; to see the idle, good-natured population basking in the sun; to glance at the señoritas who murmur their salutations from the iron-barred windows; to get a glimpse of what may be amusing, or of what may interest—but to feel, permeating all, the sense of pathos, the idea of hopelessness, that is now the keynote of the Land of Stand-Still.

Climbing over the great hills that tower above the port of La Guayra, clinging to the sides of the valleys, and following the easiest grades, once ran a Spanish road; twenty feet wide it was, paved with care-



FROM THE SOUTH

fully selected stones, in runnels and patterns that would best deflect the summer downpour and preserve the highway. Countless millions of hoofs and sandaled human feet wore the stones smooth; slaves who had built the road were the ancestors of the people who are yet as beasts of burden. The conquerors brought with them the tough Spanish jack that was the sire of the burro and the strong-backed little mule of the country. Line after line, plodding up the hill and down the valley, they still follow the same route. But the wide Spanish road is gone! It went long before the railroad came; only in short spaces of a few yards or so does it exist, and the crumbling pavements litter and obstruct the path, like the rocks at the bottom of a dry mountain torrent bed. For scores and scores of years after the Spaniard left, the Government did not attempt to repair that once noble highway. It was permitted to go to ruin.

There is one spot, on the Caracas side of the slope, where it remains intact; and a person standing there can look down the hill and imagine things as they were two hundred years ago. The buildings

in the city and the valley below are of the same unchanged architecture and design. Many stood in the same place where they now stand, and the same cracked old bells clanged and jangled their calls to mass. This man coming on, bare-legged, clad in his ragged old garments, is the same whose sandals wore the cobbles smooth. The arriero, or line of donkeys he is driving, are carrying the same saddles, tied to their sore little backs in the same old way. Behind them one could almost imagine one of the old Spanish cavaliers riding up the slope. It is but the slightest stretch of imagination—against that background of distant sloping roofs and square church towers—to see him there, to catch the glint of the sunlight on his steel corselet. How easily his hand rests upon the hilt of the dagger at his belt! Mark the gay caparisons of his saddle and the heavy decorations of the leather head-stall! But no; it is only his descendant, brown-skinned and darker of eye; but he rides the same saddle, his stirrups may be of metal like the foot of a man in armor. The caparisons are there, head-stall and all; the spurs he wears over

his naked heels have been handed down from generations before him; his dagger is really hanging from his embroidered belt.

You pass a little hillside plantation, and over it, to your surprise, there is flying the red and gold flag of old Spain—it is not imagination, it is fact; fully a third of these little hillside farms on the coast line belong to people who yet claim to be under the Spanish protection. It is better for them to be able to prove that they are not citizens sometimes. But in the garden a peon is working; his plow is the root of a tree, shod with iron along its pointed end; the oxen are attached across their horns with thongs of rawhide. Let the same man leave his hillside labor and work for a foreign overseer at one of the European haciendas. It would only be by watching and constant threats that any one could get him to use a wide-cutting, double-handed American plow. He prefers to do as his forefathers have done; he will insist on doing it, with the stubbornness of semi-civilized conservatism.

But press on. The last steep descent, and you look down upon the expanse of the red-tiled city. It stretches and fades almost into a purple tint, as the color comes against the vivid green of the cane-fields that line the river on the farther side. Evidently, ages ago, the Caracas valley must have been the bottom of some great lake. The alluvial soil stretches up to the old high-water mark on the sides of the hills and is so deep that it reaches for many feet below the surface. The plazas are marked by their squares of green tree-tops, and the gardens in the patios are marked by palms and vines. Away off toward Paraiso there lift the feathery tops of a line of royal palms. From the distance the defects of Caracas are unobserved. It might be ancient Spain, it might be one of the towns of the lost Atlantis. But from off on the right there comes a whiff of steam, and the train that climbs the steep grades of the marvelous English road from La Guayra pushes back the years. It is the Present, after all, and, almost with a sigh at the disillusioning, you descend.

Such a street as you enter upon when once past the spot where stood the old city gates you could not have imagined.

It is like the bottom of a cañon, marked and deeply seared by the erosion of rushing water. No vehicle that ever moved on wheels could travel a dozen yards on it. But wheels are not necessary for the people who live in the houses that line this end of the town. The burro or the mule can reach them with his loaded panniers, and that is all-sufficient.

You go by an old church on the left; you circle about an ancient plaza whose flagstones are cracked and shattered by the earthquake, and through the streets, passing the succession of one-storied houses, you get deeper and deeper into the city. Mangy dogs are scratching themselves at every corner. The gutters are littered with freshly scattered and sun-dried piles of refuse. The smells vary with every turn; numbers of idle men, clad in linen or a cheap kind of khaki, increase in number. Little naked babies squat about the doorsteps; beggars, many with sore legs and husky voices, ask politely but piteously for alms. You notice, even in the faces of the young, an expression of something akin to resignation. You imagine at first that it may be resignation to the ever-present odor. But it is more than that. There is among the lower classes no glow of laughing contentment such as we see among those of other countries. It is the resignation of the poorly fed, the half-nourished—it is the hardship of no hope.

Through the iron-barred windows brown-skinned women look at you. A priest in his long black gown passes by a group of young men at one of the corners. No one lifts his hat; they do not even make room for him, so he steps out into the street. An Indian soldier boy, scarcely fifteen years of age, with the national colors tied about his straw hat, slouches by, with a suspicion of swagger, along the shady side. Behind him comes an artillery sergeant; he wears garish red trousers and a red embroidered cap. His broad black toes peep out over the soles of his alpargatas, or native sandals. You know he is a sergeant, for his chevrons dangle upside down from a safety-pin on his sleeve. He may have been a private yesterday, and his color is no bar to his becoming a general.

As you come nearer the heart of the town the houses increase in width and





LA GUAYRA HARBOR



IN THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE



THE MARKET-PLACE



A COUNTRY ROAD



THE PLAZA BOLIVAR



THE PORT OF CALL

SCENES FROM "THE LAND OF STAND-STILL"

height, but they are all one story. In some cases beautiful black eyes look out through the ornamented gratings. Fair faces, accentuated in whiteness by a layer of powder, prove a pride in an unbroken Castilian ancestry. At one place a suitor mounted on his sleek saddle-mule has ridden up on the sidewalk and is carrying on a flirtation through the grating. He pulls his mustachios fiercely and glares at you from under the brim of his sombrero. He murmurs something, and the señorita laughs.

You come to a long, iron-trestled bridge across a deep, walled gorge. The loose bolts rattle as a heavy carriage approaches. The driver of the fine pair of horses is dressed in an old-fashioned, double-breasted coat, trimmed with gilt braid a full inch wide. A cockade ornaments his high glazed hat; he wears false boot-legs pulled over his white canvas trousers, but the shoes that protrude beneath are patched and worn, and innocent of blacking. He has driven carefully, this coachman, for there is a hole in the planking of the bridge through which the forelegs of both his horses might easily disappear. But there is not a driver in all Caracas that does not know that hole! It has come to be accepted as a fixture, with its dangerous possibilities, much as the dirt has come to be a fixture, with its threatening of disease.

In the carriage lolls a Cabinet Minister; maybe he is not the one in charge of the highways, and maybe it is seldom that he drives across the bridge, so what cares he for the menace to public life or limb! The Minister is dressed in a long frock coat; the ribbon of a decoration is in the lapel; the silk hat he wears shows the influence of France; and his air, as he leans back with both hands upon his gold-headed cane, shows the influence of prosperity.

But now we are down in the city and have come to the corner of its heart of hearts, the Plaza Bolivar. The Casa Amarilla, the old government house, is on the corner; a policeman, in his faded black uniform, with his shiny Remington carbine used as a prop for his knee, leans against the wall. He belongs to an organization that earns every penny that it gets, for he stands on the street all day and sits in his usual corner at night, wrapped

in his heavy red-lined cloak. But every time the bell in the cathedral opposite clanks the quarter he is obliged to blow his whistle in challenge or in answer to his nearest comrade. It is stated on good authority that he has learned to blow his whistle in his sleep. The police of Caracas have nothing to do with politics. Presidential parties may come or go, but they keep order just the same. Commanding them for some years has been a man whose head has not fallen into the political basket. Every one speaks well of him. But we digress.

Fronting the Plaza on the north are the post-office, a few cafés, and a big garish two-storied hotel, devoid for the last two months of guests; the sign on one of the cafés has recently been changed from "Allemania" to "America." On the south side of the square is the Bishop's palace, and on the east the cathedral and a few small shops. The old cathedral, chipped, scarred, and ugly, has withstood the shock of earthquake more than once. Its square tower has trembled but never fallen; it has witnessed many changes, and may witness many more.

The plaza in front lies below the street level like an Italian sunken garden; fine shade-trees line its tessellated walks. It is dominated by a prancing equestrian statue of Bolivar Liberador. There is a smaller replica of it, I believe, hidden away behind the bushes in some unfrequented spot in Central Park. The skeleton of an ancient wreath still hangs on its front, and the rust and weather have streaked the bronze body of the horse in great gashes of gray-green rust.

But what would Caracas be without the Plaza! Here beats the center of its social life; here gather the politician and his friends, to chat and mayhap to plot under the shadows of the trees. Here on Thursday and Sunday evening the big band, by no means a bad one, plays till almost midnight. Just now German and English airs are barred; grand opera is the favorite—and Spanish airs—but the people do not rise nor doff their hats at the notes of the national anthem; to do so is a matter of mere taste.

Seated about on the folding camp-chairs that can be rented for the evening for a locha (two and one-half cents) are all the beauty and fashion on the concert nights.



DRAWN BY WALTER HALE

THE TOWER OF THE UNIVERSITY, CARACAS

The señoritas, with the mammas, papas, or dueñas, sit there in their best gowns. They withstand bravely the bold staring of the well-dressed men who parade before them to and fro, singly or in companies.

All the notabilities are present, the foreign Ministers and their families, the generals and minor officers, and everywhere groups of immature young swells, flourishing their walking-sticks. I say immature for want of a better word, for they mature early, in the ways of the world, in Venezuela. Lads who in our country would be at home or at their studies, or talking about football or athletic games, discuss the latest whims of their mistresses, or their losses at the recent cock-fight. Yes, indeed, here beats the city's heart, and here on the wonderful cool evenings, in the glow of the lamps and under the influence of the music, Caracas, after her own fashion, grows almost gay.

The public buildings occupy a huge square by themselves. The camera can give no hint of their appearance; even the pencil fails. It may require description to do it—the pale circus blue and faded pink of wall and cornice, the chipped and shattered stucco, the protruding elbows of the underlying brick that show at the corners and edges, and the frayed, worn patches. It all has the appearance of opera scenery after three years' service on the road. On the edge of one of the entablatures of the Federal Palace a seed has caught in the accumulated dirt and dust, and grown into a healthy tree. The lack of glazing in the windows gives the buildings the sacked appearance of a recent partial conflagration.

Let us go inside the big reception-room where the splendor-seeking dictators of the past held their ceremonious gatherings—it is the ruined play-room of the Presidents. On one side of the wall hangs a noble painting by a German artist—Bolívar and his chiefs meeting in a hut on the Orinoco; all down the wall are portraits, some fairly painted, others archaic in color and design, mirth-compelling in their stiffness and lack of symmetry. Overhead is a well-composed fresco of the battle of Corobobo, and, odd to relate, it shows the English legion and the American volunteers helping the Ven-

ezuelans drive the Spaniards into flight. The farther end of the room was where Guzman Blanco and Crespo once sat in uniformed splendor; but the ceiling has fallen here, and has been recently swept into a corner of the sunken, uneven floor. Bits of cloud and horses' legs, generals' epaulets, and Victory's wreaths lie there in huddled confusion. There was more money spent in sudden decoration than in methods of perpetuating its surroundings and supports.

Venezuela has produced two great artists—Michelena, whose work is known in Paris, and whose splendid paintings help to adorn the cathedrals and the walls of the neglected national gallery; the other, whose name has unfortunately slipped the writer's memory, has a wonderful painting of the Inferno in the old church on the top of the hill. Both men died young and have left no successors.

Directly south, across a much-cracked concrete courtyard, are the buildings of the University; if anything, they are in worse condition than the Federal Palace. They are so scaled, cracked, and battered, so chipped and scribbled up by chalk and lead-pencil, that their pseudo-Gothic intention looks almost unhealthy in its forlornness. Once there stood in the court an equestrian statue of the creator of all this tawdry magnificence, as big as Bolívar; from his horse Guzman Blanco doffed his cocked hat to admiring posterity. But the Venezuelans do the act of erasure thoroughly—they left no trace of the pedestal when they tore him down. Upon every other statue that he erected they obliterated his inscriptions; but, as I have said in a previous article, his presence and methods live to-day.

Let us hasten our steps; there is an imposing-looking plaster-trimmed theater yet to see, and several more half-bare ancient churches, the cheaply built bull ring, and at last the architectural and engineering feats about the hill that fronts the railway station. Here are a few paradoxes for you! A crumbling triumphant archway under which no one passes, a tunneled roadway through which no one drives, and a long iron bridge which no one crosses, connecting two hummocks surmounted each by a little chapel in which no mass is said. The limbs of the surmounting statuary of the arch have

fallen to the ground, and we can see that the plaster was laid on cores of wood. It was probably charged for at the rate of marble, however, and the difference fell into gaping pockets.

The palace of Miraflores, an ugly square building surmounted by the three-colored flag of yellow, blue, and red, is on the hill to the northwest. It belongs to the Crespo family, and is rented by President Castro from the estate. He is supposed to pay \$12,000 per year for its occupancy, but a member of the family told me that for some time the matter of payment has slipped his memory. Some of the rooms are beautiful, and the decorations are worthy of any palace in Europe. It is here that some of the best of Michelena's work is to be found. The decorations of one room cost in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. When I looked at its splendor, I could not help thinking of the yawning hole in the bridge! There is another room that is built entirely of steel, and painted with the garishness of a lady's fan; it is called the earthquake room, and well it may be a comfort to the present occupant, for at the last earthquake he broke his leg by jumping from the window of the Casa Amarilla, his former official residence.

There are the barracks; the one to the north with its single gun presented to the Venezuelan Government by the Empress Eugénie, and with all its loopholes frowning at the city, like all the other "defenses." There is another near the center of the town, where the small brown soldier boys stand guard at the door, armed to the teeth. At night both places are given a wide berth, and the unknowing stranger who might not understand the peremptory "*Halte, qui vive!*" is in no little danger. Much afraid of these places are the peaceable inhabitants, and much right have they to be so, for the soldier that supports the reigning government is a privileged person. It does not do to complain of him. The keeper of a café frequented by the troops once spoke to the colonel of an Andino regiment and said that his soldiers borrowed his knives and forks and did not return them. "Do you mean that the soldiers of my government are thieves?" replied the colonel. The restaurant-keeper replied that it might look that way to the casual observer, or words to that effect;

whereupon the colonel shot him dead, and that was an end of the matter.

Leading out of the city to the south and crossing the shallow river is the far-famed "iron bridge." It joins at its farther end with a broad road about a mile in length. Beautiful gardens and well-kept little villas, mostly the pleasure homes of politicians, are on either side. Here on holidays meet the upper classes, the old conservatives, the wealthy tradesman, and the successful politician. The pampered favorite of the latter drives here, too, lolling back in her victoria. The people bow to one another or give the cut direct, as their acquaintanceship dictates or their position in the social scale may give them privilege or not. At the eastern end used to be the gay quarter, the dance-houses and the fandangos. A little park is at the western end, where there is also, strange to say, a baseball field. A hopeful sign for the future is that a small percentage of the youths and boys have taken up outdoor sports, this within the last four years. This mile or more of good road is all that is worthy of the name of "driveway" in a country bigger than the State of Texas! The people are very proud of it.

There is the beautiful convent school for girls out in the same direction, and farther out are scattered the picturesque haciendas of the sugar-planters. Now add to all that I have described the busy market, with all its thronged stalls, its teeming life and movement, its own individual odors and sounds, the miles of stretching, close-hemmed-in streets, some traversed by little narrow-gauge street railways, and we have a quick glimpse at the capital of the Land of Stand-Still. Two miles out, and you are in the great and glorious country.

The mountains tower up between the city and the sea. They have helped to hem it in from progress, perhaps, for, geographically speaking, the country is turned the wrong way, and were the fertile slopes stretched seaward, and were not the rich tablelands and valleys for so many years so hard of access—until the railway solved the problem—the country might not have been so long at slumber.

The city can be cleaned, the roads can be improved, occupation found for the idle, if they but have peace from the evil



PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MIRABEL

PRESIDENT CASTRO ALIGHTING AT THE RAILWAY STATION TO BID GOOD-BY TO  
MINISTER BOWEN

to which they blame everything—the Revolution. But will the country then rise, of itself, for advancement and progress? Will the bloody quarrels of the political parties be forever ended—will the look of resignation disappear? Let us be hopeful. It is hard to believe that everlasting dry-rot can exist in the midst of such possibilities. The fault may lie in the race, and it may be predestination that has reduced the capacity of the people; but the awakening must come, and come, from all appearances just now, from the outside. From what direction,

whether from across the sea from Germany, whether pushing southward through the Caribbean, who can tell?—it is not for me to predict the source of the awakening, but some day come it will. The present Land of Stand-Still will be the future Land of Movement.

There are natural forces in the people that will respond, respond most eagerly. Naturally the common people are honest; you can trust the most ignorant peon with your most precious belongings. The native servants up in the country, and even in the town, never steal. Doors are

never locked nor windows closed. Highway robbery is unknown. The arrieros, with every donkey laden with gold from the mines, travel along the lonely trails without a guard in time of peace, and even sometimes in time of war. The revolutionary forces and the Government armies live on the country, as live they must, and depletion and disaster follow in their path. But you can leave your money-belt with the keeper of any way-side posada, and sleep in peace. You can send it by a barefooted messenger and feel safe. Yet the proprietor carries a revolver and the messenger a knife, and shootings and stabbings are more than common, but not for robbery.

Kindly, courteous, and hospitable are the owners of the outlying haciendas. Everything they have is at the disposal of the transient guest. Here and in the cities are to be found cultured, educated, and delightful people. You meet members of the great universal class that is the same the world over—who differ only in racial temperament, coloring of hair and eyes and skin, and whose inheritance of national customs is secondary to their knowledge of the world-wide, unwritten rules. Their sons may be graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, of Yale or Harvard; their daughters would ornament any society with their beauty and their charm of manner; but they are not the ruling class; for the most part they have scarcely had a voice in the government at any time. They are but an atom in the composite make-up of the nation. There are American and European wives and Venezuelan husbands. If a foreigner marries a Venezuelan woman, of course his immediate family take after the father, yet there are born Venezuelans in this same class, whose progenitor was so far back that they have lost all trace of him but the name—Campbell or Smith it may

be, and their ancestor's tongue may be unknown to them. It is not everybody who meets them. Their existence is not obtrusive; and, alas! many who are not in trade of some sort are now so poor that there is hardly anything left them but their pride. Their beautiful country places are sold or mortgaged beyond hope of payment, their big city houses are rented or empty. The wide-open patios, with their flowers and palms, mock in their exuberance the empty larder. The family plate and jewels are long since sold; even the heirlooms of lace, the mantillas and the ivory fans, high combs and loved trinkets, have gone for almost nothing.

But the señoritas sit in the windows and chatter through the bars—poor little half-imprisoned birds—and then go back through the big, high-ceilinged rooms to their peasants' dinner. Sometimes there is hardly charcoal enough to warm the old Spanish oven, and the meal is cooked over fagots gathered in the woods.

The science of living, so far as creature comforts are concerned, is still in its infancy—the pleasures of the table little known. Cookery is a forced employment, hardly a calling, never an art. Garlic and spice, spice and garlic, flavored bread and meat—the luxuries of nature, the fruits and native cereal, products of the untouched forest and half-tilled ground, kept alive the common people who only ate to live.

They are hardy, the pueblo, but leprosy and other diseases are among them; fever is frequent. But see what science and advanced sanitation have done for Cuba. Cannot the impetus that will be given to the laws of government and its proper administration be extended to the laws of living? Even the intense conservatism of the masses may yield to patient teaching. The awakening may be general.

## Wish and Will

By Priscilla Leonard

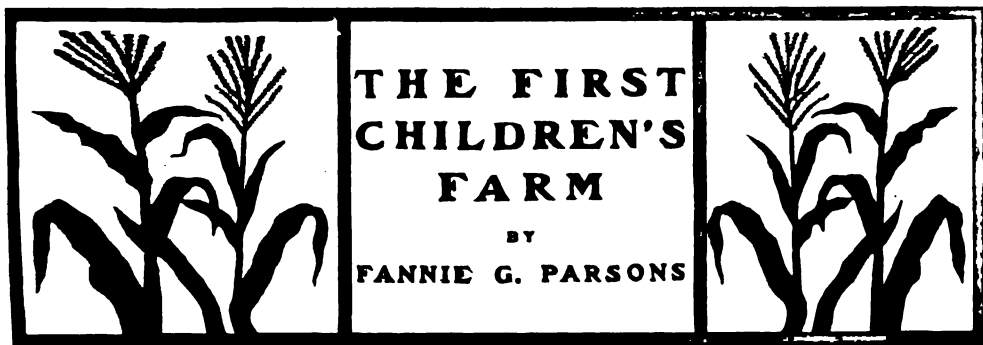
Scatter thy wishes, and their arrows fall  
Broken and spent, beneath Fate's frowning wall;  
Forge from their fragments one sharp spear of will,—  
The barriers frown, but thou shalt pierce them still!



### Judge Peter S. Grosscup

Judge Peter S. Grosscup was born in Ashland, Ohio, in 1852. In 1892 he was made United States District Judge in a northern district of Illinois, and in 1899 he was promoted to the Circuit Court. He has given a remarkable number of decisions bearing upon almost distinctively public questions. The first which attracted National attention was a dissenting opinion upon the application to close the Chicago Exposition on Sundays, an opinion afterwards sustained by the higher Court, and the next was that in which he joined with Judge Woods in issuing the famous injunction against Eugene V. Debs and the other officers of the American Railway Union. The most important recent decision was that in which he granted a permanent injunction against a combination of the beef-packers to keep their agents from competing with one another. Judge Grosscup's recent address before the University of Michigan urging closer public supervision of corporate transactions, in order to make corporate investments secure to members of the middle classes, has deservedly attracted wide attention.





**A**N unimproved site on Fifty-third Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, in New York City, reserved for a future park, overlooking the river, and used for many years as a dumping-ground and storage-place for trucks, etc.; one green spot where there was any vegetation, and that producing plantain leaves; no shade, no water, the approaching streets filled with restless, begrimed children with nowhere to go, nothing to do—this was the home of the first Children's School-Farm in New York City.

The most level spot overlooking the Hudson, 114 feet by 84 feet, was selected, the ground plowed, prepared, and laid out in small plots, numbered, and inclosed by a three-foot-high fence.

The soil being very poor, the plow having turned up rags, wire, lime, and stones, and the season late, quick-growing vegetables were selected. Water was put in at three places. A tent accommodating about two hundred people, blackboards for instruction, seats for comfort, a circular flower-bed in the center of the farm, and all was ready for the first planting-day. Twenty-five children at a time, with tags the numbers on which corresponded with those on the sticks, staking out their claim, three feet by six feet (upon which the nearest and most friendly neighbor had no right to intrude), were lined up and given directions, then marched into the farm, forming two sides of a hollow square around a small plot, where the gardener went through the whole process of making the furrows, describing the seeds put in, covering them, etc. The children then marched to the number corresponding to their tag, and went through the same process, making the

furrows with the sharp end of the stick, and covering and patting down with the spatula containing the number; then right about face and out the gate they went, faces glowing with excitement, which was not lessened when a few days later the earth began to crack open and little heads peeped out. At the same time seeds of like variety were planted in sawdust, that the process of those under ground might be watched. Here curiosity, that strongest of human traits, was satisfied wholesomely. Seven varieties of vegetables were planted in each plot, corn in the center, on either side of this string and butter beans, peas, radishes, turnips, lettuce, and a border of buckwheat around the whole farm.

The child's co-operation in preparing the ground was found to be a necessary initiative step, as its hands were not accustomed to handle anything so small and tender as a seed.

After the workmen left for the day, it was suggested to the boys and girls that they clear the ground of some of the stones in order to facilitate the next day's work. Would we sit by while they did it? Yes, indeed; and away they went with a loud shout; but throwing the stones into regular piles was by far too monotonous, and, spying an old horse a block off, they stood three deep aiming at him. The air was black with stones. All words of caution were useless. There was nothing to do but wait until they injured themselves. Before long *they* decided that it would be necessary to have either a hospital on the grounds or calmly put the stones in piles. An old horse and dump-cart were secured, and eight loads of stones removed in two hours, and the ground made ready for the second plowing in the morning. A

happy, tired group, seated on the ground about our chair, together sang the good-night song, and then wended their way by moonlight across the rough lot back to the hot, close street, eager for the morrow and the farm. And so eyes, hands, feet, heart, and mind were unconsciously trained, while seemingly the hours were filled only with endless pleasure. The timid girl in her teens, so inclined to remain indoors, grew more self-reliant, the bold more modest, the rough boy more gentle. Little faces, lately so hard and prematurely old, began to assume the look of real childhood, and the farm became truly their own.

A public flag-raising seemed the least tribute that could be paid to the Park Department of Manhattan for making this vitally important educational object-lesson possible. On August 5 this took place. To the casual observer it seemed but a public function, but it proved one of the most important features of the farm, and its raising and lowering were eagerly watched for. But on the morning after the ceremony a cloud seemed to rest on the faces of many who lived down the nearest street, and inquiry as to what dire calamity had happened elicited the answer, "We cannot see the flag

from our doorstep or window." In a few days the flag-pole was moved so as to be seen two blocks away.

The question has been asked, What method was used to control an unruly mob of children of various ages of non-public school attendance? After watching them for the first day or two, it was discovered that they were like thistledown before the breeze, or, more properly, like a flock of sheep. A sudden noise promising excitement, and away they all flew, one, two, three blocks, and, it proving to be a false alarm or the promise not fulfilled to the extent of their hopes, back

they all came to see what these intruders were doing on their domain. On account of their noise, sometimes accidental, but as often intentional, it was impossible to be heard. We decided to seat ourselves on some stones in the center of the floorless tent and be listlessly silent. Five, ten minutes passed, while the audience of several hundred children looked on expectantly; but not even an expression of interest being visible on the faces of those thus seated, the crowd melted away and

did not return, and it was then possible quietly to make plans for future work. Futile efforts were made to have the children listen to orders. The next day the happy thought of standing in their midst, with a stone held high, was tried. Curiosity was aroused at this unusual proceeding from such a source, and for just a breath silence reigned, but that second was taken advantage of to say, "Let us see who can hear this stone drop." Every one was silent. As the stone struck the ground, before the shout of "I did" came, the opportunity was seized to say a few, very few, words of instruction. This plan was carried out the second day, and the attention was held longer.

The choice was given as to who would be

farmers or policemen. Only fifteen chose to be the latter, who were quite different from our metropolitan police force, which is largely made up from the farms.

After the first few days a whistle was used—one sound meaning attention; two, farm police; three, vacate farm, tent, and perhaps lots. On the third day there was no response to the second signal. The police had all deserted and become farmers. There were two reasons for this—love of the work, and fear of being stoned if they should assert their authority. A club was formed, the dignity of which had a marked effect, from the day the



ONE OF THE FARMERS



DE WITT CLINTON PARK BEFORE CULTIVATION



DE WITT CLINTON PARK AFTER CULTIVATION



CHILDREN'S SCHOOL-FARM AT DE WITT CLINTON PARK

real work began, and they were allowed to help. There was no more trouble.

One of the secrets of the success of this scheme was the attitude toward the children of the men who prepared the ground; they recognized the desire of the children to help. They would bring extra shovels and rakes for them. The head and foreman gardeners of the Park Department were Swedes, and had had the benefit of gardens connected with the schools in childhood in their own country, so their hearts went into the work as well as their hands and heads, for they understood the children and how they would love it.

The farm grew to perfection from the suggestions of these men, the parents, and police; one of the latter saying, "These children will never obey until the tent is made more beautiful than anything they have ever seen." Following this suggestion, a floor was laid, and a box of blooming plants was placed around the whole tent, twenty-five feet by thirty-five feet. The effect was magical.

Once a week in the tent a round tub was filled with water, on whose bosom floated a mass of water-lilies in all their rich, cool, native beauty. Their subtle influence seemed to reach all. Making a beautiful park or making a beautiful garden with the "Don't touch" sign is like eating luscious fruit before hungry children; they want some too. So at stated times a basketful of cut flowers was distributed in the tent, so satisfying the wholesome longing aroused by the boxes of plants, which were to be respected.

The boys would work like beavers, sometimes until the rain fairly forced them to beat a retreat to the shelter of the tent. As soon as the storm abated a little, out they went again.

George T. Powell, Director of Briarcliff Agricultural College, says he will never forget the day of his first nature-study talk in that tent, when he witnessed this scene and the eagerness with which the children fairly fell over each other in order to see his charts and hear his wonderful story of the strawberry plant and the worm that was its enemy.

These small farmers were drawn from the densely populated West Side, no distinction being made as to age or sex, those first applying being taken. Boys

in their teens, employed as hall-boys, would work two consecutive Sundays in order to come for a few hours to the farm during the week. Others would come before their day began, help put up the flag or rake a path. Mothers would send notes saying, "Please drive my boy out of the farm. He must go to the factory. We need his earnings."

Could these delicate growing boys and girls have had a few feet of ground, they could have raised and sold enough vegetables to keep their own family, earning more than double the money they could earn in the factory, and have grown strong and courageous, instead of weak and discouraged with the long hours, shut away from God's sunshine. They would have seen the satisfactory results of their own labor, whereas in the factory their efforts are only a small part of a great whole, the completion of which they never see. The money is turned into the family and is lost to view. The child owns nothing, has no better clothes or food for his long hours, and by the time he is sixteen he does not care whether he lives or dies; and so our tramps are formed.

Mr. Powell said: "If I could have the training of the city children on these vacant lots for a period of two months, I could send out several thousand of the boys, ranging from fifteen to eighteen years of age, upon farms throughout New York and other States."

The few weeks' work on the ground, planting seeds, caring for the growing plants, the responsibility and pride of individual plots, the having an object of personal interest to them, which gave to each something to do, has done much for these children. Their activity, once destructive, has been given a turn for construction and care. They have learned something of the fact that work can also be a pleasure, and they can now be guided into doing things useful where once they could hardly be controlled. The evolution from rudeness, nervous excitement, and "scatteration" to concentration, was daily perceptible.

They also made a great stride in "private care of public property." This, which was not believed of these children, has been proved. That this has been done in this district is good evidence that it can be done anywhere in Greater New

York, and especially as it was accomplished when handicapped by lack of tools, very little money, only one teacher, and a late beginning. As in all experiments, an immense amount of detail work was done and many perplexing problems were faced. The experimental stage has passed. With the means at the disposition of the Board of Education, and with the co-operation of the Department of Parks, which showed such great willingness with this School-Farm, the successful operation of others should be merely routine work.

It was a long time before proper implements were furnished, but clam-shells just fitted little hands and made an excellent substitute for hoes. City farming on poor soil, where the ground looked very much like concrete, is quite a different matter from the same work done in the country. Our wise foreman gardener from the Park, ever ready to give us advice and aid, said, "Water, water, water," instead of hoeing.

In a neighborhood where before only vandalism reigned, this miniature farm, lying in one of New York's most congested districts, awakened an almost forgotten feeling in the hearts of the people of the neighborhood, at the same time satisfying the active restlessness of the children. To the high-school girl Hiawatha and the waving corn became a reality. The crippled child, striving to get strong enough to be brought to this wonderful fairy-land that its little companions told so much about, drew deep breaths of satisfaction. The overtaxed, weary business man, the millionaire, the laborer, the teacher, minister, longshoreman, the mother from her pressing manifold duties in a home all too small, or a home too large with no childish voices, impelled by curiosity or courtesy, came for fifteen minutes, but forgot to leave until the lengthening shadows gave warning of the approach of night.

The attraction? Children in their natural environment, in close touch with

nature and allowed an opportunity to develop their own individuality, guided by simply a word. "Was that honest?" "Was that manly?" "Johnny, stand right still. Look at your feet." And when the tender lettuce-leaf was found bruised beyond restoration, if possible a fresh root was transplanted to that spot, but those wayward feet never strayed from the path again.

The twentieth-century child must go back to nature if it is to hold its own, for the strenuous life of its mother and father, in high life or low, has not bequeathed to it quiet nerves and strong physique.

The harvest was a rich one. The brownies certainly must have had a hand in it, for these vegetables, the seeds of which were planted on July 27, seemed to know what was expected of them, and did not fail their loving caretakers in a single detail. Fancy a bevy of happy, wondering children, who had never beheld corn before, eagerly tripping from plot to plot, counting those wonderful tassels, until sixty-five had been found. Then the ear, the silk, quarts of fresh beans, wheelbarrows full of radishes, heads of lettuce, taken home for the family meal! From every doorway or window the smiling, expectant faces of adults proved that the contagion of interest had spread, and news of *our* farm was watched for. At five o'clock, three blasts on the whistle and every little farmer went out of the gate and stood eagerly waiting to see who would be chosen to rake the paths. Those were selected who had behaved the best, one for each long path. Like soldiers they marched, rake over the shoulder, to the head of the garden. As the whistle was sounded each fell to work most dexterously, raking toward the center path where stood others with wheelbarrows ready to gather up the piles, and in a few minutes—for "many hands make light work"—our Farm was a beautiful picture with its symmetrical paths and plots left in order for the night.





PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN LOO & FROST

## The Man Without a Party

Samuel M. Jones, who has just been elected Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, for the fourth successive term, and has been thrice re-elected as an Independent against the candidates of both of the great parties, was born in Wales in 1846, and brought to this country by his parents when three years old. He was compelled by the poverty of his family to become a wage-earner when a mere child. When eighteen years old he entered the oil fields in a newly opened Pennsylvania district; and later became the inventor and manufacturer of an improved oil-well appliance. His manufacturing business has been conducted in Toledo, Ohio. He took no part in political life until 1897, when his popularity as an employer led to his nomination for Mayor on the Republican ticket. As an employer he won the name of "Golden Rule" Jones by his insistence that no other rule was needed in the management of employees, and the same rule has been his watchword in the administration of public affairs. His interpretation of this rule has often alienated the support of good people, but no one has ever questioned his sincerity or kindness of spirit. Nearly all his political views have grown out of his belief that all people are essentially equal and entitled to equal consideration. This is at the bottom of his advocacy of the public ownership of monopolies, which has marked his administrations from the beginning. It is also at the bottom of his hatred of the rule of political machines—a hatred which has led him to denounce all party organization and conduct his last campaigns as "the man without a party."



"ONLY EXPERIENCE IN BALANCE . . . WILL BRING YOU SAFELY ACROSS A STRETCH OF WHITECAPS"





# THE FOREST

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

## Chapter VII.—On Open-Water Canoe Traveling

"It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bail her—  
Just one single long-shore loafer that I know.  
He can take his chance of drowning while I sail and sail and sail her;  
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go."

THE following morning the wind had died, but had been succeeded by a heavy pall of fog. After we had felt our way beyond the mouth of the river we were forced to paddle northwest by north, in blind reliance on our compass. Sounds there were none. Involuntarily we lowered our own voices. The occasional click of a paddle against the gunwale seemed to desecrate a foreordained stillness.

Occasionally to the right hand or the left we made out faint shadow-pictures of wooded islands that endured but a moment and then deliberately faded into whiteness. They formed on the view exactly as an image develops on a photographic plate. Sometimes a faint *lisp-lisp-lisp* of tiny waves against a shore nearer than it seemed cautioned us anew not to break the silence. Otherwise we were alone, intruders, suffered in the presence of a brooding nature only as long as we refrained from disturbances.

Then at noon the vapors began to eddy, to open momentarily in revelation of vivid green glimpses, to stream down the rising wind. Pale sunlight dashed fitfully across us like a shower. Somewhere in the invisibility a duck quacked. Deuce awoke, looked about him, and *yow-yow-yowed* in doggish relief. Animals understand thoroughly these subtleties of nature.

In half an hour the sun was strong, the air clear and sparkling, and a freshening

wind was certifying our prognostications of a lively afternoon.

A light canoe will stand almost anything in the way of a sea, although you may find it impossible sometimes to force it in the direction you wish to go. A loaded canoe will weather a great deal more than you might think. However, only experience in balance and in the nature of waves will bring you safely across a stretch of whitecaps.

With the sea dead ahead you must not go too fast; otherwise you will dip water over the bow. You must trim the craft absolutely on an even keel. Otherwise the comb of the wave, too light to lift you, will slop in over one gunwale or the other. You must be perpetually watching your chance to gain a foot or so between the heavier seas.

With the sea over one bow you must paddle on the leeward side. When the canoe mounts a wave, you must allow the crest to throw the bow off a trifle, but the moment it starts down the other slope you must twist your paddle sharply to regain the direction of your course. The careening tendency of this twist you must counteract by a corresponding twist of your body in the other direction. Then the hollow will allow you two or three strokes wherewith to assure a little progress. The double twist at the very crest of the wave must be very delicately performed, or you will ship water the whole length of your craft.

With the sea abeam you must simply paddle straight ahead. The adjustment is to be accomplished entirely by the poise of the body. You must prevent the capsize of your canoe when clinging to the

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angle of a wave by leaning to one side. The crucial moment, of course, is that during which the peak of the wave slips under you. In case of a breaking comber, thrust the flat of your paddle deep in the water to prevent an upset, and lean well to leeward, thus presenting the side and half the bottom of the canoe to the shock of water. Your recovery must be instant, however. If you lean a second too long, over you go. This sounds more difficult than it is. After a time you do it instinctively, as a skater balances.

With the sea over the quarter you have merely to take care that the waves do not slew you around sidewise, and that the canoe does not dip water on one side or the other under the stress of your twists with the paddle. Dead astern is perhaps the most difficult of all, for the reason that you must watch both gunwales at once, and must preserve an absolutely even keel in spite of the fact that it generally requires your utmost strength to steer.

In really heavy weather one man only can do any work. The other must be content to remain passenger, and he must be trained to absolute immobility. No matter how dangerous a careen the canoe may take, no matter how much good cold water may pour in over his legs, he must resist his tendency to shift his weight. The entire issue depends on the delicacy of the steersman's adjustments, so he must be given every chance.

The main difficulty rests in the fact that such canoeing is a good deal like airship travel—there is not much opportunity to learn by experience. In a four-hour run across an open bay you will encounter somewhat over a thousand waves, no two of which are exactly alike, and any one of which can fill you up only too easily if it is not correctly met. Your experience is called on to solve instantly and practically a thousand problems. No breathing-space in which to recover is permitted you between them. At the end of the four hours you awaken to the fact that your eyes are strained from intense concentration, and that you taste copper.

Probably nothing, however, can wake you up to the last fiber of your physical, intellectual, and nervous being like some such thing as this. You are filled with an exhilaration. Every muscle, strung tight, answers immediately and accurately

to the slightest hint. You quiver all over with restrained energy. Your mind thrusts behind you the problem of the last wave as soon as solved, and leaps with insistent eagerness to the next. You attain that super-ordinary condition when your faculties react instinctively, like a machine. It is a species of intoxication. After a time you personify each wave; you grapple with it as with a personal adversary; you exult as, beaten and broken, it hisses away to leeward. "Go it, you son of a gun!" you shout. "Ah, you would, would you! think you can, do you?" and in the roar and rush of wind and water you crouch like a boxer on the defense, parrying the blows, but ready at the slightest opening to gain a stroke of the paddle.

In such circumstances you have not the leisure to consider distance. You are too busily engaged in slaughtering waves to consider your rate of progress. The fact that slowly you are pulling up on your objective point does not occur to you until you are within a few hundred yards of it. Then, unless you are careful, you are undone.

Probably the most difficult thing of all to learn is that the waves to be encountered in the last hundred yards of an open sweep are exactly as dangerous as those you dodged so fearfully four miles from shore. You are so nearly in that you unconsciously relax your efforts. Calmly, almost contemptuously, a big roller rips along your gunwale. You are wrecked—fortunately within easy swimming distance. But that doesn't save your duffel. Remember this: be just as careful with the very last wave as you were with the others. Get inside before you draw that deep breath of relief.

Strangely enough, in out-of-door sports, where it would seem that convention would rest practically at the zero point, the bugbear of good form, although mashed and disguised, rises up to confuse the directed practicality. The average man is wedded to his theory. He has seen a thing done in a certain way, and he not only always does it that way himself, but he is positively unhappy at seeing any one else employing a different method. From the swing at golf to the manner of lighting a match in the wind, this truism applies. I remember once hearing a long argument with an Eastern man on the question of



"AT NOON THE VAPORS BEGAN TO EDDY"

the English riding-seat in the Western country.

"Your method is all very well," said the Westerner, "for where it came from. In England they ride to hunt, so they need a light saddle and very short stirrups set well forward. That helps them in jumping. But it is most awkward. Out here you want your stirrups very long and directly under you, so your legs hang loose, and you depend on your balance and the grip of your thighs—not your knees. It is less tiring, and more sense, and infinitely more graceful, for it more nearly approximates the bareback seat. Instead of depending on stirrups, you are part of the horse. You follow his every movement. And as for your rising trot, I'd like to see you accomplish it safely on our mountain trails where the trot is the only gait practicable, unless you take forever to get anywhere." To all of which the Easterner found no rebuttal except the, to him, entirely efficient plea that his own method was good form.

Now, of course, it is very pleasant to do things always accurately, according to the rules of the game, and if you are out merely for sport, perhaps it is as well to stick to them. But utility is another matter. Personally, I do not care at all to kill trout unless by the fly; but when we need meat and they do not need flies, I never hesitate to offer them any kind of a doodle-bug they may fancy. I have even, at a pinch, clubbed them to death in a shallow, landlocked pool. Times will come in your open-water canoe experience when you will pull into your shelter half-full of water, when you will be glad of the fortuity of a chance cross-wave to help you out, when sheer blind luck, or main strength and awkwardness, will be the only reasons you can honestly give for an arrival, and a battered and disheveled arrival at that. Do not, therefore, repine, or bewail your awkwardness, or indulge in undue self-accusations of "tenderfoot." Method is nothing; the arrival is the important thing. You are traveling, and if you can make time by nearly swamping yourself, or by dragging yourself or by dragging your craft across a point, or by taking any other base advantage of the game's formality, by all means do so. Deuce used to solve the problem of the little pool of cold water in which

he sometimes was forced to lie by drinking it. When a thing is to be done in the woods, do not consider how you have done it, or how you have seen it done, or how you think it ought to be done, but how it *can* be accomplished. Absolute fluidity of expedient, perfect adaptability, is worth a dozen volumes of theoretical knowledge. "If you can't talk," goes the Western expression, "raise a yell; if you can't yell, make signs; if you can't make signs, wave a bush."

And do not be too ready to take advice as to what you can or cannot accomplish, even from the woods people. Of course the woods Indians or the voyageurs know all about canoes, and you would do well to listen to them. But the mere fact that your interlocutor lives in the forest, while you normally inhabit the towns, does not necessarily give him authority. A community used to horses looks with horror on the instability of all water-craft less solid than canal-boats. Canoemen stand in awe of the bronco. The fishermen of the Georgian Bay, accustomed to venture out with their open sailboats in weather that forces the big lake schooners to shelter, know absolutely nothing about canoes. Dick and I made an eight-mile run from the Fox Island to Killarney in a trifling sea, to be cheered during our stay at the latter place by doleful predictions of an early drowning. And this from a seafaring community. It knew all about boats; it knew nothing about canoes; and yet the unthinking might have been influenced by the advice of these men simply because they had been brought up on the water. The point is obvious. Do not attempt a thing unless you are sure of yourself; but do not relinquish it merely because some one else is not sure of you.

The best way to learn is with a bathing-suit. Keep near shore, and try everything. Don't attempt the real thing until your handling in a heavy sea has become as instinctive as snap-shooting or the steps of dancing. Remain on the hither side of caution when you start out. Act at first as though every wavelet would surely swamp you. Extend the scope of your operations very gradually, until you know just what you can do. *Never* get careless. *Never* take any *real* chances. That's all.

## Chapter VIII.—The Stranded Strangers

AS we progressed, the country grew more and more solemnly aloof. In the south land is a certain appearance of nobility, lent by the deciduous trees, the warm sun, the intimate nooks in which grow the commoner homely weeds and flowers, the abundance of bees and musical insects, the childhood familiarity of the well-known birds, even the pleasantly constant aspects of the skies. But the North wraps itself in a mantle of awe. Great hills rest not so much in the stillness of sleep as in the calm of a mighty comprehension. The pines, rank after rank, file after file, are always trooping somewhere, up the slope, to pause at the crest before descending on the other side into the unknown. Bodies of water exactly of the size, shape, and general appearance we are accustomed to see dotted with pleasure craft and bordered with wharves, summer cottages, pavilions, and hotels, accentuate by that very fact a solitude that harbors only a pair of weirdly laughing loons. Like the hills, these lakes are lying in a deep, still repose, but a repose that somehow suggests the comprehending calm of those behind the veil. The whole country seems to rest in a suspense of waiting. A shot breaks the stillness for an instant, but its very memory is shadowy a moment after the echoes die. Inevitably the traveler feels thrust in upon himself by a neutrality more deadly than open hostility would be. Hostility at least supposes recognition of his existence, a rousing of forces to oppose him. This ignores. One can no longer wonder at the taciturnity of the men who dwell here; nor does one fail to grasp the eminent suitability to the country of its Indian name—the Silent Places.

Even the birds, joyful, lively, commonplace little people that they are, draw some of this aloofness to themselves. The North is full of the lonelier singers. A dozen species of warblers lisp music-box phrases, two or three sparrows whistle a cheerful repertoire, the nuthatches and chickadees toot away in blissful *bourgeoisie*. And yet, somehow, that very circumstance thrusts the imaginative voyager outside the companionship of their

friendliness. In the face of the great gods they move with accustomed familiarity. Somehow they possess in their little experience that which explains the mystery, so that they no longer stand in its awe. Their every-day lives are spent under the shadow of the temple whither you dare not bend your footsteps. The intimacy of occult things isolates also these wise little birds.

The North speaks, however, only in the voices of three—the two thrushes, and the white-throated sparrow. You must hear these each at his proper time.

The hermit thrush you will rarely see. But late some afternoon, when the sun is lifting along the trunks of the hardwood forest, if you are very lucky and very quiet, you will hear him far in the depths of the blackest swamps. Musically expressed, his song is very much like that of the wood thrush—three cadenced liquid notes, a quivering pause, then three more notes of another phrase, and so on. But the fineness of its quality makes of it an entirely different performance. If you symbolize the hermit thrush by the flute, you must call the wood thrush a chime of little tinkling bells. One is a rendition; the other the essence of liquid music. An effect of gold-embroidered richness, of depth going down to the very soul of things, a haunting suggestion of having touched very near to the source of tears, a conviction that the just interpretation of the song would be an equally just interpretation of black woods, deep shadows, cloistered sunlight, brooding hills—these are the subtle and elusive impressions you will receive in the middle of the ancient forest.

The olive-backed thrush you will enjoy after your day's work is quite finished. You will see him through the tobacco haze, perched on a limb against the evening sky. He utters a loud, joyful *chirp*; pauses for the attention he thus solicits, and then deliberately runs up five mellow double notes, ending with a metallic "*ting* chee chee chee" that sounds as though it had been struck on a triangle. Then a silence of exactly nine seconds and repeat. As regularly as clockwork this performance goes on. Time him



"HERE," SAID HE, "YOU ARE A JUDGE OF FICTION; TAKE THIS"

as often as you will, you can never convict him of a second's variation. And he is so optimistic and willing, and his notes are so golden with the yellow of sunshine!

The white-throated sparrow sings nine distinct variations of the same song. He may sing more, but that is all I have counted. He inhabits woods, berry-vines, brulés, and clearings. Ordinarily he is cheerful, and occasionally aggravating. One man I knew, he drove nearly crazy. To that man he was always saying, "*And he never heard the man say drink and the —*." Towards the last my friend used wildly to offer him a thousand dollars if he would, if he only *would*, finish that sentence. But occasionally, in just the proper circumstances, he forgets his stump corners, his vines, his jolly sunlight, and his delightful bugs to become the intimate voice of the wilds. It is night, very still, very dark. The subdued murmur of the forest ebbs and flows with the voices of the furtive folk, an undertone fearful to break the night calm. Suddenly across the dusk of silence flashes a single thread of silver, vibrating, trembling with some unguessed ecstasy of emotion: "*Ah! poor Canada Canada Canada Canada!*" it mourns passionately, and falls silent. That is all.

You will hear at various times other birds peculiarly of the North. Loons alternately calling and uttering their maniac laughter; purple finches or some of the pine sparrows warbling high and clear; the winter wren, whose rapturous ravings never fail to strike the attention of the dullest passer; all these are exclusively Northern voices, and each expresses some phase or mood of the silent places. But none symbolizes as do the three. And when first you hear one of them after an absence, you are satisfied that things are right in the world, for the North Country's spirit is as it was.

Now ensued a spell of calm weather, with a film of haze over the sky. The water lay like quicksilver, heavy and inert. Towards afternoon it became opalescent. The very substance of the liquid itself seemed impregnated with dyes ranging in shade from wine color to the most delicate lilac. Through a smoke veil the sun hung, a ball of red, while beneath every island, every rock, every tree, every wild

fowl floating idly in a medium apparently too delicate for its support, lurked the beautiful crimson shadows of the North.

Hour after hour, day after day, we slipped on. Point after point, island after island, presented itself silently to our inspection and dropped quietly astern. The beat of paddles fitted monotonously into the almost portentous stillness. It seemed that we might be able to go on thus forever, lapped in the dream of some forgotten magic that had stricken breathless the life of the world. And then, suddenly, three weeks on our journey, we came to a town.

It was not the typical fur town of the Far North, but it lay at the threshold. A single street, worn smooth by the feet of men and dogs, but innocent of hoofs, fronted the channel. A board walk, elevated against the snows, bordered a row of whitewashed log and frame houses, each with its garden of brilliant flowers. A dozen wharves of various sizes, over whose edges peeped the double masts of Mackinaw boats, spoke of a fishing community. Between the roofs one caught glimpses of a low sparse woods and some thousand-foot hills beyond. We subsequently added the charm of isolation in learning that the nearest telegraph line was fifteen miles distant, while the railroad passed some fifty miles away.

Dick immediately went wild. It was his first glimpse of the mixed peoples. A dozen loungers, handsome, careless, graceful with the inimitable elegance of the half-breed's leisure, chatted, rolled cigarettes, and surveyed with heavy-eyed indolence such of the town as could be viewed from the shade in which they lay. Three girls, in whose dark cheeks glowed a rich French comeliness, were comparing purchases near the store. A group of rivermen, spike-booted, short-trousered, reckless of air, with their little round hats over one ear, sat chair-tilted outside the "hotel." Across the dividing fences of two of the blazoned gardens a pair of old crones gossiped under their breaths. Some Indians smoked silently at the edge of one of the docks. In the distance of the street's end a French priest added the quaintness of his cassock to the exotic atmosphere of the scene. At once a pack of the fierce sledge-dogs left their foraging for the offal of the fisheries, to bound

challenging in the direction of poor Deuce. That high-bred animal fruitlessly attempted to combine dignity with a discretionary lurking between our legs. We made demonstrations with sticks, and sought out the hotel, for it was about time to eat.

We had supper at a table with three Forest Rangers, two lumber-jacks, and a cat-like handsome "breed" whose business did not appear. Then we lit up and strolled about to see what we could see.

On the text of a pair of brass knuckles hanging behind the hotel bar I embroidered many experiences with the lumber-jack. I told of a Wisconsin town where an enforced wait of five hours enabled me to establish the proportion of fourteen saloons out of a total of twenty frame buildings. I descanted craftily on the character of the woodsman out of the woods and in the right frame of mind for devilry. I related how Jack Boyd, irritated beyond endurance at the annoyances of a stranger, finally with the flat of his hand boxed the man's head so mightily that he whirled around twice and sat down. "Now," said Jack, softly, "be more careful, my friend, or next time I'll *hit* you." Or of a little Irishman who shouted to his friends about to pull a big man from pounding the life quite out of him, "Let him alone! let him alone! I may be on top myself in a few minutes!" And of Dave Walker, who fought to a standstill with his bare fists alone five men who had sworn to kill him. And again of that doughty knight of the peavie, who, when attacked by an ax, waved aside interference with the truly dauntless cry, "Leave him be, boys; there's an ax between us!"

I tried to sketch, too, the drive, wherein a dozen times in an hour these men face death with a smile or a curse—the raging, untamed river, the fierce rush of the logs, the cool little human beings poisoning with a certain contemptuous preciosity on the edge of destruction as they herd their brutish multitudes to the booms. There was Jimmy, the river boss, who could not swim a stroke, and who was incontinently swept over a dam and into the boiling back-set of the eddy below. Three times, gasping, strangling, drowning, he was carried in the wide swirl of the circle, sometimes under, some-

times on top. Then his knee touched a sand-bar, and he dragged himself painfully ashore. He coughed up a quantity of water, and gave vent to his feelings over a miraculous escape. "Blast it all!" he wailed, "I lost my peavie!"

"On the Paint River drive one spring," said I, "a jam formed that extended up river some three miles. The men were working at the breast of it, some underneath, some on top. After a time the jam apparently broke, pulled down stream a hundred feet or so, and plugged again. Then it was seen that only a small section had moved, leaving the main body still jammed, so that between the two sections lay a narrow stretch of open water. Into this open water one of the men had fallen. Before he could recover, the second or tail section of the jam started to pull. Apparently nothing could prevent him from being crushed. A man called Sam—I don't know his last name—ran down the tail of the first section, across the loose logs bobbing in the open water, seized the victim of the accident by the collar, desperately scaled the face of the moving jam, and reached the top just as the two sections ground together with the brutish noise of wrecking timbers. It was a magnificent rescue. Any but these men of iron would have adjourned for thanks and congratulations. Still retaining his hold on the other man's collar, Sam twisted him about and delivered a vigorous kick. '*There, damn you!*' said he. That was all. They fell to work at once to keep the jam moving."

I instanced, too, some of the feats of river-work these men could perform. Of how Jack Boyd has been known to float twenty miles without shifting his feet, on a log so small that he carried it to the water on his shoulder; of how a dozen rivermen, one after the other, would often go through the chute of a dam standing upright on single logs; of O'Donnell, who could turn a somersault on a floating pine log; of the birling matches, wherein two men on a single log try to throw each other into the river by treading, squirrel fashion, in faster and faster rotation; of how a riverman and spiked boots and a saw-log can do more work than an ordinary man with a rowboat.

I do not suppose Dick believed all this—although it was strictly and literally



true—but his imagination was impressed. He gazed with respect on the group at the far end of the street, where fifteen or twenty lumber-jacks were interested in some amusement concealed from us.

"What do you suppose they are doing?" murmured Dick, awestricken.

"Wrestling, or boxing, or gambling, or jumping," said I.

We approached. Gravely, silently, intensely interested, the cock-hatted, spike-shod, dangerous men were playing—croquet!

The sight was too much for our nerves. We went away.

The permanent inhabitants of the place we discovered to be friendly to a degree. The Indian strain was evident in various dilution through all. Dick's enthusiasm grew steadily until his artistic instincts became aggressive, and he flatly announced his intention of staying at least four days for the purpose of making sketches. We talked the matter over. Finally it was agreed. Deuce and I were to make a wide circle to the north and west as far as the Hudson Bay post of Cloche, while Dick filled his note-book. That night we slept in beds for the first time.

That is to say, we slept until about three o'clock. Then we became vaguely conscious, through a haze of drowse—as one becomes conscious in the pause of a sleeping-car—of voices outside our doors. Some one said something about its being hardly much use to go to bed. Another hoped the sheets were not damp. A succession of lights twinkled across the walls of our room and were vaguely explained by the coughing of a steamboat. We sank into oblivion until the calling-bell brought us to our feet.

I happened to finish my toilet a little before Dick, and so descended to the sunlight until he might be ready. Roosting on a gray old boulder ten feet outside the door were two figures that made me want to rub my eyes.

The older was a square, ruddy-faced man of sixty, with neatly trimmed, snow-white whiskers. He had on a soft Alpine hat of pearl gray, a modishly cut gray homespun suit, a tie in which glimmered an opal pin, wore tan gloves, and had slung over one shoulder by a narrow black strap a pair of field-glasses.

The younger was a tall and angular young fellow, of an eager and sophomore youth. His hair was very light and very smoothly brushed, his eyes blue and rather near-sighted, his complexion pink, with an obviously recent and superficial sunburn, and his clothes, from the white Panama to the broad-soled low shoes, of the latest cut and material. Instinctively I sought his fraternity pin. He looked as though he might say "Rah! rah!" something or other. A camera completed his outfit.

Tourists! How in the world did they get here? And then I remembered the twinkle of the lights and the coughing of the steamboat. But what in time could they be doing here? Picturesque as the place was, it held nothing to appeal to the Baedeker spirit. I surveyed the pair with some interest.

"I suppose there is pretty good fishing around here," ventured the elder.

He evidently took me for an inhabitant. Remembering my faded blue shirt and my floppy old hat and the red handkerchief about my neck and the moccasins on my feet, I did not blame him.

"I suppose there are bass among the islands," I replied.

We fell into conversation. I learned that he and his son were from New York. He learned, by a final direct question which was most significant of his not belonging to the country, who I was. By chance he knew my name. He opened his heart.

"We came down on the City of Flint," said he. "My son and I are on a vacation. We have been as far as the Yellowstone, and thought we would like to see some of this country. I was assured that on this date I could make connection with the North Star for the south. I told the purser of the Flint not to wake us up unless the North Star was here at the docks. He bundled us off here at three in the morning. The North Star was not here; it is an outrage!"

He uttered various threats.

"I thought the North Star was running away south around the Perry Sound region," I suggested.

"Yes, but she was to begin to-day, June 16, to make this connection." He produced a railroad folder. "It's in this," he continued.

"Did you go by that thing?" I marveled.

"Why, of course," said he.

"I forgot you were an American," said I. "You're in Canada now."

He looked his bewilderment, so I hunted up Dick. I detailed the situation. "He doesn't know the race," I concluded. "Soon he will be trying to get information out of the agent. Let's be on hand."

We were on hand. The tourist, his face very red, his whiskers very white and bristly, marched importantly to the agent's office. The latter comprised also the post-office, the fish depot, and a general store. The agent was for the moment dickered *in re* two pounds of sugar. This transaction took five minutes to the pound. Mr. Tourist waited. Then he opened up. The agent heard him placidly, as one who listens to a curious tale.

"What I want to know is, where's that boat?" ended the tourist.

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"Aren't you the agent of this company?"

"Sure," replied the agent.

"Then why don't you know something about its business and plans and intentions?"

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"Do you think it would do any good to wait for the North Star? Do you suppose they can be coming? Do you suppose they've altered the schedule?"

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"When is the next boat through here?"

I listened for the answer in trepidation, for I saw that another "Couldn't say" would cause the red-faced tourist to blow up. To my relief, the agent merely inquired,

"North or south?"

"South, of course. I just came from the north. What in the name of everlasting blazes should I want to go north again for?"

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"The next boat south gets in next week, Tuesday or Wednesday."

"Next week!" shrieked the tourist.

"When's the next boat north?" interposed the son.

"To-morrow morning."

"What time?"

"Couldn't say; you'd have to watch for her."

"That's our boat, dad," said the young man.

"But we've just *come* from there!" snorted his father; "it's three hundred miles back. It'll put us behind two days. I've got to be in New York Friday. I've got an engagement." He turned suddenly to the agent. "Here, I've got to send a telegram."

The agent blinked placidly. "You'll not send it from here. This ain't a telegraph station."

"Where's the nearest station?"

"Fifteen mile."

Without further parley the old man turned and walked, stiff and military, from the place. Near the end of the board walk he met the usual doddering but amiable oldest inhabitant.

"Fine day," chirped the patriarch in well-meant friendliness. "They jest brought in a bear cub over to Antoine's. If you'd like to take a look at him, I'll show you where it is."

The tourist stopped short and glared fiercely.

"Sir," said he, "confound your bear."

Then he strode on, leaving grandpa staring after him.

In the course of the morning we became quite well acquainted, and he resigned. The son appeared to take somewhat the humorous view all through the affair, which must have irritated the old gentleman. They discussed it rather thoroughly, and finally decided to retrace their steps for a fresh start over a better-known route. This settled, the senior seemed to feel relieved of a weight. He even saw and relished certain funny phases of the incident, though he never ceased to foretell different kinds of trouble for the company, varying in range from mere complaints to the most tremendous of damage suits.

He was much interested, finally, in our methods of travel, and then, in logical sequence, with what he could see about him. He watched curiously my loading of the canoe, for I had a three-mile stretch of open water, and the wind was abroad. Deuce's empirical boat-wisdom aroused his admiration. He and his son were both at the shore to see me off.

Deuce settled himself in the bottom. I lifted the stern from the shore and gently set it afloat. In a moment I was ready to start.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" suddenly cried the father.

I swirled my paddle back. The old gentleman was hastily fumbling in his pockets. After an instant he descended to the water's edge.

"Here," said he, "you are a judge of fiction; take this."

It was his steamboat and railway folder.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## The Sin of Sister Veronica

By the Baroness Von Hutten

Author of "Our Lady of the Beeches," etc.

SISTER VERONICA pushed the beans down into the moist earth, each one in a hole by itself. It was tiring work, but she loved it, for she loved the damp spring air with its faint sweet smells. It seemed to her that the millions of flowers down in the darkness each moved the old earth a little in its efforts towards the light, and that the earth gave out this sweet smell as old rose-leaves do when they are disturbed in a drawer. For Sister Veronica was imaginative in spite of her great nose.

From time to time the Sister paused, and, straightening up her aching back, looked around her. It was very lovely in the old cloistered garden. Between the slender pillars, under the loggia, shone fragments of the famous frescoes by Ghirlandajo; higher up the graceful bell-tower accented the blueness of the sky, and in the middle of the garden was the well with its heavily carved stone curb.

Beyond the well lay the flower garden, but the flowers had to do the best they could by themselves, for the sisters never helped them. (The Abbess had a small garden of her own in which grew camellias, but the Sister Veronica hated camellias.)

However, the flowers got on very well by themselves. Later, there would be a tangle of honeysuckle in one corner and lilies-of-the-valley in another. And, if all went well, the rose on the wall would be covered with little yellow blossoms to charm the bees and Sister Veronica. Then there were the violets which never failed the little nun who loved them so.

Sister Veronica was tired to-day, for she had been very ill in the winter and was not yet strong. She had fasted too much and prayed too much on the stone floor of the chapel at all sorts of impossible and pious hours, and had inflammation of the lungs as a result. For three weeks she had lain in her narrow bed (almost as nar-

row as that dreamless one awaiting each of us), and ached and burned and coughed, and cried because she could not go to the Midnight Mass the night before Christmas.

Sister Maria Monica, the Sister with the crossed eyes, had taken care of her, and now she was better, though weak, and the doctor, who was antiquated enough to bleed her, had at least told her to be in the sun and air as much as possible. She loved the open air, but was half afraid that enjoying it so much was a sin.

This morning she felt much better. The little spikes of pale green grass poking up through the mold, the vivid blue of the sky, the smell of the eternal new life beginning all around—everything was beautiful, and made her very happy. God had meant her to be a simple-minded, nature-loving peasant, but she had carefully taught herself to be an introspective, self-torturing, nervous, Amateur Saint.

A bird began to twitter near by. Sister Veronica straightened up, sat down on her heels, and looked around. There he sat on the brink of the well—a common little brown thing with an inquisitive tail. He couldn't sing, for he had no voice, but he chattered away to Sister Veronica, and asked her if she remembered her old home by the sea, when she was a girl?

"Do you remember your father with his red cap and his brown bare feet? How he used to sing as he drew his boat up with a s-w-i-s-h through the wet sand? And your mother? Do you remember how she used to let you help her wash the clothes in the brook, on the stones? And how you rubbed a hole in your father's best shirt?"

Sister Veronica smiled, and then crossed herself hastily. "Dio, how worldly I am this morning!" she thought, catching up her stick and boring another bean-hole, coughing as she worked.

When all the beans were planted, Sister

Veronica rose and crept down the path, past the well, into the flower garden. She would rest a little before going to chapel. She sat down on the moss-grown stone bench near where the lilies-of-the-valley would soon come, and took up her rosary.

"Ave Maria, . . ." she began, when suddenly her eyes fell on a little purple flower that was standing all alone in the path, without even a leaf to protect it. The rosary dropped. Just such a flower Giuseppe had given her the day he sailed. She had never seen one in all those years. It was just another such day, too: she was walking on the beach with her brother's baby in her arms, when he came. She remembered how the wave-wrinkled sand, with its wreaths of tiny sticks and stones, had sparkled in the sun; she remembered the great flat-bottomed boats turned upside down, the smell of tar, the fishing-nets spread over poles to dry.

"Marianina," Giuseppe said, with something strange in his voice, "when I come back, will you marry me?"

And she buried her face in the moist, fuzzy neck of little Carmelo and did not answer.

"Mi vuoi bene?" he insisted, gently. "You wish me well?"

"Si."

"Then say yes, Madonna mia." He stooped and kissed the baby's fat cheek. "Oh, Marianina, if we should have such a one some day ourselves! Nina—you will marry me when I come back?"

"Si," she said again, looking up at him. Then he kissed her and blessed her.

"God bless you, dear," and she said the same to him. "Dio ti benedica, caro," and he went.

He never came back, because the boat went down off Caprera, with all hands.

Ding, ding, ding. It was the Angelus. Sister Veronica slid from the bench to her knees, tears in her eyes.

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ."

And when the bell ceased ringing she continued to pray. She was praying for forgiveness, for had not her thoughts been sinful?

That night Sister Veronica dreamed a dream. She was sitting by an open window about which blew long tendrils of scarlet-runners. Below her was the sea, and she was watching a fishing-boat with

rust-colored sails as it bounded along towards her. And she knew that in the boat was Giuseppe and he was coming home to—them. For on her breast lay a sleeping baby; a brown, round, dimpled thing, with silky rings of hair and a red mouth. It was so warm and soft, and she loved it so much.

Just as the boat reached land the baby awoke and smiled at Marianina (for she was Marianina in the dream), and, with a rush of mother love, which warmed her all over, she stooped to kiss it. But before her lips touched the half-opened mouth—Sister Veronica awoke.

"God forgive me," she cried, feeling for her rosary; "what a wicked woman I am!" She rose hastily, and, lighting her lantern, she crept down the long corridor to the chapel.

Sister Veronica knelt down before the high altar in an agony of repentance, sobbing and praying at once. Could God ever forgive her? She who had been a nun for nearly forty years to dream that she had a husband and baby!

She knelt there until daylight was beginning to sift in through the windows, while the statues and pictures about her looked on with unmoved eyes, some of them even simpering foolishly.

That day Sister Veronica did severe penance, eating hardly anything and avoiding the garden as though the devil were awaiting her there in person. And she went to sleep at night with her hard, bony rosary under her cheek, an Ave on her lips.

But she dreamed again of the baby. It was laughing and crowing and dancing so she could hardly hold it. She awoke with her arms folded tight across her breast, and cried when she found them empty. "Bimbo, Bimbo," she murmured. Then, with a little conscience-stricken shriek, she rose and went again to the chapel. The next night it was the same thing, and the next. Probably her intense remorse, the fasting, and the vigils were the cause; but, whatever it was, poor Sister Veronica dreamed every night of the baby that had never been, and she loved it better all the time.

She was in despair. Haggard and wild-eyed she went about, going from her cell to the chapel and then back to her cell,

where she did Heaven knows what to subdue her unruly heart. And the worst of it was that she loved her dreams. In the midst of her prayers the feeling—not the thought, for her mind was bent resolutely on her prayer—but the feeling would come to her, "To-night I shall see it again and hold it in my arms."

Verily the devil must have been rubbing his hands together for joy.

And then one day the Archbishop came and said Mass with much splendor in the chapel. It was a beautiful service, with a great deal of gold embroidery and incense, for the Church, though humble in doctrine, is very magnificent in practice.

Poor Sister Veronica, as she knelt, thought of a plan whose audacity half frightened her, but to which she made up her mind, for she must have help, she thought, or she would die. Consciences are like men. When they have had too much artificial stimulation, they sometimes become unruly. So Sister Veronica went to the Abbess, who was the Archbishop's sister, and the Abbess arranged for her a private audience with his Excellency.

Sister knelt and kissed the Archiepiscopal hand, which was finely shaped and beautifully kept. But when his Excellency wished to bless her, she shrank back.

"No, no," she cried, "I am too wicked. I am a sinful woman, Eccellenza."

The shadow of a smile crossed his Excellency's face. He had seen this sort of thing before. So many bad people live their lives through thinking themselves good, that perhaps things are only balanced when some few good people imagine themselves bad.

He waited in silence for a minute, and then asked her what it was that troubled her. And she told him all about it, beginning with the bird on the well-curb.

"I tried, oh, I tried not to think, Eccellenza," she said; "but the sun, and the spring smells, and the sky, and then, Eccellenza, the flower. Just such a flower, and I hadn't seen one for forty years. I'm a miserable creature, not fit to be in this holy house."

"My daughter," said his Excellency, kindly (she was about ten years older than he himself), "you were ill in the winter?"

"Si, Eccellenza."

He paused and looked at her keenly. "I must not tell you that it would be no

sin to sit and dream deliberately of things that can never be—that is a sin for those even whom God has not called to a nunnery. But in the spring—ah!" His Excellency sighed. "And you are not well yet, I see. Give me your wrist."

Sister Veronica held out her knobby, big-veined hand, and the prelate put his finger on the pulse. "Ah," he said again. Sister Veronica folded her hands in her sleeves and waited.

"You are still weak, my daughter. It is well to fast, and to mortify the body, but—not too much. And as to the dreams, no one, not even the Holy Father himself, can control his dreams. So, you cough, too?" he broke off.

"Si, Eccellenza, I always cough a little."

"H'm. You must only do your best not to think of these troubling things, and let the dreams take care of themselves. It is no sin for a woman to love children, my daughter, and you are none the less a woman for being a nun."

After a short pause he added: "Now go. I will speak to the Abbess about you, and for the present I dispense you—no vigils, and meat once a day."

Sister Veronica stared, an honest peasant stare. She had come for spiritual advice, and she was given meat. Then suddenly she said, in a timid tone of protest:

"But, Eccellenza, I like meat."

The Archbishop bit his lip. "Tanto meglio," he said; "so much the better. When you are well again, you can stop eating it."

"And you think I will be forgiven? That the good God will pardon me?"

"The good God can pardon a great deal, my daughter, or there would be no world." Then, seeing the puzzled expression on her good old face, he added: "I, as your spiritual adviser, give you absolution for your——" He paused; that shadowy something that would have been a smile had he not been a prelate crossed his face again. Then he added: "For your dreams." Sister Veronica tumbled down on her poor old prayer-worn knees and kissed his ring again. Then he raised his hand and blessed, and as the little black figure disappeared he wiped a tear from his Excellent eye. "And there is so much real sin in the world," he said aloud.

Sister Veronica, after a short visit to the

chapel, went out to the garden and sat down on the stone bench. There was a group of little pale-green points at her feet. The lilies-of-the-valley were coming.

"Meat every day," said Sister Veronica. "Thank God."

But she was not thanking God for the meat.

# A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK<sup>1</sup>

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

## V.

IT is quite remarkable to my own mind that I have never seen my way to modifying, to any great extent, the plans I formed for the work of a great city parish while in Toronto, quite by myself. It was simply the result of an intensely earnest desire and effort to minister to all sorts and conditions of people as I found them in a city of a hundred thousand people.

I had one great advantage in coming to St. George's—an advantage generally regarded as a disadvantage: I found positively an empty church. There had been an interim of two years without a rector. When Dr. Williams, my predecessor, resigned, he resigned because he felt that it was quite impossible to build the church up; indeed, even to hold it together. When I came, so far as I could make out, there were about twenty families of the old congregation left in the whole church, and there was a considerable floating debt. We did not advertise St. George's; we put no advertisements of any kind in the papers. I began to preach to a very small congregation; and, as I said, I think it was a great advantage to begin in this way instead of having a lot of people around I should have had to fight—people who would be sure to be opposed to the things I wanted to say and do. A certain number of people who were here when I came soon left; they did not like my way. As an usher said, years afterwards, "Those that stayed stood for work, and could stand anything." We did not open the galleries at all for six months after I came. There was none of that—I think often harmful—rush of strangers and curiosity-seekers at the beginning; we grew, com-

paratively speaking, slowly. I preached very badly the first six months, too; I don't know why; I did not feel as if I had any grip of things for quite a long time. But I think a slow growth is a great advantage. A great many men are broadly advertised before they come; people hear that a great preacher is coming; they crowd and rush at first, but soon melt away. So, for the first year or two, our growth was slow, as our accounts show.

I started out in the beginning to try to reach the people in the neighborhood; I knew they had never been reached before; they never could have been reached with the old pew church system. Great changes had taken place in this part of New York City. Houses that had always been occupied by one family were constantly being given up, and into these houses came four and five and sometimes more families. As long as the houses were occupied by one family, those families naturally sought a pew, and they were likely to seek a pew in the nearest church; when they moved uptown, smaller families with smaller means, people who had been neglected, took their places. That is a point I should like to dwell on; and I have taken every opportunity to present it to the clergy in my own and in other denominations. Since I came to New York, below Twentieth Street, forty churches have moved uptown, and over 300,000 people have moved into that section of the city from which the forty churches have gone. That is the great mistake the Protestant churches have made: they are all alike—Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists—their whole idea of church relation is based on the family that can live in a twenty-foot house. As soon as that social unit moves away from them,

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they are lost. The Church ought to be able to fit herself to new conditions. She is like a fisherman accustomed to earn his bread at catching herrings; presently the run of herrings goes away from that section of the sea; in their place come a tremendous run of smelts. If the fisherman could change his net, he would be a richer man than before, because smelts are better fish; but he starves because he cannot change the size of the meshes. That is putting it very simply; that is about the idiotic policy that the Protestant Church has followed. Follow the churches from the Battery up. They can minister fairly well to the family; they know, by tradition received from their fathers, how to do that; but when that element departs, they get frightened and run after it. That is precisely the situation; but the churches do not recognize it.<sup>1</sup>

"How do you get on?" they often ask.

By altering the machinery to the needs of the people.

It is wonderfully simple; and yet it did not seem to occur to anybody before. If the Church cannot fit itself to so moderate a change—a change wrought in the evolution of a great city—is that not a most tremendous criticism on the lack of life, development, and adaptability in the Church?

That was the problem with which I was confronted. Here was a church which, in the sixties, had been immensely successful. After 1865 it began slowly to fall off. I found a big church; empty, expensive to run, very costly to heat, most inadapted to my work in many ways, surrounded by a denser population than in its palmier days, and yet incapable of reaching that population, except through the Sunday-school; and the gulf between the congregation and the Sunday-school was a great one. How to cross the gulf between the Sunday-school and St. George's broad aisle-line of pews was a question to be solved; and it was solved; otherwise my work would have been impossible.

I took the stand, first of all (and I am more firmly convinced of this to-day than ever before), that in order to reach the

people of a great city the church must be absolutely free and open. You cannot successfully preach one kind of Gospel in the pulpit if you do not practice it in the pews. I don't care how liberal you may be, or how hospitable; the Church of God is not the place to exercise mere hospitality. Every man seeking his Father has a *right* there. The thing is to open your heart and hand to every man because he is a child of God and has a right to hear of his Father; the Church was built for that purpose; it is futile for her to repeat the Gospel of freedom and practice something else. If people ask the cause of my success, so far as I know, that was one of the main things—I recognized that point; and the Church in her attitude towards the mass of people is wrong to-day—wrong, wrong, wrong. People say I'm a crank on the free church. Well, perhaps I am; but then I propose to live and die a crank. They say, "You get a lot of bums in a free church." All right; "bums"—or, I might say, religious rounders—want religion, and when one of them is converted and feels that the Church needs him, and needs what he can do, he becomes a grand working man. There is no other way to reach the middle-class people and working people than by the free church; and they make the best workers; they are not unsettled by the social engagements of an inefficient life, as are the rich; they will stand by you, work for you and with you; give you three evenings in the week and stick to it. There should be at least one place beside the grave that men have in common—the Church of God.

I think it is wrong to charge admission to any church. The Roman Catholic Church can occasionally do that because, traditionally, for so many years she has been right in her application of the free church to the people. She has established a tradition by long years of self-denying effort, persuading the people that she is working for the people, and that enables her to charge admission now. The priests go to the poor as quickly as to the rich; and now, when she puts a tax of twenty-five cents for admission, people pay it. On the other hand, her doors are always open. I can go to the Cathedral at any time on any day, and find a place to kneel. I went one day into St. Patrick's

<sup>1</sup> In this condemnation of the movement of Protestant churches north in New York, I do not wish to be understood as denying the reasonableness of, nay, the needfulness of, the departure of some churches. There are localities on the East Side, once Protestant, now entirely Jewish or Italian. The Roman Catholic Church alone can at present care for the Italians.

and found there four of the clergymen who had come to my anniversary. A Protestant church cannot charge admission, because it does not fit with Protestant traditions. But I would a great deal rather make a man pay twenty-five cents to get in a church than say, "I own a piece of real estate in the floor of such and such a church, and therefore I can go in."

In St. George's Church some of the pews were owned in fee simple, by as good a title as that of real estate or a house. This idea of proprietorship in the church is all wrong. The pews were nearly all surrendered after I came, but one or two we could not buy; they are still owned; but we don't pay any attention to them; we fill the church right up, and do not keep any places; we never turn people away when there is a seat. Some owners objected at first, but they gradually dropped out; the spirit of the church was too much for them.

One of the first means I adopted in trying to reach the people of the immediate neighborhood was to start a mission on Avenue A. I hired a room at five dollars a night behind a saloon on Avenue A; and there I went, with one layman. We had printed a circular saying that a Sunday-school would be opened for boys at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. We had boys alone at first. I went to the room with one layman, and found perhaps seventy-five or eighty boys, ranging in age from ten to sixteen. This was all the result of a placard; I had done no personal work at all. I walked in, and one of the first things I saw was that the boys had ranged themselves like a wedge, and before I could say a word I was knocked flat on the floor—full length—and for a while we had a pretty rough time, until we had cleaned out about twenty of the worst of them. We did the best we could with the boys that remained. When we got ready to go, my friend went out a little ahead of me, and when I got out, I found him astride the gutter, with two boys between his legs, defending himself from two more. I never called a policeman; though at first things of that kind happened. I remember one man in particular—a big, strong fellow. He came in and sat down in the Sunday-school (by this time I had some of the very best

teachers I could find working there, and I always put the best workers I had there), and began to talk in a way that a man should not talk to a lady. He was a little drunk. I saw the lady's face flush; I walked over, and told him to get out. He would not move. I said:

"We are here to help you people; we are paid nothing for it; now, you are enough of a man to respect a lady; why do you sit here and make it impossible for her to teach these boys?"

He swore at me and would not get out.

"You don't want me to call a policeman, do you? Go out quietly."

He jumped to his feet, and I saw I was in for a row. He was as big a man as I am. I did not call a policeman, but I hit him harder than I ever hit a man in my life, and knocked him down. Then I stood over him and said:

"Have you had enough?"

He said, "Yes."

"All right," I answered; "now get out." And he went.

About three weeks after that, we got into a scrimmage outside the Sunday-school room with some toughs, and, to my horror, I saw, elbowing his way through the crowd, this same burly fellow, and I began to feel that, between him and the others, I would be killed, when, to my astonishment, he walked up to the ringleader and said:

"The Doctor an' me can clean out this saloon; you get out."

But all that sort of thing soon passed away. We carried on meetings every night for six or seven years in Avenue A. The work we did there would be characterized as entirely Gospel preaching. We had men from the McAuley Mission constantly taking charge of the services. Every single night for six or seven years we had Gospel preaching there. We had experience meetings, we had evening prayer-meetings—sometimes lasting all night. I allowed all my associates the widest liberty, even when my own convictions did not permit me to approve entirely of their methods. Dr. Wilson was with me then; he was chief among my associates; he had come to me from Canada. He had been a stiff churchman. While in Canada he had been stimulated and helped, and his own life had been greatly quickened, by the Salvation Army; he believed in those methods and practiced them, and I did



not feel like doing anything to hinder him, although I became thoroughly convinced that such work did not pay, that time and energy were wasted. I should not like to say that no good came from those meetings, but I do say that little good came from them. Far more good, in my judgment, would have resulted from one well-conducted Bible class led by a capable, godly man or woman among boys and girls than came out of six nights a week preaching of the Gospel in that way in Avenue A. That is, so far as I can judge. Never was a more persistent, painstaking effort made to apply what is called old-fashioned Gospel preaching to the community than we made for six years on distinctly Salvation Army lines; and I satisfied myself that the testimonies and all the rest were mostly trumped up. The effect was bad. It was absolutely necessary to start the children's work. The only lasting good that came from the work was that we gathered the young people together; the older people who came to the Gospel meetings spread to other Gospel meetings, and are probably giving the same testimonies to-day. Here and there good is done by such methods; here and there a man is reformed; but men can be reformed in the church if she is only big enough and wide enough, and will push open her doors. I do not want to appear as condemning this style of work; I merely say that I found other work more profitable. I preached on the streets, often; my laymen—solid, capable, first-rate men—preached on the streets again and again; we worked for six years, and there was nothing to show for it worth speaking of.

The times had changed since I had done my work in Norwich, England. The conditions were different. I am sure the methods I employed there would not succeed to-day. I could not do that sort of thing now; I could no more do it than I could put a butterfly back into the chrysalis. That method would not succeed anywhere to-day; the men I stood alongside of years ago, if they are preaching that way now, are preaching to diminished audiences—there is no question about that. Another illustration of the fisherman who would not change his net to the fish. They had a message that appealed to a decade, but

that decade has changed; it lies behind us; people want the Gospel, but not in that way. That is my profound conviction; and I believe that I have had probably a larger experience in that line than any other clergyman in our Church. I do not think I could gain the ear of the people here to-day using the means I employed in Norwich years ago—I do not know anybody who does; I do know I can get the ear of people by using the means I do use. I have often stopped and listened to a street preacher; and while I honor their devotion and take off my hat to their Christian character, I have never heard one with a message likely to meet the needs of all sorts of men as they pass on the street. It seems to me they have mistaken the spirit of the time. Some people think I am reacting too far; I cannot help it; I am working on the lines that seem to me right.

For several years we had very delightful work in the Mission among the young. The ladies' work among the mothers of the neighborhood was excellent; and when we found we had sufficient hold there, and our new building was ready, I gave up Avenue A and drifted the people up here. When I first came, there was no building, only a little old-fashioned chapel seating about four hundred children, where Sunday-school had been carried on. We did not have much difficulty in getting the people to change and come up here; although at first it was a little hard to get the adults—the very poor men and women. But I have already said that the chief result of our work on the East Side here in New York was that we got hold of the young. I emphasize that, because my experience leads me to feel strongly that the way to reach a neighborhood is to reach the children. I do not think a man's ministry in a district begins to tell until the end of ten years; that is, until the children he has taken hold of as little fellows begin to reach young manhood and womanhood. So, if I were asked how to reach a neighborhood, I should say, "Get hold of the young—the children." I was talking the other day with some gentlemen about the extraordinarily unique opportunity afforded by the development of the city on the north; and some one asked, "How would you manage it?" I said, "I would take

six stables, or rent space above stables, pick out half a dozen godly, able, capable young men, give them \$1,500 a year, and tell them to start Sunday-schools in those stables." I would pick out places where the population was coming in; I would go where real estate people thought property was likely to advance; and in ten years I believe that half of those Sun-

[TO BE CONTINUED]

day-schools would have developed into big churches. I know I could do it myself; I know I could pick out men to do it. That is my idea of how churches ought to be started in a great city. Of course New York offers a unique opportunity; an opportunity which our Church (I will not criticise other Churches) is not taking—or taking very imperfectly.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Bee and Other Essays (The).** By Oliver Goldsmith. (Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 4×6 in. 281 pages.

**Belle-Nivernaise (La).** By Alphonse Daudet. By Frank W. Freeborn. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 68 pages. 25c. (Postage, 5c.)

**Bishop (The).** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¼ in. 301 pages. \$1.50.

Stories partly fictitious, partly from real life. They tell strange experiences in the professional life of a Bishop in the Far West, who in some ways resembles the late Bishop Whipple, especially in that he gets close to the life of rough men and is beloved by them. The tales are decidedly uneven in force and probability, but taken together they make a lively, vivacious, and entertaining volume.

**Botticelli.** By A. Streeter. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 167 pages. \$1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

**Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters.** By Christabel Coleridge. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 391 pages.

An adequate and generally readable account of the life of the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," of the really better if not more famous books, "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" and "The Daisy Chain," and of a long list of stories and other writings which were a distinct influence for character and truth upon the generation for which they were written. An uncompleted autobiography has many quaint glimpses of English life in the early years of Miss Yonge's long and useful life. There are also many letters, which have the rare quality of being natural as well as gently humorous and observant. Altogether this is a pleasant record of a sweet and gracious personality.

**Child's Religious Life (The): A Study of the Child's Religious Nature and the Best Methods for its Training and Development.** By Rev. William George Koons. A.M. B.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. \$1.

This is a book neither of mere theory on the one hand nor of mere precepts on the other. It is rather a statement of principles in rela-

tion to the practical effort of training the religious side of children's nature. There is no argument to prove the existence of the religious nature; no attempt to explain or analyze it. The existence of instinctive and acquired spiritual traits is assumed; just as in a medical work the existence of the body is assumed. In one sense, therefore, this is not a book of psychology. It, however, uses the results of psychology in determining what is really efficient religious education and what is not. Here, for instance, are some of the subjects considered: the child not a miniature adult; how to destroy the religious instinct; child sympathy for others; the motor side of religious training. Subjects like these are grouped under three main divisions: the child's religious nature; its formation; and methods of training. Men like William James, G. Stanley Hall, and G. A. Coe are frequently quoted. Every church ought to have a library of books designed for the use of teachers in the Sunday-school. This book might well find a place in any collection of that sort, as well as in the home.

**Colomba.** By Prosper Mérimée. Edited by Albert Schinz, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 50c. (Postage, 5c.)

**Contrasts.** By Florence Henniker. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 292 pages.

Short stories of English life; some are vivid and appealing to the sympathies; others are feeble and machine-made.

**Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island, 1733-1775.** Edited by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 498 pages. \$5, net.

**Dawn of the New Era (The).** By Abbie Daniels Mason. The James H. West Co., Boston. 4¾×7 in. 140 pages. 75c.

**Diary and Letters of Wilhelm Müller.** Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen and James Taft Hatheld. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5¾×8 in. 201 pages.

This charming book contains excerpts from the diary and letters of Max Müller's father. Three years ago the great Indian philologist discovered among his mother's papers the diary and letters; but he himself passed

away before the fragments could be published. They afford a glimpse into the life of a notable German poet and into the German society (particularly the literary society) of the early part of this century—a time of great significance for the future of the Fatherland.

**Elementary Studies in Insect Life.** By Samuel J. Hunter, A.M. Illustrated. Crane & Co., Topeka. 5x8 in. 344 pages. \$1.25.

**Elizabeth's Children.** John Lane, New York. 5x7½ in. 364 pages. \$1.50.

One is prejudiced against this book at the outset by the very peculiar announcement on the cover. If this involved statement is not intended to lead the reader to suppose that the author of the book is the author of "Elizabeth's Visits" (now known to be Elinor Gwyn), or at least to suppose that this may or might be the authorship, one does not know what it does mean. A reading of the book does not dispel this prejudice. It is forcedly facetious and abounds in trying baby dialect and slang.

**Faithful Unto Death: A Word of Admonition to the Confirmed Youth of the Evangelical Church.** By the Rev. J. H. Horstmann. The Eden Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. 4x6 in. 112 pages.

**First Makers of England: Julius Cæsar, King Alfred the Great.** By Lady Magnus. (Dutton's Home and School Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 136 pages. 60c., net.

**Gentleman from Everywhere (The).** By James Henry Foss. Illustrated. Published by the Author, 22 Claremont Park, Boston. 5½x8 in. 318 pages.

**Handbook of Climatology.** By Julius Hann. Translated by Robert De Courcy Ward. Part 1. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 43½ pages. \$3, net.

**Helps to the Holy Communion.** From the Writings of Phillips Brooks. Compiled by Caroline A. Derby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3x4½ in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

A very helpful little book, in which the office of the Communion in the Prayer-Book is supplemented by meditations taken from the writings of Phillips Brooks.

**Hermann and Dorothea.** By Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Edited by Arthur H. Palmer. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 202 pages. 50c.

**Heroes of the Norselands: Their Stories Retold by Katharine F. Boulton.** Illustrations. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 4x6 in. 211 pages.

**House on the Hudson (The).** By Frances Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 416 pages.

Somewhat overwrought and long drawn out.

**Introduction to the History of Western Europe (An).** By James Harvey Robinson. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 714 pages.

A cursory examination of this book shows that in arrangement and division of subjects, as well as in typographical appearance and illustration, the volume is attractive and admirably adapted for reference use. A closer examination shows also that it is written in a readable style, and that Professor Robinson has been unusually successful in combining the merit of concise historical statement with that of an easy, readable style. In its essence the book is rather a history of the development of European culture, as the author hints

in his preface, than a point-to-point history of political and military events. For this reason, and because the book deals with the personal and anecdotal side of history, it is calculated to entertain in a dignified way as well as to instruct.

**Keys of the Kingdom and Other Sermons (The).** By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 121 pages.

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**Literary Landmarks of Oxford.** By Laurence Hutton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x8 in. 274 pages. \$1.20, net.

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**Loves Labour's Lost.** By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (First Folio Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 265 pages. 50c., net.

The second volume in the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare commented upon at length in these columns some time ago. The characteristic feature of this edition, as readers of The Outlook will remember, is its use of the text of the First Folio. This volume, dealing with one of the most difficult of the Shakespearean plays, supplies the reader with all possible information relating to the play, its text, its sources, and its relation to its time. This information is conveyed in a preface and introduction, a glossary, variorum readings, and a series of very full notes.

**Manual for Christian Instruction (A).** By Wilson R. Buxton. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4½x7 in. 98 pages.

**Memorial Collection of Sermons.** By Edwards A. Park, D.D., LL.D. Compiled by his Daughter. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6x9½ in. 321 pages. \$1.50, net.

Those who were personally acquainted with Dr. Park and those who are interested in the historical development of New England theology will find this volume especially valuable, for it contains sermons that are characteristic of Dr. Park and representative of his thought. Some of the most suggestive matter in the book is to be found in the appendix, consisting of notes on four of the sermons.

**Modern Secret Societies.** By Charles A. Blanchard, D.D. The National Christian Association, Chicago. 4x6 in. 310 pages. 75c.

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**New International Encyclopedia (The).** Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. VIII. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7x10 in. 955 pages.

**Notes from Nature's Lyre.** By Howard Beck Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x8 in. 339 pages. \$1.50.

**Overtones: A Book of Verse.** By Joseph Cook. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5½x8 in. 184 pages.

**Pathway to Reality (The): Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Session 1902-1903.** By Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 316 pages. \$3. net.

Dr. Haldane had no easy task in following such lecturers as Professors Royce and James. Their work, and that of their colleague, Professor Münsterberg, has suggested to him that the next great advance in speculative thought may be made on this side of the Atlantic. His great masters are Aristotle and Hegel, the former of whom was first truly interpreted by the latter. For himself he essays to interpret Hegel's fundamental principles and clear them of misconceptions. In the first place he considers at length the nature of Reality; subsequently to this comes an extended criticism of the Categories, or fundamental forms of thought employed by the sciences. The general character of the discussions is expository and critical, and, accordingly, cannot well be summarized here. The Aristotelo-Hegelian doctrine, that the real is the individual, defended and illustrated so elaborately in Professor Royce's work, "The World and the Individual," receives strong emphasis; likewise the doctrine that it is not in causes but in purposed ends that the explanation of phenomena is to be sought, and reality found in its varying degrees. In other words, the Cosmos, as a manifestation of mind and a revelation of purpose, can only teleologically be explained.

**Phillips Brooks: As His Friends Knew Him.** From "The Congregationalist." Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 10x8 in. 91 pages. 75c.

**Plato's Republic.** By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. (Dutton's Home and School Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 184 pages. 60c., net.

**Poems.** By Marie Van Vorst. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 122 pages. \$2.50, net.

**Poems and Verses.** By Carl Norton. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 6x9 in. 33 pages. \$1.

**Poland: A Study of the Land, People, and Literature.** By George Brandes. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8¼ in. 310 pages. \$3. net. Reserved for later notice.

**Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Yellowplush Papers.** Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7 in. 456 pages. \$1.

**Quaint Family of Three (The).** By Duncan McRa. The Tribune Company Print, Charlestown, W. Va. 5x7¼ in. 71 pages. 35c.

**Ronald Carnaquay: A Commercial Clergyman.** By Bradley Gilman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 374 pages. \$1.50.

The interest of this story comes, not from its plot or its literary quality—although it is of at least average merit in both respects—but from the novelty of its subject. This is what may be called the inside history of a church. The "commercial clergyman" is a popular and eloquent preacher who takes hold of a strug-

gling church, builds it up materially, caters to every one's tastes, seeks to please every one, and in the end makes out of a struggling but spiritually-minded congregation an ambitious, extravagant, ostentatious people. The book is full of sharp hits on typical church characters, such as the woman who tries to run everything, the trustee who makes an advertisement for his business out of his church work, the faithful drudge who is clerk of every committee and stays up nights writing up reports, the critics and carpers on doctrinal points, and so on and so on. Probably almost every one who reads the book will constantly be inclined to fit the different characters on actual persons. As a contrast to the "commercial clergyman"—but, it must be admitted, less interesting—is the faithful, industrious, spiritual minister who in the end finds his reward, not in any flattery and praise, but in actual accomplishment.

**Siege of York (The): A Story of the Days of Thomas Lord Fairfax.** By Beatrice Marshall. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 318 pages. \$1.50.

A historical romance dating back to the struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads, given in autobiographical form, the narrator being the heroine, a Royalist maiden whose lover is a Roundhead. "The great Lord Fairfax," Charles I., Prince Rupert, and other famous personages figure in the story; the illustrations as well as the word pictures of York in the seventeenth century and of society as it was then are of interest.

**Some Useful Animals and What They Do for Us.** By John Monteith, M.A., and Caroline Monteith. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 232 pages. 50c.

**Studies in the Apostolic Church: A Year's Course of Thirty-five Lessons, Providing a Daily Scheme for Personal Study. Adapted also to Class-Work.** By Charles Herbert Morgan, Thomas Eddy Taylor, S. Earl Taylor. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.

This manual is very well planned for its purpose—a thorough study of the progress of Christianity during the first century, as exhibited consecutively in the Acts of the Apostles and their writings. It is rather more thorough for the practical Christian purpose in view than for a scholarly purpose. Its bibliography of useful reference-books has some significant omissions; and variations from traditional opinions, even when most strongly supported, *e. g.*, as to the authorship of the Pastoral Epistles, are not even mentioned. This does not seem really wise, and is the more regrettable, so good is the book in other respects.

**Until Seventy Times Seven.** Thomas Whitaker, New York. 5x7¼ in. 180 pages. \$1.

**Verses.** By Bertha Gerneaux Woods. The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. 5x8 in. 120 pages.

**Whence Cometh Help: An Aid to Home and Individual Devotions.** Prepared by John Wright Buckham. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4¼x7½ in. 65 pages.

**Written in Florence: The Last Verses of Hugh McCulloch.** J. M. Dent & Co., London. 5½x7½ in. 107 pages.



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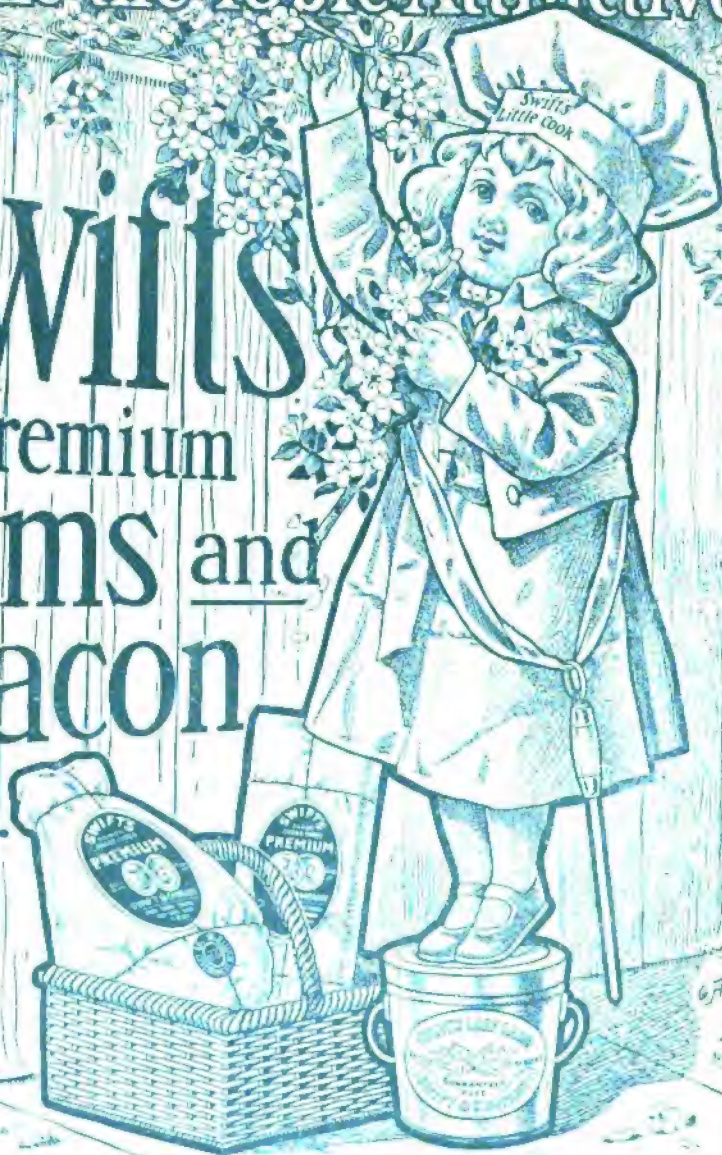
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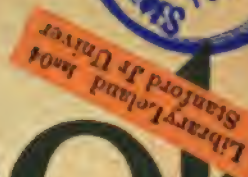
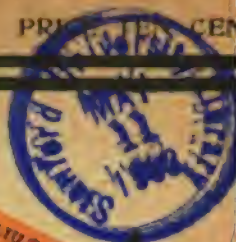
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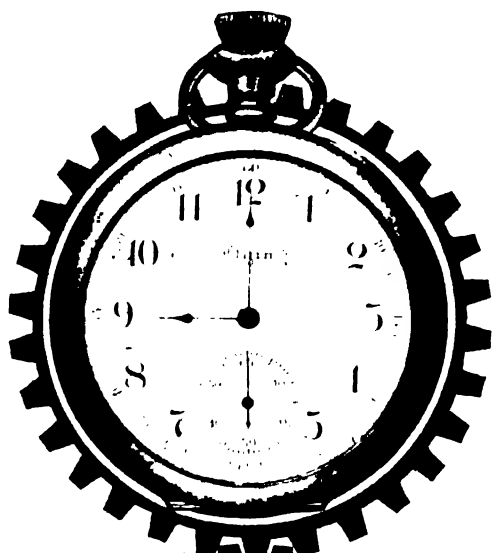
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# The Outlook

Vol. 74

May 9, 1903

No. 2

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# The Outlook

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May 9, 1903

No. 2

The Alabama Case:  
The Case Stated

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama case indicates, if it does not definitely and finally decide, that the remedy for any injustice to the negro race involved in the amended Constitutions of the Southern States must be sought by political action, not by appeals to the courts. The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The amended Constitution of Alabama allows any one of the following persons to register prior to 1903: (1) Soldiers and their lawful descendants, including those who served on either side in the Civil War. (2) "All persons who are of good character and who understand the duties and obligations of citizenship under a republican form of government." After 1903 those only can register who can read and write any article of the Constitution of the United States, and have been for the twelve months preceding the registry engaged in a lawful business—an exception being made in both cases for those who are physically disabled; or who are owners of and resident upon forty acres of land in the State, or owners of real or personal estate assessed for taxation at three hundred dollars. Only registered persons can vote or take part in any method of party action. A colored man named J. W. Giles brought an action in the United States Circuit Court against the Registrars of Montgomery County to compel them to register him as a voter, basing his suit upon the ground that the provisions of the amended Constitution of Alabama were repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, "in their intent and purpose and in their

language and meaning, as well as by their operation and administration, and, in effect as well as in fact, deprived him and his race of the equal protection of the law and of their right to vote, for no other reason than their race and color and previous condition of servitude." To show that this amended Constitution was unjust in its operation, the plaintiff's counsel presented a tabulated census report "which indicates the suppression of negro majorities in more than twenty counties." He claimed that "the negro majorities in the State of Alabama had been overcome by fraud and intimidation for twenty years, and that the provisions of the new Constitution were to take the place of fraudulent methods and intimidation in the government of that Commonwealth." The Registrars demurred; by their demurrer claiming that, even if all the facts were as stated by the complainant, that complainant had no cause of action. The Court, therefore, in deciding, as it has done, that the plaintiff had no cause of action, has decided that, even if it be admitted both that the intention of the amended Constitution was to deprive the negro of the suffrage, and that this intent has been carried out by the administration of the provisions designed for that purpose, the Supreme Court cannot interfere.



The decision of the Supreme Court was rendered by Mr. Justice Holmes. Passing by other subordinate questions, he states two objections to the claim of the plaintiff, each of which the Court regards as fatal to it. The first is that the plaintiff asks the Court to direct that the Registrars register him under a law which he declares to be unconstitutional in fact and fraudulent in intent. If it is unconstitutional and

fraudulent, the Court cannot be asked to enforce it. "How can we make the Court a party to the unlawful scheme by accepting it and adding another voter to its fraudulent lists? If a white man came here on the same general allegations, admitting his sympathy with the plan, but alleging some special prejudice that had kept him off the list, we hardly should think it necessary to meet him with a reasoned answer." The other objection is that the plaintiff asks the Court to undertake a task beyond its powers to perform because beyond its jurisdiction to attempt. Whatever the wrong committed, it is political in its nature and the remedy must be political, not judicial. "The bill imports that the great mass of the white population intends to keep the blacks from voting. To meet such an intent something more than ordering the plaintiff's name to be inscribed on the lists of 1902 will be needed. If the conspiracy and the intent exist, a name on a piece of paper will not defeat them. Unless we are prepared to supervise the voting in that State by officers of the Court, it seems to us that all the plaintiff could get from equity would be an empty form. Apart from damages to the individual, relief from a great political wrong, if done, as alleged, by the people of a State and the State itself, must be given by them or by the legislative and political department of the Government of the United States." From this decision Justices Brewer and Brown dissent, holding that "it is competent for the courts to give relief in such a case as this." Mr. Justice Harlan agrees with Justices Brewer and Brown in this opinion, but agrees with the majority that the appeal must be dismissed, on technical grounds not affecting the general political question.

⊗

**The Alabama Case:  
Possible Remedies**

Assuming that the negroes are unjustly deprived of the suffrage under the amended Constitutions of Alabama and other States, have they any relief? Several methods of relief appear to us possible: (1) It does not follow from this decision that all appeal to the courts is denied them. It is quite possible that if a negro were refused registration by a violation of the law or by a palpably fraudulent administration under

that law, he might apply to the courts for a writ requiring the Registrars to put his name upon the list. Injustice perpetrated by Registrars in administering the law might be corrected, although injustice by the State in enacting the law could not be. (2) The negro refused registration in violation of the spirit and letter of the law might appeal to the State courts, and so to the conscience and sense of fairness in the people of the State. Such an appeal would be heard by all the people, not only of the State, but of the Nation, and would help to enlighten and concentrate a public opinion which might correct any injustice in administration under the law. (3) Congress is the final judge of elections. In any case in which any great number of legal voters are denied the right of suffrage it is quite possible that Congress might, on investigation, refuse to seat the candidate who owed his election to fraudulent registration, and require a new election, or seat his competitor. (4) Congress might pass a law making violence, fraud, or corruption in Federal elections a Federal offense, to be prosecuted by the United States District Attorney and before the United States Courts. (5) Finally, Congress may reduce the representation in Congress in the proportion in which the State has reduced the suffrage. All these remedies are possible. But, in our judgment, none of them should be resorted to, except possibly the second, until locally the appeal has been made to the Southern friends of law and order, of constitutional action and of fair dealing, in order to compel honest and unprejudiced administration of the laws as they now exist. We do not believe that such an appeal would be made in vain. And if it succeeded, the chief grievance of the negro—his exclusion, even when intelligent and competent, from the polls—would be remedied, even though the State still suffered, and he with the rest of the State, from the continued infusion of ignorant and incompetent white voters.

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**New York's  
Franchise Tax  
Sustained**

To a striking degree the important events of last week were court decisions. Only less important than the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the negro suffrage case was the decision of the Court of Appeals in New

York State sustaining the municipal franchise tax law passed in 1899, under which \$18,000,000 of back taxes are already due, and upwards of two hundred million dollars' worth of property hitherto untaxed is fixed upon the assessment rolls for the future. This tax law, it will be recalled, was pronounced unconstitutional in January by a majority of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. This decision is now reversed, and the highest court in the State pronounces the statute valid at all points. The street railway and gas corporations announce that they will carry the case to the Federal courts, but the grounds upon which their appeal is based are too shadowy to inspire any real hope in the appellants. The real point upon which the corporations rested their case was the claim that the Legislature, by amending the tax law at their suggestion, so as to have the taxes assessed by State instead of local officials, had violated the home-rule provisions of the New York Constitution. Judge Parker, it will be recalled, speaking for a majority of the lower court, sustained this contention. Judge Vann, however, speaking for the entire Court of Appeals, denies its validity, declaring that while the Legislature cannot transfer from local to State officials powers exclusively lodged in the former, the Legislature can increase or diminish these powers, and that the Legislature has complete authority to tax the franchises of corporations chartered by itself. This property the Court declares was never made taxable until the passage of the present law, and therefore the provision that it should be assessed by State officials cannot be deemed to deprive local governments of their constitutional rights. The fact that relatively unimportant tangible property, such as street-cars, tracks, etc., hitherto assessed by local authorities, is placed under the jurisdiction of State officials, does not vitally affect the situation, as the value of this tangible property is chiefly incident to the possession of the franchise, and it is plainly desirable that both forms of property should be assessed together. The Court further argues that many of the franchises assessed are not distinctively municipal, but extend or may extend through several localities, and therefore are most properly assessed by a State Board. The claim of the com-

panies that their payments for their municipal franchises exempted them from further taxation by the State (the claim on which the appeal is taken to the Federal courts) the Court makes short work with. No municipal government, it points out, has the power to make a contract exempting property from State taxation. Indeed, the State may even tax its own bonds, unless it expressly stipulates not to tax them. The language used by the Court in discussing this point makes it clear that none of the payments made in the past by the companies for their franchises, whether in lump sums or annual rentals, are to be regarded as tax payments. They are merely payments for the special privileges granted the companies by the municipalities. The entire value of the property of the companies is subject to taxation at the same rate as other property not enjoying special municipal privileges. In other words, apparently, the street railways and gas companies can claim no deductions from the taxes now imposed upon the long-exempt value of their franchises.

#### The Educational System of New York

The reorganization of the educational machinery of the State has gone over, with many other things, until another session. In the meantime the Lieutenant-Governor is to appoint a Commission consisting of five members of the Senate with the Speaker, and of seven members of the Assembly, who are to make a special study of the situation during the recess, and to recommend proper legislation at the next session of the Legislature. Of course everything will depend on the personnel of the men who are appointed upon this important Commission. The matter may very well be postponed for the sake of fuller investigation and more careful study of the entire situation. A few months' delay is of small consequence. What is important is that the general principle upon which the public education of the State is to be conducted should be settled, an end put to the present dual system, and unity, harmony, and efficiency secured. Several bills have been introduced involving important changes in the Board of Regents; such as the surrender of the life tenure of the Regents, elimination of the

Superintendent of Public Instruction as a member ex officio of the Board of Regents, and the reduction of the number of Regents to eleven. These bills have not been opposed by the Regents, who seem not to oppose any change in the constitution of the Board which will insure freedom from political domination. The Outlook has before repeated its conviction that questions of detail, such as are involved in these amended Stevens bills, may be left to be settled in the future; what ought to be secured as soon as possible is the end of the present dual system and the reorganization of the educational administration throughout the State in such a way as to make one responsible head, to avoid friction, and to secure unity of action in all departments.



**Expansion at St. Louis** A staff correspondent gives the readers of this week's Outlook a description of the dedication of the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis on Thursday of last week. The principal speakers were President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland, and the theme of both speakers was the immense addition to the territory of the country by the Louisiana Purchase and the character of the early expansion. President Roosevelt reminded his hearers that the present States of Illinois and Indiana were added to the territory by force of arms in the middle of the Revolutionary War, and as a sequel to the exploration of George Rogers Clark, and the western boundaries were still further extended by the treaties of Jay and Pinckney; but the first real expansion of the country was the acquisition of the vast territory beyond the Mississippi stretching to the Pacific. When this expansion was made, the people of the United States undertook a task for which there was but little precedent. The two principal types of expansion had been illustrated in the history of Rome and of Greece; the first "expanded her rule over the entire civilized world by processes which kept the nation strong and united, but gave no room whatever for local liberty and self-government;" the second organized colonies in many places, but these colonies became independent of the mother State, securing local self-govern-

ment and local independence by the complete sacrifice of national unity. American expansion has preserved from the beginning local liberty and National unity. The greater part of the territory acquired by the Louisiana Purchase has not only been developed, but has been organized into States. American expansion has been expansion in the spirit of peace and of construction. Mr. Cleveland emphasized the great importance of the Louisiana Purchase as a National accomplishment next in moment to the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution. He recalled President Jefferson's attitude towards the Purchase, his doubt as regards the constitutional right to extend our limits by the acquisition of such a vast territory, and at the same time his perception of its need and of the peril which would follow if the opportunity were put aside. In conclusion, the ex-President interpreted the history which was consummated in the purchase of the Louisiana Territory as indicating the leading of Divine Providence in the building of a great Nation. Both speeches involved recognition of the fact that expansion has been inevitable and normal; but that it has been and must be expansion along constructive lines, carrying with it local liberty and National sovereignty. The fact that the most eminent leaders of the two great political parties agree so nearly in their interpretation of expansion, its necessity, on the one hand, and the method and spirit in which it should be carried out, on the other, indicates that the policy of expansion will not be and cannot be an important political issue in the near future.



#### **The Coal Combination Inquiry**

Much testimony of exceptional interest has been taken by the Inter-State Commerce Commission during the past fortnight at its hearing upon the complaint of Mr. W. R. Hearst against the anthracite coal carrying roads. Some of the testimony has had a sensational interest, as when the attorney for the Reading Company, Judge Campbell, compared the people of New York City to "a pack of whipped dogs." Edmund Burke once said that he did not know how to frame an

indictment against a whole people, but Judge Campbell felt no such limitations:

"Where do the complaints come from?" he shouted. "From the independent companies? No! From the owners of the palaces about Central Park, the crowded tenements, and the business buildings in the lower part of the city? Yes." . . . "We will show this Commission that for more than a quarter of a century the people of New York have wrung the bowels out of the coal regions of Pennsylvania, practically getting their coal for nothing, and whine like a pack of whipped dogs when a decent remunerative price is asked by the miners."

This bit of declamation had the useful but unintended effect of calling public attention to some really important testimony which followed. The attorney for Mr. Hearst asked for the contracts made by the railroads with the Temple Iron Company. The Temple Iron Company, he said, ran a small furnace worth less than \$150,000. The railroads had guaranteed its stock and bonds to the extent of \$5,000,000, paying this preposterous price in order to buy out the firm of Simpson & Watkins, who threatened to build an independent coal road. The contracts desired, continued the attorney, would demonstrate the truth of his charge. Under the advice of their counsel the railroad officials declined to produce the contracts, though instructed to do so by the Commission. In 1898, it is interesting to recall, a member of the firm of Simpson & Watkins urged upon a representative of The Outlook the feasibility of the proposed competing coal road, calling attention to the fact that the Delaware and Lackawanna reported a profit of nearly two hundred per cent. upon the hauling of coal—(receipts, \$10,048,000; expenditures, \$3,700,000). When President Baer, of the Reading, came before the Commission, he was questioned closely regarding the Temple Iron Company purchase, and practically admitted that its object was to keep Simpson & Watkins from carrying out their railroad plans. In his subsequent statements President Baer declared that even with present charges he was unable to pay his stockholders four per cent. dividends, and stated very truly that he had had nothing to do with any scheme to overcapitalize his road. When, however, President Truesdale, of the Lackawanna, spoke of paying seven per cent. dividends with precisely the same rates,

it was clear that the Reading's apparent poverty was simply inability to pay dividends on an inflated capitalization. The Inter-State Commerce Commission's report makes the situation clear. The total capitalization of the Lackawanna (stocks and bonds) is a little less than \$100,000 a mile. The Reading, on the contrary, has a bonded indebtedness of \$185,000 a mile, upon which it must meet the interest before paying anything to its stockholders. Its total capitalization is \$240,000 a mile. President Baer stated frankly that he proposed to advance the price of coal at tidewater to \$5 a ton—or nearly one dollar above the average price for the last two decades. The wages of miners by the last two strikes have been advanced about twenty cents a ton.



**General Miles's Report** The report of General Miles concerning his observations in the Philippines has been made public. It is dated February 19, 1903, and covers all features of his trip through the islands. A considerable proportion of the report is given to an account of cruelties alleged to have been perpetrated by our soldiers in the Philippines. Some of these accounts are based upon evidence of witnesses examined by General Miles, or personal examination of those who had been subjected to ill-treatment. Others of them are based on hearsay testimony of a very doubtful character. In one case reports of atrocities were made to him, and he asked for a written statement to be forwarded of them, but the statement was never received. Concerning this failure he says, "Whether any influence was brought to bear to prevent their statement, either by persuasion or coercion, I am not prepared to say at the present time." He says that he found among certain officers an impression prevailing that the water-cure and other similar cruelties were justifiable, and he implies that in at least one case it is questionable whether they could have been perpetrated without the personal knowledge of the commanding General. But he also declares that "such atrocities have been condemned by such commanders as Generals Lawton, Wade, Sumner, Lee, Baldwin, and others," and adds that, in order to correct any misapprehension, he addressed to the

Division Commander a letter of instructions condemning any such acts of cruelty, and declaring that "the excuse that the unusual conditions justify the measures herein condemned is without foundation." He approves the discontinuance of the canteen, and recommends the discontinuance of the use of church property, monasteries, and the like as barracks for the troops. General Miles's report is accompanied by a letter from Judge-Advocate-General Davis, to whom it seems to have been referred by the Secretary of War, in which the Judge-Advocate affirms that the incidents referred to by General Miles have been made the subject of special investigations either by court martial or by special inspectors, resulting in a number of court martial trials. He adds that "whether the necessity for any further administrative action, in addition to that already taken, will be disclosed as a result of such investigation, can only be determined when inspection reports are received at the Department."

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**General Miles's Report:  
Our Estimate**

Unfortunately, it is an open secret that General Miles has political aspirations for the Presidency, that his attitude toward the present Administration, as toward the one which preceded it, has been hostile, and that he has failed for some reason to secure the confidence either of his superiors or his subordinates in the army. The tone of this report, so far as we can judge from the extracts published, does not indicate a judicial spirit, but rather the spirit of a prosecuting attorney. On the other hand, it must also be said that the extract from Judge-Advocate Davis's report indicates somewhat the attitude of a defendant's attorney. The New York "Evening Post" publishes a list of officers who, it declares, have either not been brought to trial or have escaped the "proper punishment for their acts;" but in estimating this statement it must be remembered that the "Evening Post's" judgment of what is "proper punishment" might differ from that of an entirely just tribunal. Per contra, the "Army and Navy Register" says that out of 6,000 officers not more than twelve are involved in the charges of atrocities—a smaller number than we had supposed. We take this

occasion, however, to repeat what we have heretofore frequently said. There is no doubt that acts of cruelty and oppression, some of them truly characterized as atrocities, have been perpetrated by members of the United States army in the Philippines. It is certain that none of the officers high in command have been guilty of participation in these outrages. There is no General Weyler in the American army. But it is not so certain that they have all been eager to bring the guilty parties to exposure and punishment. The desire to shield the reputation of the army is natural; but it is always a mistake to attempt to shield an organization by concealing the crimes of individuals who belong to it. It appears to us, however, that General Miles's report should have made account of the splendid philanthropic work which many army officers have been engaged in—the building of roads, the feeding of the impoverished and the famine-stricken, the establishment of schools, and the active participation in the work of teaching. The only reference to such work which we find is General Miles's intimation that the reconcentrados were defrauded by being required to buy the rice furnished them at a profit; he is apparently ignorant of the fact that the profits thus obtained from Filipinos who were able to pay for their rice were transferred to the insular treasury, and applied by the civil government to the relief of the widespread distress occasioned by the prevalence of cholera and famine in the provinces of southeastern and southern Luzon. On the whole, we do not think that this report adds much to the knowledge already possessed by the public; but, by recalling public attention to the matter, it may reawaken and revivify public sentiment against such atrocities and against any condonation of them.

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**Russian Diplomacy  
Regarding China**

The report of the eight demands made week before last by the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Peking upon China was accepted as true by the foreign representatives and correspondents at Peking, and was well enough authenticated to be regarded as correct by the Foreign Offices at Washington, London, and Tokyo. Immediately upon the publication of these



demands, Mr. Hay, American Secretary of State, addressed to the Chinese Government a remonstrance against that Government's acquiescence in the demands. Coincidentally, Mr. Hay asked the Russian Government to inform him of its purposes regarding Manchuria, and especially to define those reported demands made upon China (1) that no more Manchurian treaty ports or towns should be opened, and (2) no more foreign consuls recognized. The Chinese note was telegraphed to Mr. Conger, American Minister at Peking, and that to Russia to Mr. McCormick, American Ambassador at St. Petersburg. China's reply to the first was a refusal to accede to the demands of Russia. Replying to the second (a note of inquiry diplomatically so called, really a protest), the Russian Foreign Office made the gratifying announcement that of the eight demands said to have been made by its Chargé d'Affaires at Peking, four were false, one was unimportant, two others involved no change in previous arrangements, and the last related to a sanitary commission to keep out contagious diseases. If, as some think, the Peking representative put forth these demands to test the sentiment of the nations interested, he was certainly successful in eliciting instant and emphatic disapproval from the American press, and from the American Government an inquiry more pressing than from any other source. Russian officials have not only made general professions of innocence, but have separated America from the other Powers, as indicated by the assurance that not only does the Russian Government not intend to exclude other countries from advantages now enjoyed in Manchuria, or to confer exclusive privileges upon Russians, but that nothing will be done to close doors now open, and that American commerce is the very thing which Russia most desires to attract. We believe that the people of this country will be glad to take this disclaimer as sincere, without stopping to ask whether there has not been a complete change in the Russian demands rather than an error in the original statement from Peking. Secretary Hay's protest has served to call forth a permanent and apparently positive and direct statement of Russia's position in regard to the treaty rights

which for half a century this country has enjoyed with China.



**The German Parliament** Last week the German Reichstag was prorogued by the Emperor. Its five years' term has been a notable one. As to home legislation, the general tendencies running through the sessions have been towards enlargement of the power of the Empire at the expense of the federated States. It is true that there has been extension of social reform legislation in behalf of the workingman—the sick insurance law as an example—but there has been a subjection of the tariff policy affecting all Germans, and in particular the manufacturing element, to the purely agrarian demand of the minority, reinforced by the Roman Catholic party for an appropriate return favor. This demand culminated in the objectionable tariff law passed last December, which gives to Germany the highest duties ever known, particularly on agricultural products. When it comes to ultra-protectionism, however, the United States is hardly in a position to complain of excessive tariffs elsewhere, no matter how they may strike—as this particular measure does—at our own export trade. Another piece of legislation which may trouble us is the meat law passed in 1900 and recently put in operation; it was designed by the Government for sanitary purposes only; but the agrarians in the Reichstag treated it as a weapon for use against foreign and principally against American competition. Thus to Americans the Reichstag's term has been especially interesting, comprising more frequent discussions of Americo-German relations than hitherto. While careful note is taken in this country of the attacks in the Reichstag upon our commercial policy, we may disregard the many jealous and ill-natured complaints concerning the great preponderance of imports from the United States into Germany over Germany's exports to America. It will be interesting, nevertheless, to observe whether the preponderance now attained continues at the present proportion. The late Reichstag will probably be most noteworthy in German history on account of the passing of the Navy Bill, three years ago, doubling Germany's ocean strength

and corresponding to the determination of Germany's energetic monarch to give to his empire a new and weighty influence in settling important questions of world politics.



**Salonika in a  
State of Siege**

A state of siege has been proclaimed at Salonika, the principal port of Turkey on the Aegean Sea, in consequence of the destruction last week of the Ottoman Bank by the Macedonian revolutionists, concurrently with fifty dynamite bomb explosions in the post-office, railway station, cafés, and elsewhere. The revolutionists had mined the principal districts of the town, intending to blow them up simultaneously, but circumstances forced them to act before all their preparations were completed. Several hundred persons were killed and injured in the conflict, as well as in disturbances in the vicinity, where in several places the revolutionists tried to destroy the railroad. As in the case of other disturbances in Macedonia, it is believed that this seemingly anarchistic affair at Salonika was intended to provoke severe reprisals by the Turks, and thereby cause European intervention. The revolutionists remembered that the Armenian attack upon the Ottoman Bank in Constantinople, nearly seven years ago, was immediately followed by the massacre of thousands of Armenians in the streets of Constantinople and similar slaughter in the provinces, but they might also have remembered that this did not result in European intervention, any more than did the awful events which had already taken place in Armenia itself. However, the rioting of last week has caused at least marked notice, in the despatch by Austria of three war-ships, and by Italy of no less than eight, to Salonika. The Turkish Government promptly arrested a thousand persons and doubled the military strength of the place. Dr. Barton, Secretary of the American Board (Congregational), informs The Outlook of the receipt of a cablegram from Salonika stating that, despite the grave disturbances, the missionaries there fear no personal danger. The town is one of the stations of the European Turkey mission of the American Board of Missions; in the four stations of the mission there are twenty-eight persons. The trouble throughout Macedonia and Albania

apparently continues in increasing degree. Along the Struma River, for instance, a fight lasted for four days last week, resulting in severe loss on both sides. The Sultan's commission for bringing about the pacification of the Albanians has resulted only in the continued detention of the commissioners as hostages. It is now believed by many that, despite European apathy and despite possible sincerity on the part of the Turks in a reform of their methods, any change in the spirit of their administration really comes too late. No matter how deeply we may abhor the methods of the revolutionists, the many years of Turkish pillage, outrage, and murder, together with the conflict of race tendencies and religions, have at last instigated a rebellion which may ultimately enlist European sympathy and be carried to a final issue.



**The French  
Monastic Orders**

Last week a few disturbances in France attended the enforcement of the law, passed nearly two years ago, which compels all associations, whether religious or secular, to be authorized (or, as we might say, incorporated) by the State in order to exercise the special duties and functions for which they were formed. These disturbances attendant upon the expulsion of certain recalcitrant monastic orders have apparently been due, first, to the pathetic spectacle of many aged monks, who, having spent their whole lives in preaching, education, or charity, are now too old to begin life anew in a foreign country, and, secondly, to appeals made by a number of prelates. For instance, in a recent pastoral letter the Bishop of Tours advised the superiors of the monastic orders in his diocese, in terms almost insulting to the Government, to ally themselves in an energetic resistance. The Bishop of Bayeux, according to a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," has published a letter to the dissolved orders in his parishes, saying: "It is our Lord Jesus Christ, his name, his doctrine, and his authority, which they combat in you. There are, doubtless, among those who proscribe you, some who would deny that they are waging war upon a religious idea, but the great majority of them make no secret that that is their object." Referring to the Govern-

ment's interdiction to individual members of the recalcitrant preaching orders to continue as such to exercise their calling as pulpit orators, the correspondent quotes the words of the Bishop of Orleans to a Capuchin friar who was preaching in Orleans Cathedral: "It is possible that you will never again enter this pulpit, with or without the frock of your order, but, should that be the case, it would depend rather upon you than upon me. As for this diocese, no one but the Bishop has the right to forbid any one whatever to preach within its walls." Finally, the text of a letter from the Archbishop of Paris has now reached this country, also protesting against the Government's interdiction, and declaring that this question concerns the bishops alone, and not the Government. The sympathy of many Protestants will be with these prelates in making their protest against an apparently tyrannical exercise of authority. The expulsion of the male preaching, teaching, and commercial monastic orders from France seems one thing, the Government's prohibition to them to exercise their individual functions as members of expelled orders seems another; logically, however, there is hardly any escape from the Stratford-like policy of "Thorough," once the Government had decided upon the drastic course inaugurated in 1901.



Dr. G. D. Boardman,  
Bishops Hurst and Foster

The Rev. George Dana Boardman, whose death occurred in Atlantic City, N. J., last week, was well known both as preacher and author. Born in Burma in August, 1828, the son of a missionary, engaged in his early manhood in law, medicine, and mercantile pursuits, he soon followed the impulse given to him by his early training, and entered the ministry. From 1864 to 1894 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, since which date most of his time had been given to travel and authorship. A loyal member of the Baptist Church, he belonged to that increasing school whose faith is too catholic to be confined within denominational lines, and whose influence therefore extends far beyond them. His works on religious rather than theological topics, or perhaps we should say on theological topics treated

always religiously, have had a wide circulation and always a beneficent influence. Two Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have died within a week: John Fletcher Hurst was one of the most scholarly thinkers and writers in his denomination, had been largely influential in establishing the American University at Washington, and was the author of many books on both religious and secular topics—among which perhaps his "Indika" was the best known; Randolph S. Foster became an itinerant at the age of eighteen, was President of the Northwestern University for three years, and later, after filling the professorship of systematic theology at Drew Seminary for some time, became President of the Seminary.



**Progress Toward Church Union** The movement for a union of the United Brethren, the Methodist Protestant, and the Congregational denominations has entered a hopeful stage, although there are yet grave difficulties to be overcome. Committees of the three bodies have agreed upon a basis of union, which was adopted without a dissenting vote. Their conference at Pittsburg occupied two days, April 22 and 23, besides much of one night. Dr. Gladden, Congregationalist, was nominated as Chairman of the meeting by the committees of the United Brethren and Methodist Protestants. A thoroughly fraternal and earnest spirit characterized all the proceedings, and the result was celebrated by singing the doxology twice. A committee of five from each of the three bodies has been appointed to constitute a committee of the whole, to work out an agreement upon the matters of detail involved in the plan of "the ultimate and complete organic union" now hoped for. This committee is to meet in Washington, May 27. The general agreement already reached is embodied in two articles, viz.:

First—The formulated statements of doctrine as held by each of these denominations at present, although phrased differently yet being essentially the same, are to be affirmed.

Second—The union for the present is to be expressed in the organization of a General Council, to be composed of representatives elected from the respective denominations composing the union, on some ratio of membership. This Council is to have its powers and duties defined, but all legislative and judicial matters shall be referred to the

general bodies of the respective denominations. These denominations shall retain their present name and their autonomy in respect to all local affairs, but they shall add to their official title the following: "In affiliation with the General Council of the United Churches."

The harmony realized after the protracted discussions at Pittsburg is auspicious, but it is likely to be at least two years yet before all the interests involved in ultimate organic union are fully adjusted; not only business and property interests, but, still more, the vital principle of Congregationalism, the independence of each local church. The body to be constituted of these three will have upwards of a million members, about half of them in the Congregational churches, and the remainder not very unequally divided between the Methodist Protestants and the United Brethren. The former of these two separated from the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1828, because of the refusal of lay representation in the Conferences (long since granted). The latter separated from the German Reformed Church about 1789, because of the opposition to their evangelistic interest in revivals of religion. The joint committee who have now to agree upon questions of detail is constituted as follows, with Dr. W. H. Ward as Chairman:

Methodist Protestants—Dr. T. H. Lewis, Dr. D. S. Stephens, Dr. M. L. Jennings, Dr. F. T. Tagg, Dr. George Shaffer.

United Brethren—Bishop J. S. Mills, Dr. W. R. Funk, Dr. W. M. Weekly, Dr. W. M. Bell, J. W. Ruth, Esq.

Congregationalists—Dr. A. H. Bradford, Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. A. E. Dunning, Dr. S. M. Newman, Dr. W. H. Ward.



**More than Federation** The opinion was unanimously expressed at the Pittsburg Conference that something more than federation must come of it. For this end it is regarded as desirable that the National meeting of each of the constituent denominations shall be held at the same time and place as the General Council of the three, the Council taking occasional recesses that the constituent bodies may transact necessary business. It is hoped that this temporary arrangement will be superseded by one Council inclusive of all. State and district organizations likewise it is hoped will ultimately coalesce, though they are to be separately maintained for the present. As soon

as the Committee of Fifteen has done its work, the Pittsburg Conference is to reassemble to act upon its report. Besides the three denominations that united in the agreement reached there, a fourth was represented by its committee—the Christian Connection, a body numbering some fifteen hundred churches. During recent years conferences with a view to union have been held between these and the Congregational churches. Rejecting all creeds, and holding to the Bible as the sole authoritative statement of Christian belief, the first article of the Pittsburg agreement, by its reaffirmation of doctrinal formularies, prevented them from coming into the union. The main hindrance to a perfect agreement of the three bodies was found in differences of polity, Congregationalists being disinclined to the centralizing of authority preferred by the others. The United Brethren and Methodist Protestants, being closely agreed on this point, met by themselves after the Conference, and agreed on everything but a common name. Between these two union seems now to be virtually accomplished.



**The Temple of Peace** Mr. Carnegie has made no more characteristic or important gift than the gift of fifteen hundred thousand dollars for a building in which to house a permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and to provide an ample library of international law, as an expression of the profound conviction of one of the foremost capitalists of the world in the settlement of international questions by arbitration instead of by arms. Mr. Carnegie's act is of high importance. There were many who disbelieved in the practicability of the Hague Tribunal; there were those who declared that no real cases would ever be presented to it; but it has already been evoked in a complicated international difficulty; and every year its possibilities of service will become more real in the thought of the world. To nobly house it, as Mr. Carnegie proposes to do, in what he calls a Temple of Peace, will give it a new aspect of permanency; and the building will be a visible evidence and symbol of the immense significance of the principle of arbitration and the practical importance of the Tribunal in

the beautiful Dutch city. Mr. Carnegie has said in conversation that, in his judgment, no more important event has happened in a century than the establishment of this Tribunal. It may be possible that, looking back a hundred years from now, it will be seen that its establishment was the most important single event of modern times. That the possibility of peaceful settlement will be presented every time an international difficulty arises is now certain; and, in the nature of things, with every reference of a great question the authority of the Tribunal will be heightened and the habit of applying to it confirmed.

Professor Smith  
on Jeremiah

The lectures on "The Prophet Jeremiah," given last week by Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, attracted crowded audiences to Union Seminary Chapel, and were marked with characteristic freshness of thought. Jeremiah can no more be called "the weeping prophet," for the Lamentations are known not to be his. The crisis that Jeremiah felt predestined to meet was the collapse of the religious reformation introduced by the law book known as Deuteronomy, in the seventh century B.C., perhaps the fairest plan of national religion ever devised. During the long reactionary reign of Manasseh Israel had apostatized from this and was ruined. As the prophet of wrath and doom came Jeremiah. He saw that the only form of religion capable of realization was personal piety, and so he became the first great preacher of individuality. He wrought the transformation from the Deuteronomic conception of the nation as the religious unit to that of the individual as such. But of God Jeremiah reveals comparatively little. He lacked the anointed vision of Isaiah. To him God was the taskmaster whose commands compel. But while his love for his people deepened as their doom drew near, he struggled into consciousness of the Eternal Goodness, and of his individual relation to it in the new covenant of which he prophesied. Though Jeremiah's life seemed a failure, his people later recognized it as a vicarious sacrifice for their sin. He is the earliest prophet in the Old Testament of vicarious sacrifice, as well as of individuality in religion. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah reflects Jeremiah's

experience and that of the righteous in that evil time. Nothing in the Old Testament leads more deeply into fellowship with the sufferings of Christ than the experiences of Jeremiah. The general fact enforced by these lectures was the importance of Jeremiah's writings to an understanding of the growth of religious ideas in Hebrew history.

Paul Du Chaillu The death in St. Petersburg last week of Paul Du Chaillu removes an explorer of indomitable energy and a writer of many vivid and spirited books; to young people particularly he endeared himself, not only by his stories written directly for them, but also because he infused into all his narratives of travel a dramatic element which made them immensely readable. It was partly because he used an imaginative style of writing and delighted in painting word-pictures that his earlier books were discredited by many people; yet it is now admitted that what he told about gorillas, pygmies, and cannibals has been essentially confirmed by later travelers and explorers. As his name shows, he was of French parentage, and it seems to be in doubt whether he was born in New Orleans or in Paris; his boyhood was spent in a French colony near the Gaboon River in West Africa. It was in 1855 that he undertook his first great African exploring expedition; he passed over eight thousand miles in the equatorial regions, discovered scores of new species of plants and animals, and brought back the first specimens of gorillas seen in Europe. Other journeys into unexplored territory followed, and later on he made extended explorations in Norway, Lapland, and Finland. Among Mr. Du Chaillu's best-known books (he published some fifteen or twenty in all) were "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," "A Journey to Ashango Land," "Wild Life Under the Equator," "The Land of the Midnight Sun," and "The Viking Age."

Save the Big Trees The giant sequoias of California form a natural wonder and beautiful scenic feature absolutely unique. How far the rumor that their existence is in danger may be true is not quite apparent, but it seems certain that the Calaveras Grove at least is threat-

ened with extinction. It must be remembered that there are at least five hundred trees in California which are really entitled to be called giant trees, and that these are found in many rather widely separated groups. The Mariposa Grove, near the Yosemite Valley, is owned and cared for by the State of California, while the United States holds as National parks two tracts of land on which big trees stand. The Calaveras group, the first to be discovered, contains about a hundred very fine giant trees, and has been well maintained and preserved. It is private property, and, of late years at least, has not yielded a reasonable profit on the price paid by the present owner, \$100,000. There is, therefore, great danger that the trees may be cut down and sold—it is said that a single sequoia might yield 50,000 feet of lumber. It seems evident that California should have purchased the Calaveras Grove at the very moderate price named above, but the State authorities have hoped that the United States would buy the tract as a National Park; Congress, however, has seemed averse to this, and has refused an appropriation for the purpose. It is now suggested that a public subscription should be made, or that an individual benefactor should present the famous grove to the Nation. In one way or another the destruction threatened should be averted.



## The Educational Revival

Years ago Captain Sayles, acting on the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott, and following the example of Mr. Smiley at Lake Mohonk, invited a number of guests to his hotel at Capron Springs, West Virginia, to consider the question of Southern education. For a number of years Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of New York City, has been accustomed to invite a party of Northern friends to accompany him to Hampton Institute, in Virginia, of which he is a trustee, to participate in its Commencement exercises. From these two sources has grown the Southern Educational Conference, which met in Richmond, Virginia, week before last, of which we gave a brief paragraph account last week.

Three sessions were held daily; the Music Hall was always full and often crowded, all standing-room being taken;

Northern speakers were heard, and always with cordiality, but the sentiments of the Conference were voiced chiefly by Southern men, and, as was proper, all the offices were filled by Southern men, except that Mr. Ogden was enthusiastically re-elected President. The houses of the best families in Richmond were thrown open to the guests, and the problem how to attend all the sessions and also respond to the hospitable invitations of the hosts was a wholly insoluble one. The spirit of the Conference was akin to that of a religious revival in the spiritual earnestness which dominated it. Problems which two years ago were discussed with serious apprehension were treated as theoretically solved, and the reports from the field indicated that they were in the way of practical solution.

It is apparently no longer questioned in the South that the State provision for the education of the colored race is to be equal to that for the white; the proposition to appropriate only the taxes received from the colored citizens to the education of the colored children is not now seriously entertained and is not likely to be renewed. The question whether the people will tax themselves for popular education is being answered in a manner which, if not universally satisfactory, is universally progressive and hopeful. And the problem of the rural school is being solved by a concentration of district schools and a transportation of pupils. One of the most significant addresses was that giving an account of a rural school, equipped with not only the necessary room for a graded school, but with an assembly hall for popular use, provided with twelve acres of land furnishing means for possible horticultural and floricultural education, and accompanied by provision for bringing together to the school all children within a radius of ten miles.

In brief, the Conference, which is Southern in its territory but National in its spirit, indicates a great educational revival. A full report of the proceedings of the Conference is to be published hereafter, and information concerning this report can be obtained by addressing Charles W. Dabney, Southern Education Board, Knoxville, Tennessee. Here we attempt, not

such a report, but an interpretation of the movement of which the Conference is an expression. It carries with it hope for much more than a mere academic development. It means a revival of industry, of liberty, of home life, of the religious spirit.

I. Much of the current discussion concerning industrial education is based upon the old and false assumption that industrial education and higher education represent different if not antagonistic conceptions; that the highest education is that which issues in the three learned professions; that mechanical and agricultural education prepares for an inferior calling and indicates an inferior capability. The Southern Educational Conference indicates a healthful repudiation of this narrow and narrowing conception. The end of education is life; the object of life is service; and that is the best education which fits the pupil for the best service that he can render. The first service that he can render to society is to support himself and so not become a burden on the charity of others. The second service is to aid in contributing to the life of others. That all industry is honorable, and all idleness is a disgrace, is the first postulate of the new educational movement; that no industry is drudgery if it is intelligently performed, and no industry is ennobling if it is performed unintelligently, is its second postulate. It is a far higher and better thing to make a table intelligently than to preach a sermon, write an editorial, or teach a school mechanically. The old education was for the few, the new education is for all; the old education prepared for three learned professions, the new education prepares for intelligent activity in every department of life; the old education was literary and professional, the new education is industrial and universal. Thus the revival of education means a revival of industry; a humanizing and so an ennobling of all vocations; a transformation of all by the illuminating power of a quickened intelligence; the abolition of drudgery by mixing the labor of the hand with the labor of the brain; an ultimate revolution in industry so that "the man with the hoe" shall no longer be a synonym for stunted intelligence, dwarfed affections, and deadened

ambitions. Education means life; and universal education—universal not merely in the persons admitted to it, but in the vital topics with which it deals—means universal life—a vitalizing of the farm and the factory, the full recognition of the truth that all toil can be intelligent and therefore all toil can be itself educative.

II. The revival of education involves the revival of political liberty, because in universal education it lays the only enduring foundation for universal freedom. The Outlook here reaffirms what its editor-in-chief said on the platform at Richmond as reported by the New York "Evening Post:"

Dr. Lyman Abbott went out of his way to reiterate his assertion that "manhood suffrage means manhood first and suffrage second," and that "no man has a right to govern his neighbor who has not the intelligence and the conscience to govern himself." As with similar utterances of Northern men, these views are accepted by the ignorant and prejudiced as justifying any amount of oppression of the negro. "We cannot afford," said the President of a Southern college, "to permit Dr. Abbott to speak as he does; it encourages those who would forever disfranchise the negro, and makes the tasks of those of us who would uplift the negro infinitely harder."

How radical is the revolution which has taken place in the South in half a century! In 1853 no man was permitted to teach that any negro, however educated and competent, had a right to vote; now no man will be permitted to teach that any negro, however ignorant and incompetent, has not the right to vote! We confess to a considerable degree of curiosity to know who this unnamed President of a Southern college is. We doubt his ability to enforce the prohibition. At all events, we shall take the risk.

Suffrage is not a right, it is a prerogative; it is not a privilege, it is a duty. He who cannot govern himself has no right to govern others; and he who lacks either the intelligence to understand the truth or the will to follow it lacks the power to govern himself, and therefore has not the right to help govern his neighbor. Suffrage ought to be conditional; but the condition of suffrage ought to be, not class, caste, or race, but character. Suffrage ought to be, not race suffrage, but manhood suffrage; and manhood suffrage means manhood first and suffrage afterwards. The educated leaders among the

colored people do not object to this principle; they do not object to the disfranchisement of the ignorant and incompetent negro. They object, and they have a right to object, to laws which pretend to do one thing and do another, which require the voters to understand the Constitution, but are so administered as to demand of the negro a knowledge of constitutional law such as few white men possess, which profess to exclude ignorance and admit it freely if it is white.

But universal education will eventually bring with it universal suffrage; and no suffrage will long remain universal unless it is based on universal education. Knowledge is power; and the ballot without knowledge is not power. The attempt to give political power without first giving political intelligence always fails. Out of the direst evils some good springs. The South learned in the reconstruction period that universal suffrage does not bring with it universal liberty; the North is more slowly learning the same lesson. Some criticism may be brought against the recent laws in the South restricting the suffrage; very serious criticism against their unfair administration in some localities. But the purpose to limit the suffrage to men who by a technical test can prove their intelligence, or by a moderate property qualification give some evidence of possessing the fundamental virtues of temperance, industry, and thrift, is wholly praiseworthy, provided it is so administered as to be in fact as well as in letter a manhood, not a race, test. This educational revival involves a good hope of a sound political revival because it is an endeavor to give to all, black and white alike, that intelligence and that virtue which always ought to be the prerequisite for governing others, as they are the necessary conditions for self-government.

III. This educational revival is also a revival of the home. It is by no mere accident, it is by a necessary law, that the agitation for the abolition of child labor accompanies the agitation for child education. The right of the child to be protected from the greed of employers or the carelessness and indifference of parents is indistinguishable from his right to an adequate education. The child cannot at the same time be in the factory making money for the idle or ill-paid father and in the

school being made an intelligent and virtuous citizen. The educational movement means that we are beginning to see more clearly that cheap goods are costly when we sacrifice men and women in order to make them; that a law to protect children is more important than a tariff to protect manufactures; that the wealth of a State depends upon its homes far more than upon its factories; and that if we have forbidden the sale of slaves to the cotton-fields only to allow the sale of children to the cotton-mills, we have small cause to congratulate ourselves on our progress. The Southern Educational Conference indicates an appreciation of the home as the beginning and the end, the foundation and the capstone, of American civilization.

IV. Thus this educational revival is a revival of religion. If ignorance is the mother of superstition, intelligence is the handmaid of religion. Education and religion seek the same end. The school-house and the church are partners in a common enterprise. It is the commonplace of the normal school and the teachers' institute to say that the end of education and so the object of the school is the development of character. And what is the end of religion? What the object of the Church?

And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; . . . till we all come unto a perfect manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

No one could have attended the recent meetings of the Southern Educational Conference without perceiving that this character-building was the common chord from which every theme started and to which every theme at last returned. Whether the topic was common-school education or university education, the rural school or the city school, agriculture, mechanic arts, or literature, as there was on the one hand no call for catechisms or creeds, no suggestion even of denominational divisions, so there was on the other hand constantly manifest as a part of the subconscious thought of the Conference, reappearing every now and then in explicit statement, the idea that the end of education always is and always must be the making of men and women. Our Protestant churches have separated earnest and devout souls by purely conventional distinctions and



definitions, for which practical Americans care but little. Debates and discussions in ecclesiastical assemblies concerning terms of union do little more than accentuate the fact that the causes for discussion are wholly inadequate to justify the divisions which exist. Meanwhile the children of all denominations, and of none at all, are growing up in the common school together and are learning that honesty, justice, truth, hope, benevolence, and faith are the peculiar inheritance of no one denomination; and it will not be strange if the school-house should prove to be the center which the church is not, and bring us, despite our varying creeds, together, on the common basis of a manhood endowed with intelligence and integrity, philanthropy and devotion, which are always essentially one, however different their forms of expression.

We do not, indeed, think that the school-house will ever take the place of the church, as we are quite sure that intellectual and industrial education can never take the place of that inspiration whose fountain is God, whose interpretation is worship. But education will purify and cleanse the religious life; will direct religious emotion into channels of practical service, and eliminate the mere useless emotionalism; will measure philosophies by their practical results, and so emancipate from the tyranny of traditionalism and conventionalism; will accustom men and women to see truths in their right proportions, and not quarrel about terminologies and formularies while they are united in love for their Father and their brethren. In brief, the revival of education as a method of character-building may be expected to recall the Christian world to the truth that the end of religion is also character-building, and thus be also a revival of a religious spirit as free from a hysterical emotionalism on the one hand as it is from a dogmatic and dry intellectualism on the other.

We may well hope that the present Southern educational enthusiasm may spread to the Northern States, where education is in danger of becoming somewhat perfunctory, may inspire it with new and deeper life, and may end by creating throughout the Nation an educational revival, the modern analogue of the evangelistic revivals of a past epoch, and carry-

ing with it the promise and potency of a revival of industry, freedom, domestic life, and a purified religious spirit.



## The City and the Citizen

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city of New York finds the metropolis in the hands of capable men who are studying its manifold and difficult problems with intelligence, administering its affairs with skill, and representing it to the world with dignity. Much has been done towards the rehabilitation of the city in the eyes of the world and the confidence of the country; but much still remains to be done. This work cannot be accomplished by Mayor Low and his associates unless they are supported by an intelligent and wisely directed public opinion; nor can it be carried to a successful end unless that opinion confirms in successive elections the policy of the present administration, whatever changes of personnel may take place. New York was not redeemed from the evils of corrupt and incompetent government by bold leadership, though it has not lacked such leadership; it was redeemed by the combined action of its citizens; it can be kept in its place as the foremost of American cities only by the combined action of its citizens.

Cities are not mere aggregations of individuals; they have a character of their own. Every city of any note has its own personality; and those cities which have become most significant in the affairs of men have been those whose personality has been most marked and distinct. The rank of a city depends largely upon the distinctness of its type; upon the distinctness with which it impresses upon the minds of men certain things for which it stands. There have been great commercial cities which have been largely without marked characteristics, and which, accordingly, do not count with the imagination; they do not make an appeal to the sentiment of the race. Jerusalem, Athens, Florence, Venice, Edinburgh, have all been relatively small cities; but they have been conspicuous in the higher life of humanity because they have stood for something which was distinct, individual, characteristic—some work of

the mind or of the spirit, as well as some work of the hands.

A really great city is one of the greatest of human achievements. A good deal of nonsense has been written and spoken concerning the city and the country; and the proverb, "God made the country, but man made the city," is one of the most misleading of aphorisms. It is true God made the country, and every wise man loves the country because God made it; but God did not make the country as men find it to-day. The most beautiful country in the world is that which men have co-operated with God in bringing to the highest perfection. It seems to be a law of the divine development of the world that the finest things shall be secured only by the co-operation of the human and the divine. God made the quarries of Carrara, but man made the great statue of Moses and of the Venus of Milo. God gives material; it is the function of man to make high and beautiful uses of material; and among the most beautiful things are many which represent the co-operation of human intelligence and genius with divine purpose.

Men are made to live together. Cities represent living together in its highest estate. Man was not made to remain a lonely and undeveloped individuality; he was not made to live in isolation; he was made to live in contact with other men, for it is only by contact with other men that he gets his freest and broadest development, and it is only developed man who perfectly fulfills the purposes of God. A city, rightly governed, represents the highest form of human organization. It is when men get together in cities that they produce the arts. Shakespeare was born in Stratford, but he went up to London for his material. Balzac and Thackeray found the richest dramatic possibilities in Paris and London.

Something characteristic is imparted by every city to its citizens; so that men who live in Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Richmond, in Charleston, in New Orleans, bear the traces of their locality, and are recognized as distinct types. From the very beginning, New York has been cosmopolitan; it has been the gate of the New World. It is idle to talk of its not being American; for it is, of all cities, the most democratic in the broad

sense. It has welcomed more races and more men and women to the continent than any other city. Its hospitality has been without limit; eighteen languages were spoken within its limits before the Revolution. Its earliest writer, and the first in point of time to contribute to American literature, disclosed the qualities of a metropolitan city—urbanity, tolerance, ease, humor, sense of form, charm of style.

The higher life of a city is the expression of all its activities—commercial, educational, artistic, social, and religious; and a man's quality and rank as a citizen depend on the fullness with which he enters into the manifold life of his city. There are hosts of men who lead individual lives of the highest probity, but who have no civic life. A citizen is one who shares the burdens of the city, cherishes its interests, and contributes to the richness of its life. Mr. Hewitt was a great citizen because he was in touch with the life of the city in so many of its activities. The profound respect in which he was held was testimony to the ethical quality at the root of his citizenship.

A man becomes a citizen when he recognizes his responsibility and obligation to the community. As soon as a man begins to live closely with his fellows he owes them, in the first place, the inspiration of high character. No bad man ever was or ever can be a good citizen. Nothing contributes so much to the moral strength of a city as the tradition of a noble life. Citizens who lead such lives personify and reveal to the world the higher life. Mr. Gladstone's splendid integrity, the extraordinary and undenied nobility of his spirit, were of immense importance as interpreting the life of the State; and New York has no better possession to-day than the unimpeachable and unquestioned integrity of Mayor Low.

Being righteous does not of itself make a good citizen; it is the beginning of citizenship; but a man must go on to conceive of the business of the government of the city as part of his own business. A prime trouble with New York has been that it has been full of men who were residents but not citizens; who had individual homes, but no community home; who have been willing to take everything from the city and give nothing in return. No man really makes a home, however

beautiful and ample his house may be, unless he gives himself to it; and no man is a citizen unless he gives himself to the city. He must identify his interests with its interests, study its problems; and, above all, he must vote at its elections.

The chief concern in every city is to develop what may be called the higher civic life. The higher life in all departments is always the life of ideas and ideals. It is the source of a man's higher efficiency, of his more enduring influence. Every city has ideals, whether it defines them or not. Whatever they may be in the direction of religion, of art, of science, or social life, two must always be sharply defined and resolutely followed if the city is not only to build up its citizens commercially but to enrich them spiritually and intellectually:

First, there must be the ideal of efficient government, and that means always honest government. No corrupt government was ever yet efficient, however active it may have been in certain superficial ways. No corrupt government can be efficient, because honesty is the basis of all efficiency. And no government which lacks intelligence can be efficient. Honesty and intelligence are the roots of capable, high-class administration and work of every kind; the highest efficiency always involves moral cleanness, broad intelligence, and far-seeing prevision.

Second, every city ought to think of itself as a fundamental educational influence. It ought not only to care for the physical well-being of its citizens by giving them clean streets, pure air, good drainage, wholesome water, the best food supplies, but to train them to love the best things in the best forms. The higher civic life means the expression of the entire life of a community. It involves civic order and civic beauty as well. It means well-kept streets, and it means also noble school-houses. It means capable government, and it means also museums, libraries, art galleries, restful parks, fine streets, and good architecture. Thucydides said of the group of buildings on the Acropolis that the sight of them was a daily delight. Athens, by its very constitution, was for many decades a great educational influence. It was a university because of its quality as a city before it became the recognized center of the

education of the classical world. Every city ought to educate its children unconsciously; it ought to teach them integrity, intelligence, and efficiency by the quality and character of its government. It ought to teach them neatness and cleanliness by the condition of its streets; it ought to educate the eye by the beauty of its parks and by its public buildings. It ought to give them noble school-houses, so that they shall identify education with the highest processes of the soul. It ought so to accustom them to good architecture that they shall know integrity and beauty of structure by the eye, as well-taught children know good music by the ear. It ought to be said of every city, as a great Italian sculptor said of Florence, in response to the question how the best criticism of a statue could be secured, "Leave it to the judgment of the public square."

A great city cannot be built on a purely commercial foundation. It needs wealth, because wealth means the command of resources, leisure, the ability to do things on a large scale; but wealth never yet made a great city. A city becomes great by virtue of its character, the breadth of its policy, the dignity of its life, the variety of its interests, the splendor of its appearance. In such a city alone the higher civic life is realized; fed by innumerable streams of private virtue, sustained by innumerable acts of private devotion, made beautiful by numberless private sacrifices and beneficences.



## Unnoticed and Uncounted

It is constantly assumed in many quarters, and the statement is often made, that the churches are only half filled, that Christianity is on the decline, and that religion has ceased to be one of the great interests of the human race; and all the while, in all parts of Christendom and in lands outside its borders, there are millions of people leading devoutly religious lives, sacrificing themselves without hesitation and without repining, bearing heavy burdens without complaint, and doing the hard, rough, obscure work of the world with patient, unconscious courage. These faithful servants of the Lord constitute far the greater proportion of the

numan race. Some of them do not go to church; many of them are found in the churches, which are by no means as empty as they are represented. They are devout believers in Christianity, and the chief motive of their lives is profoundly and genuinely religious. They live as in the sight of the Infinite, and in the life immortal; but they never report themselves; they are never interviewed. Their lives are essentially undramatic. Those lives are apparently commonplace, and are never included in those enumerations

of the good and the evil which are from time to time taken by the daily press. It is one of the great distinctions between vice and virtue that it is easy to secure statistics of the first, and impossible to get any report of the second. The discords are always noticeable; the harmonies attract no attention. The devout, the religious, the faithful, and the pure, upon whose integrity society securely rests and who are the salt of the earth, do not appear in the census reports; but they make life safe and sweet as of old.

## St. Louis on Parade

From a Staff Correspondent

THE level New Jersey fields twisted and swirled past the car windows; the valley of the Delaware, with its browns of early buds and pale greens of early leaves, allowed us a glimpse of its beauty; the dingy, sordid mining region of Pennsylvania gave way to long, home-like stretches of the rolling, watered farming land of western New York; then night closed in. When day returned, the almost unbroken farmlands of Indiana were streaming by, and then the soil of southern Illinois. We were nearing St. Louis. Every hour of the journey made it more apparent that the Atlantic seaboard is but a fringe to the great inland country of which St. Louis is, at present at any rate, the focus. Others were on their way there to take part, either as sightseers or as actors, in the centennial celebration of the first acquirement of territory by the United States.

On April 30, 1803, a treaty between France and the United States was signed, transferring, for \$15,000,000, the territory between the Mississippi River on the east and the Rio Grande on the west, and extending to the north and west over a then unknown area, to the sovereignty of the American Republic. On April 30 of this year was to occur the dedication, to which we were traveling, of the buildings of the World's Fair to be held in 1904 in celebration of this event. It was natural, therefore, to have the impression while on the journey to St. Louis that this dedication was to be dis-

comprised in the territory of the Louisiana Purchase. And when the train drew into the big station at St. Louis, that impression was deepened by the sight of the people—farmers from Missouri and southern Illinois, negroes, prosperous Middle West Yankees, and city folk who moved without the nervous hurry of the East, but with the alertness of the West.

The inadequacy of that first impression was, however, very soon shown. Once in the streets or in the hotel, the crowd was National. One got careless very soon about jostling against "celebrities." In the course of two days Mr. Bryan, Mr. John Mitchell, ex-President Cleveland, Senator Hanna, General Miles, Cardinal Gibbons, Governors of several States, and others of equally National prominence became familiar figures. Yet it soon became apparent that this occasion was more than National. Foreign ambassadors, with insignia, in uniforms, and one or two in Oriental costume; young men in frock coats and tall hats, who seemed conscious of representing not only political powers, but also social influences and dynastic traditions; ladies who looked as if they were used to being at once gracious and insistent on their rights of going proudly in to dinner in due order of precedence; men with very black beards that looked Spanish, and men with very blond beards that looked Teutonic, and men with curled mustaches that looked moderately fierce—all these made St. Louis seem like Washington transplanted, a temporary National capital, an international city.

There were three days of celebration, and in with the celebration were crowded a Good Roads Convention, a Civic Federation meeting, a university alumni gathering, a military tournament, besides fireworks, dinners, and receptions. The first day was distinctively the day of dedication; the second was given over to the diplomatic representatives of all the nations, who came *en masse* to the celebration; and the third was devoted especially to the States, with a civic parade in which the city of St. Louis took a naturally conspicuous and highly creditable share. Of the three days, the first was markedly the one which aroused the most interest and enthusiasm. The fact that President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland visited together at the house of Mr. D. R. Francis, the President of the Exposition, and that they spoke at the same dedication exercises, was enough to give the day distinction.

The celebration began with a parade of troops. All military parades are alike—long lines of infantry, some in khaki, some in blue; cavalry, scabbards clanking, horses' hoofs clattering; artillery with guns, caissons, mountain guns on mule-back; bands, hospital wagons; sun-browned regulars, doing their duty in a procession as in a battle; fair-skinned militia, intelligent, vigorous, a bit more military, though not more warlike, than soldiers by trade; straight, alert army officers, with the bearing of keen experts proud of their calling; militia officers, rather self-conscious and trying not to seem vain of their heavy gold lace; Governors in tall hats on horseback, with their elaborately bedecked staffs; more bands, more infantry, more gold lace, more of everything; bugles sounding, fifes playing, drums rattling; crowds pushing and swaying; grand stands full of cheering, laughing, and on this day shivering people; "fakirs" selling badges; farmers in with their wives and daughters; mule teams drawn up along the side streets; little colored boys darting and sidling and squirming through the crowds. This for three miles or so. The procession was reviewed by the President of the United States in a reviewing stand erected in the grounds of the Exposition; it marched through a triumphal way, then passed on one side a huge extended scaffolding and framework, some

day to be one of the immense buildings of the Fair; and on the other side a long, wide, ditch-like excavation, some day to be a waterway covered with boats and banked with trees.

Up in a stand opposite the reviewing stand, and directly facing the President, who stood there straight, and browned from his vacation in the Yellowstone Park, were a number of reporters and a few men who had found there a convenient vantage-point from which to view the passing soldiery and watch at close hand the actions of generals, senators, governors, a cardinal, a president, and five detectives opposite. Along came the soldiers.

"Who are all of those fellows? Say, are they all from New York?" asked a middle-aged, vigorous, clean-shaven man from Illinois, who had slidden into the reporters' stand unobserved. "There must be a train-load of them."

"Yes, several train-loads."

"You don't say! Well, that's the best showing yet! Who's that?"

"Governor Yates, of Illinois."

"Whoop! Hey! That's my Governor. So it is; it's Yates! Hey! Wasn't that a fine salute he gave the President? Hey! hey! Hi there! Olney! Olney! Hello, boys! That's my town, Olney, Illinois! Who's that?"

"Governor Heard, of Louisiana."

"Hi! That was fine the way they stopped, wasn't it?" said he, as a band halted and, turning, played a few bars of an Irish air that the President evidently enjoyed especially.

Whenever the National colors were brought past, the President, of course, saluted them, but in a manner so far from the perfunctory that his example was contagious, and the newspaper men were soon doffing their hats whenever the flag went by. One could not help attributing the contagion of the example partly to the personality of the President, partly and perhaps chiefly to the fact that the example was set by one who was commander-in-chief of the army not by virtue of military rank, but by virtue of civil office.

Hardly had the last soldier passed the stand when the broad roadway became black with people. The crowd made its way to the Liberal Arts Building, externally still in process of erection, where the dedication exercises were to be held.

It is hard to imagine a building that can contain fifty thousand people. It is not easy to keep in mind the image of the interior of such an immense building, even after one has seen it. Into that gigantic inclosed space, where the wind was rushing about quite as familiarly as out-of-doors, pushed these struggling throngs. The noise of stamping feet and of shouting was as continuous as the roar of a city. From an elevated point within thirty feet of the speakers' platform the voice of Cardinal Gibbons, as he offered the invocation, could scarcely be heard. The confusion was not drowned even by the massive, simple harmonies of Beethoven's Creation Hymn, sung by a chorus of thousands of voices. President Francis and ex-Senator Carter failed in turn to make themselves heard beyond a few feet. At last, when Mr. Roosevelt was introduced, and greeted tumultuously, he rose to speak, then, with the exclamation, "I wish I could get up higher," he climbed impulsively to the top of the improvised table, and, raising his hand, caused a hush among some hundreds nearest him.

"Give me all the chance you can; I need it," were his first words.

His address was a characteristic eulogy of those strong qualities that made the men of 1803 dare try the first experiment of expansion; but not a word could have reached the vast multitude that was swaying and struggling and shouting up to within twenty yards of where he stood. The applause of those who could hear would roll out in all directions until it was lost in the noise that came rumbling back. At such times Mr. Roosevelt would bring about some degree of quiet near at hand by a gesture or a smile, and, with some pleasantry addressed to those with him on the platform, relieve from possible embarrassment those in authority. Mr. Cleveland, when he rose to speak, was hailed with cheers; but as soon as he began to speak the din became greater than ever. Except for a few score, the people had to wait until they read the papers next day to learn that his subject was the peaceful character of the expansion they were celebrating.

This confusion was only one of a number of instances which indicated that the arrangements for the celebration were most inadequate. One Governor with his staff was allowed to arrive without receiving any attention, or even necessary information. Hotel prices were exorbitant. One large audience was kept waiting for two hours after the time set by official bulletin. These experiences and others equally serious were, however, in no respect fatal to the celebration; they will probably prove valuable as lessons for the conduct of the Exposition itself. On the other hand, the efficiency of the management on the whole, the bigness of the undertaking, and the real largeness of the conceptions that were realized in these three days make the errors and even the blunders seem comparatively insignificant. The errors, after all, were errors consequent upon trying to do things; they were the shortcomings of buoyant ambition.

Here, it seems, lies the real significance of these three days. A spirited Nation has been giving expression to its sense of power. The people of St. Louis were most truly evident in catching this spirit, in their enthusiastic welcome for guests of distinction, in their hopeful and energetic expressions of faith in their Exposition, in their justifiable pride in their city, in their warm-hearted hospitality, and in their enjoyment of this celebration itself. All Americans who spent those three days in St. Louis must have become conscious anew of the youthful vigor of this Republic, and the representatives of the nations must have found in this far inland city some new evidences of the nervous might of this people who govern themselves. Certainly no better outward sign of this power of self-government could have been given than the hush which came over fifty thousand struggling, unpoliced people when, at the end of the dedication exercises, Bishop Hendrix offered prayer and Bishop Potter pronounced a benediction. Then was shown where lay the controlling power of a democracy—in the will within. The brilliant display had ceased, but the real force which it had symbolized was then first exhibited with the greatest impressiveness.

# A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK<sup>1</sup>

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

## VI.

A LARGE part of our success is due to the young men, my junior clergy. When I came to St. George's, I said to my vestrymen: "I want you to let me have three to five assistant clergy here," and I got them. There was a remonstrance all over the parish at first against my sending the young clergy to visit. Some said, "We do not want these young pastorettes coming around visiting us," so I had to tell them, "Then you would better go to some other church. It is quite impossible for me to visit you all. When you are sick or when you need me, I will come. But meanwhile I look to you people to aid me in training and keeping my junior clergy. Receive my clergy and give them opportunities to know you." When I took these young men as associates, I made a bargain which I have lived up to and which they on their part have lived up to. I said: "You will preach in St. George's Church; I will criticise your sermons; you will visit the cultured people as well as the poorest; you will see the whole life of the parish, fairly and squarely, and after two or three years you ought to know more than you do now." I met with opposition at first, but I have stuck to the rule.

At first we had a system that included senior and junior clergy, but I found that necessarily seniority was accounted by length of time and not by competency, and I found that the senior, being only human, arrogated to himself certain rights which were not helpful to him or to his junior brothers. Then I got the inspiration that each of my clergy should be the senior assistant for one week in a month; during that week he is officer of the week, so to speak, as a cadet at West Point is selected to be officer of the day; he must see the people, take the funerals, preach, and make emergency calls. This plan has worked delightfully; it gives each man

as many rights as the others; and in addition gives more leisure to the others to read. Then I have what I consider another good plan: I make my associates select in turn the new associates. For instance, after a man has worked here two or three years, he knows pretty well what I want, and I tell him to pick out some one to take his place when he gets ready to leave. At first theological seminary students were very timid about coming here, and asked all sorts of questions as to what was expected of them; now they ask no questions; they ask to be let in. Some, at the end of a year or six months, are ready to go somewhere else; others I have to drive away. I like the idea of sending them away two at a time, if I have two men who make a good team, as I did recently to Christ Church, Cincinnati. One man fitted the other exactly, and they turned the whole place upside down. Three months ago I sent two more to Dayton, Ohio; I always try to fit the men to the conditions I find.

Another thing: I urge my associates to be as elastic as possible with the service. We are allowed large elasticity in our Episcopal Church, and it is a grievous mistake to make the service too long. No suffering mortal wants to listen to a sermon after listening to the three whole services of the Episcopal Church. Furthermore, these services were not intended to be given together; they were rolled together in former times by men who held several parishes and were obliged by law to visit and read all the three services in each parish church each Sunday, and they combined the services to get them all in without too frequent visits. The Episcopal Church discounts her splendid liturgy; it is used often as unwisely as a great instrument could be used.

One great influence in my success I lay to the fact of trying to make the young clergy feel at home in this rectory. I issued an invitation seventeen years ago

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to the Senior Class of the General Theological Seminary to take supper with me before they graduated. I had three men. I issued the same invitation last year; I had forty-one out of a class of forty-three; and this year I had a request from the Junior Class that I should let them spend an evening with me at the beginning of their seminary life as well as at its close. I only mention this to show that if you hold out your hand and keep on holding out your hand (for I have invited the General Seminary students every year) to the young clergy they will respond.

My idea is to let my associates enter fully into the life of the parish; to visit the rich, and not simply the poor; to let them see me whenever they wish, and make them feel that we are working together. Every Monday morning my clergy spend a couple of hours with me, often more, and during the week they are in and out of the study all the time. I expect good work, and I get it. Give a man a chance, and if there is anything in him it will show. I do not have any trouble in keeping them.

How do we get our money for this work? Well, here at St. George's we have received in these twenty years over four thousand five hundred accessions to the church from the Sunday-school alone, and though I suppose there is hardly a child in the Sunday-school who can afford to put ten cents in the plate, yet I get thousands every year from the young people of the church. It is easier to train twigs than trunks.

The great thing is to adapt your machinery to your environment. If you have a brownstone environment—people who can afford to live in a twenty-five-foot house—it is a very simple thing to adapt church services and methods to them. Give them a good sermon and good music and visit them, and the thing is done. But that has not been my problem. My problem has been how to get at the people who do not want to come forward and join the church at all, or who, if they do want to join, cannot pay a hundred dollars or upward for a pew. And I have found that one can raise a good deal of money in a free church if one has a system.<sup>1</sup> All these people are willing to pay something; they ought not to go to worship without

paying; offering money is part of worship; and I do not want people to get the idea that they can come to church and not give anything. A great many people feel they cannot afford to pay so much a year for a pew; and yet, on the other hand, poor people—even people with ten dollars a week income—people who must cut their cloth most carefully in order to have any coat at all—these people are all willing to pay something. Not long ago I had a message from a large number of people on the East Side who could not take an envelope of twenty-five cents per week, but they wanted to take envelopes; and as a result of that movement we have had a thousand dollars a year added to St. George's in five and ten-cent envelopes—all from poor people, unskilled wage-earners. One man comes to me year after year and brings me sixteen dollars as regularly as the seasons come; he has no envelope, but he brings his sixteen dollars.

Just after my anniversary a poor woman—a servant—came to me and said: "I am a lonely woman; St. George's has been a great help to me. I have no family; I know how important it is to keep the church here, and I know the church wants more endowment. I have saved fifty dollars; will you take it for the endowment?" That is God's money. I could give you instance after instance like that. If a man says that the poor and the middle-class people are not willing to pay, he does not know what he is talking about. The people who use our building are all middle class or poor; but all who use it pay something for what they get. Last year we raised \$7,600 from the young people's societies alone in that building; that is fine, you know. And then there are some people who say, "If you feel that way, why do you always call for an endowment?" Well, for this reason: the difference between what these people can pay and what the thing costs must be met by somebody, hence the endowment. People who say, "Do not give the people of New York any institutions except what they can pay for," do not know what they are talking about. The poor people cannot pay for these things altogether; they need them, they are willing to pay what they can; but somebody must pay the difference. When St. George's separated from Trinity Parish, it had thirty-six lots,

<sup>1</sup> We have raised over \$2,300,000 in St. George's during my pastorate.



and in 1883 all these lots but two had been sold; there was not a penny of endowment, and there was a floating debt. We have now over \$300,000 endowment, but that is not enough. We want half a million at the very least.

I have found in my experience that you can raise money by the envelope system, but it must be organized. We raised last year \$9,000 for foreign and domestic missions. Everybody in the congregation gets an envelope before the collection for foreign missions comes up; and when the time comes for domestic missions, everybody gets an envelope in the same way. Our bill for stationery and stamps is terrible, and I have a big staff of secretaries; but much of the work is done voluntarily. My treasurer, for instance, gives up time and strength which no money could purchase. And that is the secret of St. George's success; we have service that money could not buy.

The most efficient lay assistants that churches have are doubtless women; that ought not to be; but I think we have to face that fact and seek reasons for it. The reason is that the laity, consciously and unconsciously both, feel the need of the restatement of the Christian doctrine, and very few churchmen, comparatively, are setting themselves to do that. If I could sum up in a line what I think has been the reason why I have such a unique band of lay helpers, it is because the great majority of them were attracted and held by the fact of my constant aim to restate the old truths of the Christian religion in terms which commend themselves to men's conscience and judgment. From my experience I should say that the cultured laity are not giving up religion, but too many of them are ceasing to look for it in the churches. There is great danger that public worship may be left to women, clergymen, and the uneducated. The movement I speak of affects men rather more than women. We must bring the teachings of Christ nearer the level of modern thought; the thinking of our day is more naturally Christian than the thinking of any other age. I am all the time trying to do that—very imperfectly, it may be, but still I am trying. It is my profound belief that if a man has any gift of God to do that, he can get a hearing among people.

I have hundreds of men and women giving up their evenings for St. George's work. I have a hundred and fifty Sunday-school teachers, and last Sunday, a wet, disagreeable day,<sup>1</sup> there were only three absent. Six came from Brooklyn, and nine or ten from above One Hundredth Street. I try to make them feel that we are all working together; twice a year we have supper together, and we discuss in a democratic way the needs of the Sunday-school. The Sunday-school is carried on as far as possible on the basis of the public school. We try to apply the kindergarten system among the younger children, but usually I cannot get that sort of teacher without money. Kindergartners are worn out during the week and cannot teach again on Sunday. I should like to apply the kindergarten system to all children under eight. We do teach with the blackboard, and follow the general system of the public schools. Many churches seem to think any sort of a young man or woman can teach in a Sunday-school, but that is not so. These children are accustomed to first-rate teachers during the week, and they are not going to put up with slovenly teaching on Sunday. Of course I am working all the time for better teachers, and we do get better ones; the standard to-day is immensely better than it was ten years ago. I have some fine young men, but there are more women than men; I have some great women working here as Sunday-school teachers. We make out our own lessons. Our own committee has drawn up our lessons; that is the highest point we have yet reached.

Every single organization we started was an earnest effort to meet the needs of the people. I have been criticised for starting a dancing-class; that was a new thing not many years ago. I did it because I found that the girls were going to bad dances. Then, when we started the dramatic society, some people said I wanted to turn St. George's into a theater. My boys and girls want to go to the theater; they ought to go. The drama has a great influence; that influence will increase, not decrease; it has an immense place in human life; and so we started the dramatic society; they take up good plays, and it is a great success. At first, when we started the dancing-class, there

<sup>1</sup> February 8, 1903.

were always three or four of the clergy and half a dozen ladies present to look after things; the boys would spit in the corners and throw cigarettes on the floor; now there is nothing of the sort; you could not find better behavior in Sherry's, and there are often no clergy or deaconesses present. Ten years ago, if one of these boys met me in the street, he would scarcely notice me; now there is hardly one who does not take off his hat when he meets me, and I have never asked them to do it. Boys like brass bands; they want to join organizations, and so we started the Battalion; we have one hundred and twenty in the Battalion. St. George's sent seventy-one men to the Spanish War; four were killed; our Battalion is a great power for good.

So about the saloon question. People said I advocated the saloon—church saloon. I never said anything of the kind. As a matter of fact, what I did say was that there was nothing more harmful than a light regard for law. A law that cannot be enforced is a curse in the community; and therefore I advocated having the saloon open part of Sunday. Ten years ago, before Mr. Jerome touched this thing, I talked about it in the pulpit and on the platform: "I would to God there were no saloons, but, since they are here, you have no right to pass a law which cannot be enforced. There is nothing so destructive to the well-being of a community as a light regard for law. Your Puritan who insists on passing his own peculiar law is the ally of the bad element in the city, as has been said so often in *The Outlook*. His stupid insistence to pass laws that cannot be enforced is disastrous; there can be nothing worse." That is what I said over and over again.

I have studied the needs of the people and have tried to meet them. I wish rich men would give the people more opportunities for pleasure—innocent pleasure. I do not specially indorse Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries. Libraries are good things, but in New York there are things we need more. We need pleasure-houses far more in New York; places of amusement that will not degrade. For instance, I have had a good man come to me and say, "Next week is the anniversary of our wedding, and I want to give a little dinner and dance to my wife and her

friends. Do you know of any hall I can get?" And I cannot tell him where to go. My boys and girls wanted to dance. I wanted a place for them, and I had to bring them right into our parish building; but it is not the proper place. There is not room enough. The church ought to meet the social needs of the people, and the social needs of the people of the tenement district of New York are not the social needs of the people in a Maine village, nor even the social needs of Baltimore or Philadelphia. If a man would minister successfully, he must have his finger on the pulse of the community where he is and know how it beats. That is the whole thing.

Since there is no provision for social life in the tenement-house district except the dark alley and the street, I try to meet this condition by providing social life here under right influences. The gymnasium, the cooking and sewing schools, are all efforts to supplement the home training. The time is coming when the Church will not need to do these things at all. The public schools are going to have cooking taught as it should be; manual training will be introduced; gymnasiums will be opened. But in the meantime, by the use of these things, we get in touch with the people, and the whole neighborhood is affected. I can give a beautiful illustration of this. There is an old Dutch woman on one of the blocks on the East Side who owns her own tenement, and who has lived there a great many years. Talking with her the other day, she spoke of the great changes she has seen, and I said, "Well, what about the people?"

"Ach," she said, "twenty years ago there was all bums and toughs here; now there are four or five gentlemen on every block."

Some years ago a man came to see me—a nice-looking fellow—and said: "Dr. Rainsford, I want to tell you a story. I was a physician, doing well, already earning \$10,000 a year, happily married; my wife loved me and I loved her, and, looking back, I cannot see any reason why we did not continue to be happy; but meddling friends interfered, we drew apart, and, to my great shame, I must confess I began to drink. As I drank more and more, we drew further and further apart; I

began to lose my practice; and, to make a long story short, in a couple of years I had nothing. I was a lonely man on the way to the bottomless pit, going as fast as I could go. One hot day in July I was wandering about this part of the city, and I saw a notice on the outside of this church which I had never seen on any other church: 'Come in, Rest and Pray.' I went in and threw myself on my knees; it was the first time I had prayed for years. I reviewed my life. I knew my wife was a good woman; I knew I still loved her; I believed she loved me; I saw no reason why I should be beaten. I prayed to God to give me strength, and I got it. I sought my wife and regained my professional position and my friends; and I lay it all to your open church that said, 'Come in, Rest and Pray.' Let me introduce you, sir, to my wife."

St. George's is out of the way on Stuyvesant Square, and it is not used as much as if it were on the avenue, but it is used a great deal. I should like to reach the tides that go up and down the avenue on Sunday afternoons. I should like to have a place like Trinity Church, Boston; there is the place to preach to men; I do not

say that Boston does not see the opportunity and use it; but look at our avenue churches with their doors closed all week.

What we want is to have the most beautiful churches in the crowded districts, and the best music. Where life is sordid, you want beauty; where life is crowded, you want the big church; where there is discord, you want the most beautiful music. If I had the power, I would put the most beautiful churches in the Bowery, and give them the right sort of preaching and the right sort of music, and the people would come. Make them feel that you are genuine, and they will stand up for you—like the big fellow I had to knock down before I could get him to leave the Sunday-school; he evidently was impressed that I was doing something genuine, and when the time came, he stood up for me and routed the others. I do the best I can to be perfectly genuine; that is the reason why I never wear the clerical dress; that is why when I fish I say I am fishing; when I hunt I say I am hunting. I try to be absolutely natural and sincere; it helps the message, though often people don't understand.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## The Strenuous Life

By William De Witt Hyde

O Lord, we most of all give thanks  
That this thy world is incomplete;  
That battle calls our marshaled ranks,  
That work awaits our hands and feet;

That Thou hast not yet finished man,  
That we are in the making still;  
As friends who share the Maker's plan,  
As sons who know the Father's will.

Beyond the present sin and shame,  
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,  
We see the end at which we aim—  
The blessed kingdom of the Right.

What though its coming long delay!  
With haughty foes it still must cope!  
It gives us that for which to pray,  
A field for toil and faith and hope.

Since what we choose is what we are,  
And what we love we yet shall be,  
The goal may ever shine afar;  
The will to win it makes us free.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

# THE FOREST<sup>1</sup>

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

## Chapter IX.—On Flies

ALL the rest of the day I paddled under the frowning cliffs of the hill ranges. Bold, bare, scarred, seamed with fissures, their precipice rocks gave the impression of ten thousand feet rather than only so many hundreds. Late in the afternoon we landed against a formation of basaltic blocks cut as squarely up and down as a dock, and dropping off into as deep water. The waves *chug-chug-chugged* sullenly against them, and the fringe of a dark pine forest, drawn back from a breadth of natural grass, lowered across the horizon like a thunder-cloud.

Deuce and I made camp with the uneasy feeling of being under inimical inspection. A cold wind ruffled lead-like waters. No comfort was in the prospect, so we retired early. Then it appeared that the coarse grass of the park had bred innumerable black flies, and that we had our work cut out for us.

The question of flies—using that, to a woodsman, eminently connotive word in its wide embracement of mosquitoes, sand-flies, deer-flies, black flies, and midges—is one much mooted in the craft. On no subject are more widely divergent ideas expressed. One writer claims that black flies' bites are but the temporary inconvenience of a pin-prick; another tells of boils lasting a week as the invariable result of their attentions; a third sweeps aside the whole question as unimportant to concentrate his anathemas on the musical mosquito; still a fourth descants on the maddening midge, and is prepared to defend his claims against the world. A like dogmatic partisanship obtains in the question of defenses. Each and every man possessed of a tongue wherewith to speak or a pen wherewith to write, heralds the particular merits of his own fly dope, head-net, or mosquito-proof tent lining. Eager advocates of the advantages of pork fat, kerosene, pine tar, pennyroyal,

oil of cloves, castor oil, "lollacapop," or a half-hundred other concoctions, will assure you, tears in eyes, that his is the only true faith. So many men, so many minds, until the theorist is confused into doing the most uncomfortable thing possible—that is, to learn by experience.

As for the truth, it is at once in all of them and in none of them. The annoyance of after effects from a sting depends entirely on the individual's physical make-up. Some people are so poisoned by mosquito-bites that three or four on the forehead suffice to close entirely the victim's eyes. On others they leave but a small red mark without swelling. Black flies caused festering sores on one man I once accompanied to the woods. In my own case they leave only a tiny blood-spot the size of a pin-head, which bothers me not a bit. Midges nearly drove crazy the same companion of mine, so that finally he jumped into the river, clothes and all, to get rid of them. Again, merely my own experience would lead me to regard them as a tremendous nuisance, but one quite bearable. Indians are less susceptible than whites; nevertheless I have seen them badly swelled behind the ears from the bites of the big hardwood mosquito.

You can make up your mind to one thing—from the first warm weather until August you must expect to cope with insect pests. The black fly will keep you busy until late afternoon; the midges will swarm after you about sunset; and the mosquito will preserve the tradition after you have turned in. As for the deer-fly, and others of his piratical breed, he will bite like a dog at any time.

To me the most annoying species is the mosquito. The black fly is sometimes most industrious—I have seen trout fishermen come into camp with the blood literally streaming from their faces—but his great recommendation is that he holds

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company,

still to be killed. No frantic slaps, no waving of arms, no muffled curses. You merely place your finger calmly and firmly on the spot. You get him every time. In this is great, heart-lifting joy. It may be unholy joy, perhaps even vengeful, but it leaves the spirit ecstatic. The satisfaction of *murdering* the beast that has the nerve to light on you just as you are reeling in, almost counterbalances the pain of a sting. The midge, again—or punkie, or no-see-'um, just as you please—swarms down upon you suddenly and with commendable vigor, so that you feel as though red-hot pepper were being sprinkled on your bare skin; and his invisibility and intangibility are such that you can never tell whether you have killed him or not; but he doesn't last long, and dope routs him totally. Your mosquito, however, is such a deliberate brute. He has in him some of that divine fire which causes a dog to turn around nine times before lying down.

Whether he is selecting or gloating I do not know, but I do maintain that the price of your life's blood is often not too great to pay for the cessation of that hum.

"Eet is not hees bite," said Billy, the half-breed, to me once, "eet is hees sing."

I agree with Billy. One mosquito in a tent can keep you awake for hours.

As to protection, it is varied enough in all consciousness, and always theoretically perfect. A head-net falling well down over your chest, or even tied under your arm-pits, is at once the simplest and most fallacious of these theories. It will keep vast numbers of flies out, to be sure. It will also keep the few adventurous discoverers in, where you can neither kill nor eject. Likewise you are deprived of your pipe; and the common homely comfort of spitting on your bait is totally denied you. The landscape takes on the prismatic colors of refraction, so that, while you can easily make out red, white, and blue Chinese dragons and mythological monsters, you are unable to discover the more welcome succulence, say, of a partridge on a limb. And the end of that head-net is to be picked to holes by the brush, and finally to be snatched from you to sapling height, whence your pains will rescue it only in a useless condition. Probably then you will dance the war-

dance of exasperation on its dismembered remains. Still, there are times—in case of straight-away river paddling, or open walking, or lengthened waiting—when the net is a great comfort. And it is easily included in the pack.

Next in order come the various "dopes," and they are various. From the stickiest, blackest pastes to the silkiest, suavest oils they range, through the grades of essence, salve, and cream. Every man has his own recipe—the infallible. As a general rule, it may be stated that the thicker kinds last longer and are generally more thoroughly effective, but the lighter are pleasanter to wear, though requiring more frequent application. At a pinch, ordinary pork fat is good. The Indians often make temporary use of the broad caribou leaf, crushing it between their palms and rubbing the juices on the skin. I know by experience that this is effective, but very transitory. It is, however, a good thing to use when resting on the trail, for, by the grace of Providence, flies are rarely bothersome as long as you are moving at a fair gait.

This does not always hold good, however, any more than the best fly dope is always effective. I remember most vividly the first day of a return journey from the shores of the Hudson Bay. The weather was rather oppressively close and overcast. We had paddled a few miles up river from the fur trading post, and then had landed in order to lighten the canoe for the ascent against the current. At that point the forest has already begun to dwindle toward the Land of Little Sticks, so that often miles and miles of open muskegs will intervene between groups of the stunted trees. Jim and I found ourselves a little over waist-deep in luxuriant and tangled grasses that impeded and clogged our every footstep. Never shall I forget that country—its sad and lonely isolation, its dull lead sky, its silence, and the closeness of its stifling atmosphere—and never shall I see it otherwise than as in a dense brown haze, a haze composed of swarming millions of mosquitoes. There is not the slightest exaggeration in the statement. At every step new multitudes rushed into our faces to join the old. At times Jim's back was so covered with them that they almost overlaid the color of the cloth. And as near as we could see, every

square foot of the thousands of acres quartered its hordes.

We doped liberally, but without the slightest effect. Probably two million squeamish mosquitoes were driven away by the disgust of our medicaments, but what good did that do us when eight million others were not so particular? At the last we hung bandanas under our hats, cut fans of leaves, and stumbled on through a most miserable day until we could build a smudge at evening.

For smoke is usually a specific. Not always, however—some midges seem to delight in it. The Indians make a tiny blaze of birch bark and pine twigs deep in a nest of grass and caribou leaves. When the flame is well started, they twist the growing vegetation canopy-wise above it. In that manner they gain a few minutes of dense, acrid smoke, which is enough for an Indian. A white man, however, needs something more elaborate.

The chief reason for your initial failure in making an effective smudge will be that you will not get your fire well started before piling on the damp smoke-material. It need not be a conflagration, but it should be bright and glowing, so that the punk birch or maple wood you add will not smother it entirely. After it is completed, you will not have to sit coughing in the thick of fumigation, as do many, but only to leeward and underneath. Your hat used as a fan will eddy the smoke temporarily into desirable nooks and crevices. I have slept without annoyance on the Great Plains, where the mosquitoes seem to go in organized and predatory bands, merely by lying beneath a smudge that passed at least five feet above me. You will find the frying-pan a handy brazier for the accommodation of a movable smoke to be transported to the interior of the tent. And it does not in the least hurt the frying-pan. These be hints, briefly spoken, out of which at times you may have to construct elaborate campaigns.

But you come to grapples in the defense of comfort when night approaches. If you can eat and sleep well, you can stand almost any hardship. The night's rest is as carefully to be fore-assured as the food that sustains you. No precaution is too elaborate to certify unbroken repose.

By dark you will discover the peak of your tent to be liberally speckled with insects of all sorts. Especially is this true of an evening that threatens rain. Your smudge-pan may drive away the mosquitoes, but merely stupefies the other varieties. You are forced to the manipulation of a balsam fan.

In your use of this simple implement you will betray the extent of your experience. Dick used at first to begin at the rear peak and brush as rapidly as possible toward the opening. The flies, thoroughly aroused, eddied about a few frantic moments, like leaves in an autumn wind, finally to settle close to the sod in the crannies between the tent wall and the ground. Then Dick would lie flat on his belly in order to brush with equal vigor at these new lurking-places. The flies repeated the autumn-leaf effect, and returned to the rear peak. This was amusing to me and furnished the flies with healthful, appetizing exercise, but was bad for Dick's soul. After a time he discovered that the only successful method is the gentle one. Then he began at the peak and brushed forward slowly, very, very slowly, so that the limited intellect of his visitors did not become confused. Thus when they arrived at the opening they saw it and used it, instead of searching frantically for corners in which to hide from apparently vengeful destruction. Then he would close his tent-flap securely, and turn in at once. So he was able to sleep until earliest daylight. At that time the mosquitoes again found him out.

Nine out of ten, perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred, sleep in open tents. For absolute and perfect comfort proceed as follows: Have your tent-maker sew you a tent of cheese-cloth with the same dimensions as your shelter, except that the walls should be loose and voluminous at the bottom. It should have no openings. Suspend this affair inside your tent by means of cords or tapes. Drop it about you. Spread it out. Lay rod-cases, duffel-bags, or rocks along its lower edges to keep it spread. You will sleep beneath it like a child in winter. No driving out of reluctant flies; no enforced early rising; no danger of a single overlooked insect to make the midnight miserable. The cheese-cloth weighs almost nothing, can be looped up out of the way in the day-

time, admits the air readily. Nothing could fill the soul with more ecstatic satisfaction than to lie for a moment before going to sleep listening to a noise outside like an able-bodied sawmill that indicates that the *ping-gosh* are abroad.

It would be unfair to leave the subject without a passing reference to its effect on the imagination. We are all more or less familiar with comic-paper mosquito stories, and some of them are very good. But until actual experience takes you by the hand and leads you into the realm of pure fancy, you will never know of what improvisation the human mind is capable.

The picture rises before my mind of the cabin of a twenty-eight-foot cutter-sloop just before the dawn of a mid-summer day. The sloop was made for business, and the cabin harmonized exactly with the sloop—painted pine, wooden bunks without mattresses, camp blankets, duffel-bags slung up because all the floor-space had been requisitioned for sleeping purposes. We were anchored a hundred feet off land from Pilot Cove, on the uninhabited north shore. The mosquitoes had adventured on the deep. We lay half asleep.

"On the middle rafter," murmured the Football Man, "is one old fellow giving signals."

"A quartette is singing drinking songs on my nose," muttered the Glee Club Man.

"We won't need to cook," I suggested, somnolently. "We can run up and down on deck with our mouths open and get enough for breakfast."

The fourth member opened one eye. "Boys," he breathed, "we won't be able to go on to-morrow unless we give up having any more biscuits."

After a time some one murmured, "Why?"

"We'll have to use all the lard on the mast. They're so mad because they can't get at us that they're biting the mast. It's already swelled up as big as a barrel. We'll never be able to get the mainsail up. Any of you boys got any vaseline? Perhaps a little fly dope—"

But we snored vigorously in unison.

The Indians say that when Kitch' Manitou had created men he was dissatisfied, and so brought women into being. At once love-making began, and then, as

now, the couples sought solitude for their exchange of vows, their sighing to the moon, their clasping of hands. Marriages ensued. The situation remained unchanged. Life was one perpetual honeymoon. I suppose the novelty was fresh and the sexes had not yet realized that they would not part as abruptly as they had been brought together. The villages were deserted, while the woods and bushes were populous with wedded and unwedded lovers. Kitch' Manitou looked on the proceedings with disapproval. All this was most romantic and beautiful, no doubt, but in the meantime *mi-daw-min*, the corn, *mi-nó-men*, the rice, grew rank and uncultivated; while *bis-fw*, the lynx, and *swingwáage*, the wolverine, and *me-én-gan*, the wolf, committed unchecked depredations among the weaker forest creatures. The business of life was being sadly neglected. So Kitch' Manitou took counsel with himself, and created *saw-gi-may*, the mosquito, to whom he gave as dwelling the woods and bushes. That took the romance out of the situation. As my narrator grimly expressed it, "Him come back, go to work." Certainly it should be most effective. Even the thick-skinned moose is not exempt from discomfort. At certain seasons the canoe voyager in the far North will run up on a dozen in the course of a day's travel, standing nose-deep in the river merely to escape the insect pests.

However, this is to be remembered: after the first of August they bother very little; before that time the campaign I have outlined is effective; even in fly season the worst days are infrequent; in the woods you must expect to pay a certain price in discomfort for a very real and very deep pleasure. Wet, heat, cold, hunger, thirst, difficult travel, insects, hard beds, aching muscles—all these at one time or another will be your portion. If you are of the class that cannot have a good time unless everything is right with it, stay out of the woods. One thing at least will always be wrong. When you have gained the faculty of ignoring the one disagreeable thing and concentrating your powers on the compensations, then you will have become a true woodsman, and to your desires the forest will always be calling.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# Child Labor in Pennsylvania

By Kellogg Durland

**T**HE Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned recently, leaving its principal child labor bill unpassed. Two years must now elapse before the deplorably lax laws can be touched. According to the United States Agent of the Department of Labor, Mr. William Waudby, there were approximately 860,700 children between the ages of ten and fifteen years employed in various "gainful occupations" in 1890 in the United States; in 1900 that number had grown to *one million seven hundred and fifty thousand*. The first steps to stay the tide of this development this winter were taken in Pennsylvania. Investigation among the silk and knitting mills disclosed the extent to which the employment of little children is practiced, and publication of the facts stirred public interest considerably. Other States were stimulated to investigation. Child labor committees were formed, and in a dozen States legislative reforms were urged. Bills have already passed in eight States, and in four others remedial measures are pending. The bills introduced at Harrisburg were supported by the United Mine Workers of America and the anthracite coal operators jointly. Yet they dragged slowly through the mechanism of the Senate and Assembly, and finally, in almost the last hour of business, the bill raising the age-limit of breaker-boys to fourteen, and of mine employees in both anthracite and bituminous fields from fourteen to sixteen, passed; but the other, which sought to abolish the night work of little girls in the mills and factories, was lost. While North and South Carolina, Alabama, Texas, California, Oregon, New Jersey, and New York were actually reforming their laws, Pennsylvania was indifferently delaying all reform. It is fourteen years since any amendment to the factory laws has been made. These years have been characterized by a full meed of industrial prosperity, according to the shortsighted estimate of Pennsylvania's false economic prophets. At the same time the illiteracy of Pennsylvania children ranks the State lowest among the important manufacturing States of the

country, and places her with the backward States of the South. The employment of small boys through long days, the working of little girls through nights of strain and toil, is so grave and so obvious an economic blunder that the wonder is that the employers themselves do not realize it. Yet one large mill manager said openly a few weeks ago: "Much of the prosperity of the State of Pennsylvania is owing to the fact that she has a lower age-limit than any of her neighbors. Tinkering with existing conditions will drive the mills to other States."

The story of the beginnings of the child labor campaign in Pennsylvania is like the opening chapter of a strong book of fiction. It is replete with dramatic incident, harrowing in its realism, heartbreaking in its temporary outcome. At a certain memorable session of the Anthracite Strike Commission a group of little girls were brought to the witness-stand. Every one of them was at work under the statutory age, or had begun to work under that age. It was a morning in November. The Scranton court-room was crowded with eager men and women. As the little children were brought to the stand, every Commissioner rose up and drew toward Judge Gray's chair. The hush that fell over the room left the childish voices audible in every corner. Chairman Gray questioned them, and the little girls replied wonderingly. The crowd puzzled them. They could not understand why so many people were interested in them. They did not realize that they were speaking for seventeen thousand little girls who work in the mills and factories just as they do. Nor did they realize that their lot is leastwise different from what it should be. Years ago children, more especially boys, were sent to work to learn trades. Now they are sent to work to earn money. From tender years both boys and girls are taught to look forward to the time when they may bring their share of money into the home. Thus the system works evil in several ways. The child is dwarfed in body and mind. The parents tend to release themselves from



natural responsibility, and come to lean more and more upon the children. Helen Sisscak, a wan mite of a girl, who spoke no English, told Judge Gray that she cleaned bobbins at three cents an hour. She went to work at half-past six at night and worked till half-past six in the morning. It took her nearly an hour to get from her home to the mill, and the road led across fields that were exposed to the storms that sweep down the valley. I have gone over that very road in a winter afternoon, when the bleak winds and snow were blowing from the hills, and it was a journey I should not care to make often. It was when this child had finished her story that Judge Gray exclaimed, with much feeling, "Here we actually find the flesh and blood of little children coined into money!" And, shortly after, "This matter of night labor by young girls should be thoroughly investigated by those who will not shirk the work, and the result made known in every part of Pennsylvania." This work has been done. Yet the indifferentism of legislators, or the lack of public pressure, has resulted in a continuance of the system, with never a strong hand raised in protest. As soon as the Western Association of Glass Manufacturers saw that a bill had been introduced to abolish night work, a committee was appointed to go to Harrisburg and prevent the enactment of any legislation this session. These manufacturers are reported to have adopted resolutions denouncing and ridiculing that section of the bill which provided that children must learn to read and write English before beginning work. It was the influence of this organization that helped to keep in office, as chief factory inspector, for several years, Mr. James Campbell. Mr. Campbell it was who had been an advocate of the glass manufacturers at all hearings on the glass tariff before the Committee on Ways and Means at Washington. Mr. Campbell it was who, in speaking in Pittsburg last October before the Mothers' Congress, said that Pennsylvania suffers from the excessive education of workingmen's children. This is a theory that some of Mr. Campbell's subordinates have been fond of upholding of late. As recently as March, at a meeting of the Civic Club in Philadelphia, a late factory inspector

urged the same point. But Mr. Campbell has been removed by Governor Pennypacker, and his successor promises a more enlightened policy. These are the kind of men who do not even pretend to enforce existing laws. As Judge Gray further remarked, "Some of the laws in the anthracite region are little better than dead letters." Endless excuses are advanced for this laxity, but there is little validity in any of them.

Going from factory to factory throughout the anthracite counties, I sometimes came upon the sign "Girls Wanted" nailed to the factory doors. Where the demand for silks and laces is good, as apparently it is most of the time in Pennsylvania, cheap child labor is in urgent demand. It is through it that Pennsylvania manufacturers are able to undersell New England manufacturers, for example. The available and eligible children are not so numerous that they can afford to scrutinize the age certificates too closely.

According to the State factory inspector, there are something over seventeen thousand girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen working in the manufacturing establishments of the State. Of this number approximately four thousand work all night in the textile mills, and early in the investigation it was estimated that probably one-half of these were under the legal age, and fully seventy-five per cent. of those who work at night are under fifteen. The nature of the night work is such that commonly the smallest children are kept for that shift.

The breaker-boys work only by day. Undoubtedly they are able to bear the vicissitudes of their labor more easily than the girls bear theirs, but the number of boys at work below the statutory age was probably between one and two thousand at the beginning of the winter. When the coal comes up out of the mines, it is sent to the towering breakers and run through a series of sifting and sorting troughs, astride of which the boys sit, their little backs bent over the streams of moving coal, as with their bare hands they pick the stone and refuse from the good coal. Their fingers soon become scarred and calloused, and their nails worn or broken to the quick. The breaker atmosphere becomes impenetrable. Fine particles of coal-dust fill the air and are

taken into the lungs with every breath. This is the dark cloud that hovers like a pall above every dry breaker in the anthracite region. The tissues of the boys' lungs gather the black specks until the whole lung is discolored, and I have seen boys who have been away from the breakers and mines for eight and even ten years cough up these particles whenever they were attacked by a slight cold. Experiment has shown that the work of the breaker-boys can be done by machinery. Automatic slate-pickers have been demonstrated to be practicable. Flesh and blood are at present deemed cheaper commodities than iron and steel. And the State permits the boys to do this work at fourteen.

Less kindly is the State toward the girls. They may work at thirteen years. They may work at twelve-hour shifts by day or by night. Their work is often in a warm, moist atmosphere, out of which they pass into the chill dawn of winter mornings. They must stand at their work. They must be unceasingly diligent lest an unnoticed broken strand of silk entangle others and damage the work. They are unprotected from moral dangers shocking almost beyond credence. The State has refused to protect these children because the abolition of child labor at night would necessitate the remodeling of certain industrial plants, and the citizens of the State bow to the wishes of the manufacturers in this matter as quietly as if it were a moot point complicated by subtle technicalities. The moral phase of the matter is completely subjugated to the pecuniary.

"I deplore this business as much as you do," a silk-mill owner said to me one day, "but I am part of a great industrial system, and so long as the system exists I must run my mill as other mills are run." The gentleman had come to me to beg that I keep silent on what I had seen in his mill the previous night. The foreman in charge, with more kindness than business discretion, had allowed me to go through the mill with absolute *carte blanche*. When I saw a small girl whose thin features and lusterless eyes attracted my attention, I asked her age. "Eleven past, sir," she answered.

"How long have you worked in the mill?"

"Two years."

"Do you always work night shift?"

"Yes, sir, all the time."

A little boy was working over a loom a few feet off.

"How old are you, my boy?" I asked.

"Fourteen past, sir."

I should not have thought him more than eleven.

The perpetual click of the rattling looms, the whirl of belts, the crunch and rumble of wheels, made a deafening din. The looms move so regularly that I found my eyes easily tired watching them. It needed only a few moments of fixed gazing to appreciate the story told by one little girl who had had to quit the mill:

"The tangles were always worst when I was tiredest. I had to twist back the reel for a long, long time, until all the tangles were gone. The big girl who had charge of our department often scolded me, and sometimes the man who was night superintendent told me he would discharge me if I couldn't do better. Then my head would ache something awful, and I would have to cry, and some other girl would straighten out the tangle."

Another one employed in a mill near Scranton, who had been transferred to the day shift, said:

"When I first went to work at night, the long standing hurt me very much. My feet burned so that I cried. My knees hurt me worse than my feet, and my back pained all the time. Mother cried when I told her how I suffered, and that made me feel so badly that I did not tell her any more. It does not hurt so much now, but I feel tired all the time. I do not feel near as tired, though, as I did when I worked all night. My eyes hurt me, too, from watching the threads at night. The doctor said they would be ruined if I did not stop the night work. After watching the threads for a long time, I could see threads everywhere. When I looked at other things, there were threads running across them. Sometimes I felt as though the threads were cutting my eyes."

Consumption, bronchial affections, anæmia, are all common ailments among the children of the mills. Their vitality is sapped. They enter the period of womanhood frail and worn out. Yet these are the women expected to bear sons who will carry on great industries, that the

State may prosper. Bad as this aspect is, there is another, a sadder and more terrible feature. The close atmosphere of the factory rooms in the dead of night tends to stupefy the children. To freshen them and drive the natural drowsiness away, they are encouraged to spend their midnight half-hour running in the open air. The mills usually occupy isolated sites. They are often on the edge of a mining village, sometimes by the banks of the Susquehanna, or near the foot of the hills. Open fields and shadowy woods surround them. In the depth of the night shades lurk human vampires and vultures, immoral loafers who prey upon the ignorant, helpless girls. In large factories there are always one or two, at least, whose influence is pernicious—older girls who work havoc among the littler ones. Sometimes men are sent out to guard against these hideous practices, but at night it is easy to be wary and escape notice.

The home life of the juvenile toilers differs as do the homes of the miners. Some are bare and unlovely. Others are comfortable. The home often explains why the child is at work. I visited all kinds of homes. Entering a typical miner's cottage one day, I found the father of a silk-mill girl a stalwart miner. When I took him to task for allowing his child to work, he glared at me and exclaimed:

"It means bread money for the family."

In another home the mother, significantly, silently handed me the provision book. It showed that at the time the child went to work a bill of more than seventy-six dollars had been owing for provisions. The girl's earnings had gone toward reducing this bill. Only twenty dollars remained unpaid when I saw the book. These cases are typical of one class. The fathers are actually unable to support their families adequately, and it is from sheer necessity that they send the children to work. There is another class. Prodigal parents seek to make up for their improvidence through the little wage-earners. And then there are children who are ambitious to dress beyond the means of their parents. They want new hats and boots. They find pleasure in ribbons and furbelows. They tease to go to work,

and when they have worked long enough to rue the step, it is too late for them to repent.

Not one of these reasons is valid. Every father should be able to support his family decently. With the advance in wages which has now been made to the miners, they at least may no longer offer this excuse. The others are unpardonable. The same inadequate standard of life that leads parents to force their children to work, or prompts them to acquiesce in their voluntarily entering the mills, also leads them to falsify the age certificates. They are often of alien tongue. They are ignorant. It is customary to say a child is thirteen in order that she may go to work, and the laxity of the inspectors and the mill-owners encourages parents to swear to false ages. Their outlook on life is so different that to them there is no conception of wrong in this. But that is not the point of immediate concern. The children are in the mills, performing work beyond their strength, and the State should save them. It is but right that that State should protect itself. During the winter Mr. Baer stated that the breaker-boys in the Philadelphia and Reading collieries received eighty-five cents a day. Mr. Baer's wage-sheets showed that they received fifty-eight cents. But that Mr. Baer should have transposed the figures is beside the point. Whether at five cents or eight cents an hour, little boys ought not to be employed in the breakers. Whether at three cents or five cents an hour, little girls ought not to be in the mills. And whether thirteen or fifteen or eighteen, girls ought not to be allowed to work all night under circumstances so hardening, so unwholesome, and so unnatural.

If there is any civic conscience in Pennsylvania, it must be looked for among the women. Various women's organizations have undertaken to stand by the child labor reform agitation though it take years. A committee has been appointed to take steps as individual citizens to see that existing laws, such as they are, are rigidly enforced, and to fight for legislation until the child labor blot is swept from Pennsylvania's escutcheon.

# Studies in Colonial Administration<sup>1</sup>

## III.—British North Borneo

By Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S.

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**A**LTHOUGH our present concern is chiefly with the condition and government of British North Borneo, one or two facts in connection with the history of the country are of sufficient interest to call for a passing word.

In 1858 the famous East India Company ceased to exist; its political and territorial rights passed to the British Crown; its special trading rights had disappeared some years before. It was generally believed that the day of great commercial companies with the territorial powers of States was over. In 1869 Mr. William Forsyth, writing of the Hudson's Bay Company, said: "I have endeavored to give some account of the last of the great proprietary companies. . . . It may continue to exist as a trading company, but as a territorial power it must make up its mind to fold its (buffalo) robes around it and die with dignity."

The British North Borneo Company, therefore, acquires a special interest for students of history from the fact that its charter, granted in 1881, marks the revival of the old discarded policy of commercial companies endowed with territorial authority, and because it is the oldest of that group of companies which includes the Imperial British East Africa Company and the British South Africa Chartered Company.

Another point of historical interest is that the greater portion of the territory of the Company was originally acquired in 1865 from the Sultan of Brunei, together with all sovereign rights, by the American Consul for Brunei, who forthwith formed the American Trading Company of Borneo. This Company, from one cause and another, failed to do any good with its territory, and sold its rights in 1877 to two Hongkong merchants, Mr. (now Sir) Alfred Dent and Baron von Overbeck, an Austrian. This led to the formation of the British North Borneo Company,

which was incorporated under Royal Charter on November 1, 1881.

Finally, it is a curious circumstance that the charter should have been granted on the advice of Mr. Gladstone and his Ministers, confirmed anti-expansionists. This incongruity was noted at the time by Mr. A. J. Balfour, the present Prime Minister of England, who, in the course of the debate in the House of Commons on the granting of the Charter, said: "This debate is, I think, the most singular thing I have ever listened to in this House. There have been a great many able speeches delivered in defense of her Majesty's Government, but these speeches have all come from this side of the House.<sup>2</sup> There have been several Jingo speeches delivered here, but the most remarkable example of them has come from the Treasury bench."<sup>3</sup>

So it is seen that the Company is remarkable in that it acquired its territory from an American citizen, its charter from a Liberal Government, and that the countenance afforded it by England marked the re-establishment of conditions which every one believed to have finally disappeared.

In my last article I gave some account of the British Crown Colony of Hongkong, and it is perhaps fortunate that the present article should deal with the British Protected State of North Borneo (better known as British North Borneo), for no two colonies situated in the same part of the world could possibly present to the student greater contrasts in every matter with which political economy and sociology are concerned.

The former has a very small area and a very large population; in the latter these conditions are reversed. The area of British North Borneo (30,000 square miles) is about equal to that of the State of Maine; the area of Hongkong (thirty square miles) is less than that of the city

<sup>1</sup> Previous articles in this series have been: I., Introductory, November 22, 1902; II., Hongkong, November 29, 1902.

<sup>2</sup> That is, from the Opposition.

<sup>3</sup> That is, from the Liberals.

of Indianapolis; but the former colony has a population of less than four persons to the square mile, the latter a population of more than ten thousand to the square mile. In the thirty square miles of Hongkong there are, excluding naval and military forces, nearly seven thousand white people; in the thirty thousand square miles of British North Borneo there are less than two hundred. Hongkong exists only by virtue of its shipping, and agricultural interests are insignificant; in British North Borneo everything is of the land—tobacco, timber, india-rubber, gutta-percha, cocoanuts—and one steamer a week represents the foreign shipping of the country.

A comparison of the populations discloses yet greater differences. In Hongkong ninety-six per cent. of the people are Chinese—a race used to the life of cities, saturated with a political theory entirely democratic in all essentials, possessing a great literature and a native system of philosophy, a race molded to a social form more completely developed, more minutely defined, and more unalterably fixed than that of any other country in the world. In North Borneo, on the other hand, scarcely fifteen per cent. of the population is Chinese. The mass of the people belong to three native tribes—Bajau, Dusun, and Murut. The Bajaus are a race of sea-gypsies—pirates turned fishermen, under British guidance; the Dusuns are a coast folk living in small villages or kampongs by the shore and along the foothills; the Muruts are a half-savage tribe in the far interior.

These people differ greatly from one another in many important respects, but from the administrative standpoint they have this much in common, that they have no written language, no cities, no wealth, and that the internal relations of each tribe are purely feudal in character.

To close our comparison, it may be pointed out that the brilliant career of Hongkong, granted the maintenance of law and order, has not been due in any great degree to excellence of internal administration, but to the fortunate position of the colony as affording a good harbor at the southern gate of China. British North Borneo is too young to have had a career as yet, since the State is scarcely twenty years old; but it is

abundantly clear that its present condition has nothing to do with extraneous causes, and that the future of the country rests entirely on the single question of wise and skillful administration.

The principal questions which the government of British North Borneo is called on to face rest upon three main factors—two of local origin, the need of immigration and the general nature of the country, which together comprise the problem of development *per se*; and one of an extraneous nature—namely, the declared wishes of the shareholders of the Company, which may or may not coincide with the best interests of the country itself as viewed from the purely administrative standpoint.

After an experience of a number of years in all parts of the tropics, I can safely say that I have never visited a tropical country which combines in a higher degree than British North Borneo every natural element that goes to make up a fine territory. The soil is rich; the climate, though hot, is not unhealthy; the rainfall is regular, and prolonged drought is almost unknown; the country is watered by magnificent rivers; the most valuable tropical products, india-rubber, gutta-percha, cutch, tobacco, timber, cocoanuts, thrive here in a manner unsurpassed in any other part of the world; and Nature, as though anxious to put a visible stamp of excellence upon the land, has endowed it with superb scenery of open plain and rolling hill, has clothed it with magnificent forests, and has set in its midst the mighty mountain Kina Balu, which rises abruptly out of the plain to a height of 14,000 feet, and dominates sea and land for nigh a hundred miles in every direction.

So much for the country. Of the people little need be said. Their number is so small and they are distributed over so great an area that in regard to them there scarcely arises any administrative problem. It is supposed that at one time the country supported a much larger population; but in the years before British authority suppressed piracy, constant warfare so depleted the stock that to-day, as far as the development of the country is concerned, the natives are a negligible quantity.

The story of how the Company has faced its task of finding the capital, the

population, and the administrative skill for the conduct of its enterprise may be preceded by a description of the general form of the government.

The limitations imposed on the Company by its Charter (1881) and by its Deed of Protectorate (1888) are of such a nature as to interfere in the smallest degree with matters of internal administration. They are the following:

1. The Company must remain British in character and domicile; and all the members of the court of directors, as well as the Company's chief representative in Borneo, must be British subjects.

2. The Company is not permitted to transfer any of its rights without the express permission of the British Government.

3. Foreign relations are to be conducted through the British Government or in accordance with its directions.

4. Perfect religious freedom to be allowed to all persons living in the territory.

5. The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has the right to dissent from or object to any part of the proceedings or system of the Company relative to the people of Borneo; and the Company is bound to act upon any suggestion founded on such dissent or objection.

6. No general monopoly of trade may be set up.

7. The appointment of the Governor of British North Borneo is subject to the approval of the British Government.

Within these bounds the rule of the Company is purely autocratic. The Governor is free to introduce such laws as may appear to him suitable for the needs of the country; and in so far as he is given a free hand by the Company he alone is responsible for general success or failure.

Apart from the absolute independence of legislation enjoyed by the Company, there is nothing unusual in the organization of the Government of British North Borneo. The country is divided into districts, and in each there is stationed a district officer who acts as magistrate and tax-collector. The immediate superiors of the district officers are the Residents, of whom there are three, one at Papar, on the west coast, one at Tawao, on the east coast, and one at the port of Kudat in Marudu Bay, in the north of the island. The work of the Residents and district officers is subject to the review of the Judicial Commissioner and the Finance Commissioner, whose offices are in Sandakan on the east coast, and finally to the approval of the Governor.

In traveling about the country I was much impressed by the excellent tact and administrative ability displayed by the Government officers. They spoke the language of the people, showed an interest in their affairs, were at all times accessible to everybody who wished to make a complaint or to ask for advice or assistance, and appeared in every way to command the respect and good will of the natives. In the discharge of their duties the district officers are assisted by the native chiefs, who, on condition of remaining loyal to the Government, retain their titles and are paid fixed allowances. The general effect of my observations was that the people were governed rather by force of personal influence than by the power of legislation, that the judicial relations were based upon wise and tolerant equity more than upon mere precise law, and that a perfectly friendly understanding existed between the Government and the natives.

Unlike the old East India Company, the British North Borneo Company does not conduct any trade on its own account, but confines itself to the administration of the country. The local revenue and expenditure accounts possess, therefore, this interest, that they exhibit the work of the Company in so far as it is a matter of profit or loss to the shareholders.

The paid-up capital of the Company is, roughly, \$3,500,000 (gold), and there has been an issue recently of \$1,000,000 (gold) first mortgage debentures on which five per cent. per annum interest is payable. The proceeds of the issue of the debentures are to be devoted to the completion of the State railway on the west coast and to other reproductive works. The general financial situation of the country is at present this, that, over and above the expense of administration, the revenue must meet a charge of \$100,000 (silver) as interest on the debentures before any dividend can be declared on the paid-up capital. As, up to the present time, the Company has never paid a higher dividend than two per cent., it is clear that, unless all profits are to be swallowed up by the payment of interest on the debentures, the revenue will have to show a substantial increase in the near future.

The latest complete figures for revenue and expenditure are those for 1900. The

total revenue for that year was \$587,226 (silver), equal to about \$2.50 United States currency per head of the total population. Of the total amount, seventy-five per cent. was raised from customs duties (\$209,183 silver) and revenue farms (\$230,345 silver). About sixty per cent. of the customs revenue is raised from duties on imports, and forty per cent. from duties on exports. The imports consist of the usual articles—cloth, cutlery, wines, spirits, tobacco, glassware, lamps, kerosene, and so on; the exports which contribute most to the revenue are tobacco, timber, gutta-percha and india-rubber, edible bird's-nests, and dyestuffs. The revenue farms consist of the monopolies of the right to sell opium and spirits, to keep gambling-houses and pawnbrokers' shops. These monopolies are sold to the highest bidder, who is always a Chinaman.

The question of the opium and gambling licenses is one which has been hotly debated in England from time to time; but out in the Far East public opinion has always been practically unanimous in favor of such monopolies. If three hundred years of contact with China has taught one lesson more thoroughly than another, it is that no legislation, no measures of repression, however severe (and much has been attempted from time to time in this direction), can turn the Chinaman from opium-smoking and gambling. I have no desire to advocate indulgence in these vices; but as a thousand voices are ever ready to condemn a policy which enables a State to draw a revenue from them, it seems advisable, for the better understanding of the matter, to say a few words on the other side.

As far as I am aware, no one has ever tried to make people believe that gambling and opium-selling are licensed in many Far Eastern countries because it is hoped by that means to eradicate those vices; the reason why they are licensed is because the sale of the monopolies produces a good revenue. But although eradication is impossible, a certain degree of control may be effected by granting to some one person or firm the opium and gambling monopoly. The effect of the monopoly, as far as control and regulation are concerned, is this: the holder of the monopoly secures his rights only on payment of a very large sum of money, and

retains them only for so long as he strictly adheres to the Government regulations. It thus comes about that, in British North Borneo for instance, the Government has been able to put an end to two great evils which always exist in the absence of licensing; namely, gambling and opium-smoking by minors, and the use of clothing, tools, and other property for gambling stakes or for the purchase of opium. No person except an adult male is allowed to purchase opium or to visit a gambling-house, and nothing except current coin can be staked or used for the purchase of opium. It may be suggested that if regulation to this extent can be secured under the system of licensing, it could be secured otherwise. But there is this vital difference between the license and the no-license system, that in the former case the opium and gambling farmer will, in the interest of his own monopoly, use every means in his power to prevent opium-smoking and gambling except in his own saloons, and to enforce the Government regulations under which his monopoly is granted; whereas in the latter case all attempts to suppress or regulate must be made through the agency of a paid Chinese police force, an agency which has been proved, after repeated experiment, to be utterly unreliable. Considerations of space prevent further remarks upon this subject at present; but I may add that in Hongkong and in the Straits Settlements, where gambling is not only not allowed but is a matter for severe punishment, the vice is more prevalent and is accompanied with worse results than in almost any other places under European government in the Far East.

The expenditure returns call for little comment. The expenditure falls under two main heads, that on Revenue Account and that on Capital Account. The latter is almost entirely made up of the cost of constructing the West Coast Railway.

The financial position of the country is shown by comparing the revenue with the expenditure on Revenue Account, and such comparison shows that up to 1895 there was an annual deficit; while in that year the treasury possessed a small surplus. This has gradually increased, and it has been possible to declare a dividend of two per cent. on the paid-up capital.

The general policy of the Company

seems to me to have been a mistaken one. It was clear from the first that the pressing needs of the country were the construction of good roads into the richest part of the interior, which could not be reached by river communication, and the establishment of a flow of Chinese immigration from Hongkong, Singapore, and the China coast ports. The necessity of good roads is one common to all countries, and the pressing need for Chinese immigrants arose from the fact that, even if the native population were willing to work, which it certainly is not, it is too small in number to suffice for the requirements of large industries. Neither of these matters has been properly attended to.

In regard to immigration, attempts have been made from time to time to secure a steady supply of Chinese; but these efforts have been of a desultory character, have been conducted in an unsystematic way, and their success has been greatly hampered by the failure of the Company to make British North Borneo attractive to those Chinese who have come there from time to time. I do not mean to imply that in recent years there has been any ill-treatment of the Chinese immigrants; but sufficient care has not yet been taken to provide employment for the immigrants and to encourage various forms of culti-

vation on free grants of land, and the system of taxation has, in some important respects, been unsuited to the conditions of a country whose prosperity rests almost entirely on the maintenance of a constant flow of Chinese immigration.

Bearing in mind the magnificent nature of the territory, it is quite clear that future success or failure rests with the Directors of the Company. The present Governor of British North Borneo, Mr. E. W. Birch, C.M.G., a man who had his training in the Federated Malay States, is perfectly competent to place the country on the high road to success; but the past history of the Company discloses an unfortunate tendency to decide important local questions too much from considerations of small immediate gain and too little from the standpoint of the permanent interests of the country; and hitherto the Governor's views in regard to matters of local administration have been too often disregarded.

In no country with which I am acquainted does the record more clearly teach this lesson, that for the successful development of a wild and unopened country the best policy is to select a first-class administrator, put him in absolute charge, and give him a free hand.

Kudat, Province Alcock, British North Borneo.

## The Knowledge of Faith

By Everett P. Wheeler<sup>1</sup>

"Grant that we, who know Thee now by faith, may, after this life, have the fruition of Thy glorious God-head."

**A** WISE woman once said that a cold-blooded animal sinks to the level of its surroundings, and is chilled and stiffened by the cold; but a hot-blooded creature, in the same atmosphere, produces heat within itself and is warmed. There is much in the struggle of life to chill the soul. The strong spirit is not overcome by this freezing

environment, but is warm even in the Arctic winter. To be so, however, it must have food. The hunger-bitten soul will freeze at last.

The man who is honest with himself recognizes the truth of this. But he often fails to receive the food he needs, because he doubts the reality of the spiritual food which alone can nourish the spirit of man. He fails to realize the significance of the experience of his fellows. He forgets that all our knowledge is based upon belief in the affirmations of human consciousness. When we see a man or a tree, we see an image on the retina of the eye. The observer believes that this image correctly represents the object before him, and therefore believes in the reality of that object. If he touches the

<sup>1</sup>Few, if any, members of the New York bar have exercised a stronger influence for political reform than Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, the writer of this article upon personal religious life. Mr. Wheeler was born in New York City in 1840, graduated at the city college at the age of sixteen, and from the beginning of his professional life has been active in a wide variety of public-spirited movements. His political work has been largely in the advocacy of civil service and tariff reform. For many years he was the Chairman of the New York City Civil Service Commission and the President of the Reform Club.—THE EDITORS.



man or the tree, he believes what his own sense of touch teaches him respecting the object on which his hand is placed. If he hears sweet music, it is the drum of his own ear that vibrates and makes known to him the melody that delights the heart. The deaf man does not hear the music, but he believes the assertion of his friend who has the hearing ear. The blind man does not see the beautiful object before him, but he believes what his friend tells him of it. The astronomer, by the aid of his telescope, studies the moons of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, and even resolves the distant nebula. We may never have done either, but we accept his observation.

Now, throughout the world there are numberless men and women who have a consciousness of the being and love of God. They know God, not by what they think of him or conjecture about him, but by their own consciousness of his presence, his power, and his goodness. This consciousness is just as distinct and real as their consciousness of the presence and love of father or brother or child. He comforts them in trouble, gives them strength in weakness, inspires them with resolution to plan and courage to achieve the most difficult undertakings—even the conquest of selfishness, which is the hardest of all.

Why is not this affirmation of the consciousness of so many witnesses truly knowledge? Some may not have felt it. Whatever intellectual opinion, or even conviction, they may have about the being of God, if they are not conscious of his presence and love, they do not know him. But why doubt the knowledge of the thousands who do? Why is it not as certain and authentic as the knowledge of the material world that some men attain to by long years of study? The ordinary man cannot verify their processes, but accepts the result. Why not accept the experience of those who know and love God?

1. A man may reply that these do not agree, and that the diversity of their experience takes away the credit that might otherwise attach to it. But is the experience referred to so diverse? There are innumerable opinions and speculations about the Divine Being. These are as different as the opinions about the organs

of the human body were before it was actually examined and observed; as different as the opinions about the heavenly bodies before Galileo and Copernicus and their successors accurately observed the heavens. All of which simply shows that speculative opinions differ as much as individual minds. But when we come to collate the results of the consciousness of those who know and love God, we find them in substantial agreement. Nothing shows this more plainly than the fact that they use and enjoy the same hymns of love and praise, though their books of dogmatic theology differ.

The high Anglican praises his Saviour in the strains of Luther and Isaac Watts, Gerhardt and Doddridge; the severe Puritan and Independent rejoices in the sweet and gracious songs of Keble and Faber, Newman and Lyte; the keen and rigid Presbyterian feels his soul uplifted as well by the hymns of Bernard and Xavier, Wordsworth and Maçon Neale, as by the Psalms of David. And this unity in praise and worship, which so transcends and cancels the distinctions of community and sect, but expresses the unity of the faith and fellowship of the heart in the Son of God. In the regions of the higher devotion and the purer love all differences cease.<sup>1</sup>

2. But it may be asked, How do you discriminate between the spiritual perception of one and the wild visions of another? Which is the authentic evidence on which you ask us to rely?

We answer: Divine knowledge, like all other knowledge, is progressive. It must be learned gradually, by faithful endeavor, and after long experience. Doubtless to some it comes more readily than to others. As with the individual, so with the race. For centuries God had been educating man and preparing him for the fuller perception of spiritual truth. He did not leave himself without witness among men. But not until Christ came into the world did the race perceive what was possible to man. Christ showed in his own person that it was possible for man to perceive divine truth, and to be transfigured by it. His life was full of beauty and power. Metaphysical discussions about his nature have somewhat obscured the truth he taught, that man could become partaker of the divine nature, that God would dwell in him, and he in God. In the world of spiritual

<sup>1</sup> Fairbairn, "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology," p. 20.

knowledge Christ fills the place that Copernicus and Newton do in astronomy. Like Columbus, he gave to man a new world. And if the seeker after spiritual truth is willing modestly to learn of Christ, he will know by his own experience the truth of what Christ taught.

Thus, therefore, we reply to the reader's question—we discriminate between the true and the false teaching, the counterfeit and the genuine, by a comparison between it and the teaching of Christ—"the Way," as the early disciples loved to call it, and as their foes learned to call it, too. Consider any of the discoveries of science that have changed the face of civilization. Once a great truth or valuable method is discovered and verified, it makes the standard and becomes the basis for future investigation. To put the eye in the point of the needle made the sewing-machine possible, and has formed ever since the basic principle of the sewing-machine. To transform a piece of soft, inert iron into a living, attractive magnet by a current of electricity made the electric telegraph and the electric motor possible, and this has ever since been the basis of electric machinery. The discovery of the law of gravitation was the basis of astronomical progress. So the possibility of a divine life in man, that was revealed by the life of Christ, the extent of the knowledge of divine truth to which Christ showed that man might aspire, henceforth became the basis of all genuine spiritual life and truth. He revealed it, and the experience of man verifies it.

Here we anticipate two objections—one from the doubter, and one from the orthodox member of some Christian organization.

3. The doubter may say, Doubtless the life of Christ is admirable. But the lives of his professed followers do not satisfy my ideal. Theirs is just the contrary of his. He was serene, they are disputatious; he was self-denying, they are greedy and selfish; he was brave and tranquil amid all his sufferings, they are worried and anxious; he told Peter to put up his sword, but they have tried to spread the religion of Jesus by fire and sword.

It is with sorrow that one must admit there is truth in this statement. The only answer is that the men of whom the

objector speaks were either not real Christians or very imperfect ones. They did not know the truth from their own experience. They may have believed in Christ as a historic personage, and given intellectual assent to the correctness of his doctrine. But their hearts were not enlightened, their wills were not guided.

All this Christ very plainly predicted. No teacher ever cared so little for formal assent or outward show. The people he talked to were always asking for some external and material manifestation of the kingdom of God. And he always answered, "The kingdom of God is within you." It was the man who would do his will that should know of the doctrine.

Hence this objection, when rightly considered, is a proof of the truth of Christ's teaching. Nevertheless it must be admitted, and all professed Christians should take it to heart, that the inconsistency of their lives and the selfishness of their conduct are the greatest hindrance to the more general knowledge of Christian truth.

4. The other objection, from the orthodox, is this: What do you make of the Christian Church? You seem to attach all importance to the individual consciousness. Would you rest the truth solely upon the conviction of one man, however sincere or earnest?

To which we answer—Certainly not. It is the experience of many men in every generation since the birth of Christ. And who are these men? They are "the blessed company of all faithful people"—the true Church, made up of Christians of every name—known well to the Lord.

We do not undervalue organization. It is necessary and useful. We must unite to accomplish the best results. But every organization, political, philanthropic, or religious, has its dangers. The greatest is that the members of the organization shall come to look upon it as more important than the truth it was formed to teach. And then man falls into the most surprising estrangement. Take, for example, the life of Philip the Second. This was diametrically opposed to the life of Christ. Yet he was a rigorous observer of the exterior requirements of the organization to which he belonged. To him the organization was all, its vital principles nothing. And so, by the law

of reaction, he became the embodiment of all that is cruel and selfish and lawless in human nature.

The higher the value that any one sets upon the Christian Church as an organization, the more sensible he ought to be of the responsibility which devolves upon each of its members. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If the fruits are not Christlike, we may be sure that the individual is at least very backward and has much to learn. Therefore it is that we emphasize for the individual, and most of all for those who are in communion with Christian churches, the necessity of that personal knowledge of divine and spiritual truths which strengthens and directs the will to the practice of the Christian virtues.

For there is a distinct type of virtue, which Christ was the first to manifest fully, and which is not hard to recognize. It is more gracious to take an instance from one of another communion. Let us mention, therefore, as one of many in all communions, the writings of Fénelon. These evince the same sweetness of temper, serenity of soul, keen discrimination of moral and religious truth and steadfast courage in its advocacy, that are characteristic of Christ. Great teachers before him had said wise things, but he spoke with power, that is still mighty in his true disciples, and powerful even in the weakest of them.

There is no power in the human soul that can compare with the perception of divine truth. It compels loving obedience, it frees the heart from a thousand burdens, and bestows the glorious liberty of the children of God. It is the parent of generous and unselfish thoughts and noble and helpful actions.

Read the description of it as a keen observer, himself the coolest of logicians, wrote it down more than one hundred and fifty years ago:

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other

invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate Him; that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into Heaven; being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with Him, and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of wonderful calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."<sup>1</sup>

Not every follower of Christ attains in this life to such a degree of spiritual knowledge. As in music and art, it is given to some to have keener perception of truth than it is to others. But it is possible for every one to have a knowledge of spiritual truth. Witnesses whom no man can number have found this the most precious possession to which man can attain, and therefore best worth striving for. To him who doubts they reply: "Come and see." And those that hearken will learn to declare, as believers have from the beginning:

"Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Edwards, in a letter quoted in "Yale Review," 1891, p. 447.

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Addresses Before the New York State Conference of Religion.** Series I. No. 1. April, 1903. Paper, 10c.

Contents: "The Crisis in Morals in the Churches," by Professor Ladd, of Yale; "Religions Many, Religion One," by Professor Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania; "The Conference and its Message," by Dr. Josiah Strong; and the question, "Can Jews and Christians Pray Together?" (Address the Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, General Secretary, Mount Vernon, N. Y.)

**Annual Literary Index, 1902 (The).** Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. Office of the Publishers' Weekly, New York. 7x10½ in. 281 pages.

**Barbara: A Woman of the West.** By John H. Whitson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 314 pages. \$1.50.

Strength and color characteristic of good stories of the West mark this novel. It deals with ranch life on a Kansas prairie, life in the "Gold Camp of the Rockies," at San Juan and San Diego. The heroine is for a time editor of a newspaper in Cripple Creek, whither she has gone looking for her husband, who had dropped suddenly and mysteriously out of her life. From Colorado she goes to California, pursuing her quest with a faithfulness that calls Longfellow's Evangeline to mind.

**Between the Lights.** By Alice Herbert. John Lane, New York. 4½x7 in. 67 pages.

**Captain Kettle, K.C.B.** By Cutcliffe Hyne. The Federal Book Company, New York. 5x7¾ in. 352 pages.

Readers do not seem to tire of Mr. Hyne's Captain Kettle, who, in a measure, has the same kind of fascination that Mr. Hornung's Raffles and Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes have, although he is not at all like those gentlemen. Sea-captain, adventurer, half-pirate on occasion, a seeker for loot in remote corners of the earth, a fiery little chap in a fight, at the same time a devout patron of a queer little English sect, a man really sentimental in his domestic feelings, and in his leisure moments an enraptured composer of very bad poems—certainly this is an original character, and Mr. Hyne has rare skill in getting him into and out of scrapes. The incidents are mostly brutal, but they are not real enough to hurt the moral consciousness very much. May we deprecate the wretched portrait of Kettle on the cover, and, indeed, the whole blazing-colored cover design?

**Conquering of Kate (The).** By J. P. Mowbray ("J. P. M."). Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 315 pages. \$1.50.

The scene is laid in "Burgeonville," in Pennsylvania, where "none could tell by the flora, architecture, or color of the servants that he was not in Virginia, the misty peaks of which

were sometimes discernible across the intervening strip of Maryland." The author (now known to be the late Mr. A. C. Wheeler, who as a journalist formerly won popularity under the pseudonym Nym Crinkle in a quite different field of writing from that occupied by "J. P. M.") follows the usual trend by making the Southern heroine absurdly impractical (and of course very charming); she is a fair foil to her Northern lover, a most capable "overseer" to her plantation, a "swell gentleman," and a very energetic man of business. The story is sweet, wholesome, and human; certain passages ring with deep and sincere pathos.

**Constitutional Ethics of Secession (The); and "War is Hell."** Two Speeches of Charles Francis Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 41 pages. 25c., net.

A reprint of two recent speeches of Professor Charles Francis Adams, one delivered before the New England Society at Charleston, S. C., in December last, and the other one at a dinner of the Confederate Veterans' Camp of New York.

**Contemporary France.** By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by John Charles Tarver. In 4 vols. Vol. I. (1870-1873.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼x9 in. Each vol. \$3.75, net.

It is with satisfaction, on taking up one of the most important contributions to history, to find the work so sympathetically and exactly translated as is M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France." Such a translation fits the American reader to appreciate the work in all of its excellence. The work itself might be called a continuation of Henri Martin's "History of France," the more enthusiastic of M. Hanotaux's friends would have us believe that this continuation will one day rank with the histories of Guizot, Tocqueville, and Thiers. Be that as it may, the first of the four volumes of "Contemporary France" challenges our attention from start to finish because in it we recognize not only the work of the careful, trained scholar, but also that of the first-hand observer. Here is not only accuracy of outline, but vividness of color. M. Hanotaux's history opens with a brilliant summary of the causes and events of the Franco-Prussian war. He was sixteen years old at the time. He found Paris dejected after the war, and this led in his mind to certain questions: What had been the causes of French greatness in the past? What were the causes of French defeat now? What would be the moving forces in a French resurrection? These three questions come before us like the *motifs* of a Wagner opera as we turn page after page and pass through scene after scene of the history which comprises an account of the Prussians in Paris, of the Government at

Versailles, of the Commune and its suppression, of army reconstruction, of the delimitation of the new frontier, of the Thiers government, and of the struggle of political parties during the Grévy administration. Through all this maze M. Hanotaux guides us with a very personal hand; on every page he gives us recollections of the great men whom he himself has known—Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Challemeil-Lacour, Spuller, and others. For few have had M. Hanotaux's opportunity for knowing the most distinguished French statesmen and publicists. Though still a comparatively young man—he is not yet fifty—he has behind him a political career which older men might look back upon with complacency; to us Americans he is chiefly known as the Minister of Foreign Affairs during that troubled period for France covered by the Græco-Turkish war and the Spanish-American war. The reader of this volume will await with keen interest the publication of the others. Together, the four should form a monument of contemporary history indispensable to the library of the student either of recent history or present politics.

**Darrel of the Blessed Isles.** By Irving Bacheller. The Lothrop Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 410 pages.

The best part of Mr. Bacheller's new story, it seems to us, is to be found neither in the plot (which is somewhat mechanically mysterious) nor in the character who gives the book its title—an old clock-tinker who was a great criminal once, but now does good by stealth, is Santa Claus to a whole countryside, goes to jail to save a young friend, talks in a queer mixture of Irish brogue and stilted and sentimental thee-and-thou diction, and quotes tags of Shakespeare incessantly. Mr. Bacheller seems to feel the need, since the great and deserved success of his character Eben, of putting a quaint old man in every book; frankly, the present old gentleman to some readers will border closely on a bore. About this, however, opinions may differ, but all readers will delight in the really spontaneous love of the woods, in the glimpses of outdoor life, and in the genuine, wholesome human nature seen, for instance, in the manly young school-teacher, who is a character well worth having. In short, the book has enough of flavor and of racy rustic life, enough of sound admiration for energy, honesty, and simplicity, to give genuine enjoyment and win wide approval.

**Der Timotheos-Papyrus, Gefunden bei Abusir** am 1. Februar 1902. Lichtdruck-Ausgabe, 10x14 in. M. 12; in Leinenmappe, M. 15. Timotheos der Perser, aus einem Papyrus von Abusir, im Auftrage der Deutschen Orientgesellschaft, herausgegeben von Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, mit einer Lichtdrucktafel. 6¼x9½ in. M. 1. Lemcke & Buchner, New York.

The fortunate discovery of this papyrus by Dr. Borchardt is a matter of the highest interest to Hellenists. The most ancient Greek MS. now known, its date is pronounced by the most competent judges not later than the time of Alexander and Aristotle. Timotheos himself flourished somewhat earlier, 446-357 B.C. He was a poet and musician of

the highest rank in popular esteem, although fond of setting his lyrics to artificial and intricate music, and criticised as an innovator. This work of his, "The Persians," continued to be a favorite with the Greeks for two centuries. It is of the type of lyric poetry known as the dithyramb, a form of festal song. Of its 253 lines about one-eighth are in a more or less broken condition. Its subject is the overthrow of the Persian fleet at Salamis, B.C. 480. This is described quite realistically from the onset to the rout. In the presentation of a work of this character, specifically termed a *nóme*, the poet accompanied his song with his lyre. The discovery of "The Persians" gives a more precise knowledge of the *nóme* than has hitherto been possessed, and leads to interesting results for the history of music and poetic art. The folio edition, with its seven photographs of the papyrus, original size, contains a general introductory account of it; the octavo edition supplies a full philological equipment for the study of it by specialists.

**Easy French: A Reader for Beginners.** By William B. Snow and Charles P. Lebon. (Heath Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7 in. 152 pages.

**Essay on the Theory and Practice of the Christian Religion (An).** By P. R. Benson. Published by the Author, Anoka, Minn. 5x7½ in. 251 pages.

**Fire and Sword in Shansi.** By E. H. Edwards, M.B., C.M. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼x8¼ in. 325 pages. \$1.50.

The catalogue of Protestant missionaries and their children who fell victims to the Boxer fury three years ago contains one hundred and fifty-two names. The present memorial of those martyrs is mainly devoted to the thirteen who perished at the Shou Yang mission, most of whom were Dr. Edwards's personal friends. The cost of this mission, with which Dr. Edwards was connected as a physician for eighteen years, was largely defrayed by himself and his relatives. His narrative is the first complete and authentic account of its destruction. The one light in its gloom is the noble steadfastness of Chinese Christians amid the terror and agony of the time. Its account of the present is not reassuring. The need of vigilant, firm, and unrelaxing pressure by the Western Powers to prevent things from drifting back into the old ruts, and producing a recrudescence of Boxerism, is strongly affirmed as both necessary and not yet realized by those with whom the responsibility remains.

**God and the Individual.** By T. B. Strong, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 112 pages. 90c., net.

These four addresses to Anglican clergymen are concerned with the problem which belongs equally to religious and to political life, viz., a duly proportioned regard for our individual and for our social development. Dr. Strong combats the exaggerated individualism in religion which he finds prevalent. For this he finds no justification in the New Testament. He goes so far as to represent membership in the Church as "the normal condition of real and

direct access to God." More true to the Scriptures and to facts would it be to represent it as the condition of a complete religious development. What is true, in a social view of individuals, of the hermit, as compared with the active member of a community, is true in a religious view of any one who declines to apply for his self-development the human instinct of association.

**Greek Composition for Schools, with Exercises** Based on *Anabasis III.*, College Entrance Papers, and Original Selections. By Robert J. Bonner. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 248 pages.

**Haydn.** By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Illustrated. (Master Musician Series.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x7½ in. 232 pages. \$1.25.

No one who knows anything of Haydn can think of him without some feeling of both intimacy and reverence. Simple in his tastes, independent in his choices, absolutely devoid of pettinesses, cheerful, sane, indefatigable, humorous, his personality, great as it is, does not seem aloof from ordinary mortals. Mr. Hadden has written his life in a style that befits it—clear, unpretentious, dignified. In the minds of many, Haydn's character seems somewhat prosaic because it lacks the romantic traits of some other composers or the sustained excesses of others. But Mr. Hadden has succeeded in presenting in well-measured terms a truer and at the same time a more interesting view of Haydn. The good sense that characterizes this volume is well exemplified in the treatment of Haydn's position in the household of Count Esterhazy. Haydn's life is commonly thought of as uneventful, but Mr. Hadden has made it interesting by showing how human it was. He has indicated, too, that it was not wholly lacking in picturesque elements. This volume is one of "The Master Musicians" series. It is incomparably better written than the companion volume on Mozart.

**How to Keep Household Accounts: A Manual of Family Finance.** By C. W. Haskins, L.H.M., C.P.A. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¼x7 in. 117 pages. \$1. net.

Professor Haskins has produced a little classic on the commonplace subject of household accountancy. He traces the history of domestic science from Xenophon's "Economics" down to the present day, when 2,500 books on domestic economy can be found in the English language alone. In the branch of accountancy, decadence, he says, has been noticeable since the sixteenth century. It was customary for women of the Middle Ages to audit their "servants' accounts" and carefully to keep their own. The art of household accountancy, he says, ought to be revived, and to this end he contributes simplified methods by which home bookkeeping may be made easy.

**In and Around the Grand Canyon: The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona.** By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½x8½ in. 346 pages. \$2.50.

A handsome, moderate-priced new edition of a recognized, authoritative, and valuable work on the Grand Cañon, heretofore, we believe, obtainable only in a ten-dollar edition. The author spent years in exploring and studying

trails and routes, and much of the book was actually written within view of the places described. There are many pictures.

**Kaiser's Speeches (The).** Translated and Edited by Wolf von Schierbrand. Based upon a Compilation made by A. Oscar Klausmann. Harper & Bros., New York. 6x9 in. 333 pages. \$2.50, net.

Mr. von Schierbrand's latest volume comprises a collection of the speeches of William II., translated and edited with particularly luminous annotations. These speeches form a character-portrait of the young Kaiser. They give an insight, not only into the policy, but into the life, of one of the most interesting of contemporary rulers. Americans will be naturally most interested in those addresses in which the Emperor touches upon American affairs and upon topics of interest to Americans. It is difficult to believe, after reading the monarch's words, that his ambition, towering as it is, will ever lead him to sacrifice friendliness for a nation which numbers already fifteen million Germans, for the doubtful profit of possessing a South American colony. Mr. von Schierbrand has therefore rendered a distinct public service to the American people in giving to them a first-hand view of the German Emperor—a view which will be taken at its actual worth, affording as it does many contradictions to the warped estimate given of William II. by our yellow press. The speeches comprise both those to his own subjects and those delivered in foreign lands. We notice that the latter are rarely if ever flamboyant; the Kaiser evidently reserves his lurid language for the more emotional Germans.

**Kent Fort Manor.** By William Henry Babcock. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 393 pages.

The story is incoherent. Roderick Claiborne would be a unique character if every other man in the book were not made to talk in the same fashion that he does—were not modeled on him, so to speak.

**Life and Labour of the People in London.** By Charles Booth, assisted by Jesse Argyle, Ernest Aves, George E. Arkell, Arthur L. Baxter, and George H. Duckworth. Third Series: Religious Influences—Summary. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 432 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Marjorie.** By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5x7½ in. 292 pages.

A tale of the sea, of a simple sea captain who ought to have known better, but who sets sail with a crew of rascals manning his ship and a buccaneer in charge. There is mutiny brewing when they are well out to sea; and a shipwreck and battle follow on apace. There are lovers of course. But the story is a poor one in spite of all the stirring events and melodramatic characters that compose it.

**Minor Moralist (The): Some Essays on the Art of Every-day Conduct.** By Mrs. Hugh Bell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 247 pages. \$1.60.

Mrs. Bell treats manners from the ethical standpoint. She calls attention not only to the influence of our manners upon others, but to their reflex influence upon ourselves, and to their effect upon the question of our suc-

cess or failure in business, social, and home life. In handling her subject she penetrates to the spirit of courtesy, she gives the philosophy of etiquette. It is not enough to teach a child a few fixed rules of conduct; we must impart to him the habit of courtesy. It is not enough to do things; our aspiration should be to do things in the best manner. Mrs. Bell thinks there ought to be a Night School of Manners which busy adults could attend, and in schools for children a special course in manners. It may be incidentally remarked that the Japanese are ahead of us in that their schools have long had such a course. The author is a thoughtful and timely advocate of the minor moralities and graces that should invest the big current of life with some of the charms of serenity.

**Nature-Study Idea (The).** By L. H. Bailey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6x8½ in. 139 pages. \$1. net.

Beginning with the history of the nature-study movement in this country, Professor Bailey gives his views of what influence it must have upon child-life. He offers suggestions as to methods by which the child may be interested and taught, insisting that it shall not be through books, but by being placed in direct touch with nature, and by being led not only to see her facts, but to perceive her spirit. "The Growing of Plants by Children—The School Garden" is a timely chapter. He believes the nature-study idea is fundamental to the evolution of popular education, and that it is bound to have a tremendous influence in carrying a vital educational impulse to farmers, to whom accustomed methods of education are less applicable than to other people.

**Old Squire: The Romance of a Black Virginian.** By B. K. Benson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 431 pages. \$1.50.

This is one of the best Civil War novels that we have read. It is difficult to see how it can offend sensibilities North or South—a bit of praise that can be given to few publications of its class. "Old Squire," the "Black Virginian" and the hero, is a citizen of whom any State might be proud. He is sure to win the affection and respect of the reader. Many Southerners have some such humorous, wise, faithful, kind old negro friend enshrined in loving and reverent memory. Old Squire as a character is a distinct and worthy addition to literature. Mr. Benson's dialect is to be commended. His spelling reproduces better than that of any other writer the sound of certain words as the negroes spoke them—"shu" for "you," for instance. Mr. Benson's purely military novels, such as "Who Goes There?" have had a wide reading; it is pleasant to find him so much at home in a slightly different field.

**On the Mountain Division.** By Kirk Parson. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4¼x7½ in. 255 pages. \$1.

**Our Northern Shrubs and How to Identify Them.** By Harriet L. Keeler. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x8 in. 521 pages. \$2. net.

Simple, clear descriptions that a child can understand are given of shrubs that find their

congenial home in the region extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River, and from Canada to the boundaries of our Southern States. The volume is intended not only for the amateur botanist and the nature-lover, but "to serve those who are engaged in the establishment and decoration of city parks, roadways, and boulevards; those who are seeking to beautify country roadsides, school-yards, and railway stations, as well as those who, in the decoration of their own home-grounds, would gladly use our native shrubs were their habits and character better understood." The book serves a worthy purpose in stimulating interest in our native flora, and in encouraging the practical application of the knowledge which it imparts. The illustrations are of exceptional beauty and variety.

**Pearl Island.** By Andrew Caster. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¼x7½ in. 267 pages. \$1.35, net.

A story for boys. Two lads cast away on an island in the Indian Ocean have many adventures, find gold and pearls and encounter strange birds and beasts. The descriptions of vegetable and animal life in the tropics make the only part of the book that is of any special value.

**Philippine Islands, 1403-1803 (The).** Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Illustrated. Vol. II., 1521-1569. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼x9½ in. 335 pages.

**Prince Charles Edward Stuart.** By Andrew Lang. (New Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 476 pages. \$2.25, net.

A new unillustrated but well-printed edition of a book heretofore not easily obtainable at a moderate price. That the subject had a peculiar fascination for Mr. Lang, and that it is a thoroughly readable narrative of the life of the favorite hero of romance, need hardly be pointed out.

**Real Benedict Arnold (The).** By Charles Burr Todd. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 233 pages. \$1.20, net.

Mr. Todd is not convincing in this defense of Arnold, or rather apology for him. He does succeed, however, in arousing our sympathy for the man during his struggles against the prejudice and injustice of envious enemies who hindered or discredited him, robbing him of honors really his due when he was fighting bravely, planning wisely, and working energetically for his country. His decadence and treachery Mr. Todd attributes to "the fascinations, the persuasions long continued, the intrigues with the British, of a wife madly loved, and which, if discovered, he knew would tear her from his arms." It cannot be said that he proves his premise, yet his conclusion seems reasonable. The attitude of Congress towards Arnold, its recurrent harassings and condemnations, prepared the way for the Tory wife's influence. Yet Washington trusted Arnold and befriended him—that ought surely to have been ample offset to any coldness or injustice on the part of Congress. Mr. Todd's defense or apology is not sufficient. He does not succeed in whitewashing Arnold.

**Rise of Roderick Clowd (The).** By Josiah Flynt. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 370 pages. \$1.50.

The biography of a thief—a failure if regarded as a novel, but a faithful description of criminal life as seen from within. It is the earlier chapters, describing the parentage and childhood of the thief, that are most at fault. The Irish girl, whose illegitimate child Roderick is, seems quite unnatural, and her old Irish neighbors, to whom she insists upon returning after her disgrace, are not only un-Irish but altogether unreal. When one of the old neighbors remarks that she will speak to the mother but "won't look at the young un," and another knowingly observes that it is the illegitimate babies that "pull through," and the child goes without any name whatever, first or last, until it is old enough to be in school, though not sent there because of disdain for unprofitable book-learning, the reader is tempted to lay aside the book, with the conviction that the author knows nothing about life among the poor, and lacks the dramatic imagination to deal with human nature in unfamiliar surroundings. When, however, Roderick Clowd is at last given a name—different from that of either mother or father—and enters upon his criminal career, the book is full of scenes evidently taken from real life, and full of observations showing that the author's long familiarity with tramp life has also given him an insight into the psychology of the criminal classes—an insight all the deeper because curiously sympathetic.

**Sculptures of the Parthenon (The).** By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6¼x9½ in. 173 pages. \$6.50, net.

From the author of a standard work on Greek sculpture we have a right to expect a very luminous treatment of perhaps the most impressive particular triumph of Greek art, the sculptures of the Parthenon; and the present volume does not disappoint us. As becomes such text, the book is superbly printed and illustrated, its most important feature in the latter domain being a map in one long folding sheet, affording almost in its entirety a view of the Parthenon frieze, which, it will be remembered, is over five hundred feet in length, sculptured all along with figures nearly half life-size, the whole in low relief and executed with wonderful detail. Dr. Murray does not give us a similarly comprehensive view of the whole of the metopes, those groups of two figures, about two-thirds life-size in high relief, which are placed just above the columns; he does not do this, as he says, because a large proportion of those still existing on the Parthenon are deplorably damaged, and, secondly, because the metopes of the east and west fronts, even had they been well preserved, could not rightly have been dissociated from the pediment (or gable) sculptures immediately above them. An immense group of statues was included in each of these pediments, the smallest equal to life-size, the central figures colossal. Finally, copies are shown of the gold and ivory statue of Athene. This statue was one of the great achievements of Pheidias, who directed the whole of the Parthenon work.

**Social England.** Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., and J. S. Mann, M.A. (Illustrated Edition.) Vols. III. and IV. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 7x10½ in. 864 pages.

The present volumes cover the period from the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of Anne—or the two centuries in which the religious and the political reformation of England took place. Of the historical value of these later volumes we have spoken in our reviews of the unillustrated edition. We need here only add that the exquisitely wrought illustrations increase and vivify the historical information imparted by the text. The illustrations are almost as instructive as they are beautiful. The chapters on the public health of England are among those least susceptible of effective illustration, but even these chapters are made more instructive as well as attractive by pictures of old hospitals, old surgical implements, coins to cure the king's evil, etc. The fact that this history does deal exhaustively with the progress of medicine and sanitation gives it a peculiar value, for even in medical schools the history of medical science is conspicuously untaught. To students of morals the history of social England during the seventeenth century is singularly significant, and suggests many interesting generalizations regarding the close relationship maintained between puritanism and republicanism. Self-restraint in private life and radicalism in politics almost continuously went together, while self-indulgence in private life was almost the sure accompaniment of political conservatism.

**Temple Bible (The): Ecclesiasticus.** Edited by N. Schmidt, D.D., LL.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5½ in. 179 pages. 60c.

**Triumph of Life (The).** By William Farquhar Payson. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x7½ in. 424 pages. \$1.50.

This novel is tiresome and high-flown. And this is the more reprehensible in that the author has really a first-rate situation to handle. His hero is a literary Jekyll and Hyde. Under one name he writes a great and good book (Mr. Payson says so) which does not sell; under another, trashy, *risqué* novels which do sell. He is under the spell of two women as different as his books.

**Turk and His Lost Provinces (The): Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia.** By William Ekeroy Curtis. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6x9 in. 396 pages. \$2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Wordsworth.** By Walter Raleigh. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 232 pages.

An admirable piece of interpretative criticism and biography written from a sympathetic point of view, but with intelligence and restraint. The introduction ought to be in the hands of every critic of books, so judicious, so broad and fair-minded is it; while the discussion of Wordsworth, in its insight, its breadth, its clear discernment of his strength and his weakness, and its general interest, will easily take rank among the very best which have been given to the world.

**Youth of Famous Americans.** By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4x6½ in. 302 pages. 50c., net.



# Correspondence

## Race No Bar to Friendship

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Two recent occurrences in one locality may, for those at a distance, throw light on one aspect of present-day relations between the Southern whites and the negroes. A few weeks ago an old colored woman of this city died in the home of the family which she had served, as slave and as servant, all her life until age and infirmity compelled her to accept without return the care that was freely bestowed on her. She was buried from the home of her employers. In the front parlor, around the coffin, were her colored friends and relatives, while the white family she had served so long sat in the back parlor with a few intimate friends who had known the old woman well.

Still more recently occurred the funeral of General Jackson, the owner of the Belle Meade stock farm, well known throughout the country. He was a man known and honored in the South by many who had never seen him; but those who knew him in his home knew also his old servant Bob. Bob was born on the Belle Meade place eighty years ago, during the lifetime of Mrs. Jackson's grandfather. He had served three generations in his first master's family, and had lived to see the third generation of Jacksons. At the General's funeral he was given the post of honor at the head of the coffin, where he sat and delivered a running fire of comment and approval on the officiating minister's remarks. At the close of the services the clergyman, a lifelong friend of the family, gave the old negro his arm, and the two headed the sad procession through the grounds to the family vault.

The General had long been in failing health, and when his illness became pronounced, a colored man living in the city requested the privilege of nursing him, giving up a good position to do so and remaining with him for several months until the end. He is the son of the woman who presided over the Belle Meade nursery and ruled two generations of its children.

The pall-bearers were eight workmen on the place, sons of the slaves who during the war stood guard over their mas-

ter's family and estate while he fought in the Confederate army. They sat in a body among those whom a common sorrow had drawn together from far different ranks in life. No one could fail to see the appropriateness of their office, remembering how the dead man had delighted to call them "not servants, but friends."

It may be said that instances like this are rare in the South. To this it may be replied that great faithfulness to duty, tested through a long term of years, is rare the country over. But wherever it is found, in business or in domestic life, in high places or in low places, it is recognized and honored, North, South, East, and West, without regard to riches, poverty, race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

L. H. H.

Nashville, Tenn.

## Alcohol and Drugs

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue of April 11, 1903, under the title "Prohibition—Pro and Con," I find a great number of communications, and among them some allusions to a paper which I read before the New York Medico-Legal Society some time ago, entitled "Stimulants in Forensic Medicine," and therefore I assume that you will grant the privilege of my offering a word upon the subject.

At the time of writing this paper I had no intention of entering into a discussion, to any great extent, of the use of alcoholic stimulants, but wished more especially to call attention to the increasing habit or addiction to the use of drugs so noticeable among all classes of society. Believing that all human beings crave or make use of some stimulant, and that a law prohibiting the use of alcoholic stimulants might be enforced, then I inferred that in Vermont persons prohibited from obtaining alcoholic stimulants might be driven to the selection of others more dangerous and destructive. The paper was based upon this hypothesis, and this led me to investigate the consumption of stimulants in Vermont, more especially opium, cocaine, Indian hemp, chloral, and quinine. The information I received in answer to my letters of inquiry was most

astounding, and what I have stated in this address represents only about one-third of the amount consumed, as I should now be able to prove.

Evidently this branch of the subject of temperance has received very little attention from so-called reformers, because, after this address was issued in a legitimate way, and after receiving notices in newspapers and medical journals printed in all parts of the civilized world, and many letters requesting a copy of the address, I found it necessary to order a great number of extra copies, and, at the request of a gentleman in New York, I consented to his issuing about two thousand extra copies at his own expense for private distribution. Among all the notices I have received of my address from newspapers, journals, magazines, etc., I think only two offered adverse criticism to my statements or attempted to answer the points therein made, except by ignoring them as untrue or considering them the effusions of an iconoclast.

It would seem, from reading most of the communications sent to your valuable journal and similar statements in others that favor a prohibition law as the best means of correcting an evil, that all other persons not so disposed to think were advocates of intemperance and laborers in the cause of developing drunkards. No doubt a great many persons are honest in their convictions that the only way to control intemperance is to enact laws prohibiting the sale of alcoholic stimulants; but are such persons so narrow and opinionated as not to accord to others, who are anxious to secure the same beneficial results through different channels, the merit of being equally earnest and honest?

If among the many contributors to your valuable magazine there is *one* who is honestly interested in the control or regulation of the use of alcoholic stimulants, I would respectfully ask him to forget temporarily the existence of the "saloon," and procure from the Massachusetts Board of Health an official report (Public Document No. 34, pp. 614 to 620, inclusive) of the analysis of sixty-one "patent" or "proprietary" medicines sold under the titles of "tonics," "bit-  
ters," etc., from which he might secure information that alcohol is not solely fur-

nished over the "bar" or in the "saloon." This report, issued from the Massachusetts Board of Health, shows that sixty-one samples of these so-called tonics or medicines were examined, and that all of them contained a percentage of alcohol as high as or higher than is found in lager-beer or ale. Thirty-four samples contained one-fifth or more of alcohol; fifteen samples contained one-fourth or more of alcohol; ten samples contained one-third or more of alcohol; four samples contained nearly one-half alcohol. As a sample, of one of these preparations labeled "sulphur bitters," and stated to contain no alcohol, the report of the Board is: "As a matter of fact, it contains no sulphur, but one-fifth alcohol by volume."

During the recent discussion of this subject before the Legislature of Vermont, where prohibition had existed for fifty years, all sides of the question were brought up, and finally a law was enacted favoring local option. I favored the enactment of this law because I had become satisfied that the prohibitory law was not enforced; that under that law no revenue was obtained by the State for such illicit business; that under that law the sanctity of an oath was destroyed (which in a moral point of view makes any law obnoxious); that the law had in no way prohibited, but had fostered, clandestine and irregular methods of obtaining alcoholic stimulants, and that after so many years it had been proven to my mind that the law was ineffectual and that any other method substituted might be an improvement. When it became necessary under the law to vote upon the question of whether the city of Burlington should have license or not, I voted against the granting of a license; and this in no way is inconsistent with my willingness to advocate a law which gives to every citizen the right of saying whether he wants license or not; and upon this basis alone, to my mind, can the enforcement of law be established.

I am very sure that if a majority of the people of this city had voted against granting a license, it would have been enforced; but it is well understood that under the prohibitory law it was never enforced, and could not be, because a majority of the people were opposed to it.

[Dr.] A. P. GRINNELL.

Burlington, Vt.

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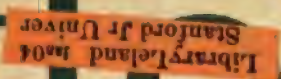
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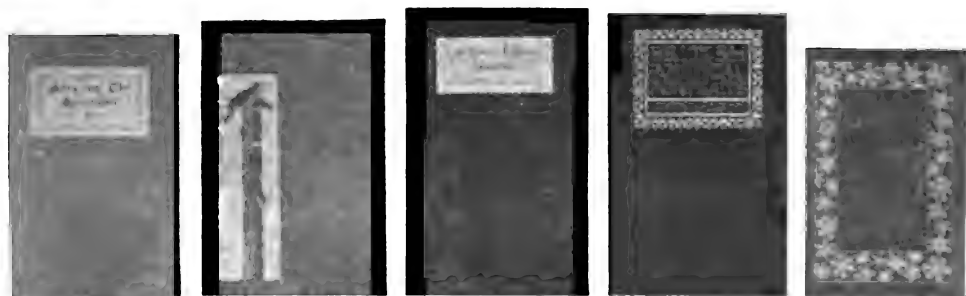
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# The Outlook

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No. 3

## American Treaty Rights in China

Last week, eight days after Secretary Hay had acknowledged the Russian Government's assurance of honorable intentions in the Chinese province of Manchuria, it was rumored that Russia had reoccupied the southern part of that province, had garrisoned the forts overlooking the Liaotung Gulf and had built others in the interior. It was also rumored that Russia had established a Consulate at Mukden (although she had objected to the establishment of an American Consulate there), had sent an army to occupy the Liao Valley, thus barring access to Mukden and to the interior of Manchuria save by very round-about routes, and had occupied Tatung-kau, a proposed treaty port. Closely following her disavowal of the reported demands made upon China, this action by Russia seemed incredible, and we are glad to learn that the Russian troops have now retired from the reoccupied places. Among the Powers having treaty rights in Manchuria, America stands chief; our trade interests with the principal Manchurian treaty port exceed those of any other country. Mr. Hay has repeatedly received through the Russian Ambassador at Washington assurances that Russia has no thought of attacking the principle of the open door; though to the last assurance of this kind, given week before last by the Russian Foreign Minister to Mr. McCormick, American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is added the important qualification, "as that principle is understood by the Imperial Government of Russia." Russia has occupied the province of Manchuria since the Boxer rebellion, as a guarantee for the security of a great railway which she has been constructing. Though that railway is now finished, it may still need police protection, and the large commercial interests

which Russia has developed in Manchuria may need such protection. To establish and maintain this, however, it is not necessary to disregard by word or deed the historic and increasingly valuable rights of other nations. Russia has also repeatedly promised to evacuate Manchuria, but has always imposed some condition precedent to such evacuation. It is supposed that she excuses her slight temporary re-occupation of last week as an offset to the arrival of foreign war-ships in the Gulf of Liaotung, consequent upon the reported new demands upon China by Russia. At all events, we hope that the statement by the Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini, may be justified by the facts: "When the whole truth is known, it will be found that Russia has not violated a single pledge made to any nation, nor does she intend to do so."



## England and the Persian Gulf

Last week in the House of Lords the Marquis of Lansdowne, British Foreign Secretary, definitely notified the competing European Powers that any attempt on their part to establish a naval base or fortified port on the Persian Gulf might mean war with Great Britain. "I say without hesitation," he declared, "that we should regard this establishment as a very grave menace to British interests, and should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal." He affirmed that, so far as the navigation and fortification of the Gulf were concerned, Great Britain held a position different from that of the other Powers, because it was owing to British enterprise and expenditure of life and money that the Gulf was now open to the commerce of the world, and because the protection of the sea route to India necessitated British predominance in the Gulf. Week before last, in the House of



Commons, Premier Balfour announced that his Government had decided not to participate in the Turko-German Bagdad railway scheme; the general impression was that the British Government would not sanction a railway which was expected by the Germans ultimately to reach Koweit on the Persian Gulf, owing to the strategic question involved. In their comment upon these notable declarations the London papers point out the analogy of the present proceeding to the American policy of Monroeism, the "Westminster Gazette," in particular, holding that the British motive—namely, the protection of the sea route to India—exactly corresponds with the motive of Americans in excluding European Powers from American waters because American territory would thereby be threatened. The London papers also point out the fact that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are but repeating one of the arguments used by Captain Mahan in a recent article in the "National Review." He declared that, as the Persian Gulf was to be one terminus of an interoceanic railway, this road must be considered both as a line of commercial communication and as having military significance. Great Britain and Russia are the two States most immediately and deeply concerned in this matter. Great Britain has charged herself with establishing order on and about the Gulf, and has actually maintained it there for several generations. To Great Britain, as Captain Mahan acutely points out, the question which now arises is one of the first importance, because of British security in India, the safety of the sea route to India, and the economic and commercial welfare of India, which politically can act only through the British Empire.

Russia, Germany, and  
the Persian Gulf

☉  
In defense of Russian  
aggressions in Turkey,  
Persia, and in China,

however, it must be admitted that water communication with foreign countries through ports of her own is the greatest need of the Czar's Empire. As compared with the China seas, where Russia now seems to have obtained a vast empire practically for nothing, she would not benefit so much commercially by access to the Persian Gulf; for in

China Russia is much closer to the entire Pacific Ocean and especially to the American continent, and Australia is slightly nearer Port Arthur than to the Persian Gulf. The great advantage to Russia in an outlet on the Gulf would be in the nearer approach to India and Africa; but this benefit to Russia hardly presents to Great Britain enough of a motive towards the concession of a position not only so vital to British ascendancy in India, but also to the British naval position throughout the Eastern Hemisphere, and to the Imperial tie between Great Britain and Australia. While it is true that the actual railway now building in Asia Minor with a prospective outlet on the Gulf is being financed by Germany, a country restlessly intent not only upon commercial but also upon territorial development, the ultimate foe to British interests, in our opinion, is the proposed Russian railway to the Gulf, not the German. For Germany has a necessary common interest with Great Britain in the Suez route to Asia; and since the trade of both depends upon its security, the two must, in the long run, work together. In another recent article Captain Mahan pointed out that, as the British power lies across and flanks every sea route by which Germany can reach the outer world, friendship with Great Britain is evidently a far cheaper and more efficacious way of helping Germany than any attempt to destroy British power; in other words, Great Britain's naval power is just as real a factor in the future of Germany throughout the world as every thinking American must recognize it to be in our own external policy. Sooner or later may it be recognized that the respective interests of America, England, Germany, and Japan have so much in common and so little not in common that friendly co-operation, no matter how unofficial, is as inevitable as it is desirable.

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Macedonia Taking advantage of the revolution of European feeling caused by the Bulgaro-Macedonian outrages in Salonika, the Turkish Government caused a wholesale arrest of Bulgarians throughout the Empire last week. It also closed all the Bulgarian schools in Macedonia by imprisoning the teachers, and arrested in Constantinople about sixty suspected

Bulgarians, besides making numerous domiciliary visits. These included one to the residence of the Secretary of the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agency, whose papers were seized. The Porte also—and not unnaturally—addressed a vigorous note to the Bulgarian Government calling attention to the continued incursion of Bulgarian bands and to the importation of explosives into Macedonia. Because of what is described as its “offensive terms,” the note was returned by the Bulgarian Government to the Ottoman Commissioners at Sofia. England, France, and Italy have informed the Porte that it would be held responsible for the injuries to the lives and property of their respective citizens by reason of the Salonika disaster. So far as is reported, the German Government has made no protest, which would indicate that two of that Government's policies coincide for the moment—(1) not to oppose Russia at Constantinople, but, (2) whenever questions with other European powers arise, to support Turkey; for Germany's purposes in Asia Minor would seem to be best realized by strengthening Turkey as a European power. The usual weekly list of conflicts between Bulgaro-Macedonians and Turks throughout Macedonia furnish another impressive indication that the Bulgarians, being of the same race and religion as the great majority of the Macedonians, naturally sympathize with them, and, as far as possible, share in their effort to be free from Turkish domination. Writing to *The Outlook* on this subject, a missionary who has just returned from the Balkans declares that “there never can be peace in Macedonia so long as Turkey holds sway. Discontent and disquiet in that province have been greater year by year until they have culminated in the present serious condition.”

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Last week the Irish Land

The Bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons by the remarkable majority of 443 votes to 26. It is not surprising that the huge majority of 417 should be hailed by the Gladstonian Liberal newspapers in London, not only as a notable historical event, but also as “a great conversion” to Mr. Gladstone's impressive declaration

in Parliament: “The ebbing tide is with you and the flowing tide is with us.” Quite another light, however, was thrown on the matter by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in closing the debate before the vote. He made light of what he called the “bogey of Home Rule,” showing that his bill followed Gladstonian traditions only so far as land was concerned. Mr. Wyndham proved again how baseless was the fear of a general repudiation of Irish obligations. He declared that the best security was the unanimous desire of the whole people for a peasant proprietary, but he added that the present cash security was ample and that past records of land purchase transactions showed hardly any risk to the State. The vote on the bill is not so surprising in view of the speech of Mr. John Morley, the Liberal leader, who, after declaring the measure to be a revolutionary extension of the land purchase system, and saying that he had never known a bill that could be so riddled with objections, concluded that, though its remedies were abnormal, it was a creature of social necessity; therefore he would support it. The Irish members, while criticising some details of the bill, defended it, feeling, in the words of Mr. O'Connor, that “the House must now choose between a great measure of land purchase and chaos.” An analysis of the vote shows that all the Nationalists, the main body of the Ministerialists, and almost all the Liberals voted with the majority. Such a vote gives abundant ground for hope that a new era of peace and good will has dawned for Ireland.

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Mr. Carnegie  
on Employees as Partners

Mr. Carnegie's speech in London last week as the newly elected President of the Iron and Steel Institute was of profound interest. After expressing the wish that international hostilities held as small a place in the realm of politics as in the realms of science and invention, Mr. Carnegie proceeded to review his own business life and explain the secret of his success in securing the effective co-operation of so large a force of subordinates. In a word, Mr. Carnegie attributed it to his policy of making the heads of every department partners in his business. In this, he

says, he was aided by the fact that his manufacturing company was a partnership and not a corporation with stock listed on the exchanges. The men holding responsible positions were allotted a certain interest in the business at a price representing only capital actually invested—no charge being made for the value of the good will of the concern. The shares thus allotted were gradually paid for out of the surplus profits of the business—the subordinate partners receiving only their salaries until the payments were complete. Even then the partners were not allowed to transfer their interests to absentee investors, but must sell to their associates at cost price if they retired from the concern. In this way the Carnegie company was always in the hands of men vitally interested in its success. The limitation of the plan was that it did not extend to the manual workers. Among them, too, Mr. Carnegie believed that its principle would have given new life to the work in every department; but the hazards of the business, the doubts that would arise in the minds of poor men not in intimate touch with the management, and the inability of wage-earners to bear losses, had led the company to promote home ownership among them by a liberal savings bank system instead of factory ownership through profit-sharing. Nevertheless, continued Mr. Carnegie, the effective co-operation of capital and labor is not secured until, as in the old fishing vessels, crews of partners take the place of crews of employees. The United States Steel Corporation had taken a further step forward through its plan of enrolling its employees as stockholders. This plan Mr. Carnegie praised as a singularly enlightened one, full of promise for the future, but at present handicapped by the fact that the shares of the wage-earners—as well as all others—were open to sale on the exchanges, and were liable to occasion loss to the investors. Upon this point Mr. Carnegie said:

The workman whose thoughts are upon the speculative surprises of the Exchange will not prove desirable. Speculation is the parasite of business, feeding upon values, creating none, and is wholly incompatible with the satisfactory performance of other regular work requiring constant care and caution. The workman's investment should never be at risk, for if his thoughts are upon the Stock Exchange they cannot be upon the machinery, and ma-

chinery, like art, is a jealous mistress, brooking no rival claimant to its absorbing demands. In the interest of the employer, therefore, as well as that of the workman, the savings of the latter should be secure; here, as in other respects, their interest is mutual, and hence I believe the needed change will be made by the Steel Corporation in the near future.

Mr. Carnegie did not further outline the change he would commend in the Steel Corporation's plan, but it would appear that if workingmen stockholders received their shares at a special price—instead, perhaps, of receiving double interest as now—and if the Company bought back their shares at cost price when they passed out of its employment, Mr. Carnegie's criticisms would be met. The workingmen would no longer have their attention turned to stock speculation, and would be secured against loss. They would thus have, in proportion to their holdings, the privileges of the partners in the old Carnegie company.

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#### Labor Troubles in New York

While May Day passed without any marked increase in the number of industrial conflicts, it was partly because the usual spring upheaval had begun before the usual date, and still more because the demands of the unions were generally granted. In New York City the concessions made to the skilled workmen in the building trades bring the level of wages nearly thirty per cent. above that prevailing six years ago. Carpenters, for example, are now getting \$4.50 a day, and masons \$5.60. Similar advances, though not to such high figures, are being made in most of the smaller cities—the New York unions themselves making a difference of half a dollar a day in favor of the suburban boroughs where rents are lower. In New York the industrial conflicts which now disturb building operations spring from the quarrels of different unions in the carpenter's trade, and from the entrance of unionism among the unskilled trades. The carpenters' quarrel—between the "Amalgamated" and the "Brotherhood"—is as complicated as the dynastic struggles in mediæval history, and almost as distressing to the suffering public, which cannot understand what it is all about. Apparently the "Amalgamated" has the better mechanics, and has been getting the pick of the work.

The "Brotherhood," which is the larger order, has in sheer jealousy attempted to force the smaller order to give up its organization and become an integral part of the "Brotherhood." To this end the "Brotherhood" refused to allow its members to work alongside of the "Amalgamated" men. The other building trades unions, however, sided with the "Amalgamated," which seems to be winning the contest. More serious in its results has been the attempt to unionize the yards of building material dealers. The dealers, seeing that this step would bring the entire industry under the control of the Building Trades Council, locked out their workmen, and unitedly resolved not to open their yards except upon the condition that they should be free to employ non-union as well as union drivers. The Mason Builders' Association has supported the dealers in this action, and agreed not to buy of any building material dealer who does not stand with his association in the present conflict. Thus the boycott becomes a two-edged sword.

#### Labor Troubles in the West

In Omaha, Nebraska, the organization of a general employers' association—

upon substantially the lines recommended by President Parry at the recent manufacturers' convention in New Orleans—has not sufficed to check the strike of the union team drivers, which has in a large degree prostrated industry in that city. Last week Judge Munger, of the United States District Court, took a hand in the conflict by enjoining the union not only against committing many enumerated illegal acts, but also against almost every form of picketing, and even against continuing to maintain their organization. This injunction, issued by a Federal court on the ground that drivers at Omaha took part in inter-State commerce, seemed at first to take the whole matter from the jurisdiction of the State and local authorities, and added materially to the bitterness of the struggle. Subsequently, however, Judge Munger withdrew that portion of his injunction which seemed to forbid any activity on the part of the union. This extreme injunction was provoked by the extreme demand of the teamsters' union that employers should permit its members to boycott non-union

firms; but provocation is not justification, and the evils of industrial warfare to both parties are only increased by the use of extra-legal methods on either side to coerce the other. Just at present the full employment of labor everywhere tempts the unions to make arbitrary demands, but their excesses are sure in the near future to react against them. Already at Chicago the unions show signs of perceiving that they are carrying their demands too far, and the two hundred and fifty-two labor unions belonging to the Chicago Federation of Labor have voted (250 to 2) that hereafter no one of them may order a strike without submitting its grievance to the executive board of the Federation and letting that body attempt to secure a peaceful settlement. From all this confusion worse confounded we see no hope of permanent relief except that change of spirit suggested by President Hadley in a recent address in New Haven: "We need something more than contracts between companies and operatives, or conspiracy laws, or municipalization of industry. We must get back to the conception of some higher motive than self-interest, and some better measure of value than self-aggrandizement."

#### Signs of Progress in Minneapolis and St. Louis

Two incidents of last week are to be counted among the

indications that even in the most corrupt of cities the sense of decency and honor, when it does find expression, is finally the prevailing element in public opinion. One of these incidents was the conviction of Dr. Albert Alonzo Ames, formerly Mayor of Minneapolis, who was charged with accepting, while holding office, bribes from houses of ill fame. The story of the partnership between the city government and the criminals, as it was told in "McClure's Magazine" by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, was reported to our readers in The Outlook for January 10. The arrest of the chief corruptionist, after his flight from the city to a hiding-place in New Hampshire, his trial, and now his conviction, have been as truly blows for the preservation of American liberty as any battles could be. The only defense this man's counsel could present was the plea of insanity, and it did not avail. The case will probably be appealed. The other incident of

last week which promises well for civic righteousness in American cities was the honor paid to Circuit Attorney J. W. Folk, of St. Louis, who has brought sixteen men to trial for corruption and secured fifteen convictions. A committee of citizens offered to him the gift of a house to be purchased with a fund of \$15,000 subscribed by a hundred business men of St. Louis, as an expression of their admiration for his services as public prosecutor. Mr. Folk expressed his appreciation of the offer, but promptly and positively declined it. He is reported to have said, "Your action satisfies me that what I am doing in an official way is with the approval of the best citizens of this community, and that is reward enough." There is no doubt whatever that the most substantial business men of St. Louis, as well as the great majority of the people, are supporters of Mr. Folk in his very quiet but very courageous and effective measures for punishing political corruptors. He is opposed, of course, by some men of high social standing because of their own part in the bribery of office-holders; but even their opposition has not prevented many of the machine politicians from giving him at least outward support. So far the issue has not really been presented to the voters; the political leaders have managed to make up their party tickets and prepare their party platforms so that the issue between clean and unclean city government was avoided. Only in two or three cases have men been elected to the House of Delegates (the lower house of the city legislative body) distinctively as supporters of "New St. Louis." In these few cases, however, and in one of them notably, party lines were broken over. Contrary to reports which were first widely circulated, Mr. Folk, as we have heretofore pointed out, indorsed no candidate and repudiated none. He has kept silently at the work he has undertaken to do, and has left the people to do their own choosing. It has been this unobtrusive but effectual course on the part of the Circuit Attorney that has done more than anything else to create in St. Louis a feeling of confidence that there is really to be a "New St. Louis," and that honesty is a practicable thing in city government.

**A Groundless Accusation** An illustration of Josh Billings's saying, "It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that are not so," has been recently afforded by two journals of National reputation, to which their readers are accustomed, justly, to look for painstaking endeavor to report the news fairly, although the news may not confirm their political principles or may even jar their political prejudices. First the New York "Evening Post," then the Springfield "Republican" following the "Evening Post," brought the charge against General Wood of having co-operated with a Lieutenant Runcie in the preparation of an article for the "North American Review" against General Wood's predecessor in Cuba, General Brooke, and having afterwards, at the command of the War Department, called Lieutenant Runcie publicly to account for so gross a breach of discipline, and as a penalty removed the Lieutenant from several commissions and offices in which he was engaged. Such incredible baseness, if it could be believed of a man who had always borne an honorable reputation, would have been quite sufficient to deserve expulsion from the army and social excommunication in private life. And these charges were preferred against General Wood without giving him a hearing, when he was out of the country and could not be heard in his own defense, and as part of a very evident endeavor, instigated we know not why nor by whom, to disgrace him before the public. The charge was so definite and specific that General Wood's friends were able to demand proof; and, as a result of this demand, the "Evening Post" made further inquiries into the truth of the accusation to which it had given such currency, and satisfied itself that the charge is wholly groundless. "We accordingly," it says, "withdraw the charge unqualifiedly, with sincere apologies to General Wood. It is not necessary to add that our Havana correspondent ceases to be such with this date." The Springfield "Republican," which had given editorial sanction and added currency to the "Evening Post's" original charge, makes honorable haste to give equal sanction and currency to the withdrawal, and to add: "Our old confidence in his honor returns in full

force now that this matter has been satisfactorily cleared up." We cannot agree that it has been "satisfactorily cleared up." For a telegram is published in the New York "Tribune" of Monday morning of the present week, dated Havana, stating that "the New York 'Evening Post' correspondent denies that he ever sent from here the alleged libelous Runcie-Wood article that paper printed as a special from Havana." It appears, therefore, in this case that there has been not only a liar but a forger at work. One would like to know what motive of malice has been the inspiration of this fraud, falsehood, and forgery. It appears to us that it is now in order for the New York "Evening Post" to employ some detective to find out what the source of this villainy is, a villainy which might have accomplished more if the liar and forger had not chosen as the medium for circulating his groundless libel a journal quick to give the story a denial as soon as its falsehood was discovered. The most searching criticism of political policies and public conduct is always in order; and it becomes necessary at times, as part of the duty of independent newspapers, to make personal charges against public officials. But such charges ought never to be made unless definite proof is in hand with which to substantiate them. The reputation of a man like General Wood is part of the moral capital of the country; to belittle such a reputation without good cause is to diminish that capital and is a very serious offense against the public welfare.

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#### The Red Cross Controversy

At a meeting held in the city of New York on the 6th of April last, the Executive Committee of the American National Red Cross, through its Chairman, W. P. Phillips, suspended "from membership and all privileges of membership" General John M. Wilson, John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State; Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy; Rear-Admiral Ramsey, Rear-Admiral Van Reyepen, William H. Michael, Chief Clerk of the State Department; Mrs. Cowles, sister of President Roosevelt; Miss Mabel T. Boardman, and fifteen other incorporators and members, upon the charge that, in a letter to the President of the United States and in a memorial subsequently sent to

the United States Senate, they had assumed an attitude that was "unbecoming" as well as "hostile to the interests of the Red Cross," and had "attempted to disrupt the organization." Lately the suspended members sent to Mr. Phillips the following reply: "The undersigned members of the American National Red Cross, in answer to your notification of their suspension, deny your power or authority to suspend them." In a statement to the public, made at the time this reply was sent, the suspended members allege that the new by-laws, under which the Executive Committee assumed to act, were improperly and illegally adopted; that they are inconsistent with, if not directly in violation of, the charter granted to the Red Cross by Congress; and that, if legally adopted, their effect would be to confer autocratic power upon the President, and virtually to deprive the incorporators and members generally of the control that they have a right to exercise over the organization and its officers. They assert, furthermore, that under the by-laws thus adopted the President may be, and has been, elected for life; that in the event of her illness or absence she may delegate her supreme authority to any person whom she may choose to select; that, with the sanction of two members—or even a single member—of the Executive Committee, she may suspend hostile or obnoxious incorporators at her own discretion; and that "the extraordinary powers now possessed by three persons—or it may be by two—can never be taken away from them without their consent, or the consent of the President," whose term of office has been made perpetual. In conclusion, they declare that unless such methods "are abandoned, the society cannot retain public confidence, which is essential to its success. By-laws so extraordinary and so adopted," they say, "should not be submitted to without protest, nor should they continue in force without being brought to the knowledge of the great public for whom this society exists and by whom it is supported."

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The Red Cross, in the Past and Future of the Red Cross United States, is the creation of Miss Barton. It was mainly through her influence and persistent agitation that the Government

of the United States became a party to the Geneva treaty; she organized at the city of Washington in 1881 the first American Red Cross society; and she controlled its operations and directed its activity through a long series of campaigns, beginning with the Michigan forest fires in 1881 and ending with the Galveston disaster in 1900. That the practical results of her administration and of Red Cross work in these years were beneficent there can be no reasonable doubt. Large sums of money, contributed by the public, were wisely expended; human suffering was alleviated on many widely separated fields; and thousands of persons were helped to get on their feet after they had been stricken down by catastrophes of nature or the operations of war. The first question that was raised with regard to the administration of Red Cross affairs had its origin in what were alleged to be loose and unbusinesslike methods in the matter of keeping accounts. The society, it was said, failed to make and publish properly audited statements of its receipts and disbursements. As long ago as the beginning of the Spanish War, a number of business men in New York, who desired to co-operate in Red Cross work, offered to give the organization all the money they should contribute or collect, if Miss Barton would allow them to send a representative to Cuba to supervise expenditures and audit accounts. Miss Barton declined to accept this proposition, and the business men organized what was afterward known as the New York Red Cross Auxiliary, which controlled its own expenditures and at the end of the campaign published a detailed statement of its receipts and disbursements. At that time and subsequently it was suggested, in as delicate a manner as possible, that the best interests of the Red Cross would be promoted if Miss Barton, who was nearly eighty years of age, would consent to retire from the active management of the society, holding the position of honorary president for life, but allowing some capable business man (the late Colonel Waring was suggested) to direct and control the society's work and manage its finances. It is said that Miss Barton at one time consented to this arrangement, but subsequently changed her mind, obtained a charter from Congress, and reorganized the society. Com-

plaints, which were soon afterward made by some of the newly elected members, with regard to the accounts, vouchers, and financial management of the Galveston campaign, led to internal friction, and Miss Barton and her friends, fearing, apparently, that an attempt would be made by the "Washington faction" to oust them from control, adopted, without previous notice to the members, an entirely new set of by-laws intended to increase and consolidate their power; elected Miss Barton president for life with practically supreme authority; and finally suspended all the malcontents who disapproved and protested against such action. The suspended Washington members are all well known to the American people, many of them have occupied high official positions, and it is not to be assumed, without conclusive proof, that they desire to "disrupt" the Red Cross, or that, in protesting against certain administrative methods, they are actuated by improper or unworthy motives. If, as Mr. Phillips contends, they are only a factional minority, bent on rule or ruin, the Executive Committee would run no risk in calling a general meeting of the society and turning over to it the duty of disciplining them for their "hostility to its interests" and their general "unbecomingness" of attitude.

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**Two Pleas for Negro Rights in Mississippi** In Mississippi—where the negroes were practically disfranchised by the new Constitution of 1890—a spirited contest is now going on over the civil and educational rights of the race. The attack upon their civil rights is being made by sporadic mobs of Whitecaps, who by brute force, in defiance of law, have driven the negroes out of many localities. The attack upon their educational rights is being made in a political campaign to secure the nomination of a Democratic candidate for Governor who demands a division of the school fund, so that the schools of the negroes shall no longer be aided by the taxes of the whites. A Mississippi correspondent writes us that both of these attacks are condemned by a majority of the white people of the State, though, for various local reasons, Major Vardaman, the gubernatorial candidate demanding a division of the school fund, may secure



the Democratic nomination. As expressive of the sentiment of the better class of whites toward the Whitecap depredations, our correspondent sends us the statement made last week by Judge Powell, of the Lincoln Circuit Court, in addressing the Grand Jury. After condemning the "destruction of all legal government and the enthronement of naked brute force as the governing power in the community," Judge Powell concluded as follows:

I confess, gentlemen, I can't understand this foolish hostility to the negro. He is here without his consent, and here undoubtedly he must remain in large numbers. He has been eliminated by our Constitution and laws from all political control. He asks not for social recognition. He only asks the poor privilege of working for his daily bread in peace and to indulge the hope that the coming years may bring something better to his posterity. We of the white race have all the offices of power, from Governor to constable, and the negro is simply the creature of our mercy. It strikes me that for us to oppress where we should protect, to debase where we might lift up, is unmanly and unworthy of the proud race to which we belong. Stand by the nobler traditions of your race, and let it be understood once and for all in Lincoln County that no man or set of men are so powerful that the strong arm of the law cannot reach them, or so lowly that the broad shield of the law cannot protect them.

Still more significant of the attitude of the more humane whites toward the anti-negro movements is our correspondent's inclosure of an editorial from a paper edited by a negro, satirizing the professions of friendship for his race made by those who would deny it equal educational rights. "The black men," says this negro editor, "cannot understand the friendship that abuses them on the hustings as unfit for citizenship because they are benighted with ignorance, at the same time attempting to take from them the lamp of opportunity that was given to light their way to intelligence." The white people of Mississippi cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to such appeals for fair play. The good name of their race and of their Commonwealth forbids.



Another Advance for  
the Torrens System

Illinois, the first State in the Union to make provision for the voluntary registration and transfer of land titles by the Torrens or Australian system, has now taken another step in

advance by passing a law designed to make the operation of the system compulsory. The Torrens system, it will be recalled, provides for the public registration of titles, so that the land thereafter may be transferred without any re-searching of titles, by simply recording the transfer in the registry. The Illinois law passed in 1897 applies only to such counties as may adopt it by referendum vote. The majority in favor of adoption in Cook County, in which Chicago is situated, was very large. Although the operation of the Torrens system has met with general approval, the number of registrations under it have been comparatively small. One reason is that under the Illinois law it takes two years to complete the public registration of the title, and some landowners fear that during this transition period the chances of sale may be injured. Last fall the real estate men who had been instrumental in securing the passage of the law started an agitation for its amendment so as to require all land while going through probate court to be registered under the Torrens system. It was argued that land while going through probate was tied up for about two years under any system. The Real Estate Board at a first and again at a second meeting voted approval to this project, but at a third meeting at which proxies were allowed the vote was 97 for the proposition to 118 against it. The charge was made that many of the opposition proxies were brought out by the Chicago Title and Trust Company, which actively fought the progress of the bill at all stages. After this defeat in the Real Estate Board, the men who had begun the agitation formed a new organization for carrying it on. They have succeeded in getting the measure approved by both branches of the Legislature. A veto is not anticipated. This amendatory measure, like the original law, is not to go into effect in any county until approved by popular vote. It will be submitted to a referendum in Cook County at the fall election of 1904. The chief argument made by the opponents of the bill was that the heirs of a landowner ought not to be obliged to do with a piece of land something that the owner himself did not choose to do in his lifetime. The answer of the friends of the measure was that the general adoption of the Torrens system

would be a good thing for the community, and that the most convenient time to require registration was while the land was going through probate. It is estimated that this law will bring all land in the county that adopts it under the Torrens system in about thirty-five years. There is little doubt that Cook County will adopt the law when voted on, for the Torrens system is popular with the voters of that community. Since the Torrens system first went into operation in Illinois, laws establishing similar systems have been enacted by Massachusetts, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Minnesota. Probably in due time other States will follow the latest move of Illinois in this respect and make the use of the Torrens system of registering and transferring land titles compulsory.



#### Mayor Johnson's New Plans

The new Code for Ohio cities adopted at the special session of the Legislature last winter became operative May 4. On this occasion an entire change of government took place in every city in the State, and in lieu of the previous chaos of administrative methods a uniform method was provided under a compromise system. In Cleveland, power heretofore lodged in the Mayor under the centralized system of the federal plan is now distributed among a half-dozen officials elected by the people, while control over contracts, purchases, and public work generally is confusingly divided between the Council and the Board of Public Service. It was believed that this plan would so destroy the individual power of Mayor Johnson as to render ineffectual his attempts to equalize taxation, introduce competition in street railway service, and carry out other projects of a radical nature. A natural nemesis followed this attempt to override the local wishes of the people of Cleveland, and the entire Democratic ticket was returned by a large majority, all of Mr. Johnson's friends being elected. The first act of the new administration was the introduction of preliminary plans for a three-cent-fare street railroad on eleven different street routes. Ordinances will shortly be introduced providing for bids, and within a few weeks' time it is predicted that proposals will be

before the Council for the construction of railroads to be operated on a three-cent-fare basis. The new administration also submitted a report to the Council for the construction of a municipal electric lighting plant, not only for public purposes, but to supply light and power for commercial purposes as well. The report is based upon an investigation made by C. E. Phelps, Jr., an electrical engineer of Baltimore. His estimate involved an expenditure for plant construction of \$375,000. Upon this basis, the cost of arc lamps for street lighting, inclusive of all fixed charges and depreciation, is \$54 per annum, as against \$75 now paid by the city to a private company; while the cost of power at the station is placed at one cent per kilowatt hour. The report further states that, adding interest at four per cent. and a sinking fund provision of three per cent., light and power can be supplied to private consumers at three cents or four cents per kilowatt hour, or less than half the usual rate. The Mayor's message to the Council covered a full discussion of home rule for cities, the necessity for a readjustment of taxation so that the public service corporations should be taxed upon their franchise value, and the construction of new and competing street railway lines and an electric lighting plant, the latter to be conducted by the city upon a civil service reform basis.



#### Meeting-Rooms for the People

Three plans are proposed in New York City, not inconsistent, not rival, but legitimately co-operative, for the purpose of securing gathering-places in the poorer quarters of the city for the people of moderate means. The first of these, which, if carried out, is the largest in its scope and the most comprehensive in its promise, is the building of an assembly hall for lectures, concerts, and other gatherings in connection with every new school building in the city. The lecture courses already being given under Dr. Leipziger have proved a great instrumentality for adult education, and incidentally for neighborhood fellowship, and have gone far to show that the school-house could be made, with proper architectural provision, a social center. The second

plan is that of the Social Halls Association, incorporated under the laws of New York. This Association has under construction a five-story and basement fire-proof building for recreation and entertainment purposes, upon a plot near the terminus of the new East River Bridge. When completed it is to contain two restaurants, in one of which men can smoke, halls for dancing, etc., lodge and club rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, roof garden, baths, etc., and is to be so administered as to pay not only the expenses of the administration, but a fair interest on the investment. The total amount needed is estimated at less than two hundred thousand dollars, of which about one-half is already subscribed. The third plan is that of a People's Palace, to serve as a home for the People's Institute, which by its six years' experience in the use of rented rooms at Cooper Union has already demonstrated a public demand for the work it is doing. The plan includes a large hall with organ and stage, to be used for popular lectures, public addresses and discussions on problems of the day, symphony and other concerts, presentation of great dramas either enacted or by recitation, and Sunday evening religious and ethical addresses. In addition to the large hall, the plans would contain smaller halls, class-rooms, roof garden, a gallery for art exhibitions, a reading-room, etc. A public meeting was held last Sunday night at Cooper Union, at which a number of men known for their public-spiritedness spoke in support of the scheme. Professor Charles Sprague Smith, to whose energy and practical wisdom the success of the People's Institute is due, and who has initiated this movement, is proceeding in the right direction in insisting that the people to be served shall make the first contributions toward the necessary fund for the erection of this building. There are two very good reasons for this: first, that it is necessary to know how much the people for whom this building is supposed to be constructed really want it, and, secondly, because few money-makers will be prepared to contribute to the erection of such a building until there is a financial demonstration that it is really wanted and will be used by the people for whom it is to be erected. We hope for all three of these plans great

success. All three of them would not, in our judgment, furnish too great a supply for even the existing demand, and the demand will increase as provision is made for supplying it.



#### Railway Men and Religion

Last week the Conference of the Railway Men's Young Men's Christian Associations at Topeka, Kansas, was made notable by an address by President Roosevelt. The interest in this gathering, however, was due not more to such a distinguished speaker than to the cause itself, for the attendance was as great at the closing meeting as on the evening when the President made his address. The audience was estimated at about four thousand men. There were no less than fifteen hundred delegates present from the nearly two hundred railway associations of North America. Foreign governments were also represented—Mexico by four delegates, Germany by two, France and Denmark by one each. The mileage traveled by all the delegates exceeded two million miles. The railway companies furnished free transportation—the value of which to ordinary travelers would be \$60,000; while the concessions made by the Pullman Company exceeded \$5,000. While the railway companies provided every facility to advance the convention, in no case did they, as such, have a voice or a vote in the meeting. We may add that the companies have now given over a million dollars for Association buildings, and contribute nearly a quarter of a million a year toward the current expenses. The Topeka Conference was presided over by Colonel John J. McCook, and among the prominent railway men who took part in the discussion were President Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and General Manager Mudge, of the Atchison roads. The delegates were from all positions in railway service, from flagmen to engineers; they represented the fifty thousand members of the railway branch. While religious differences were not mentioned at the Conference (about one-third of the membership has Roman Catholic affiliation), religious life was the subject most enthusiastically discussed. An incident of the Conference was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Railway Asso-

ciation Building now being erected at Topeka by the Atchison Company and its employees, at a cost of \$30,000. No branch of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association has shown greater progress in every direction than has its railway department; and it is significant for social as well as for industrial solidarity that its financial support is equally divided between employers and employed. The work which the Young Men's Christian Association is doing, in caring for the physical and social comfort of the men, to say nothing of the educational and religious features, is a very important public service, and without something of the kind railway employees would be in far greater moral peril than at present.



#### A Notable Commemoration

The beautiful historic village of Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson was the scene of an unusual celebration on Thursday of last week, which took the form of a semi-centennial commemoration of the work of the Rev. J. Selden Spencer as assistant rector, rector, and rector emeritus of Christ Church. Mr. Spencer's association with the parish dates back to 1858; and among his parishioners at that time was Washington Irving, a devout attendant on the services of the church, whose charming home at Sunnyside attracted many visitors, and to whom the interests of the church were very dear. Mr. Spencer's reminiscences of Irving, read to his friends a few years ago, delightfully illustrated his own qualities of nature and of style, his consecration to his work, his generosity, his humor, and his geniality. The exercises on Thursday consisted of a service of commemoration in the morning, at which Bishop Potter presided, which was largely attended by the Episcopal clergy of Westchester County and the neighboring Hudson River districts, and by the clergy of other churches in the community. At the close of Bishop Potter's address the Rev. Dr. John Knox Allen, pastor of the First Reformed Church, presented Mr. Spencer with an address of congratulation signed by over five hundred residents of the town. The communion service followed; and later a luncheon was served, at which many visitors were entertained with characteristic hospitality. In the afternoon hun-

dreds of friends presented their congratulations and expressed their warm affection to Mr. Spencer at the Parish House; and in the evening a public dinner was given to him, at which Major Marshall H. Bright, editor of "Christian Work," presided, and brief addresses full of affection and respect were made by the Rev. Dr. Allen, by the President of the village, and by other representative citizens. It is not often in this age that a minister remains in one parish and pulpit for half a century. The traditions of Tarrytown are quite in harmony, however, with this long pastorate; the blameless life, the consecration to his work, the kindliness of spirit, and the delightful personal qualities of Mr. Spencer have endeared him to the whole community.



#### Black Smoke Banished

When the coal strike was at its height, and the skies of New York were as black as those of other soft-coal burning cities, many people were convinced that the metropolis had lost forever one of its greatest charms, and that, the use of soft coal having been introduced in hundreds of factories and other buildings, it would be impossible again to drive it out. The Outlook expressed its faith not only that the regulation against black smoke could be enforced, but would be enforced, and its faith has been justified. To-day the sky is absolutely clear; only two or three columns of black smoke can be observed rising from any point in the city, and the statement of Dr. Lederle, the Health Commissioner, that the city is freer from black smoke than it has been for a number of years past, is evident to any one who will look over the island from any elevated point. The only offenders remaining seem to be the power-houses. Why these should be allowed to violate the statute has not been explained. Undoubtedly the Commissioner who has effected a change which entitles him to the gratitude of all New Yorkers for all time to come is for the moment balked in his endeavor to abate the nuisance in two or three instances. Whatever action he may be able to take he may rest assured will be backed by the citizens of New York. The brief experience of foul skies was sufficient to make the citizens of the metropolis value, as they have never valued before, not only

the beauty but the personal comfort of breathing clean air and looking at pure skies.

## The Books of a Season

The survey of the books of the present season which *The Outlook* gives its readers this week does not bring to light many important books. The contributions to religious and economic thought and scholarship have been, in three or four cases, of considerable importance. A single poetic comedy rises above the average of good, well-constructed, but largely uninspired verse-making. In the field of fiction four or five stories have appeared, or are to appear, which are likely to attract a good deal of attention and to deserve the consideration of the most serious readers.

This dearth of books of the first rank is not to be interpreted either as indicating a decline of literary vitality or of popular interest in good books. The journalistic treatment of literature tends to make the public think of the production of books as it does of the production of wheat and corn, and to estimate the value of the crop at the end of the season in exact terms. Intelligent estimates of literary movements and of literary productivity, it is hardly necessary to say, cannot be made in this manner.

It is not surprising that in such an engrossing movement of industrial activity as has been going on during the past three or four years books should be less talked about than formerly, and that there should be less apparent interest in them. When the work of the hand is so pressing, so varied, and so profitable, it takes the first place in public interest; when that work begins to slacken, a great many men who move with the current begin once more to think of the higher occupations and the interests of the human spirit. More books are sold to-day than ever before, and the army of readers quietly making themselves acquainted with good literature in all parts of the country increases instead of diminishes; but until the tide of prosperity ebbs somewhat, or until society has adjusted itself to the immense increase of wealth and the immense extension of practical activities and multiplication of the instruments of

practical service, literature will not receive the recognition which belongs to it as one of the supreme interests in American life.

The fact that, for the moment at least, no novels are selling with the rapidity with which a few novels were sold two or three years ago is by no means an unhealthy sign. The sales of good stories remain phenomenally large compared with the old figures, and will remain large because there has been a great extension of the reading public. The rush of the crowd to read a book which may have no literary merit or vitality, either of material or of presentation, simply because it is talked about, is never wholesome; and if the crowd has grown more critical and clear-minded in its judgments, and has ceased to move upon sudden impulse and learned to decide for itself, the loss will fall, not on writers of real merit, but on a few whose rewards were generally beyond their deserts. The average of literary work in this country in many departments is high. If great books are not produced in large numbers, good books are produced in very considerable numbers; and in soundness of knowledge, in good taste and literary workmanship, a great advance is evident over the work of an earlier generation. It is a period of quiet progress; a time of preparation rather than a time of accomplishment.

## 'The Carlyle Love-Letters'

Love-letters ought never to be published. They are not written for the public; true love-letters are written with an abandon which makes them incomprehensible to the public. The lover reads into the letter which he receives what the writer has meant but could not say; and if he fails, the failure only leads to more correspondence and those misunderstandings and explanations which are the torturing delight of all true lovers, and have been since the world began. But if love-letters are published, they ought to be either left without interpretation, like the Browning love-letters, or else they ought to be interpreted by an editor who has imagination and can understand the difference between

<sup>1</sup> *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and Edited by Alexander Carlyle. With an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D. With Sixteen Illustrations. 2 vols. John Lane, New York.

a blow and a caress. The Carlyle love-letters have fallen into the hands of editors without imagination. One would surmise that neither Mr. Froude nor Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., nor perhaps Alexander Carlyle—though his notes do not attempt to do the work of interpretation essayed by Sir James Crichton-Browne's Introduction—had ever been in love or had ever read love romances enough to know love language. So Mr. Froude subjects the correspondence to a cold analysis, a sort of post-mortem examination, for the purpose of finding out what was the matter with this couple, and concludes that Thomas Carlyle was a bear; and Sir James Crichton-Browne, in his Introduction, subjects them to another post-mortem, and concludes that Mrs. Carlyle was half crazy. To neither of the two skillful but unimaginative anatomists does it occur that the matter was that both Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle were madly in love with each other, and so remained with a pertinacity of enthusiasm rare even in Scotch characters.

We say even in Scotch characters; for among the curious delusions of literature and history the delusion that the Scotchman is a cold and unemotional character must take high rank as an inexplicable curiosity. Scotchmen cold and unemotional! And Scotland has given to the pulpit Chalmers and Guthrie and Mattheson; to poetry Robert Burns; and to romance Scott, Macdonald, Barrie, and John Watson. The Scotch are Celts, with all the passion of Celts burning in their blood. Only with them the fire is not that of a forest lighting up the whole horizon with a ruddy glare to be extinguished by the first smart rain; it is that of a mine burning under ground, without flame, with little smoke, but with a heat which nothing can extinguish. And Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle were both Scotch; and they loved with a Scotchman's inextinguishable but also inexpressible ardor. They did not always understand each other: when did two lovers ever always understand each other? They are never understood by their unimaginative editors; when did unimaginative lookers-on ever understand true lovers?

That they were lovers and always lovers, devoted to each other with the

devotion of youthful lovers, and carrying that devotion throughout their lives, undiminished, is a fact which reveals itself on almost every page. We turn at haphazard the pages of the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and we find love-sentences hanging like blossoms on every bough—with this difference, that blossoms do not outlast the spring, and these blossoms winter could not kill. He rarely calls her by her name. She is "My brave little Woman;" or "Beautiful Soul;" or "Generous Heroine;" or "My Darling;" or "Goody;" or simply "She," Jean being the only "she" in all the world to him. And this, let the reader note, not in the first days of courtship, not in the supposedly blissful hours of the honeymoon, but throughout their married life. He imputed to the rest of the world his own undisguised though generally unexpressed admiration for her. "Everybody felt the all-pervading, simple grace, the perfect truth and perfect trustfulness, of that beautiful, cheerful, intelligent, and sprightly creature." She was his one companion, his sunshine without whom the world was dark indeed: "Oh my love, my dearest, always love me; I am richer with thee than the whole world could make me otherwise." "The Herzen Goody must not fret herself and torment her poor sick head. I will be back to her, not one hour will I lose. Heaven knows the sun shines not on the spot that could be pleasant to me were she not there, so be of comfort, my Jeannie."

Nor is he less to her than she to him. Her letters are redolent of her passionate affection for him. "Will you believe it, Mr. Carlyle has been within sixteen miles of me for three weeks and we have not once seen each other's face. Now is not this a pretty story? Positively, I am expecting to have my name transmitted to posterity along with the Patriarch Job's; for the *woman* who could undergo this thing and yet not die of rage, could also survive, with a meek spirit, the carrying away of oxen and asses, the burning up of sheep, and even the smothering of sons and daughters." "We see great numbers of people here, and are always most content alone. My husband reads then, and I read or work, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other." "Oh that he

were indeed well, well beside me, and occupied as he ought. How plain and clear would life then lie before us. I verily believe there would not be such a happy pair on the face of the whole earth." "Often when he has talked for an hour without answer, he will ask for some sign of life on my part; and the only sign I can give is a little kiss. Well! that is better than nothing, don't you think?" Then to her husband: "What progress you will have been making with Burns in my absence. I wish I were back to see it; and to give you a kiss for every minute I have been absent. But you will not miss me as terribly as I did you. Dearest, I do love you! Is it not proof of this that I am wearying to be back at Craigenputtoch *even as it stands*, and while every one is trying to make my stay agreeable to me?" "Write instantly to me how you get on, to the minutest item." Even her criticisms are a homage: "Beware, however, dear Jean, how you encourage that little morsel of yours to follow the trade of being a Genius—it is a considerable risk—one way and another—and for my part, if I had the power of administering it, I should advise it much as our good Doctor used to do with his Senna—'you had better give it him—or perhaps you had better not.'"

But both Mr. Froude and Sir James Crichton-Browne find that the course of love did not always run smooth, and so conclude, one that Thomas Carlyle was to blame, the other that Jane Welsh Carlyle was to blame. Bless the dull critics, do they not know that it was love that was to blame! When did the course of true love ever run smooth? The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is no true picture of passionate lovers' love. Lovers' love is exacting and self-sacrificing; it is querulous and admiring; it is critical and indiscriminating; it is tempestuous and peaceful; it is self-accusing and self-defending; it is torture and bliss; it is everything self-contradictory. And these two were passionate lovers; all their life long passionate lovers. They both had the intensest of intense natures; and neither could find language strong enough to express their inexpressible life. The drama of such a love-life cannot be interpreted by the rule of three. It was in their nature, and in the nature of the

intensity of their love, that they should be at times at cross purposes: though he was no brute and she no crazy woman.

He was sometimes self-absorbed in his work and careless of her; it is doubtful whether she would have had him less absorbed. For she was proud of that power of concentration which was a part of his genius. He was something of a bear and sometimes growled at his wife as he did at visitors; but she loved him none the less for that. She writes of him, "The victim . . . is consuming his own smoke in a manner which rather frightens me by its novelty. . . . I wish he would growl a bit." She had terrible headaches, was excessively nervous, and often morbid and sometimes not herself; but that did not lessen her love for him nor his for her. As to the misunderstandings and criss-cross purposes, and on her part jealousies, doubtless perfect souls would not have had them; but they were due, not to want of love, but rather to the excess of it, or, let us say, to a certain unrestrained extravagance in loving. For even love should be temperate. Mrs. Carlyle has given in one letter—a letter to her husband—the key to it all. The two quotations which follow are in the original probably a couple of pages of letter-paper apart. She is with Mr. and Mrs. Sterling when she writes:

"I now perceive the use my company is to them both, better than I did when we set out: I furnish, as it were, the sugar and ginger, which makes the alkali of the one and the tartaric acid of the other effervesce into a somewhat more agreeable draught."

She has the same capacity for making the life at Chelsea "effervescent," and she recognizes the fact in this curiously self-revelatory letter:

"I said to myself you were no better than when you left me, and all this absence was gone for nothing. I wanted to bring you into something like cheerfulness, and the length of a kingdom was between us—and if it had not—the probabilities are that, *with the best intentions*, I should have quarreled with you rather. Poor men and poor women! what a time they have in this world by destiny and their own deserving. But, as Mr. Bradfute used to say, 'tell us something we do not know.'"

"But words are cheap." Doubtless,

Mr. Critic, words are cheap; but the love of these two lovers was shown otherwise than in words; shown by both in self-sacrifices of which these letters afford many hints, one of which, with the common failure of the commentators to comprehend it, must serve here to illustrate them all. Mrs. Carlyle had no fondness for the country. That is a quite evident fact. "The thought," she writes to Carlyle, "you are apt to dwell on too exclusively: that 'God made the country and man the town,' is to be taken with large reservations;—is, indeed, to be '*strongly doubted*.' You may depend upon it, Sir, Man and even the Devil have had a very considerable hand in making the country also." Nature even at its best had no great charm for her. "The drive from Wells to Tunbridge was really as picturesque as the lover of Nature (not I) could possibly desire." *Per contra*, Thomas Carlyle had no fondness for the town. Its noise, and whirl, and strenuous life, and stream of society were all odious to him. "I am better in health, however," Mrs. Carlyle writes to a friend, "and do not dislike London as Mr. C. does." One incident will suffice here to show that this his distaste for London life was known to all who knew him. He is at Ecclefechan, and she is sending him some buttons: "When I said to Helen [the maid], I must go and get some buttons for you, she tossed her head with an air of triumph and remarked, 'Well, it's a mercy there is *one* thing which the Master fancies is to be got in *London* better than in *the Country*!'—a small mercy, for which let us be duly grateful." But the society-loving wife goes down with the solitude-loving husband to Craigenputtoch and keeps house there for him and with him in what she characterizes to a friend as "the stillest, solitariest place that it ever entered upon your imagination to conceive; where one has the strangest shadowy existence, nothing actual in it but the food we eat, the bed one sleeps on, and (praised be Heaven) the fine air one breathes; the rest is all a dream of the absent and distant, of things past and to come." And, leading there this solitary life, she writes so charmingly of it to a friend in London that one editor is apparently deceived into thinking that she really liked it, while it is

quite apparent that her letter is purely defensatory, a wisely making the best she can of the life to which her love for her husband calls her: "If people we like and take pleasure in do not come about us here as in London, it is thankfully to be remembered that here 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' If the knocker makes no sound for weeks together, it is so much the better for my nerves. My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire." And the other editor cannot pardon the husband for taking his wife to so dull a life, and cannot conceive, or does not, that a wife in love with her husband finds a great joy, perhaps her greatest joy, in denying herself for his sake, provided only that the self-denial is a little recognized and appreciated by him. So much she does gladly for her love for him: Presently they transfer themselves to the London which is odious to him and settle there in such quarters as they can afford, where he adapts himself to his surroundings, for his love for her, despite the fact that he is far from an adaptable man. That this involved any sacrifice on his part or indicated any love in him for his wife we do not think Mr. Froude, in his *Life of Carlyle*, anywhere recognizes.

The "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" were needed to correct the false impression which was unhappily produced on the public mind by the publication of Mr. Froude's first *Letters and Memorials* in 1883, though even then the imaginative and discriminating reader gave to them, partial and imperfect as they were, a very different interpretation from that which Mr. Froude gave to them. There are other elements of interest in these "New Letters" than the light they throw on the home life of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle. They are graphic in description, keen in dissection of character, sparkling with wit and humor. To one who is fond of character study they are more entertaining than a novel and more vitally dramatic than a drama. But these aspects we have no space here to illustrate. Their most notable feature is their revelation, on the one hand, of the loves of two life-lovers—her latest letters, written in 1865, after nearly forty years of married life, are as lover-like as the earliest—and, on the other hand, of the



dullness of two unimaginative critics—perhaps we should say three, adding to the other two Alexander Carlyle—who have undertaken to interpret letters all aflame with love though apparently they have never learned the meaning of love's language.



## The Kindergarten Against the Street

In the sections of New York in which the population is densest the streets are the nurseries, playgrounds, libraries, and theaters of the children. These children are housed in rooms so few, small, and crowded that they are driven out-of-doors for space to breathe, play, and live. The close, hot sitting-room, dining-room, bedroom, and kitchen combined, in which many of them live with fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, becomes intolerable at times even to the youngest child, and the street is the only refuge. It becomes a retreat for the suppressed and imprisoned personality of the child; it gives him room for activity; for letting out his energy in noise and play; it makes a place for his individuality; more than this, it affords plenty of companionship, for it is full of boys and girls sent from similar homes by the same conditions. There the child finds the drama of life going on before his eyes in its most pathetic and often in its most repulsive forms. The chase of the thief by the policeman, the rattle of the ambulance, the rush of the fire-engine, the cries of the hucksters, the bickerings and fightings, are the sights and sounds to which the child of the tenement-house is accustomed from the time he can walk down stairs; in the streets he learns the first lessons of life, and as he grows into boyhood the street becomes more and more his theater. He becomes familiar with the most degraded men and women, and knows the worst vices from infancy.

The free kindergarten is the antagonist of the street. It rivals and passes the street in interest, and it puts the best education in place of the worst. It is a place which pleases the eye and the ear, and excites and satisfies the curiosity. It opens a clean, airy room, with plenty of light. In this room there are flowers, sometimes birds; there are always things

that are novel in form and color. The two teachers who are in charge know how to catch and keep the attention of children, because they know their habits, tastes, faults, and are in sympathy with them. They know how to open the eyes of the child to things that it has never seen before, and to open its ears to sounds that charm and win its attention. They are not bound by hard and fast rules; they do not impose on the child a method from which it rebels. They take the child as they find it—a semi-barbarian of the street—and teach it cleanliness, order, obedience, courtesy. These lessons come as naturally to the child as the lessons it has learned in the street, and they soon make it over into a civilized child. It finds the play in the pleasant room, led by older playmates, more interesting than the play in the street; a thousand objects are presented to it that excite its curiosity, and it learns the fundamental lessons of life without knowing that it is being educated.

From the pleasant room, with pleasant faces, kind voices, music, and flowers, the child carries new ideas to its home, and presently the mother is interested. The teachers and the room have something for her as well as for her child; and she too begins to learn cleanliness, order, the sweetness of life. More than this, she is taught to help the teacher by making her home like the kindergarten; and so the influences and habits of the streets are fought and overcome, not only in the kindergarten but in the home, and the kindergarten becomes an oasis in the desert of the tenement-house life.

The street, with its evil education—a school in which all kinds of vice are taught—has no enemy so effective, so thoroughgoing, so dangerous, as the kindergarten; and nothing would clean New York morally more radically and permanently than the opening of kindergartens in such numbers that all the children could be taken out of the streets and taught the primary lessons of wholesome living and of good citizenship.

This fight against the street the New York Kindergarten Association and similar organizations in other cities are carrying on at every point where they can command the money to equip and support a school. They are doing a work which

the public schools cannot do; they are organizing the skirmish-line in the fight to save the children of the tenement-house. This work is fundamental; it is done at the most receptive age; and it is the only real answer to that pathetic "cry of the children" which rises in the streets of our great cities, and to which no generous man or woman can be indifferent. That cry ought to be heard and heeded in every home in which children are loved and guarded.



## The Childless Church

We accompany an article in this week's Outlook on "The Childless Church" with two comments: one to the parents, one to the ministers.

*To the Parent:* The prime cause of the childless church is the prayerless home. If there is not truth in the home, there will not be sincerity in society; if not honesty in the home, not honor in business; if not patriotism in the home, not purity in politics; if not devotion in the home, not the spirit of devotion in the church. For homes are the springs that feed the life of the Nation; and if they run dry, there will be drought in the Nation. It cannot be otherwise.

If, then, your children do not care to go to church, inquire first if the fault be not in your home before you look for it in the church. Criticism, like charity, should begin at home. If you do not go to church, it is worse than useless to send your children. If you go reluctantly, it is in vain to expect them to go gladly. If you go to criticise, they will not go to worship. If you go because conscience or convention compels you, they will not go unless they are compelled. And if you love your church and it ministers to your highest nature, they will catch your love for it, though they know not why nor how.

But if the church does not minister to our higher life? What if there is no reason for going but personal habit or social convention? We answer by another question: What if your grocer serves you with stale eggs, or your butcher with tough meat, or your newspaper with lies for truth? You do not abandon either for one failure, or for two; but you do not go on indefinitely for no other

reason than personal habit or social convention. If your church does not minister to your higher life, and the fault is not in your own critical attitude, set yourself to improve the church if you can. And if you cannot, change it for a church that will minister to your higher life.

*To the Minister:* Read the article and ponder it with care. What are you trying to do for the children in your parish? Anything? You have in mind the pew renters: the income of your church depends on them. You have in mind the deacons and elders: the peace of your church depends upon them. You have in mind the active workers, men and women: the efficiency of your church depends upon them. You have in mind the sick and the mourning: your sympathies are appealed to by them. But the children: do you think of them? do you plan for them?

If you ask of methods, these occur to us; perhaps correspondents, out of their experience, can suggest others. You can bring your morning service within an hour—as long a time as children should be asked to sit still; and you can so shape both service and sermon as to appeal to children as well as to adults—a difficult but not an impossible achievement. You can make two services of the one service; and, after a five-minute sermon to the children, dismiss them and go on with the remaining service and the sermon to adults. You can hold a special service for the children, such as is described in the article. You can make the Sunday-school a children's service as well as a children's school, and leave them to find therein their religious instruction and inspiration. Which you shall do must depend partly upon your church, partly upon the community, partly upon yourself. All men have not the ability to instruct and inspire children. Such ministers must recognize their own limitations, and find others to do for them what they cannot do for themselves. So did Henry Ward Beecher; so did Phillips Brooks; both of them loved children; children loved them both; but neither of them could preach to children. Unless, directly or indirectly, you do something vigorously, earnestly, enthusiastically, for the children of your parish, blame not them, blame yourself, if your church is a childless church.

# What are College Students Reading?

By James H. Canfield

Librarian of Columbia University

SOMETHING more than a year ago, in these columns, the writer of this had something to say about the administration of a modern college or university library. The gist of that article was the enlarged opportunity of undergraduate students in the use of libraries—the longer hours, the open shelves, and the generally increased liberality of management. Since that statement appeared there have been many inquiries as to whether undergraduates are really profiting by these increased opportunities; whether they are reading more, and more wisely, than in past years; and whether there is an increase, not only in the reading habit, but in the taste for good literature and in the enjoyment of it.

It is not easy to answer these questions in an entirely satisfactory manner. There are certain outward and manifest conditions which may be remarked, and which are common to many if not to all institutions of learning. For instance, there can be no question that undergraduates are devoting more hours of each academic year to reading than was the practice of, say, twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is also true that the greater part of this reading is more wisely selected, because the work is done under the direct supervision and upon either the requirement or suggestion of instructors. How much these students are reading outside of these requirements or these suggested and collateral courses, and how far the requirements and the suggestions result in creating a taste for good literature, are quite other questions.

It may be interesting, however, to men and women of middle life, who may not be in close touch with the modern educational world, to know something in detail of the present methods of bringing undergraduates and books together. These methods do not differ greatly in different institutions, especially if one is thinking only of those institutions which are really worth while. The same general plan is followed at such universities as Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Cornell,

and at such colleges as Williams, Amherst, and Brown; and these may be taken as types of their class. In each the personal element is a very strong factor. Faculties in which the older men and the older spirit are still dominant cling more closely to the older methods. Younger men are urging the newer thought, and are more liberal in their treatment of the entire field of any given subject; although it must be confessed frankly that some of them carry this to an extreme, and sacrifice quality to quantity, substituting breadth for depth. As an illustration of the temper of the earlier day may be quoted the remark of a college president of distinction, to a gentleman who had been asked to consider a call to a position in his faculty. After a prolonged conference the younger man said, "Now, I would like to know something about my lecture-room, which I hope has my study immediately adjoining, in order that I may be in close contact with my students; and also about what are the chances for a department library, and for developing the interest of my students by required courses of reading, and so forth." To him the president replied, "My dear young friend, you have been called here as a teacher of history, not as a revolutionist." But that was long ago!

In these days the work of nearly every department is conducted with a judicious admixture of text-books, lectures, conferences and discussions, required readings and suggested readings. Few institutions have sufficient financial resources to permit the duplication of books to the extent necessary if classes or sections of any size are to withdraw from the library the titles designated for either required or suggested reading. These are generally withdrawn from circulation, and kept on what are known as reserve shelves, and are loaned for a short time only; in some instances for one or two days, in many courses by the hour only, and for use within the library building. The printed syllabi accompanying these courses, and the library records of the "special re-

serves," make it possible to determine with considerable accuracy the work which undergraduates are doing.

Taking Columbia University as a fair illustration of these more approved methods—though, because of the number of its students and the resources of its library, the figures will necessarily run somewhat in advance of those of smaller institutions—nearly 6,000 different titles are placed on special reserve during each academic year. The number so held at any given date varies somewhat, but there is rarely a week during which fewer than 3,500 volumes are on the shelves. At present writing (the first week in April) rather more than that number are on reserve, for some fifty classes or sections, representing fifteen departments or divisions. Nearly every department is represented at some part of the year in this special collection, and makes demands upon it through its students. The science work has collections of its own, immediately adjoining the laboratories, and therefore makes less use of the special reserve shelves. The greatest use is by the language and literature departments, the department of history, the departments of political and economic science, and the departments of philosophy and education. As more specific illustrations, taken quite at random: For the History of American Literature, a course carried for three hours (each week) through the academic year, the required reading covers six hundred and fifty pages of prose, fifteen essays and orations, seventy-five poems, and about twenty complete volumes; while the suggested reading calls for a reserve list of about seventy-five volumes more. The study of the English Essayists of the Nineteenth Century (three hours, through the year) makes heavy draughts upon Walter Pater's works, and those of Matthew Arnold and other essayists—demands which call for hard reading at least six hours each week of the course. A course on the outlines of Industrial History, carried for three hours during the first semester, requires the reading of twelve hundred pages for English Industrial History, and about four hundred pages for the Industrial History of the United States, and keeps on reserve about one hundred titles. To the History and Principles of Education three hours are

given through the year. Two text-books are used, with which students must become familiar—"The Meaning of Education," by President Butler, and the "Psychologic Foundations of Education," by Dr. W. T. Harris. Students taking this course are required to read Davidson's "Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals," De Garmo's "Herbart and the Herbartians," Eliot's "Educational Reform," and Shaw's "School Hygiene." In addition to this, about three hundred titles are reserved under the head of suggested readings. It may be well to note here that "suggested reading" sometimes refers to the author entire, but more often designates certain pages to be read in connection with certain lectures or other portions of the work.

The course on the Labor Problem runs two hours a week during the second half of the year. Students are required to be entirely familiar not only with the lectures and the results of discussions in the classroom, but also with Cooke-Taylor's "Factory System and the Factory Acts," Von Plenar's "English Factory Legislation," and Abraham and Davies's "Law Relating to Factories." To the Constitutional History of England (to 1689) two hours are given during the year. For this work such books are reserved as Trevelyan's "Peasants' Rising and the Lollards" and "England in the Age of Wycliffe," Ramsey's "Lancaster and York," Gardiner's "Paston Letters" and "Life and Reign of Richard III.," Busch's "England under the Tudors," Froude's "History of England," Brewer's "Henry VIII.," Prothero's "Select Statutes," Adams and Stephen's "Select Documents," and Gardiner's "Constitutional Documents;" and we of the Library can testify to the faithfulness with which these authors are consulted. For the general work or general course in Ethics (three hours a week during the second half of the year) we reserve such titles as Brown's "Principles of Ethics," Kidd's "Morality and Religion," Clifford's "Lectures and Essays," Caird's "Philosophy of Religion," Dorman's "Ethics," Pfeleiderer's "Philosophy and Development of Religion," Pollock's "Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics," Schurman's "Belief in God," James's "Will to Believe," Aristotle's "Nichomachean Ethics" (two translations), Grant's "Ethics of Aris-

totle," Grote's "Aristotle," Zeller's "Aristotle and the Earlier Peripatetics," Martineau's "Essays" and "Types of Ethical Theory," Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals," Mayer's "Ancient Philosophy," Sidgwick's "History of Ethics," and Hughes's "Natural and Supernatural Morals."

Not much ephemeral literature is suggested, though in civics and economics and general science the best articles in the current periodicals are under constant reference. Indeed, in some departments there are regular student-reports on current periodical literature bearing upon the course or theme then under discussion; and some science periodicals are taken expressly for required reading.

In addition to these specific demands should be noted the large amount of systematic reading accomplished by students in their own undertakings, such as their inter-class discussions, the work of the various literary societies, and the inter-collegiate debates. This work is now more or less under the direction of instructors, always heartily seconded by the librarians. Special bibliographies are prepared, and students are aided in every possible way to find and consult the most approved authorities and the latest utterances.

In many libraries bulletins are posted from time to time, calling attention to new books just received, or to magazine articles of especial interest and value. Short bibliographies are also "hung up," covering approved readings on the more important questions of the day. In some libraries all new books are kept on inspection for a week before being placed on general circulation.

These statements have been made quite *in extenso*, because in this way, possibly better than in any other, will the lay reader come to understand the length and the breadth of the field traversed by the student. It is not difficult to believe that an undergraduate who carries this work faithfully, in a manner which will be satisfactory to his instructors, and which will enable him to secure proper credits at the end of the year or of the semester, will cover in a systematic way far more ground than the average undergraduate ever thought of covering, say, in the early sixties, or even twenty-five years ago.

This method brings each student into contact with the very best literature on the subjects under his consideration. The quantity of work assigned is determined, or ought to be determined, on the same principle as that which covers all other assignments—what the average man will be able to accomplish with reasonable success. As in the other work of the course, the man above the average will either have more spare time (not necessarily idle time) and will read more widely and more carefully, or he will add what are sometimes known as unnecessary courses—that is, he will carry more work than is really needed for a degree, or he will undertake to shorten his course in time. It is quite possible, therefore, that men in the upper half of the class may accomplish more general reading than that which is set forth above. As for the men in the lower half of the class, in the matter of reading as in everything else, they are obliged to content themselves with the scantiest return for their labors, graduating at last, if at all, either quite by chance or just barely pulling through.

Science students spend in their laboratories much of the time which other students spend in the library. Conversely, it is entirely proper to speak of the time which students spend upon required or suggested reading as laboratory work, and this phrase is now quite generally used in connection with the humanities.

If a student is taking more than one course in which much collateral reading is required, he probably has very little time for voluntary work; which is only one more way in which electives fail to elect, and bring to the student more required work than was known under old-time fixed curricula. The requirements of such courses lead the student to specialize, as is shown by the fact that science students do not read very extensively on lines of general literature, and the students in the arts courses do not make very heavy demands for science authors.

It must be admitted that there is serious danger that in the midst of this required reading a student may not acquire a sense of proportion. This is not a necessary result, however, and is an error on the part of members of the faculty which ought not to be charged to the system itself. It is still true, perhaps it is more

true than it was years ago, that officers of instruction, especially the younger officers, are intensely devoted to their own work, and pay very little attention either to the work of others and its relation to their own departments, or to the symmetrical development of the college or university as a whole. Demands are frequently made which the average student cannot meet, which even the brighter students cannot meet, without seriously neglecting other work. This is a detail of administration, however, to be cared for as institutions have more experience and their officers grow wiser and more unselfish.

Just how far the present methods result in a taste for good literature is, of course, still a question. That which is done under compulsion is often positively distasteful, and all sane instructors recognize the deadening intellectual and spiritual effect of required work, of all work which is done, not with a love of it, for its own sake, but with a view to "satisfy some one else." The personal element is a strong feature in this entire problem—the personality and the temper and the inheritance of the reader as well as the personal power of the instructor. It is quite possible that there shall be, as there undoubtedly is, far more diversified and extended information about literature than was known even twenty years ago. But the chief value of all reading, after all, is that intimate acquaintance which comes from prolonged and careful study of the character and thought and purpose of the writer as these appear in his printed works. Possibly this may never be accomplished within the limits of undergraduate life. It is entirely true that all or nearly all of the work of a college course is that of opening many doors, of giving opportunity, of setting men at the beginnings of things, of start-

ing them right and along straight lines—rather than demanding complete mastery. The impressions of college life, even though vague and somewhat confused, have more to do with the development and after-life of the student than any exact form of knowledge that he may acquire. Lowell's remark that it was the smell of leather in his father's library that made him a literary man has much philosophy in it. It is worth something, it is worth much, to bring these undergraduates into contact with great masses of literature, to give them some sense of the extent of literature, to let them know what has been sought and what has been accomplished, even if they know of it in bulk only. The present methods of dealing with this whole question seem somewhat to contravene the old proverb; for we are able not only to lead a horse to water but to make him drink as well; with the hope that if he drinks largely of pure water he will acquire a distaste for everything else.

But here again for the hundredth time, as in every other phase of student life, are shown the place and power of the individual instructor who gets near enough to his students to impress them with his own personality. It is undoubtedly true that all real love for good literature springs from within, and cannot be imposed from without. But it is equally true that this taste may be stimulated by close personal contact with those who know the delights of constant communion with the best minds of all ages. We may be reasonably sure that, no matter what the systems or devices may be, they will prove but mechanical and formal and will be sure of failure unless back of them stands an inspiring teacher and through them is felt the uplift of a strong character and a devotion to all that is noble and pure and true.

## To the Song-Thrush

By Edwin Henry Keen

Singer, whose music does not cloy,  
Thy gladness we would borrow;  
The songs of birds arise from joy,  
The songs of men from sorrow.

# A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK<sup>1</sup>

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

## VII.

EVERY day of my life I more profoundly believe that the instrument God uses for the development of his kingdom among men is exactly the same to-day as on the day of the Pentecost; the symbol of that ministry is the tongue of fire, the message of man to man by word of mouth; and personally, while I know there are many reasons advanced for believing that the pulpit cannot hold anything like as important a place in social life as it did a generation ago—the magazines compete with it, the daily papers compete with it, the University Extension movement competes with it, a thousand and one methods by which education is presented to the "herd" are all supposed to compete with it and do compete with it in a sense—still, I profoundly believe that when a man has a vision of God on the one hand, and, on the other, the needs of the people in his heart, that man will get a hearing. No writing, no literature, no diffusion of knowledge, no religious or pedagogical press, or anything else, can take the place of that sort of preaching. Again and again I have seen churches doing good work, and when I have come to analyze their strength, I have found it lay in wise organization to meet the needs of the people, and patient maintenance of that organization; but these things, good and necessary though they be, cannot take the place of preaching. I see also fully—I have proved it in my own ministry and in the ministry of my clergy—how important visiting is; anything that brings you in vital touch with people is important and useful; but it does not take the place of preaching. When I say "preaching," I am using the word in the widest sense. It may be preaching at the dinner-table, in the study, on the street, on the political platform; it *must* be preaching in the pulpit; the giving forth of the message that a man has when he stands up

and will not sit down until he has delivered it, subordinating time, method, manner, everything, to that. That is what impresses people; that is the way still to reach all sorts and conditions of people.

I try to make myself the mouthpiece of my parish. What I mean by that is this: I do not think there ever was a man as fortunate as I am in the band of lay workers that surrounds him. Many of them have been with me now for almost twenty years. We need each other, love each other, and trust each other. They give me of their best. For instance, I am going to speak to the Sunday-school. I go to my superintendent: "What do you think I ought to say? What do they most need just now?" Or, if I am speaking to my Working-Girls' Society: "What should I talk to the girls about?" If it is the young men of the club, I ask in some sort the same question. The result of my questioning is that my friends who know the inward needs of each of these organizations, and the young people who make them up, give me their own sermon to preach, and I preach it. They can see what I cannot see. They hear and know what I have not had an opportunity to hear and know. The sermons I often preach are more often theirs than mine.

Such experiences make a man's ministry very rich, and keep his preaching very much to the point. I suppose the time will come when our business men will help us in the same way. Alas! they do not yet do it. When, for instance, a great railroad president, or a great lawyer, or a great politician, will tell the clergyman he trusts something of the inwardness of the hour, will tell him the struggle between light and darkness going on in the business field, between truth and lies, between knavery and righteousness, bribery and honesty—when, I say, he does this, the man who speaks in the pulpit can speak with power. As it is, the clergy fail to make their special messages go home because,

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while they are right in the main, they are almost sure to be wrong in the detailed statement of their case. And men sneer at them and say, "Let the shoemaker keep to his last. Don't bring politics or business into the pulpit; you do not understand them. Give us the old doctrines of Christianity. Preach to us the Gospel." And, of course, all this sort of talking I hold to be little short of hypocrisy, if it falls short of it at all. If the laity would help us to preach, the pulpit would have more power than it has, the ministry would be more vital than it has been. But I am bound to say that I think the fault is often, with the preacher more than with the laity, for the preacher doesn't impress on his people how anxious and ready he is to borrow their knowledge and experience, and use it freely in pressing home the great message of truth and righteousness on the conscience of the community.

There is great danger of the laity seeking God away from the Church, unless clergymen set themselves resolutely to restating old truths; and they are not doing that as they should. What we need to-day in the Church is a restatement of the truth in terms that men can accept. The Church fails to recognize that men do not want to give up the great doctrines; but they find it impossible to accept them as they are often given to them. Many of the laity attached to St. George's I got on the basis of restating old truths in a way adapted to the thought of to-day. Of course the free church idea had something to do with it; but, even if you cast your fly over a fish, it does not follow that he will take it; you must give him the right sort of fly. What we need is earnest, persistent effort on the part of the clergy to restate old truths—truths men learned at their mother's knee—in terms that they can accept to-day; the terms in which they were taught thirty years ago will no longer touch them. These truths now live in men's minds as a memory; we must restate them so that they will become a living power; as Paul said, "Let us commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." That is the way to get the laity; and this is not impossible. I have had no difficulty in getting the laity in the last twenty years' experience.

Neither had I any difficulty in Toronto.

I came to Toronto on the crest of an extraordinary spiritual wave. Moody had not been there; no revival had been there; the movement that burst out in New York in the sixties and seventies came years later in Canada; I happened to be the match that lit the fire—that is all. If I were to go to Toronto to-day and preach the sermons I preached twenty-five years ago, I could not get the people at all in the same way. I firmly believe that if you keep constantly before men the truth that the essence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the Love of God, and therefore the brotherhood of men, they will respond to it; there will be a great and growing response.

Just as there is a difference between the preaching needed to-day and that needed when I began to preach, so there is a difference between the sort of call upon people a minister should make to-day and that made a generation or so ago. My visiting of course began in the East of London and in Norwich, the eastern part of England; and in those days the people expected the visits to be of a distinctly clerical, professional type. I remember I made it a rule in those early days that, if possible, I would never visit without praying or reading the Bible, and that was the common expectation of the people on whom I called. I sometimes found it very irksome, but I went through with it from a sense of duty. I made it a rule in those early days never to go into a railway carriage without trying to read my Bible, or talk to people about their souls. It was a terrible standard I set for myself, and caused me much trouble. I fear it was not very acceptable to my neighbors; but I stuck at it until I saw a better way. That sort of thing did not have the appearance of unreality nor seem as unreasonable thirty years ago as it would to-day; it would not be possible now here in the States, and I doubt whether there is as much of that sort of thing in England.

And yet, in a modified way, I still try to pursue that policy. I think the smoking-room of a Pullman car affords a great many opportunities for earnest conversation. One naturally begins with politics, then the next step is sociology, which is the first cousin to religion. I recall an extraordinarily interesting conversation that I had in a Pullman car two or three years ago. I



had been preaching at Yale, and got into the New Haven train. There were three or four men in the smoking-room; we talked politics, and then slipped gradually into an earnest sociological discussion and so into a religious one. I was led on from step to step until I dwelt on what I have already said has been an immense power in my life—the relation of man to God because he is man; of the Fatherhood of God; that men were children of God, not because they had been converted or baptized, but because they were born the children of God; and as I went on, I suppose I put a certain sense of energy and earnestness into what I said. At any rate, after I had been talking about three-quarters of an hour, one of the men arose (they were all perfect strangers to me), wrung my hand, and said: "I've got to get out here, sir; but I want to thank you, and to say to you that I am a Senior Warden of an Episcopal church, and I have never heard that before, and that is God's truth." I would not think of getting into a train and pulling out my pocket Bible, or talk to people about their soul and ask them if they were saved, as I did years ago in England; such practices are impossible; but I do think there are great opportunities, if we are only ready to take them in our daily intercourse with our fellow-men, of bringing in such subjects, and generally you find them as ready for discussion as you are yourself. Then, such discussions are robbed of all professionalism—a great advantage.

I remember an illustration of the same thing in a very different environment, years ago when I was in the Far West. I was in a very wild part of the country; for five or six weeks I had been away from every kind of civilization, and of course I dressed as everybody else did there. One day I was riding with a friend (who was a lawyer, by the way) to the next United States Army post. I wore no coat; my shirt was heavily spattered with blood from butchering our own meat and carrying it into camp on my shoulders; just before we reached the post we met three or four rough Western fellows; they looked at me and at my friend, gave us the time of day, as they always do there, and passed on to where our outfit was behind; they hailed the drivers of our pack horses and said,

"Who are those two fellows in front?" "One is a lawyer and the other's a parson." "Suppose the big fellow is the lawyer?" "No, he's the parson." "Well, he looks big enough to work for his living," they answered, as they rode on. I had a chance to speak to those same men at the post the next Sunday; and coming in contact with them in this absolutely natural way was a splendid introduction.

In regard to visiting by a rector in New York, often it is quite impossible to introduce the subject of religion at all; that is not the chief function—the thing is to come in touch with the people—to break the ice and know the life we are trying to appeal to; only when we know and understand it are we in a position to appeal to it wisely and well. Most clerical appeal is insufficient because the clergyman does not know, and most clerical intercourse with the people is so horribly professional that the clergyman never learns. I always say to my younger clergy, "Let us try to be natural." That is the only way to succeed with them. We have got to know these people before we can help them, and we cannot know them unless we come in contact with them; a great city like this does not offer any opportunities of knowing people except by visiting. In many cases, when you get to know them well, you can go right into the home and magnify your office, and preach, and speak, and pray. I can cite an interesting illustration. One of my assistants had been visiting for some time a man, a noble sort of fellow, who had been through the war and had fallen into ill health through the results of a heroic effort to save three men fallen down a well into a poisonous vapor—the strain on his heart and lungs had been so terrible; and, as I said, one of my assistants had been visiting him for years. He would talk to him of the weather, the events of the day, and all sorts of things—never of religion; but instinctively the sick man knew the young man came to him as a friend and a brother. My assistants do not wear clericals, as a rule; they can if they wish, but they usually follow my example. After fully two years' constant visiting, this brave old man—for he suffered bravely—said to my assistant: "I want the Holy Communion; I never was baptized in the Episcopal Church, but though I have not

been baptized in the Episcopal Church, don't you think I could take the Holy Communion?" And he added later: "You are the only minister I ever asked for the Communion." A beautiful result of wise and patient visiting for years. I know, too, that the bravery and fortitude with which the old man bore his sufferings was of immense help to the young clergyman. Often the visitor gets as much benefit as those who are visited. I have made it a rule with myself, whenever I feel particularly depressed and down-hearted—as we all feel at times—to go visiting. I don't like it; I have to spur myself to do it; but I do not know of any better stimulant for the soul than to visit sad, sick, and suffering people; it is an immense help. I urge visiting for that reason; not merely because it helps the poor people, but because it is of great benefit to the visitor.

In St. George's Church we do not urge the Holy Communion on any one, but it is a great help; and to those brought up in the Lutheran Church, or in our Church, it is an immense help as a confession of faith. Of course in a great many churches private communion is urged; we do not do that; but we hold ourselves ready at any

time to administer it to those who seek it; we never urge it, as some churches do.

Practically, I have found my best material for my sermons in visiting. In talking with people I have found out the subjects about which they wished to be instructed; I have found out the mistakes they have made, and in the objections offered I have found my text. I have also found it very helpful to bring up in conversation, while visiting, the subject on my mind; and some of the very best suggestions and the best points I have made afterwards I have gained by contact with people in visiting. We do not fully appreciate the value of knowing people—how they live and what they think. Just as the sonship of man to God is only about dawning on men's minds to-day, so it follows that the brotherhood of men to one another, which follows after the first, has not yet been accepted at all; and it seems to me that the constant intercourse I have spoken of affords all sorts of opportunities to illustrate this revolutionary gospel and press it home. The brotherhood of man is a gospel that is not preached yet; it is not understood, but it is bound to come because of the sonship of man to God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## Types of the Unemployed

By Percy Alden

Honorary Warden of Mansfield Settlement, London

**B**ALZAC in "Père Goriot" refers to "dramas that go on and on."

Such are the tragedies of the unemployed, recurring with monotonous iteration during every period of industrial depression.

Almost my first experience of East London was a visit to the Dock Gates in the Custom-House district some thirteen years ago. It was a raw, cold winter morning, and at 6 A.M. a northeaster was sweeping with such force over the waters of the Albert Dock that I began to regret my rashness in coming out at that early hour without a sufficiently thick overcoat. A small steam ferry took me to the south side and landed me near a ship that had been berthed soon after midnight, and was now discharging her

cargo, which consisted chiefly of products of the Far East.

About ninety extra men were to be taken on, and I naturally expected to see some inconsiderable surplus of labor; but as I reached the end of the dock-shed I saw, to my surprise, a struggling and seething mass of humanity—nearly a thousand men—facing the foreman who was vainly endeavoring to make a selection from the ranks of the workingmen. A very few minutes sufficed, for proper selection was impossible.

It was a sickening spectacle. If an envoy from a savage tribe in central Africa had been told that these men, with faces bleeding and clothes torn in the mad rush to obtain a ticket, had been fighting for the privilege of a few hours'

work, he would have surely smiled at this pitiful outcome of our civilization.

Some of the big-limbed and slouching claimants for work were obviously bucolic. Addressing one of them, I found that he was from a farm not one hundred miles from Braintree in Essex, and had been compelled to come up to London owing to the fact that the farmer who had employed him, from the time he was a boy sent into the fields to scare away birds, had been unable any longer to find work for him. It was the old story of land going out of cultivation and being laid down in grass. The man, with his wife and three children, had trekked to London. Unable to find regular employment, he had drifted with the tide of casuals to the Dock Gates. The wife eked out her husband's precarious earnings of less than twelve shillings a week by charring and washing. I paid her a visit, and found her two small rooms spotlessly neat and clean. She had not yet accustomed herself to the dirt and smoke of London, and fought for her ideal of cleanliness with the energy of despair. Like Dr. Johnson's washerwoman, she had little time to weep, for when I remarked that it was almost heartbreaking to have to slave all day, leaving her children without a mother's care and attendance, she grimly observed:

"If I don't work they will starve, and I have no time to think about my heart or anything else but just how to keep the wolf from the door."

Several years after, I lighted on the same couple in a still slummier district. I found that degeneration had set in—East London had claimed its own. Both man and wife had been assimilated to their environment; hopelessness had led to drink, and drink had created a still more direful form of poverty. The one room which they occupied was filthy and comfortless. The two remaining children (one had happily died) were by this time genuine slum children. Upon their old-world wizened faces was stamped the hallmark of the East End, for poverty brands the children whom she adopts.

The story is typical of the fate of many thousands who have left the farm and the sleepy village for the noisy factory and town. Some of them migrated into the big towns because village life was monotonous and dull. To them the city was a kind

of Eldorado where fortunes were readily made and where work was to be found whenever it was wanted.

London is a huge magnet whose attractive power is irresistible. It is a leviathan which yearly swallows up with voracious maw thousands of men, women, and children. There are many, like the laborer I have mentioned, who leave village and hamlet because derelict farms and waste lands can no longer sustain the tillers of the soil, whose ancestors reaped and sowed ages ago in merry England.

The problem has not changed during the last twenty years, except that it has become increasingly perplexing and difficult. During one decade forty thousand acres of land went out of cultivation in the county of Essex. London grows apace like some gigantic fungus. Considerably less than half a century ago it was possible in South West Ham, the extreme East of London, to shoot wild fowl upon the marshes which are now smothered with thousands of small brick boxes in which men, women, and children exist. Everywhere mean streets drag their weary length along the riverside and dock. It is the apotheosis of the sordid.

To-day in East London twenty thousand casual laborers compete for work at the docks; a third of them may find that work during the twenty-four hours, the rest go empty and hungry away. Thousands of these men have come from the country districts, and many are still racy of the soil and longing to go back to the land that would at any rate give them a decent and honest livelihood if only the opportunity of work were found. It ought not to be beyond the reach of statesmanship to find useful employment on the land for all who are willing to return, and we may depend upon it that until we have taken this step we have not touched even the fringe of the unemployed problem. "An unemployed man," said Sir John Gorst on one occasion, "whether he is a Duke or a docker, is living on the community. If you set him to grow food, he is enriching the community by what he produces. Therefore, my idea is that the direction in which a remedy for the unemployed evil is to be sought is in the production of food."

Here is the idle laborer, and there the vacant land. A careful selection of these

men should be made, and derelict farms purchased by the Government. On these lands they should be established with their wives and families, and if necessary subsidized for the first few years while these village settlements are reclaiming the waste places. The construction of garden villages and garden cities is only a matter of time and patience, but I very much fear that front-bench men are lacking in imagination, and in all probability the initiative will have to come from below and not from above.

It is not merely "the man with the hoe" who finds the city a stern and pitiless parent. *He* is only an adopted child; what of those who are born in her midst?

A procession of about five thousand unemployed has just passed the house. Four abreast they march—these wrecks of humanity. It was almost the saddest sight under God's heaven, these ghosts of men that were. "The scum of the earth," mutters the cynic. Granting that this is the case for the sake of argument (though I do not admit it), who made them so? As they shuffle hopelessly and wearily along, half of them seem to be too weak and anæmic to work. It would take six months of fresh air and good food before they were fit to do a spell of real hard labor.

During the severe winter of 1895 I acted as Honorary Secretary of an unemployed Relief Works Committee in West Ham, which gave some thousands of men employment in laying out cricket pitches and football grounds and in planting trees along the streets of the borough.

Many of these men were found to be too ill and weak to work until they had been fed up, and those who had been unused to such labor struggled on with bleeding hands and aching backs.

Even those who were unwilling to work were men who once might have been made useful servants of the community if they had been systematically employed and trained before it was too late. You cannot get a good day's work out of a man whose strength has deteriorated owing to lack of food, and whose morale has been undermined by want of employment.

How much does the average West-End-er know of the lives of these laboring folk—where born, how reared and fed

and clothed? Who is responsible, the man or his parents, that he was born the son of a casual dock-er? Maybe neither; possibly the guilt rests upon the society that does so little to remove the many blots on its escutcheon.

I once knew just such a man, born and bred in Limehouse—his father an ignorant dock-er, whose work, to say the least of it, was irregular. The wages of the father, Charles M., averaged fifteen shillings a week. He and his wife, a well-meaning but somewhat futile woman, had five children; the youngest was the man I knew for several years. He told me that when under ten years of age he helped his father and mother by working all day Saturday to eleven o'clock at night and all Sunday morning in a barber's shop as lather-boy. It is quite possible that here he sowed the seeds of the consumption that gradually laid its hand upon him. As soon as he was old enough to go to the docks he became a "casual." It was the usual commonplace story of loafing and lounging, of no work and overwork. One bitterly cold, wet night, while "working a ship" that was going out on the morning's tide, he contracted a chill and went home to his wretched one-roomed tenement to linger out the rest of his life.

The struggle to live or to die lasted two years, during which time he did little or no work. The night he died he sent for me about one o'clock, and there, in that little mean room—the sole furniture a bed, a broken chair, a saucepan, and two or three cups and plates—he told me the pitiful story of his wasted existence. It was a sad contrast to the picture torn from some illustrated magazine and pinned over the mantel-shelf, which represented a scene in a West End ball-room. I leaned over him and asked him—his wife standing near by with a hopeless look upon her careworn face—how he had managed to live during the past two years, for I had lost sight of him for a while. "Well, sir," he said, in a weak, gasping voice, "my pal Jim, wot lives down below—he used to work alongside me in the docks—when I was took ill, he said, 'You come along with me, Bill; I'll take care of you;' and for two years, sir, he has given me and my missus board and lodging for nothing."

The man died that day, and when I

went to thank the good Samaritan who lived down below, he merely shook my hand and said:

"I don't need no thanks. We working chaps have got to help a man what's down on his luck. He'd 'a' done just the same for me if I'd been in the same fix, and I couldn't bear to send him to the work-house."

"Misguided sentiment!" some good people may say. Perhaps it was, but all the same I wish there were a little more of it among our legislators, among the people who have power and influence and money.

The question I would like such to put to themselves is this: How far are we responsible for this enormous army of irregulars whose dirge-like chant is—

"Us the naked night  
Slays from street to street."

Schiller's *Moor* soliloquizes, "O Heaven, that I could be as one of these day-laborers!" If he had known what the life of a day-laborer in East London really was, he might have changed his mind on the subject. It is not the actual toil that is the difficulty, it is the weary looking for work and finding it not. It is because no man hath hired us that we stand here at the street corner all the day idle.

It must never be forgotten that the question of unemployment is not merely a question of so many hundreds and thousands of idle men, or so many millions of wasted days. The fact that is too often lost sight of was emphasized the other day by a large employer of labor.

"There are," he said to me, "fifty-five per cent. of skilled men out of work just now. During the long spell of idleness any one of these men invariably deteriorates. In some cases the deterioration is very marked. The man becomes less proficient and less capable, and the universal experience of us all who have to do with large numbers of workmen is that nothing has a worse effect upon the caliber of such men than long spells of idleness."

The men themselves are not wholly to blame if in the end, as a result of such disorganization in our industrial system, they have become inefficient, ineffective factors in the work of production.

Once a man has fallen out of the race,

he continues to fall. "When a rich man has fallen, he hath many helpers," but the poor man who stumbles has very few who will take the pains to lift him up.

In any case, he must be lifted up in the right way. It is not charity, but constructive statesmanship, that is required. Charity has become a byword and a reproach; we need that our charity should take the form of associated effort on the part of both local and national authorities. It is not charity that the workingman asks for, but merely scant justice. "Before you condemn," he says in effect, "give me the opportunity of work."

There are few occasions that I can recall with any degree of satisfaction when charity seemed to injure neither the recipient nor the giver. I remember on a certain day, during the winter I have already alluded to, that a man came into my office whom I had known fairly well some years before. He was a stevedore, and he came for relief, like many hundreds of others during those dark days.

"Charlie," I said to him as he entered the room, "you are the last man I expected to see."

He was a tall, gaunt man with a hard, set face, and the effort to come and ask for help had evidently been very great. He began to tell me his story; as I knew him so well, I could easily fill up the gaps for myself. He had met with an accident in the docks, a compound fracture which involved many months of pain and uselessness. Finally he ran out of all benefits, pawned and sold all his little household gods, and then, as "a last straw," when he was once more able to work, there settled down on London a long and continued frost.

I stopped him as he was telling the story and gave him assistance, feeling that he deserved far more help than I could render. I think he felt the regard and the sympathy behind the gift, for suddenly his face began to soften and his lip to quiver; then, without warning, his head fell forward on his arms and he sobbed like a little child. Perhaps there is no harm in confessing that he was not the only man crying in the room.

I felt then and I feel now that, however careful we are in the distribution of charity, it is no solution whatever of the problem, and we ought to feel devoutly

thankful if it does not injure the recipient. Justice to the willing worker and the welfare of the nation alike demand that productive work should be found and offered to all who are able to work.

As to a remedy, or remedies, it is sufficient to say that our civilization would be absolutely discredited if there had been no solutions to offer at the National Conference which was held in the Guildhall,

London, on February 27 and 28 last. Many suggestions were there made for meeting the difficulties which this complex problem presents. Some of these suggestions, I feel sure, may be found helpful, and if the Government could only be induced to set itself resolutely to the task of helping the genuine unemployed, it would have the hearty and enthusiastic support of the nation in its attempt.

## The Childless Church

By Charlotte Brewster Jordan

**A**MONG the various theories advanced to account for the increasing falling off in church interest, there is one reason which is largely responsible for this deplorable condition of things which is yet almost universally ignored. This reason is not peculiar to the city church, to the workingman's church, to the conservative, sectional, or suburban church. It is inherent in each; it cuts off the future of all. It lies in the fact that the church of to-day is becoming a practically childless church.

It is an organization which deliberately throws away its golden opportunity of stimulating the intelligent devotion of the ranks from which all future congregations must be drawn. It is progressive with its order of service, its choral uniform, its individual communion service, and its methods of raising money for various missions; but what progress has it made in rendering its service magnetic to the children who enter its walls only under compulsion? Appealing more or less to the intelligence of the adult, the modern church, while exacting regular attendance of the child, and upbraiding bitterly if it be lacking, fails to bestir itself either to awaken or to retain the child's loving interest in church matters. Its youthful congregations are expected to learn what they can through some blind system of absorption, and through the habit of enforced attendance to develop the love of church-going and worship.

Ask any truthful child in America whether he would rather go to church or to the circus. Ponder on the overwhelming reply, and probe for the remedy. Go about it logically, in a businesslike way,

and with the independent sanity which characterizes the general attitude toward other matters relating to the symmetrical development of childhood. Does it not all come down to this: If we do not wish our children to prefer other recreations to church interests, we must look to it that our church services shall be more attractive than these other diversions? In other reforms it is customary to begin with the children. If our Church is dwindling, why not interest the children in its rebuilding? In the recent Spanish-American war the policy of Spain in sacrificing her tender youth to the exigencies of war was severely criticised. If it be impolitic for a national army to throw its seed-corn into the hopper, upon what grounds is such a proceeding justified in our Church army?

Many feel that when they have sent their children to Sunday-school they have fulfilled their whole duty. To many others the Sunday-school seems to have wandered (as was ably shown in an article in *The Outlook* a few years ago) far from its original purpose of affording Bible instruction to those having no home advantages, and is, therefore, largely accountable for much shirking of spiritual matters among capable but indolent parents. Even under the most ideal conditions the Sunday-school, while it may supplement, can never really take the place of, the church. As well expect the tender to take the place of the locomotive!

Many of the unawakened will doubtless point the finger of triumph to Children's Day, now a recognized annual feature in church work. Once a year the adults trim the church, train the children in

song and recitation, and substitute this children's service for the regular morning session. In many instances I have known this elaborate celebration to last two hours and a quarter, very frequently two hours. And the prolonged strain of seriousness has begotten frantic restlessness and consequent misbehavior, and a positive hatred of all church functions. Even where this service is really one of joy, brief and interesting, causing no aching little legs nor rebellious little hearts to feel that they have been decoyed into enduring a performance worse than the stereotyped one, is it right that the children should feel that but one of the one hundred and four yearly sessions is reserved for their enjoyment? If we *wish* them to attend church but once a year, then a brief, well-conducted Children's Day might possibly answer our purpose; but since we wish them to attend fifty-two times a year, why should they not have fifty-two enjoyable services as their right?

To the mother breaking in her little ones to the church-going habit, there is a choice of four methods, each of which has serious drawbacks. First, she may calmly ignore their ill-adjusted existence, their aggressive restlessness, thereby causing unspeakable annoyance to the would-be worshipers in neighboring pews; or up her sleeve she may carry pencils and coils of string with which to punctuate the tedium of the service, or she may bribe the small feet up the steeps of spiritual form by means of earthly sweets periodically distributed; she may permit her children to file out of church just before the sermon begins, thereby strengthening the impression that the subtleties of discourse are not for childish minds; or, worst of all, she may train her children, by threat or bribery, to the attainment of that so-called good behavior in church which is really the masking of the far-away thought under the attitude and expression of attention. This last method of settling down to reverent inattention is really the most dangerous of the four courses, for it is a systematic laying of the foundation of mind-wandering, the bané of our maturer years. For this reason, a thoughtful parent, realizing too late that she had thus deliberately taught her children to simulate an external standard to which nothing internal corresponded, and so had

fastened on them a habit of mind-detachment almost impossible to break, declared that if she had it to do over again, she would (since no service came down to the understanding of young children) keep them from church until they were twelve years old—old enough to give the service their intelligent attention. She believed that the truest evangelical doctrine is that out of the heart are the issues of life—not out of concession to uncomprehended forms. Whether we agree with her viewpoint or not, we cannot but open our eyes to the straits to which the inflexibility of the church puts its would-be adherents. The parent must take the church as she finds it, and no amount of expediency can alter the fact that in its present form it is insufferably dull and painful to the normal child. As well force a teething child to feed on roast beef as to expect a child's immature brain to relish the concentrated spiritual food offered in the regulation adult service.

The only course now open to the mothers is to insist upon attendance upon the church as it is; to insist upon the uncomplaining swallowing of bitter medicine. In other matters, do we give bitter medicine, expecting the child thus to acquire a relish for it which will render it indispensable to maturity? Is it not preposterous! It would be humorous were it not so pitiful. In any other enterprise, do we struggle to foster fondness through dislike? I say "struggle," for it is a weekly struggle in two-thirds of our so-called Christian homes. Children always have rebelled and always will rebel against attendance at a practically unintelligible service. This rebellion in maturity constantly swells the ranks of the non-church-goers. Do not the zealous parents who insist upon regular church-going in the belief that so they are forming a commendable habit, practically defeat the object which they so earnestly desire, by giving children a pronounced distaste for religious things? They make no allowance whatever for that recoil from rigidity which leads to laxity and indifference; they forget that the atmosphere of artificial unworldliness is entirely alien to child-nature. I believe that, if the statistics could only be ascertained, it would be found that insistence upon unsatisfied church-going makes ten renegades

from the Christian army where it makes one recruit. It has been computed that not more than three per cent. of the male population of New York City are members of Protestant churches. Allowing for the large foreign population swayed by the powerful ritual of other churches, there is still a large percentage of absentees to be accounted for. Is it not reasonable to suppose that, had these men been kept in the Church in childhood through the force of love rather than through the force of a distasteful habit, they would not now be classed among "the spiritual restaurateurs," or the religious driftwood of a large city?

Do adults exact of themselves such a dose of unmitigated duty as they administer to their children? Do they not combine *some* spiritual refreshment with their sense of duty? Why, then, should the diminutive adult's part be one of duty only? Is it not possible to devise for them a weekly service where they may enjoy what their elders enjoy, adapted to their years and stage of development? Such a service *is* possible, with no pinchbeck attractiveness either, but based upon the solid beauties and substantial foundations of the Church glorious. There are a few sporadic instances of children's service founded upon the belief that far better results may be obtained from a weekly half-hour of joyous reverence than from a yearly two-hour session of joyless restraint; such services do exist, but they are pitifully rare.

In western New York there is such a weekly service—a real church service, no annual wretched travesty, two-fifths prosy address and three-fifths recitations, but a real Children's Day every Sunday in the year. Promptly at four o'clock the children enter the body of the church, singing, "Brightly gleams our banner." Then follows the regular church service, identical in its usual order, yet with each of its component parts as brief as may be. There is, for instance, but one Bible reading—some brief but interesting or strengthening selection. The hymns are the grand old church hymns—no religious two-steps—and they are printed in full on the leaflets with which each child is supplied. The choir and organist do what they can to lead and supplement the childish voices. The children pass

the collection-baskets. The interminable prayer is omitted, but two earnest, simple prayers are offered, such as a little child in touch with its Father would be apt to utter. Then the sermon is preached as usual, from a text, yet is entirely within the comprehension of the little ones, no longer restless, because they are interested and because they know that this direct little talk never exceeds ten minutes, rarely eight. Happy in the consciousness that they have done right, they go out, singing with spirit "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The session lasts just forty-five minutes, and the children know that they can depend upon its *never* being prolonged. At the close there is an exquisite, truly sacred concert by the choir and organist for all who care to remain. To me, one of the most beautiful features of this children's church is the happy co-operative look on each child's countenance. It is *their* service; they are doing all in their power to make it an acceptable one. Do you think they would miss that afternoon church? Not if it could be helped. More than that, their parents would not miss it either. And not the least of the benefits arising from this service is that it is one which the entire family may enjoy. It is quite safe to assert, on the other hand, that when entire families attend the regulation service, several fail to enjoy it.

Contrast this voluntary service with the dreaded ordeal which the average child endures. By some mild form of intimidation, vague hints of punishment here or hereafter, he is inveigled into sitting out a service which, as far as he can see, has not the remotest connection with his eternal welfare. This is insisted upon by an otherwise gentle mother, strongly conscious of her child's viewpoint, yet haunted by a vague, compulsory feeling that, while there seems to be much bungling and maladjustment, still, since this order of things has been dragging along for many hundred years, it will probably be erring on the right side to stick to so well established a custom.

To those who believe in the economy of Christian effort, the children's weekly church service might well take the place of the numberless junior prayer-meetings attended by mere handfuls of the large number to be reached through the church.



Or even the Sunday-schools where groups of children are at the mercy of different individuals might, if no other expedient suggest itself, give place to a Sunday afternoon service, where the entire flock would be under the guidance of one spiritual shepherd.

In our city churches it would be easy enough to arrange an attractive Sunday afternoon service. The desire of large city populations for diversions within the pale of respectability is pitifully noticeable. Watch the crowds at the side door of the Academy of Music when a notorious preacher is advertised to speak! They come in throngs, and wait long and patiently in the biting wind until the doors are opened, filling the house as compactly as upon grand concert nights. Many are doubtless attracted entirely by the music, thereby proving the truth of George Herbert's lines—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

Be the initial attraction what it may, they seem also to enjoy all of a service so brief, so songful, and so entirely within the comprehension of the youthful mind as these popular meetings are apt to be.

In suburban churches a regular Sunday afternoon service for children might be substituted for the regular evening service. And if it be desirable to add the enthusiasm of numbers, the churches might unite in a union service, thereby giving the children an opportunity to witness a practical exposition of that interdenominational unity of which we read so much and see so little.

"But," argues a minister of experience, "it is all but impossible to round out a sermon or to elaborate a helpful thought in less than twenty minutes." Doubtless it is, and it would indeed be a great pity if the fine, trenchant sermons which spiritually uplift so many thousand persons should be maimed and curtailed, simply that our restless little ones may be appeased. Surely the highest ministerial efforts should not be suborned to the demands of the immature mind! No, a thousand times, no! But is it too much to ask that our little ones be fed, too? That mature sermons be reserved for the morning session, and that a Sunday afternoon service adapted to their limitations, requiring as much thought, though differ-

ent in kind, be regularly set aside as the children's own?

In his able plea for rational methods of Sunday-school instruction, Patterson Du Bois, in his "The Point of Contact," says:

The Sunday-school can as little afford to ignore or to repudiate those fundamental pedagogical laws upon which all great educators are now practically agreed, as can the secular school. Education is education, no matter what name the school goes by. The Sunday-school suffers from a hallucination that, because it is a religious institution, it must educate by some method peculiar to itself—a method which too easily presumes on God's willingness to make good our sentimentally lazy shortcomings.

What is true in Sunday-school matters is even more true in church matters. Lack of rationality has caused us habitually to overlook the enormous power of childhood as the factor of churchhood. Fifty years ago the same unreason prevailed regarding the initial schooling of little children. Froebel came to the rescue with his mother-instinct, and knowledge was thenceforth garbed so attractively that every little kindergarten hugs it to its heart. Would these little enthusiasts prefer three-hour sessions in kindergarten, with lessons arranged as varying diversions and outlets for childish restlessness, to the one and a quarter hours of modern church, unintelligible and slightly varied?

Let those who sincerely deplore the waning of church interest rise from their lethargy, bring reason to the rescue, and make the church an attractive spiritual home where children will love to go, of which they will have happy memories, to which they will wish to dedicate their children when they, in turn, become a part of the older, guiding church. Then will the transition from the loved church of childhood be gradual, almost unconscious, to the loved church of mature years.

The world waits for the coming of the one who will do for the children's church what Froebel did for the children's school. When that one comes, the reproach of the childless church shall be taken away. The Church will then rise in its might and renew its strength, and its place as the head of Christendom shall not be challenged as now. It will gather the little ones in its arms and so fulfill happily and intelligibly that request, now nearly two thousand years old—"Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not."

the forest people. And here, unlike the Aromatic Shop, were none of the products of the Far North. All that, I knew, was to be found elsewhere, in another apartment, equally dim, but delightful in the orderly disorder of a storeroom.

Afterwards I made the excuse of a pair of moccasins to see this other room. We climbed a steep, rough flight of stairs to merge through a sort of trap-door into a space directly under the roof. It was lit only by a single little square at one end. Deep under the eaves I could make out row after row of boxes and chests. From the rafters hung a dozen pair of snowshoes. In the center of the floor, half overturned, lay an open box from which tumbled dozens of pairs of moose-hide snow-shoe moccasins. Shades of childhood, what a place! No one of us can fail to recall with a thrill the delights of a rummage in the attic; the joy of pulling from some half-forgotten trunk a wholly forgotten shabby garment which nevertheless has taken to itself from the stillness of undisturbed years the faint aroma of romance; the rapture of discovering in the dusk of a concealed nook some old spur or broken knife or rusty pistol redolent of the open road. Such essentially commonplace affairs they are, after all, in the light of our mature common sense, but such unspeakable ecstasies to the romance-breathing years of fancy. Here would no fancy be required. To rummage in these silent chests and boxes would be to rummage, not in the fictions of imagination, but in the facts of the most real picturesque. In yonder square box are the smoke-tanned shoes of silence; that velvet dimness would prove to be the fur of a bear; this birch-bark package contains maple sugar savored of the open wilds. Buckskin, both white and buff, bear's claws in strings, bundles of medicinal herbs, sweet-grass baskets fragrant as an Eastern tale, birch-bark boxes embroidered with stained quills of the porcupines, bows of hickory and arrows of maple, queer half-boots of stiff sealskin from the very shores of the Hudson Bay, belts of beadwork, yellow and green, for the Corn Dance, even a costume or so of buckskin complete for ceremonial—all these the fortunate Child would find were he to take the rainy-day privilege in this the most wonderful attic in all the world. And then, after he had

stroked the soft fur, and smelled the buckskin and sweet grasses, and tasted the crumbling maple sugar, and dressed himself in the barbaric splendors of the North, he could flatten his little nose against the dim square of light and look out over the glistening yellow backs of a dozen birch-bark canoes to the distant, rain-blurred hills beyond which lay the country whence all these things had come. Do you wonder that in after years that child hits the Long Trail? Do you still wonder at finding these strange, taciturn, formidable, tender-hearted men dwelling lonely in the Silent Places?

The Trader yanked several of the boxes to the center and prosaically tumbled about their contents. He brought to light heavy moose-hide moccasins with high linen tops for the snow; lighter buckskin moccasins, again with the high tops, but this time of white tanned doeskin; slipper-like deerskin moccasins with rolled edges for the summer; oil-tanned shoe pacs, with and without the flexible leather sole; "cruisers" of varying degree of height—each and every sort of foot-gear in use in the Far North, excepting and saving always the beautiful soft doeskin slippers finished with white fawnskin and ornamented with the Ojibway flower pattern for which I sought. Finally he gave it up.

"I had a few pair. They must have been sent out," said he.

We rummaged a little further for luck's sake, then descended to the outer air. I left him, to fetch my canoe, but returned in the afternoon. We became friends. That evening we sat in the little sitting-room and talked far into the night.

He was a true Hudson Bay man, steadfastly loyal to the Company. I mentioned the legend of *la Longue Traverse*; he stoutly asserted he had never heard of it. I tried to buy a minkskin or so to hang on the wall as souvenir of my visit; he was genuinely distressed, but had to refuse because the Company had not authorized him to sell, and he had nothing of his own to give. I mentioned the River of the Moose, the Land of Little Sticks; his deep eyes sparkled with excitement, and he asked eagerly a multitude of details concerning late news from the Northern posts.

And as the evening wore, after the manner of Traders everywhere, he began to

tell me the "ghost stories" of this station of Cloche. Every post has gathered a mass of legendary lore in the slow years, but this had been on the route of the *voyageurs* from Montreal and Quebec at the time when the lords of the North journeyed to the scenes of their annual revels at Fort Williams. The Trader had much to say of the magnificence and luxury of these men—their cooks, their silken tents, their strange and costly foods, their rare wines, their hordes of French and Indian canoemen and packers. Then Cloche was a halting-place for the night. Its meadows had blossomed many times with the gay tents and banners of a great company. He told me, as vividly as though he had been an eye-witness, of how the canoes must have loomed up suddenly from between the islands. By and by he seized the lamp and conducted me outside, where hung ponderous ornamental steelyards on which in the old days the peltries were weighed.

"It is not so now," said he; "we buy by count, and modern scales weigh the provisions. And the beaver are all gone."

We re-entered the house in silence. After a while he began briefly to sketch his own career. Then, indeed, the flavor of the Far North breathed its crisp bracing ozone through the atmosphere of the room. He had started life at one of the posts of the far Northwest. At the age of twelve he enlisted in the Company. Throughout forty years he had served her. He had traveled to all the strange places of the North, and claimed to have stood on the shores of that half-mythical lake of Yamba Tooh.

"It was snowing at the time," he said, prosaically; "and I couldn't see anything, except that I'd have to bear to the east to get away from open water. Maybe she wasn't the lake. The Injins said she was, but I was too almighty shy of grub to bother with lakes."

Other names fell from him in the course of talk, some of which I had heard and some not, but all of which rang sweet and clear with no uncertain note of romance. Especially haunts my memory an impression of desolate burned trees standing stick-like in death on the shores of Lost River.

He told me he had been four years at Cloche, but expected shortly to be transferred, as the fur was getting scarce, and another post one hundred miles to the west could care for the dwindling trade. He hoped to be sent into the Northwest, but shrugged his shoulders as he said so, as though that were in the hands of the gods. At the last he fished out a concertina and played for me. Have you ever heard, after dark, in the North where the hills grow big at sunset, *à la Claire Fontaine* crooned to such an accompaniment, and by a man of impassive bulk and countenance, but with glowing eyes?

I said good-night, and stumbled, sight-dazed, through the cool dark to my tent near the beach. The weird minor strains breathed after me as I went.

*"A la claire fontaine  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigné,  
Li y'a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."*

The next day, with the combers of a howling northwesterly gale clutching at the stern of the canoe, I rode in a glory of spray and copper-tasting excitement back to Dick and his half-breed settlement.

But the incident had its sequel. The following season, as I was sitting writing at my desk, a strange package was brought to me. It was wrapped in linen sewn strongly with waxed cord. Its contents lie before me now—a pair of moccasins fashioned of the finest doeskin, tanned so beautifully that the delicious smoke fragrance fills the room, and so effectively that they could be washed with soap and water without destroying their softness. The tongue-shaped piece over the instep is of white fawnskin heavily ornamented in five colors of silk. Where the top joins the foot the slipper is worked over and over into a narrow cord of red and blue silk. The edge about the ankle is turned over, deeply scalloped, and bound at the top with a broad band of blue silk stitched with pink. Two tiny blue bows at either side the ankle ornament the front. Altogether a most magnificent foot-gear. No word accompanied them, apparently, but after some search I drew a bit of paper from the toe of one of them. It was inscribed simply: "Fort la Cloche."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# THE BOOKS OF A SEASON

## *A Record and Review*

THE present publishing season does not promise a large number of books of permanent value—a fact which will bring no distress to the lovers of good literature. There are far too many books issued for the interests of good writing or of thoughtful readers. A large proportion of the volumes of fiction and of verse published would better remain in manuscript for the kindly perusal of friends. Many are not badly written, but they lack reality, freshness, force, or beauty. Vital books, or books which bear the touch of art, appear every season; but they are almost lost in a mass of publications which have no real claim on public attention. These last are fairly well written, but they are essentially commonplace in thought, feeling, and form. Among the serious works of the spring must be counted the volumes of Carlyle and Darwin letters, the biography of Bishop Westcott, the studies in contemporary biography by Mr. Brice, Georg Brandes's account of Poland, the initial volume of Mr. Liddell's edition of Shakespeare and the earlier issues of the First Folio Shakespeare, the Centenary Edition of Emerson's works, Mr. Foster's "American Diplomacy in the East," Mr. Chadwick's biographical study of Channing, "A New Book of Essays" by that clever young English journalist, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Professor Flint's "Agnosticism," Dr. William Adams Brown's "The Essence of Christianity," Professor Hilprecht's "Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," Dr. W. DeWitt Hyde's little book entitled "Jesus' Way," and President H. C. King's "Theology and the Social Consciousness." Some of these have already been reviewed, others are spoken of in this issue, a few must be treated later.

## The New Novels

Among the host of novels a small group of significant works may be selected. Mr. James Lane Allen's new story, "Crypts of the Heart" (Macmillan), is promised for the early summer, and is understood to be a careful and interesting study of character presented with the charm of style which is the possession of the author of "Flute and Violin." This story is certain to take a foremost place among recent novels. A good deal is expected in connection with Mr. Jack London's "Call of the Wild" (same publishers), which is regarded as the best piece of work which this forcible writer has given the public, and as likely to make a deep impression by reason of its power and its unusual theme. It tells, with intimate human association, the story of a great and noble dog who is stolen from a range in southern California, carried to Alaska, slowly changes his nature under brutal treatment, moves further and further away from civilization, and at last consorts with wolves and becomes a creature of the wild as his ancestors were

before him. This remarkable story, full of incident and of striking descriptions of life and landscape in the far north, contains a deep truth which is embedded in the narrative and is all the more effective because it is never obtruded. The appearance of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's collection of short stories, "The Under Dog," will be awaited with interest by the wide circle of readers who have learned to expect from this vigorous and accomplished writer fresh incident, direct style, vivacity, genuine feeling, and abundant humor. (Scribners.)

The discussion about the indebtedness of Mrs. Ward to the "Correspondence of Mlle. de Lespinasse" for some of the material in "Lady Rose's Daughter" (Harpers) ought not to divert attention from the real issue—the quality and vitality of the novel. Concerning these things there can hardly be two opinions, however wide may be the differences of judgment touching particular incidents in the tale. It is far and away the best piece

of fiction that Mrs. Ward has given the world; and that is saying much, for she is a woman of great ability, a tireless and exacting worker, and a most conscientious artist. In construction, contrast of character, variety, and freshness, above all, in lightness of touch and ease of mood, Mrs. Ward has done nothing which ranks with her latest novel. "Lady Rose's Daughter" deals with a very complex character, with many elements which were difficult to harmonize, and with a moral problem not easily solved. She has scored a notable success under very exacting conditions. Her novel is profoundly interesting; it moves forward not only with dramatic unity, but with increasing intensity of emotion; and the moral question is fairly met and answered. The story bears the marks of distinction throughout; it is, from many points of view, a novel of unusual significance. Its connection with the well-known letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse may be dismissed with a very brief comment: Mrs. Ward got from those letters a study of a very unusual and interesting temperament, hints of several relationships or incidents of importance, and occasional descriptions and analyses of emotion. This she had a perfect right to do so long as no concealment of her indebtedness was made or intended. The correspondence is so well known that a woman of Mrs. Ward's intelligence—to say nothing of her character—would never have dreamed of using such accessible material without detection; the first name of the heroine is taken from the correspondence; and the correspondence is mentioned several times in the novel. Mrs. Ward's mistake was in not foreseeing the criticism of those literal people who never understand a writer's intention or attitude unless it is stated in words of one syllable, and prefacing her story with a note explaining the use she had made of a well-known publication.

Since the publication of "Red Rock" Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has given us several short stories, but nothing so important as "Gordon Keith" (Scribners)—a novel of serious purpose and generous dimensions, crowded with actors and full of incident. The South has had no such studious and thorough interpreter of the successive stages of its life as Mr. Page.

In his earlier short stories, of which "Mars Chan" and "Meh Lady" are delightful examples, he recalled the charm of the old régime, with its gracious hospitality, its generous ideals of life, the touch of the chivalrous in its manners and speech. In "Red Rock" the conditions which prevailed during the so-called Reconstruction period were presented with convincing clearness; and the misery, humiliation, and anarchy of those years of misgovernment were sketched with a firm hand. In "Gordon Keith" the new South comes into view, and the conditions of twenty years ago are reproduced from first-hand knowledge and in the fullest detail. Gordon Keith, the son of an old Virginia planter of the bluest blood, is brought face to face, at the close of the Civil War, with the wreck of the family fortunes, the destruction of the old social order, the dispersion of the old society, the disappearance of the world in which his fathers had lived. He inherited the best traditions of the vanished life—its keen sense of honor, its chivalrous feeling toward women, its courtesy, its courage. With these traditions and loyal to the ideals they have bred in his soul, the young Virginian quietly accepts the changes which have taken place, adjusts himself to the new conditions, and works out his deliverance with high-minded resolution and courage. The novel is a study of the spirit of the old South dealing strongly and successfully with modern conditions. It is, above all, a portrait of an American gentleman; a man whose integrity has ripened into that finest of fine things—a delicate and real sense of honor.

Mr. Page has the courage of emotions as well as of convictions, and has filled his story with incident and adventure; shifting the scene rapidly from tidewater Virginia to the mountains where Gordon teaches school and has his first love affair, to the newly exploited section where a mining town springs up like a gourd in a night, and to the city of New York, where society and Wall Street are described with many effective touches and much wholesome satire. "Gordon Keith" is, in fact, a good, old-fashioned romance with some improbabilities of plot; a genuine, uncompromising love story, with strong contrasts of character and a

great variety of happenings of many kinds. It is not equally convincing in all parts, and it lacks, by reason of the material with which it deals, the charm which invests "Meh Lady" and has given it a place among American classics; but it is a strong, sincere, and deeply interesting novel of character and of manners as well.

A more striking contrast in manner, method, and selection could hardly be found than that which exists between "Gordon Keith" and Mr. Henry James's latest volume, "The Better Sort" (Scribners). This group of short stories shows Mr. James at his best, in comparison with his later work. The charm of "The Passionate Pilgrim" is not on these tales, nor can any one of them be ranked with "The Real Thing;" but they are admirable studies of the subtle and complex problems of character and temperament with which Mr. James loves to deal. Much of his later work has been the joy of those who delight in psychology under the impression that they are reveling in literature. "The Wings of a Dove," as fiction, was quite beyond the limit of the art whose chief function is to deepen and freshen the sense of life—to interpret, portray, and suggest simply, lucidly, nobly, and convincingly. These stories are less obscure and are written in a much better style than "The Wings of a Dove." Two or three of them really make their drift and movement clear, and all of them abound in those delicate touches and shadings of which Mr. James is a master.

To open the attractively made reprint of Mr. Arthur Cosslett Smith's two recent stories, "The Turquoise Cup" and "The Desert," after reading "The Better Sort," is to emerge suddenly from a very rich, dim interior to the light and beauty of a terrace overlooking an Italian garden. There is a suspicion of artificiality in the surroundings; but how clear the sky is and how delightful the prospect! These stories, like "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," are not made of the substance of human life, but are skillfully devised and delicately made objects of art, which give us delight by reason of the deftness of their workmanship and the vivacity and charm of their manner. (Scribners.)

The intellectual refinement and delicacy of a thoroughly trained New England

mind have rarely been more interestingly disclosed than in Miss Annie Eliot Trumbull's latest story, "Life's Common Way," a study of a group of people in a small New England city who are thrown into very intimate relations by reason of the long living together of the families, by affinities of taste, and by circumstances. The story is not only a very keen study of character, but it is full of capital satirical touches on the excesses and extravagances of the so-called modern woman, with incidental comments on those features of women's clubs and associations which mark what might be called the overflow of the movement for liberation. Miss Trumbull's wit is the true New England type—clear, keen, delicate. The heroine of the story, Ursula, is a charming creature, whose mind plays with almost infallible precision, who is sure to say the most effective thing at the critical moment, and of whose talk the reader never tires. It might have been difficult to live up to her, but it is extremely interesting to live with her in a book. "Life's Common Way" is written with the utmost care; is subtle without being too subtle, and refined without being over-refined. It must be counted one of the best pieces of work of the season. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

It must be admitted that M. Zola in his later books carried to an excess the elaboration of detail, and came to ignore altogether a thing to which he never paid much attention—the idea of unity, proportion, and construction. His last book, "Truth," is, accordingly, laborious reading; it is an argument illustrated by fictitious incidents rather than a novel of character or action. Yet its relation to the Dreyfus case, in which the author played the noble part of champion of justice, and its denunciation of clericalism in education and politics, make it worthy of attention. It parallels the Dreyfus case in part only; the author, whether from tact or because he hated clericalism worse than the corrupt army ring, entirely eliminated the latter element from his story. The hero is a Jewish schoolmaster falsely accused of a hideous crime really committed by a priest; to save the priest the whole power of the Church is exerted—perjury, subornation of testimony, villainy of every kind, all are used without compunction by those high in authority. The convic-

tion, torture on a penal island, agitation for a rehearing, and final partial exculpation of the Jew, follow the Dreyfus facts rather closely. The minute study of clerical influence on schools has a direct bearing on the Associations laws. Considered as an attack on the Church as it exists in France, the book is weak because of its passion and the extreme positions taken; charges of immorality on a large scale are based on purely imaginative or fictional dramatic episodes; altogether too much is assumed to be true without the adducing of evidence. It is quite clear that in this way a novel may be made to appeal to prejudice and passion altogether unfairly; and, making all allowance for M. Zola's earnestness and fundamental love of justice, "Truth" still leaves the impression of being only half truth and half bitter and probably unjust denunciation. (John Lane.)

"The Circle," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, has something more than promise; there is good actual performance, especially in the earlier chapters, which visualize characters and incidents in a quite unusual way and make the jaded novel-reader feel that the author has a power and a clear-cut method of her own. The principal woman character, Anna Solney, has life and an impulsive, eager personality that well fit her course around the "circle" of poverty, ambition, success, love, and self-abnegation. There are improbabilities in the plot, and in at least one character, Mrs. Maxstead, a lack of convincing reality, but all in all the story is out of the ordinary, and the reader leaves it with the feeling that the author may be looked to for other novels of serious value. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

When "The Leaven in a Great City" appeared, *The Outlook* reprinted one of its chapters, and commended it as a serious and well-considered attempt, based on thorough, first-hand knowledge, to describe conditions in tenement-house sections of New York, and the means and instruments, some in the experimental and some in a well-developed stage, which have been shaped to meet those needs. Mrs. Betts has followed her first book by a second, "The Story of an East Side Family" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which is primarily a story, with narrative and dramatic interest, with contrasted types

of character, and involving a working out of motives, and the action and reaction on character, which constitute plot. Some of the chapters were first printed in *The Outlook*. As a story the book will win its own readers, who will find it fresh in feeling, vivid in its portraiture of character, and dealing with the fundamental problems of life. The book has, however, another interest. The material with which it deals will be new to far the greater majority of its readers. It is a story of life on the East Side. Usually in fiction of this kind the people whose lives are described are studied and reported from the standpoint of people in an entirely different station, and often with an unintentional but unmistakable air of condescension. In this book Mrs. Betts has studied the people from their own point of view; it is their own story that is told, and the characters are drawn from their own class, without the admixture of men and women of a different social training. It is realistic in the sense that it describes existing conditions with great detail, and with that fresh feeling which characterizes all Mrs. Betts's work of this kind. It is unlike most stories, however, in that it is a novel of growth—the record of an evolution of character. It begins with marriage, and traces the evolution of family life and the changes in conditions wrought by economy and intelligence on the part of the young man and woman whose story is told. This gives Mrs. Betts the opportunity of presenting the family life of the East Side as it is, with its own standards, its own point of view, its own social gradations, amusements, occupations, its virtues and its vices. In doing this she draws freely on her large and close observation and infuses into her narrative the vitality of her own sympathy with the men and women she presents.

We have already spoken of the charm and the unconventional personal narrative of Mr. Henderson's "John Percyfield" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a book with not a little of what is called "bumptiousness" Down East, with here and there pages or sentences that "rub the reader the wrong way," and with a touch of sentimentalism; yet as a book it pleases and even delights by its graceful description and vivid telling of personal experience and adventure; of Mr. Paul

Gwynne's "The Pagan at the Shrine" (Macmillan), in which a singularly brilliant and witty rendering of Spanish village life serves as background for the tragedy of a priest's sin and penance; of Mr. Stewart Edward White's "Conjuror's House" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), which combines a curious picture of the conditions far North in the Hudson Bay Company's territory with a forcible story of danger and love; of Mr. G. C. Cook's "Roderick Taliaferro," an exciting romance of México in Maximilian's time (Macmillan); of Mr. Irving Bacheller's

story of country life called "Darrel" (Lothrop); of Mr. Will Harben's wholesome novel of North Georgia character, "The Substitute" (Harpers); of Alice C. Hegan's lively and amusing "Lovey Mary" (Century), which carries on some of the highly original creations of "Mrs. Wiggs" and introduces new ones; and of several other works of fiction which help redeem the recent lists of fiction from the too common and too broad charges of inferiority. Still other stories are spoken of in this issue under the head Books of the Week.

## A Group of Noteworthy Books

The revised edition of the Variorum "Macbeth" (Lippincott), first published by Dr. Furness in 1873, is prefaced by a very interesting introductory note in which the editor calls attention to the fact that almost as many years now separate us from the first volume in this edition as, at the time of its publication, separated it from the Variorum edition of 1821; that during these years so much has been added in the way of criticism and illustration that the word "new" as applied to the earlier volumes has become almost misleading, and there is a demand for a "newest new" Variorum. Dr. Furness has used in all the Variorum editions so far, except the first four, the First Folio text; and this text is now substituted for the composite text originally used in the earlier "Macbeth." It will be remembered that Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., has been associated with his father in this great enterprise, which reflects the highest credit upon American scholarship. Upon him has devolved the work of revision; and he calls attention to the fact that the change to the First Folio text has necessitated a new collation of all the texts. The next play in this series, it is announced, will probably be "Richard III." Scholars and lovers of Shakespeare who are able to follow the work of Dr. Furness will be deeply interested in this note: "Surely, the instances are not many where a literary task begun by a father is taken up and carried forward by a son; still fewer are they where the father can retire within the shadow with such conviction, as is now mine, that the

younger hands are the better hands and that the work will be done more deftly in the future than in the past."

Mr. Laurence Hutton is one of the men who, like Charles Lamb, loves not only persons but places. He has what may be called the local genius; the feeling for Penates and the lesser gods; the happy faculty of getting at the significant details; those things which preserve the most intimate associations. In the list of "Literary Landmarks" which have come from Mr. Hutton's hands, nothing, on the whole, has been so attractive and so well done from the standpoint of happy use of rich material as "The Literary Landmarks of Oxford" (Scribners), a beautifully made book to the eye and a very interesting book to the imagination. It was written under the spell of the old university city, and it was written for the lovers of Oxford. Mr. Hutton spent a summer in Professor Max Müller's house and saturated himself with the atmosphere, studying each college individually, working up its traditions, learning its literary associations, and with the skill of an expert following all the clues. It is not the fashion in Oxford to know much about the literary associations of the college, as it is not the fashion for the men who live in the larger colleges to be aware of the existence of the smaller colleges. Oxford etiquette is as complicated and as unfathomable as the organization of some of the colleges; no man knows its principle, although a good many men know its practice. Mr. Hutton has taken the walks, gathered the material, and, although he deals with a



great number of separate localities and with a large group of men who are not related to one another, has managed to give his account the narrative touch, and therefore the narrative interest. The illustrations are fascinating, and admirably interpret the text. There are some errors in the volume which have escaped the eye of the proof-reader.

Mr. James Bryce brings very full knowledge of his own time, the habit of a trained observer, and an admirably lucid style to his "Studies in Contemporary Biography" (Macmillan). These studies begin with Disraeli and close with Gladstone, and include portraits of Trollope, Parnell, J. R. Green, T. H. Green, Mr. Godkin, Cardinal Manning, Henry Sidgwick, and other well-known and interesting personalities. In every case Mr. Bryce has drawn the portrait of a friend; but friendship with Mr. Bryce, it is hardly necessary to say, does not mean blindness to limitation and defect. It means sympathy, but it also means intelligence—the two prime qualities in human portraiture, and, for that matter, in all criticism. The dispassionate spirit in which this volume is written, its clearness of analysis, and its human interest are indicated by this quotation from the study of Lord Beaconsfield:

He felt himself no Englishman, and watched English life and politics as a student of natural history might watch the habits of bees or ants. English society was then, and perhaps is still, more complex, more full of inconsistencies, of contrasts between theory and practice, between appearances and realities, than that of any other country. Nowhere so much limitation of view among the fashionable, so much Pharisaism among the respectable, so much vulgarity among the rich, mixed with so much real earnestness, benevolence, and good sense; nowhere, therefore, so much to seem merely ridiculous to one who looked at it from without, wanting the sympathy which comes from the love of mankind, or even from the love of one's country. It was natural for a young man with Disraeli's gifts to mock at what he saw. But he would not sit still in mere contempt. The thirst for power and fame gave him no rest. He must gain what he saw every one around him struggling for. He must triumph over these people whose follies amused him; and the sense that he perceived and could use their follies would add zest to his triumph. He might have been a great satirist; he resolved to become a great statesman.

Mr. Georg Brandes is a brilliant if not always a trustworthy critic, combin-

ing the thoroughness of the modern physiological criticism with the freedom of the purely æsthetic critic. His study of Shakespeare is an example of painstaking investigation and of very free use of fancy. The series of volumes which he is now issuing on "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," upon which comment has been made in these columns, brings out very clearly both the fullness of his knowledge and his occasional audacity, not to say willfulness, of generalization. His latest volume, or the latest to be translated, "Poland: A Study of the Land, People, and Literature" (Macmillan), is really a contribution to the series of "Main Currents," for it is essentially a study of the genius and temper of the Polish people. The volume records impressions gained in Poland during successive visits, with an appreciation of Polish literature of the last century, based on long study. Mr. Brandes, it is hardly necessary to say, is in profound sympathy with the Poles; for no man of imagination and of heart could be in that unhappy country without being touched and overshadowed by one of the greatest of national tragedies. He finds in Poland the finest and purest expression of the Slavonic genius and character, "the perfect blossom of the Slavonic race," and he interprets her as "a symbol of all which is best that the human race have thought and for which they have fought." The poetic temperament of the Pole, his extraordinary sensibility, his power of feeling, which make him the artist he has proved himself to be in so many fields, Mr. Brandes understands and conveys in these very interesting impressions. No modern man is more elusive than the Pole for readers of the English-speaking race, and none, perhaps, is more provoking to the imagination. His brilliancy, his sensitiveness, his apparent inconsistency, so admirably depicted by Cherbuliez, so splendidly offset by his long if unavailing resistance and by his passionate devotion to his country, are clearly brought out.

Mr. John C. Van Dyke has already written several volumes for the purpose of putting people of general intelligence who have not had the advantage of art education in the way of understanding nature and art. His latest volume, "The Meaning of Pictures" (Scribners), is an

endeavor, in six chapters, to analyze clearly and simply the elements of painting, so as to enable the observer to see what is in a picture, to judge of its quality, and to feel its charm. Mr. Van Dyke discusses truth in painting, individuality, imagination, pictorial painting, decorative quality, and subject; and he succeeds in conveying a great deal of information without being didactic. His illustrations are drawn from the whole range of art. At times he is somewhat vague in statement; but the treatment is so essentially sound and rational that one is not disposed to linger over minor defects, but to commend the volume as a really successful endeavor not so much to popularize art as to enable the observer untrained in artistic matters to use his eyes, his imagination, and his intellect to good purpose. The volume is illustrated.

One of the most delightful foot-notes on contemporary history is Madame Mary King Waddington's "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," which have been appearing serially in "Scribner's Magazine." Madame Waddington, it will be remembered, was the daughter of the late Mr. Charles King, President of Columbia College. In 1874 she married M. Waddington, who was subsequently sent by the French Government as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of the Czar, and held the position of French Ambassador at the English Court for ten years. Madame Waddington had, therefore, extraordinary opportunities of seeing court life and meeting distinguished people in all departments. She was a very clear-headed, sensible, keen-witted American woman, with an eye for the picturesque and with a very clear understanding of the conditions in which she was placed; not in any sense overawed by the splendor that surrounded her, but entering into court life with zest and appreciation of its unusual human phases. Her letters to her family, which have been collected in this book, gain rather than lose by their familiarity. The pictures which they give of Queen Victoria; of the members of her family, and of many contemporary royal personages on the Continent are well drawn; and the correspondence was well worth preserving in book form. (Scribners.)

There has been an undeniable increase

of interest in the last few years in what are now called generically nature books. Among the books of this class of quite recent publication, special interest attaches to "The Story of a Bird Lover," by Mr. W. E. D. Scott, because the author—who is the curator of the Museum of Ornithology in Princeton University—gives a novel and immensely picturesque view of the relations between birds and human beings. Mr. Scott has for many years studied the habits of living birds, and for this purpose he has in his house at Princeton a collection of some four or five hundred living birds. This collection and Mr. Scott's methods and purposes of studying it are, we think, absolutely unique. In the present book one finds not only the result of the author's investigations, but a readable account of the explorations, travel experiences, and scientific observations of a man who has spent almost all his life in nature-study. (The Outlook Company.)

Readers of The Outlook know that Mr. Alfred Hodder's "A Fight for the City" not only presents the story of Mr. Jerome's campaign against Tammany and city corruption from the point of view of an eye-witness and participant, but that it also furnishes in a finished literary form a keen analysis of municipal dangers and a recognition of the direction where lies hope for the future. The chapters which originally appeared in The Outlook, together with some passages omitted in the serial publication, two entirely new chapters, and a most interesting preface, now appear in book form (Macmillan). It was fortunate that the subject was thus taken up by a writer who has the novelist's sense of humor and dramatic action as well as the political philosopher's ability to connect cause and effect, and with these something of Mr. Jerome's own burning hatred of oppression and love of civic righteousness. As Mr. Hodder says, the interest of this campaign is neither local nor ephemeral.

Among books of biographical or semi-biographical interest, in addition to the "Letters of Darwin" (Appleton), of which we hope to speak at length soon, and two or three other works spoken of elsewhere in this issue, there should be mentioned the "Life of Miss Yonge" (Macmillan), an adequate and interesting record of a sweet-

the art of Botticelli is delicate as has been that of few painters, yet he could be a realist too, if he chose, as witness the Sistine frescoes. Here Mr. Streeter's volume is specially valuable, as was Mr. Douglas's recently published biography of Fra Angelico. These books call the attention of men away from the popular easel pictures by Fra Angelico and Botticelli in Florence, Paris, and London to the less-known frescoes in the Vatican—frescoes which reveal an art both virile and vital to a hitherto unsuspected degree. Lastly, the latest biography of Botticelli is of peculiar interest, if for no other reason than that his works are placed in a new chronological order. Classification according to period is certainly a more scientific and critical method than classification according to subject—a method followed by too many biographers of artists, who treat the various canvases under the captions of religious works, allegorical works, historical works, and portraits. In his relation to the first caption, Botticelli is apparently to our author, as indeed to most observers, of most importance. He was, in truth, an exponent of what Symonds was wont to call "the double mind of the Renaissance," a mind both Christian and Hellenic. Even the tyro in art may observe in the Botticelli pictures the opposing ideals of Christian sanctity and pagan culture, and queries, "Does not this artist miss the full significance of both?" In those pictures, however, painted under Savonarola's influence, Botticelli did rise to a wonderfully affecting expression of Christian faith and sentiment, while in every picture he handled Christian themes with a caressing tenderness of touch well-nigh unique in the whole domain of art. He is, as Mr. Wiley claims, almost the only painter of Scripture scenes who gives to us a Greek simplicity, a Gothic fervor and sometimes grandeur, together with a truly Renaissance-like illumination. In this last element he was the painter of joy, as witness his many "Adorations of the Magi" and Madonnas, themes which he loved to dwell on. To him the joyful Incarnation was the all-important subject for illustration—not the gloomy Passion and Crucifixion. He was the representative painter of the sacred scenes in the Christ story as preached by St. Francis of Assisi.

A century later and we stand in Germany, "the last country in which the Renaissance came to flower, and the first in which it faded to nothingness." One reason for this was the German absorption in something even more important than the Renaissance—the Reformation. As we study his pictures it seems sometimes as if Botticelli would not or could not bring himself face to face with life, death, sin, and pain—questions the meaning of which he did not seek to fathom. On the other hand, the enthusiasm and the *abandon* characteristic of Botticelli, and favorable to the fullest development of the Renaissance, were wholly foreign to the nature of Albrecht Dürer. His slowness and dignity, says Mr. Wiley, were an inheritance from long lines of ancestors who had lived and fought beneath the misty canopy which hung over the Elbe and the North Sea.

So long had those forefathers struggled with bitter winds and still more bitter foes of beast and man; so long had they coaxed with infinite pains their tiny crops from an ungrateful soil; so long had they gazed at the specter of death in all its grisly shapes of terror, that at last the quality of gloom and earnestness had been imbued into the Teutonic nation. This high seriousness is perhaps the most characteristic and persistent trait of the Teutonic race, and one quite beyond the experience or comprehension of the Latin mind. So, when the awakening came to Germany . . . something else was aroused than arts or letters. . . . The Reformation was, nevertheless, part and parcel of the Renaissance impulse. . . . The Renaissance emancipated the mind of Europe; the Reformation gave freedom to the soul.

Albrecht Dürer was the first great interpreter of Bible scenes during Reformation times. His religious views were influenced by the Reformation; perhaps for this reason, during his later years, he represented saints and apostles without halos or any indication of their superior holiness. While Mr. Wiley and Mrs. Eckenstein—the two latest Dürer critics—are careful to make mention of the influence of Mantegna on the German artist, although not at such length as many would welcome, what is of more importance, both critics bring out the fact that Dürer gave vital aid to the Reformation. Alexander VI. had just issued a bull, directed principally against the Germans, anathematizing the publication of unauthorized books, but he was ignorant of a new influence in Germany already

undermining his own—the art of wood-engraving. The art of drawing *per se*, Dürer's latest biographer reminds us, has its votaries especially on this side of the Alps. "In the South, nature speaks through the medium of color. In the North, the contrasts of light and dark strike the eye and engage the hand." During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the art of engraving on wood served in Germany not only as a means of spreading abroad the lessons taught by religion, it also "afforded the possibility of reproving those who tyrannized and oppressed the folk." These facts gave to the art an importance, and, indeed, raised it to a dignity, which it never again attained. Contemporary rivals in painting might outstrip Dürer, but in engraving on wood and especially on copper he was unexcelled; indeed, he brought the art of engraving to such a height that Vasari justly called him "the inventor of a new and noble system of thought." This system became an educative influence of distinct and notable importance: "in Italy only the palaces and great churches had paintings and works of sculpture; but in Germany, through Dürer's achievements, every home had its engraving, generally of some religious subject, emphasizing Protestant rather than Roman Catholic Christianity, and becoming a perennial sermon, especially to the Hausfrau and to her children."

After all, Dürer was a true child of the Renaissance. In his love for the real he had the comradeship of the whole group of the Renaissance artists; but Mr. Wiley actually claims that in his devotion to nature in her every mood he had but one rival—Leonardo! Mr. Wiley even declares Dürer's knowledge of nature to have been truer and sincerer than Leonardo's; the Italian artist never gave as much attention to the setting of the picture as to its main theme; the contrary was true of Dürer. Finally, both critics dwell with emphasis upon Dürer's realism—a realism so intense that the German's work fails to approximate ideal beauty; it gives instead "the harshness and ruggedness of the German life of his day; its lack of grace and loveliness was revealed in his art." This is not altogether surprising, for, as Mr. Wiley has so impressively pointed out in his distinction

between the German and the Italian Renaissance, the ever-present idea of death was something from which not only the German but still more the mediæval man could not escape, as did the man of the Renaissance. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there had been more plagues, wars, dangers from sun, beast, and the elements than in the later time, as the early "Death Dances" show. The spirit which created these was emancipated in Flanders and Germany by two men—Hans Memling and Albrecht Dürer. Their pictures have well been called "the books of the illiterate."

But a greater post-Renaissance light was to appear in the North as a painter and etcher of Scriptural scenes. Ten years ago M. Michel marshaled carefully and critically the facts of Rembrandt's life and work and set them down in an ample biography which has justly become a standard book of reference. Mr. Malcolm Bell attempts to do this popularly and in small compass; also including the latest information concerning the great artist about whom too much still remains unrevealed. The homely truthfulness of the Dutch art of Rembrandt's time occasionally resulted in details which offend the taste of our own age; but the art was nevertheless well adapted to set forth the humanizing side of the Scripture incidents. Whether by pen or brush, Rembrandt's illustrations of our Lord always showed Him to be more the Son of Man than the God Incarnate. As Mr. Bell points out, Rembrandt's Virgin Mary has none of the delicate beauty conceived for her by the Italian painters; she is, instead, and beyond all, the type of Motherhood. Again, Rembrandt's Apostles have none of the heroic dignity of Michelangelo's, for instance; yet they are, without question, devout, devoted fishers of men. Now, this lack of the Botticelli wish and power to idealize, this persistence in search of the truth, and in a certain willful neglect of the beautiful, unites Dürer with Rembrandt. The latter seems to us the greatest of all Bible illustrators, not only in variety of subjects and in realism of technique, but also because of a particularly truthful interpretation of the Bible. As has been well said, "In his interpretation of the Scriptures he did not seek to give dignity by a factitious

magnificence or by elevating personages above their social rank, but by inspiring respect for them and interest in them *as they were*." Take those in one gallery alone—for example, that of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Rembrandt there illustrates for us in separate achievements "Abraham Receiving the Angels," "The Sacrifice of Isaac," "The Sons of Jacob Showing Him Joseph's Coat," "Joseph Accused by Potiphar's Wife," "The Dis-

grace of Haman," "The Reconciliation of David and Absalom," "Hannah Teaching the Infant Samuel to Read," "The Holy Family," "The Parable of the Master of the Vineyard," "The Parable of the Prodigal Son," "The Incredulity of Thomas," "The Descent from the Cross." All these are treated with a frankness, breadth, vigor, above all, with an apparently arbitrary chiaroscuro, marvelously conducive to its purpose of Scripture illustration.

## A Life of James Martineau<sup>1</sup>

IT is not to be doubted that this is to be regarded as the official biography of James Martineau. It shows abundant evidence of careful study of Dr. Martineau's writings, and careful inquiry into the more notable events in his uneventful life. It is painstaking, and characterized by every appearance of scientific accuracy of detail. It possesses also a great number of Dr. Martineau's letters, which throw light on his published writings and still more on his personal character. But the biographer's narrative possesses neither imagination nor feeling. It is simply "Annals," in which incident and event follow each other in a chronological order, with little or no attempt by the historian to indicate any vital nexus, any process of development, any philosophical significance, or any spiritual meaning. This lack of literary quality is the more evident because everything that Dr. Martineau himself wrote is so distinctly literary. His letters are not less perfect in form than his more carefully studied essays. And this beauty is more than in expression; it is in a certain indescribable delicacy of thought suffused with an equally indescribable refinement of feeling. Refinement is, indeed, the one word we should choose to characterize Dr. Martineau. It distinguishes his face, his thought, his spiritual experience, his form of expression. His excellence is his defect. He is not a suggestive writer. He is not suggestive because he throws out no seed-thoughts. Everything is perfect. One can never safely quote Dr.

Martineau unless he does so in Dr. Martineau's own words. If he makes the attempt, he is liable to misquote him, or at least to be accused of misquoting him.

An amusing illustration of this truth is furnished in this biography. Dr. Allon was one of the ablest and most scholarly preachers in Great Britain; broad in his intellectual culture, catholic in his sympathies. No one who knew him would ever think of accusing him of being either narrow or unintelligent. But he was not of Dr. Martineau's school. He believed in a dogmatic basis for Church union, Dr. Martineau did not; he believed in the Messianic claim of Jesus Christ, Dr. Martineau rejoiced in "the disappearance from our faith of the entire Messianic mythology." Dr. Allon ventured to animadvert on "some of Dr. Martineau's supposed positions." His biographer naively says, what we do not believe Dr. Martineau would ever have said, that "Dr. Martineau, though reluctant to engage in any controversy, thought it necessary to bring his meaning down to Dr. Allon's level, and published an 'Appendix' to the Addresses, in which he endeavored to make his meaning plain." The truth is, Dr. Martineau did not always make his meaning plain. He himself recognized the failure, and regretted it. This was not for want of lucidity in style; it was because he was essentially a mystic, and dealt with themes which transcend exact definition. He criticises John Henry Newman because John Henry Newman lacks "immediateness of religious vision." Dr. Martineau is always trying to give expression to his own "immediateness of religious vision;" and it never can be exactly expressed,

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters of James Martineau, LL.D., S.T.D.* By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. And a Survey of His Philosophical Work. By C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. (With Portraits.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. In 2 vols.

Very early in life the boy showed indications of that independence of thought and individualism of judgment which characterized the man throughout life. His mother found him one Sunday afternoon reading the Bible in Isaiah. She expressed some surprise that he was reading in that particular book, and when he assured her that he had read the Bible through to that point since chapel, and she rebuked him for telling what to her it was quite evident could not be true, he replied, with charming innocence of any irreverence, "Skipping the nonsense, you know, Mamma." It is hardly possible to realize that as a student he was specially fond of mathematics, and still more difficult to understand and accept the statement that a little later in life he expected to be an engineer, "for which he had a distinct aptitude." It is difficult to think of James Martineau as an engineer, or indeed as anything but a teacher of philosophy and religion. His absolute devotion to truth, as he perceives it, was early tested and demonstrated. At the age of twenty-six he refused to accept for his church in Ireland aid from the State, because he believed in the entire separation of State and Church; and rather than compromise on this issue he resigned his pastorate, and went out, not knowing whither he went or on what he could depend for a livelihood for himself and his young wife. This uncompromising honesty remained a distinguishing characteristic throughout life. His confidence in his own perceptions of right and wrong was never weakened because his friends did not share his convictions with him, as frequently they did not. That his vision did not agree with theirs never disturbed him in the least, and never, apparently, raised a question in his mind whether their vision might not be correct and his vision need correction. He never endeavored, and apparently never desired, to enforce his conscience on others; but he followed it absolutely and unhesitatingly himself.

This uncompromising honesty was so clear, so unhesitating, and his loyalty to the voice within so unquestioning that it never occurred to him that others could fail to understand it. His sister and his sister's friend united in writing a book. The book is now known in literature only

because Dr. Martineau wrote a review of it. It was his official function so to do, and he would not shirk his duty. In the review he was apparently courteous, as he always was. He did not violate the proprieties of journalism or go beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism. But he dissected the book mercilessly, though making some attempt to shield his sister. The result of his critique on her friend, whom for the nonce she regarded with a curious veneration as a sort of master, so offended her that she broke off all intercourse with her offending brother, and steadily rejected all attempts on his part to pacify her feminine temper and secure a reconciliation. In somewhat similar spirit he, at a later period of his life, successfully resisted the appointment of a certain candidate to a professorship in the college in which he was himself a professor, for reasons which appeared to his conscience quite satisfactory; his own son was shortly afterward appointed to the vacant chair, and Dr. Martineau was entirely surprised that the motives of his own opposition to the unsuccessful candidate should be suspected by any one. The suspicions were indeed quite unfounded, but, considering the provocation for them, it must be regarded as a remarkable testimony to his character that they got so little circulation and so speedily died away.

This uncompromising adherence to his own conscience, partly the cause, partly the effect, of his faith in his own "immediateness of religious vision," was at once his strength and his weakness. As a cause of it he belonged to no party. He could not belong to the Established Church, because he did not believe in the union of Church and State, and because there were portions of its liturgy which he could not accept and therefore would not use; yet he wished to "nationalize" the Church and make it broad enough to include all devout souls. He could not belong to the Presbyterian or the Congregational Churches, because they are built on a doctrinal foundation, and to their doctrinal foundation, or parts of it, he had philosophical objections. In philosophy he was a Unitarian; in some respects he was more radical than the English Unitarians, in other respects more conservative; but throughout his

life he protested against a Unitarian creed or even the title Unitarian as attached to a church, for he wished the Church to be broad enough to embrace men of widely different creeds. In his declining years he says frankly that he sees more hope for the religious future of Great Britain in the Congregational churches of England and the Presbyterian churches of Scotland than in those which are called Unitarian.

We have heretofore expressed our admiration for James Martineau as a religious and philosophical thinker. In our judgment, no man did more than he to counteract the tendency of half a century ago toward materialism in philosophy

and formalism in religion. We are glad to have so full an account of his external life and so large a reflection of his inner life in his personal letters as these volumes afford. But we regret that the material had not fallen into the hands of some one who possessed a larger portion of Dr. Martineau's spirit—his catholicity of faith, his philosophical perceptions, his spiritual imagination, and his tenderness of feeling; some one both spiritually akin to Martineau and familiar with the intellectual and religious conditions of Great Britain in the nineteenth century, and so able to make the life and the times of the poet-prophet of that century mutually interpret each other.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**About Money: Talks to Children.** By Perry Wayland Sinks. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 106 pages. 50c, net.

With the exception of a few phrases here and there, no one would think that this book is for children except for the statement of its title-page. It is sound enough in its teaching, but lacks the strength and vividness needed especially at the present time, and deals too much in generalities to arrest attention or leave a lasting impression.

**Adventures of Harry Revel (The).** By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 346 pages. \$1.50.

The early part of this tale of Cornwall in the first years of the last century has notable literary charm and grace, while the latter part abounds in plot interest—stirring and exciting events follow one another, indeed, almost too quickly in these latter chapters to make the construction and proportion quite artistic. Mr. Quiller-Couch's work as a fiction-writer is always sound and strong, and the reader here rejoices particularly in the narrative of the little orphan boy hero. For once in fiction an orphan is treated kindly in an orphanage and also, as a rule, by the people into whose hands he falls—a happy variation of the "Oliver Twist" theme. But fate throws him into strange and exciting adventures with smugglers, sailors (there are some delightful coasting sailor-people in the story), murderers, and queer fish generally. These adventures make a lively and pleasing tale.

**Alaska Frontier (The).** By Thomas Willing Balch. Illustrated. Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia. 7x11 in. 198 pages.

This timely volume states concisely but luminously the title of the United States to a

continuous strip of territory on the Northwest American continental shore between Mount St. Elias and 54° 40' north latitude. As is well known, Canada now claims a considerable slice of our territory of Alaska; this would imply the possession by the Canadian Government of substantial facts upon which to base its claim. That the facts so far put forth in support of the Canadian contentions are alleged, not proved, has not prevented many, perhaps most, Canadians from believing that their claim has a sound foundation. In his excellent monograph Mr. Balch sets forth some important and vital facts omitted by those who have argued in favor of the Canadian demands. Perhaps his most pertinent query is the following: "Why has no Canadian considered chart 787 of the British Admiralty, which in 1901 (three years after the assembling of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission at Quebec, which marks the formal claim of the Canadian Government) shows the frontier so as to give to the United States its continuous, unbroken strip of territory?" Mr. Balch has collected his facts and evidence, not only in Alaska, but also in St. Petersburg and other European capitals. His work is of signal value as being a painstaking and emphatic refutation of the Canadian claim.

**Beginning German: A Series of Lessons with an Abstract of Grammar.** By H. C. Bierwirth, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 214 pages. 80c.

This brief manual seems likely to prove a useful book.

**Better Way (The).** By Charles Wagner. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 265 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Book of the Country and the Garden (A).** By H. M. Batson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$  in. 320 pages. \$3, net.

In a pleasant, leisurely manner the author sets forth her experiences in rural life in England, giving most attention to hours passed in her garden. The twelve chapters bear each the name of a month, and tell the appropriate thing to be done in that month with seeds and plants in greenhouse or outdoors. The book begins with "March" and ends with "February," so that there are budding things and promise and hope at each end. Everything that ought to be in a garden is in this one—flowers, and birds, and nests with little ones in them, children and lovers, an entertaining gardener and gardener's boy. Even books about gardens are not left out of this pleasure. In its quiet humor and pleasant calm and fine sympathy with nature lies the restful and wholesome charm that belongs by right to a garden book.

**Broader Elementary Education (A).** By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D., LL.D. Hinds & Noble, New York City.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 304 pages.

Rational, enlightening, stimulating. The idea of a liberal education, confined in current opinion to the higher schools, Dr. Gordy contends should pervade the elementary and the secondary schools also. He has no toleration for the bread-and-butter idea of education. To live a rational life is the only worthy end that a school of any grade, even the lowest, can rightly propose for its pupils; and this includes knowledge, discipline, a true estimate of the values of things, and an effective will. These a liberal education must cultivate for the three-fourths whom it is not desirable to put through college, as well as for the more competent few. The current system in our lower schools emphasizes memory; it should make man and nature the central objects of study. Dr. Gordy's fundamental maxim is that the greatest good of all is through the highest development of each that his endowments permit. The most important problem of school administration is to facilitate the advancement of the most competent pupils. Various details are discussed—the educational value of the several branches of study, the curriculum of different grades, school management, etc. The main stress, however, is more strongly laid than in other works on this subject upon fundamental principles. This seems to be just now the one thing needful—a higher general ideal is the main requisite for a genuine liberalizing of education, whether in the primary school or the college. This is the thing which Dr. Gordy's book has undertaken to promote.

**Cap'n Simeon's Store.** By George S. Wasson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 287 pages. \$1.50.

Capital in character-sketching, quaint in dialect, rich in humor. In Cap'n Simeon's store, somewhere down Gloucester way (the frontispiece presents the store and its grizzled habitués realistically), sit and yarn ancient sea-captains of a distinct type but of equally distinct individuality. The old-time "works" of witchcraft done with bridles and charms still find full credence with these sea-worn veterans, and almost equally strange happen-

ings of fishing-boats, with the more ordinary tragedies and comedies of the fisherman's life, make up the varied narratives. The book records and makes permanent by the art of fiction a phase of American life and character which has now almost disappeared.

**Complete Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.** (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  in. 672 pages. \$2.

The latest addition to the admirable one-volume reprints of standard poets in the Cambridge Edition. This volume includes all of Pope's poetic works in an approximately chronological order. It presents Pope's own notes, except in the case of certain comments on "The Dunciad" which were so long or so trifling that it seemed wise to omit them. The text is based on the Crocker-Elwin-Courthope edition, and the edition is supplied with the usual introductory biographical sketch, notes, and a very complete index.

**Earthly Discords, and How to Heal Them.** By Malcomb James McLeod. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 216 pages. 75c, net.

This is a strong and incisive book. Ethically as well as religiously it is keen and earnest. It deals with sins rather than with sin, and with some, not all, of the sins most flagrant in society. The style is that of good editorial paragraphs, crisp and terse, and it abounds in illustrative anecdote and quotation. Some of these anecdotes are rather surprising, like some in the newspapers.

**Educational Conquest of the Far East (The).** By Robert E. Lewis, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.  $5 \times 8$  in. 248 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Fifty Songs.** By Robert Franz. Edited by William Foster Aphorip. (The Musicians' Library.) Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.  $9 \times 12\frac{1}{2}$  in. 138 pages. \$2.25.

A discriminating selection of songs by one of the greatest song writers, with a critical introduction by one of the most competent of American musical critics. Reserved for later notice.

**Fight for the City (A).** By Alfred Hodder. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 246 pages.

We speak of Mr. Hodder's book in another column.

**Flower Beautiful (The).** By Clarence Moores Weed. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.  $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  in. 138 pages. \$2.50, net.

A presentation, with abundant illustrations, of the decorative use of flowers for securing artistic effects in the house. This delicate art, of which the Japanese are such masters, is very little understood in this country, where flowers are often used in such a way as to overpower instead of to please, and with such profusion as to conceal their beauty instead of revealing it. It is Mr. Weed's hope to bring about a more artistic and tasteful use of flowers for interior decoration; and under such title-heads as "The Relation of Flowers to One Another," "The Relation of Flowers to the Receptacle," "Relation of the Position to the Environment," with chapters on vases, jars, and other receptacles, he states the principles of what will be, for most of his readers, a new



art. The book is well made and interestingly illustrated.

**Internal Improvements in North Carolina Previous to 1860.** By Charles Clinton Weaver. (Johns Hopkins University Studies, Historical and Political Science.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6x9½ in. 95 pages. 50c.

**Joyful Life (The).** By Margaret E. Sangster. The American Tract Society, New York. 5x7½ in. 218 pages. \$1.

"Each chapter of this book," in the author's words, "is a simple and friendly talk on some theme of homely interest, and the aim has been to suggest something helpful in each as to life and conduct." It is an argument for courage, cheerfulness, hopefulness, serenity in domestic, business, social, and spiritual life.

**Life and Destiny; or, Thoughts from the Ethical Lectures of Felix Adler.** McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 141 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Memories and Portraits.** By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4x6½ in. 271 pages.

A new edition of these very characteristic papers, identical in form with the volumes of "Essays" and "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," bearing the same imprint.

**Middle-Aged Love Stories.** By Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½x7½ in. 290 pages. \$1.25.

Miss Daskam's originality, cleverness, and wit are again made evident in this volume of short stories, held together by a slender thread of common applicability. "The Valley of the Shadow," "A Philanthropist," and two or three other of these light and readable tales will compare well with the author's best work.

**Misérables (Les).** By Victor Hugo. Edited by O. B. Super. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7 in. 349 pages.

**New Portrait of Shakespeare (A): The Case of the Ely Palace Painting as Against That of the So-called Droeshout Original.** By John Corbin. John Lane, New York. 6x8 in. 95 pages.

**Place of Industries in Elementary Education (The).** By Katharine Elizabeth Dopp. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5x7½ in. 208 pages.

This is technical reading, yet the mother no less than the kindergarten and the grammar-school teacher should find the volume helpful. The theory that each child in its development to maturity passes through all the stages of race evolution is foundation for the argument that the plays and industries of childhood should be graded and guided accordingly. Whether this theory—accepted by most educators of the day—is affirmed or denied by the reader, he or she will appreciate the suggestions in regard to the intelligent direction of childish energy into appropriate amusement and occupation.

**Popular Handbook of the Birds of the United States and Canada.** By Thomas Nuttall. New Revised and Annotated Edition by Montague Chamberlain. Illustrated in Color. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½x8½ in. 431 pages. \$3.

The standing of this book as a popular work on American ornithology is unquestioned. The present edition is the first to be put forth in one volume. It has been revised and annotated by Mr. Montague Chamberlain, and

contains over a hundred color illustrations, showing five hundred or more birds in their native hues. The rendering of the colors is more satisfactory than in any nature-book we have seen of late.

**Republics Versus Woman.** By Mrs. Woolsey. The Grafton Press, New York. 5x7½ in. 179 pages.

Contrasting the position of woman in aristocracies with that which she occupies in democracies, Mrs. Woolsey holds that all advantages are with the former. A woman may be the ruler of a monarchy, but never of a republic. Russia, she states, was the first government in Christian Europe to grant wives the right individually to hold and control property, the first government to grant political recognition to women; women there "have held for centuries the privilege of voting direct or by proxy, and wives have been mistresses of their own fortunes." Giving figures and specific data, she carries on the comparison between the attitude of republics and monarchies towards women—sometimes with a warmth of feeling which impairs the effect of her testimony. The book has, in a condensed form, a great deal of information upon a subject of intense interest to many people.

**Rôle of Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants (The).** By Burton Edward Livingston. (The Decennial Publications. Second Series. Vol. VIII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6x9 in. 149 pages.

**Rose of Normandy (A).** By William R. A. Wilson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 378 pages. \$1.50.

This is a stirring story of the times when Canada was "New France" and when Louis XIV. sent the Sieur de la Salle and his lieutenant, Henri de Tonti, on that voyage of exploration which proved to be one of the most remarkable in the world's history, and resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi and the planting of the French standard on the soil of Louisiana. Louis's gay court, Quebec, and the virgin forests of the New World furnish a varied setting for the love story of Tonti and Renée, the "Rose of Normandy."

**Stirrup Cup (The).** By J. Aubrey Tyson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 208 pages. \$1.25.

The wooing of Theodosia Prevost by Aaron Burr is the central theme of this novelette. The wooing was daring, the lady lovely and noble, the time that of the American Revolution. Distinguished enemies of her country surrounded Madame, among them Sir Edward Moreton and Major André; Benedict Arnold's sweetheart was her guest. General Washington concerned himself with her affairs. Altogether Mr. Tyson keeps us in excellent company and entertains us well. Incidentally it may be mentioned that he reinforces Mr. Todd's recent efforts to reverse or modify judgments that his contemporaries pronounced against Burr.

**Story of an East Side Family (The).** By Lillian W. Betts. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 342 pages. \$1.50.

We speak of this book elsewhere in this issue of *The Outlook*.

**Teaching of English in the Elementary and the Secondary School (The).** By George R. Carpenter, A.B., and Franklin T. Baker, A.M., and Fred N. Scott, Ph.D. (American Teachers' Series.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  in. 380 pages. \$1.50.

Not till the last quarter of the nineteenth century did the teaching of English begin to be properly provided for in American schools, and we can hardly be said to have advanced more than half-way to a realization of the purpose. As contributory to the end in view the problems raised by past discussion are here succinctly stated, and the views at present held by those whose judgment is entitled to respect are summarized. Experienced teachers will find this volume useful for reference; to the inexperienced it will be a helpful guide and mentor. To the latter, especially, the chapters on "The Teacher and his Training" will be serviceable. A very valuable feature of the work is presented in its copious bibliographies.

**Text-Book of Organic Chemistry (A).** By William A. Noyes. Henry Holt & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 534 pages. \$1.50.

A vast field is included in this treatise, offering opportunity for students to specialize variously therein with advantage.

**Thyra Varrick.** By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 343 pages.

Scotland in 1745, when she "wanted her own King Charlie and no Union with England," is the scene of this story. One feels that the heroine is ill drawn. Her deceit and trickery in the first part of the book prejudice the reader against her, and one is prone to think that Sara MacArgall would have made a more satisfying heroine and the mate worthy of Robert Thorson. Maran Flett, trickster too, comes out happily wedded to the man whose humiliation she plotted. The friendship between Thyra and little Lord Donald, and the development of her character through love and service to the child, make pretty chapters, after which Thyra is nobler and sweeter than it seems possible such a trickster could become. Local color and the temper and customs of the people and the times are given with the charm that might be expected of Mrs. Barr's pen, which is always graphic and graceful in such particulars.

**Trees, Shrubs, and Vines of the Northeastern United States.** By H. E. Parkhurst. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 451 pages. \$1.50, net.

This volume describes very fully, for purposes of identification by the unscientific reader, the native trees, shrubs, and vines of this part of the country, treating with special fullness the principal foreign hardy trees, shrubs, and vines found in Central Park in this city.

**True Estimate of Life and How to Live (The).** By G. Campbell Morgan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 240 pages. 80c, net.

Practical and vital sermons by one who is strongly spiritual and well acquainted with common human nature. His work illustrates the fact that qualities often considered mutually contradictory may be possessed by one mind and expressed in a fine way—a strongly evangelical spirit, a conservative though not

reactionary view of the Bible, and a broad and rational view of life.

**Twenty Original Piano Compositions.** By Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. (The Musicians' Library.) Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.  $9 \times 12\frac{1}{2}$  in. 147 pages. Paper bound. \$1.25.

The music of Franz Liszt, brilliant, sentimental, bizarre, theatrical, and essentially sensational, is, and for some time will continue to be, the subject of discussion that often waxes violent. As an artist Liszt was recalcitrant. He was out of patience with the conventional. He tried to be revolutionary. No musical composer has had more zealous partisans; none has had severer critics. Liszt himself was a good deal of an animal—though he was a generous animal; and the materialism that seemed to dominate his nature shows not only in his music, but also in the theories of music which he deliberately attempted to promulgate. This volume furnishes very good material from which a conception of his piano compositions may be formed. Mr. Spanuth, the editor, in his introduction has wisely avoided expressions of blind adulation, and has succeeded in putting the case for Liszt as strongly as it could readily be put in the space.

**Un Beau Mariage: Comédie en Quatre Actes.** By Émile Augier et Édouard Fournier. Edited by Stuart Symington, Ph.D., Louis R. Herrick, B.S., and Louis E. Cadieux. Henry Holt & Co., New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$  in. 133 pages. 35c.

**Water-Fowl Family (The).** By L. C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop and T. S. Van Dyke. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  in. 578 pages. \$2, net.

There is a well-considered combination of sportsmen's information and scientific data in this volume; and in this it is like the other volumes of this American Sportsman's Library, which is edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney. The chapters on the shooting of ducks, geese, rail and shore birds, written by Mr. Sanford, are supplemented by chapters on the Pacific coast water-fowl by Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, and there are condensed diagnoses of families and genera. We may note again the handsome type-page of these volumes, the charming cover design, and the pains evidently taken in the illustrations.

**With the Trees.** By Maud Going. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 335 pages. \$1, net.

An attractive and comprehensive volume with a good claim to popular favor in these days of enthusiastic nature-study. It is a handbook one would be pleased to take along in a woodland ramble, the better to understand the things one sees. Educators may find it useful; and it is not too technical to interest the school boy or girl who wants to know about trees. To botanical descriptions are added some account of forest folk-lore and superstitions, statements of the uses and values of trees and of the parts birds, bees, and various four-footed creatures play in nature's economics. The "spirit of the woods and the poetry of green places" are not lost in the telling of facts.

**Works of Shakespeare: Cymbeline.** Edited by Edward Dowden. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.  $6 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$  in. 212 pages.

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# The Outlook



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*By T. W. Higginson*

*Some Phases of Immigrant Travel*

*By J. B. Connolly*

*A Preacher's Story of His Work*

*By W. S. Rainsford*

*The Forest: The Habitants*

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# The Outlook

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No. 4

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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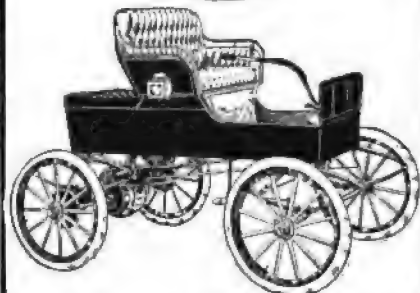
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# The Outlook

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Counter-Injunction  
Against Employers  
in Omaha

The sweeping injunction issued in Omaha week before last by Judge Munger, of the United States District Court, proved a disappointment to the employers' association which secured it. Not only did the strike go on as before, but it became more widespread. Fortunately, the injunction did not have the effect of taking the control of the situation out of the hands of the local authorities. According to the Omaha "Bee," both the Mayor of the city and the Sheriff of the county have acted with decision, increasing their forces, closing the saloons, and preventing all disturbances. "The strikers," says the "Bee," "seem to be fulfilling their word given to the Mayor and the Chief of Police to co-operate with them in maintaining order and suppressing violence." The Governor of the State has refused to call out the troops and has induced the Business Men's Association to enter into a conference with the trades-union leaders to promote a settlement of the troubles. The work of the officers of the law, therefore, seems to have been well performed. The complications caused by the interference of the courts of equity, however, did not end with the new bitterness injected into the struggle by the sweeping terms of the injunction. The attorney for the unions applied to Judge Dickinson, of the local district court, for a counter-injunction against the Business Men's Association, and obtained one more sweeping in its terms than that issued by Judge Munger. Among other things, it restrained the Association—

From refusing to sell to employers of union labor and from discriminating against such persons in the prices charged.

From threatening or intimidating in any manner any person into joining the said Business Men's Association.

From imposing any fines upon its members or any person for violating any agreement not

to employ organized labor or not to recognize a labor union.

From receiving or paying out any money whatever in pursuance of any agreement to break up labor unions, except attorneys in this action.

From importing or engaging agents or servants to import any laborers in the city of Omaha or State of Nebraska in pursuance of any existing plan to destroy labor organizations or under any similar or new arrangement or plan.

From bringing any other injunction suits or actions in pursuance of any general plan of prosecutions to break up labor unions or of any new or similar plans connected directly or indirectly with any existing plans.

Some of the things forbidden in this injunction are as clearly wrong as were many of the things forbidden in Judge Munger's injunction reported last week. An agreement, for instance, of business men not to sell goods to employers of union labor is as clearly and violently a contract in restraint of trade as the agreement of the teamsters not to deliver goods to employers of non-union labor. Both are boycotts of a thoroughly indefensible kind. But, on the other hand, employers have as clear a right to import workmen to take strikers' places as the unions have peacefully to persuade such workmen not to take these places. The Omaha injunctions against both these acts are plainly usurpations of authority on the part of courts of equity. The final item in Judge Dickinson's injunction is more excessive still, and has in it an element of caricature of the whole system of "government by injunction." The defendants are enjoined from bringing any further injunction suits. Had Judge Munger thought to insert this item in his writ, the present injunction could not have been issued. It suggests the humorous possibility of putting an end to injunctions by injunction. But even this caricature of the process was exceeded in Omaha before the end of the week, when, according to

a despatch to the New York "Times," an injunction was issued on petition of a landlord restraining a woman tenant from talking to other tenants. In a report made some time since to the Social Reform Club of New York by a committee headed by Mr. John Brooks Leavitt and Mr. John D. Kernan, attention was called to a Texas writ enjoining a wife from ever again talking with a friend of whom her husband was jealous. The committee remarked that in this writ the Court attempted to establish marital fidelity by injunction, and wittily suggested that we might one day have "etiquette by injunction." In the light of the Omaha injunctions the possibility is worth considering.

**Counter-Organization by  
Employers in New York**

The contagious strike fever in New York City, which has extended from the skilled workmen in the building trades to the half-skilled teamsters and the totally unskilled Italian laborers who handle the picks and shovels, has produced its inevitable reaction in a strong counter-organization of employers. The newly organized unions among untrained workmen have, as usual, been the most pugnacious, and the Italian workmen employed on the subway have not only rejected the terms offered them by their employers, but have repudiated the agreement negotiated for them by the representatives of the Central Federated Union, and have refused to return to work pending arbitration, even when threatened with the forfeiture of their union charters. They are men, it is explained, who have but recently been emancipated from the padrones, and who suspect their present representatives much as they suspected their former bosses. But, whatever the explanation of their excesses, the temper of employers and of the public has been further exasperated, and the feeling that employers must organize to resist impositions has gained further headway. On Friday night of last week a call for united action in the building trades brought together nearly eight hundred delegates, representing fully four-fifths of all the contractors in the city. Fortunately, the meeting was in the hands of men who wished to resist abuses on the part of organized labor, and not of those who wished to initiate a class war for the

annihilation of unions. Mr. Charles L. Eidlitz, who presented the plans for a central organization, said:

What has made it possible for these men, many of them ignorant, most of them without a dollar laid aside, to demand surrender from their employers and have practically all their demands granted, sometimes without a show of resistance, lately almost invariably with only a grunt of disapproval?

What, I ask you? The fact that, while they have organized throughout the city and throughout the country as a central body, under practically one head, and have stood together in want and privation, with nothing in sight but a return to work at best, we men of intelligence and affairs have tried to deal with them singly or at best as only a one-trade organization.

The organization which was planned was one that should be the counterpart of the building trades section of the Central Federated Union, and should insist upon conditions under which "employers shall be more secure in the conduct of their business, workmen more secure from interference with their opportunity to work, and the public generally more secure from interruption to business resulting from strikes and lockouts." These are all reasonable ends, and organization to secure them will meet with public approval. Where there is a conflict of interests, justice is always promoted by the equal organization of both parties to resist injustice. Everything depends upon the spirit in which the organization is carried forward, and in the present case the organization seems to be not for the purpose of aggression, but for the purpose of defense. Mr. Eidlitz, when asked after the close of the meeting regarding the plans agreed upon, said: "We are going to act, and without delay. The details of our plan will be kept secret, but we are in this to stay. Remember, though, that we are not trying to destroy labor unions." What they do intend to destroy was illustrated by another contractor, who said:

Not long ago, in the construction of a great building, there arose a dispute between electricians and masons as to who should pierce certain holes in the wall. There was a delay while the central body decided the controversy, and in the interval, although neither set of workmen pierced the holes, the contractor had to pay all the workmen from both their full daily stipends, while they did not a stroke of work. That is one example of the hundreds of things we are fighting. We are going to get rid of them or know the reason why.

### A Strike Against a Government

In less than five days the Victorian Government completely crushed the strike begun on the State-owned railroads Saturday before last. The strike was occasioned by the refusal of the Ministry to withdraw its order that the Railway Employees' Association withdraw from the Victoria Trades Hall—the headquarters of trades-unionism in the colony. The Ministry took the position that as the railway employees were public servants, they had no right to enter into such affiliations with outside labor organizations as might lead to a suspension of the public service through a sympathetic strike. The Engineers' Association notified the Ministry that unless the order was withdrawn they would leave their locomotives wherever they happened to be at the hour designated for the strike. The Ministry did not yield, but announced to the employees that those who struck would forfeit their right to pensions, while those who did not strike would receive double pay during the next two months. When the strike was begun, Parliament was summoned, and a drastic bill submitted dealing with the situation. Premier Irvine stated that the country faced a long-meditated revolt against established authority. The strike had thrown the State into confusion and would be fought to a finish. The bill submitted was not retroactive and was not to remain in force after the end of the strike, but provided that any railroad employee leaving his work without giving four days' notice would incur a penalty of five hundred dollars fine or a year's imprisonment, and would be ineligible to future employment by the Government. An amendment was offered promising that Parliament would consider the grievances of the railroad men if they returned to work, but this was voted down by a majority of nearly two to one. The passage of the act was certain, and the following day the leaders of the strike gave in their unconditional surrender. From the first the strike had been condemned by public opinion. It was felt that a strike of public servants against the terms accorded them by the public was even more indefensible than a strike of private employees against the terms accorded by a board of arbitration. It was regarded as a direct

attack upon the sovereignty of the State, and the Ministry secured the support of nearly all disinterested elements in a democratic State when asserting the finality of the State's decisions. The case is interesting as indicating, though not fully demonstrating, the truth of the Socialists' claim that public ownership of public utilities would put an end to labor wars respecting such utilities.

### More Corruption Exposed in Missouri

Last week Circuit Attorney Folk probed deeper still into the corruption of the Missouri Legislature. Two ex-Senators, whose guilt had been pretty clearly established by previous testimony, made full confession, and their testimony in its turn promises to force still further confessions or convictions. The first of these ex-Senators, named Schweickhardt, testified that he was one of a group of Republicans who had handled a bribery fund of \$5,000 raised to defeat an election bill, and had personally given \$1,500 of this sum to Frank Faris, a Democratic leader—of anti-referendum prominence—to smother the measure. Faris, he said, had returned the bribe when he found that the bill would pass despite his efforts—an incident indicating that a certain kind of honor has to be maintained among boodlers as well as thieves. Ex-Senator Schweickhardt was confronted with the other Republicans whom his testimony had implicated, and one of them, a well-to-do baker named Busche, who had previously testified before the Grand Jury in his own defense, came before it again the next day and made a clean breast of his part in legislative corruption. While making his confession he twice broke down and wept bitterly. Among other things, he said:

I have "boodled" practically from the first week of the 1889 session. In 1897 I received \$1,000 for voting for the school text-book bill. In 1899 I was paid \$250 for refusing to call up a resolution demanding that certain bills be reported. I got \$500 for my vote on the St. Louis Transit Bill. I received a salary from the lobby to take care of railroad and other legislation, usually amounting to about \$700 for the session. As near as I can figure, I made about \$15,000 out of my legislative experience. I had to do these things. There were circumstances that made a fellow take money or else get the worst of it. Money was offered on pretty nearly everything of impor-

tance. The steam and street railway interests were always very active and their representatives paid us.

Ex-Senator Busche's statements were very specific regarding the bribe-taking on the part of several fellow-Senators and the bribe-giving on the part of the school-book trust as well as the street railway companies. The "cohesive power of public plunder," which formerly held the corruptionists together, seems to have been broken, and the boodlers who formerly stood together are going down like a row of unmortared bricks.



The United States and  
the Orient

President Roosevelt's  
speech at San Fran-  
cisco on America's

destiny on the Pacific seems to have aroused some needless excitement in German circles. The gist of this speech is contained in the following paragraph:

America's geographical position on the Pacific is such as to insure our peaceful domination of its waters in the future if only we grasp with sufficient resolution the advantages of this position. We are taking long strides in this direction; witness the cables we are laying and the great steamship lines we are starting, steamship lines some of whose vessels are larger than any freight carriers the world has yet seen. . . . We must keep on building and maintaining a thoroughly efficient navy, with plenty of the best and most formidable ships, with an ample supply of officers and men, and with these officers and men trained in the most thorough way to the best possible performance of their duty. Only thus can we assure our position in the world at large, and in particular our position here on the Pacific.

The majority of Americans are hardly yet alive to the fact that there is a Pacific Ocean, and that we have eight hundred and fifty miles of coast line, exclusive of Alaska, upon that ocean, and that thus we are much nearer China and Japan than any of the European Powers. We doubt whether even the people of the Pacific coast have fully grasped the significance of this geographical fact. Mr. Brooks Adams has shown that in the past imperial supremacy has depended largely upon commercial supremacy, and that in turn upon geographical considerations. Our geographical relations to the Pacific coast, and so to the Orient, may involve our commercial supremacy in the Pacific. It certainly involves moral obligations of which we must take account. Comparisons are odious, and it seems to us unfor-

tunate for us to enter into public discussion with other nations respecting our relative advantages and prospects, either commercially or politically; but it is right that we should come to a consciousness of our National opportunity and our resultant obligations to the world at large, and that in this consciousness we should so shape our legislation as to enable us to avail ourselves of our opportunities and fulfill the obligations which they devolve upon us. We cannot, if we would, maintain a policy of isolation, and escape the obligations, both commercial and political, which our geographical relations to the Orient impose upon us.



The New  
Pennsylvania Libel Law

It is probably true that the Grady-Salus Libel Law, just approved by Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, is to be deprecated rather for its animus or intention than because it actually does seriously impair the liberty of the press. The comments of Governor Pennypacker show the kind of political feeling that has called out this legislation; in fact, the Governor of the State has subjected himself to almost universal ridicule by his assertion that in England a century ago an offender who should draw such cartoons, as, for example, one which represented Governor Pennypacker himself as a dwarf on a stool, would have been drawn and quartered. The best newspapers in Pennsylvania agree that the law would never have been framed if it had not been for the usually righteous attacks on political corruption and corruptionists. No doubt these, in form, have not always been in good taste, and may sometimes have been unjust, but neither in Pennsylvania nor in any other State can the privilege of the press to comment freely on political acts be curtailed or even threatened without such a general expression of disapproval and revolt as has now been called out. The new law provides that a paper must publish in each issue the name of its owner or publisher, and editor; that action may be brought against any newspaper "to recover damages resulting from negligence in the ascertainment of facts, and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, or business of citizens;" that

compensatory damages may be recovered for injury to business and reputation, and also for physical and mental suffering endured by the injured party; and the law specially refers to pictures and cartoons as one method of such possible injury. There is comparatively little difference between this law and the common law, under which civil suits for libel are brought in New York State. Thus, "negligence in the ascertainment of facts and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, or business of citizens" is actionable under the common law; compensatory damages may be recovered under the common law for injuries to business or reputation, and also damages for physical and mental suffering; punitive damages are also recoverable under the common law, in the jury's discretion. The differences between this statute and the common law are that the new law makes it easier to ascertain the responsible parties and suggests to the jury that pictures, cartoons, or any other matter calculated especially to attract attention demand punitive damages, and it also widens somewhat the range of responsibility for libel, by allowing suit against owners, proprietors, publishers, and managing editors of newspapers, apparently making all equally responsible.



**The New Libel Law:  
Is it Constitutional?**

The only effect so far of the new libel law has been to provoke a series of rather keen cartoons in Pennsylvania papers ridiculing the Governor, who is treated as the author of the law, and who is thus pretty directly challenged to set its provisions in operation by a suit for libel under them. The journals probably depend largely on the well-known disinclination of juries to convict in libel suits; but also probably in part upon the question of the constitutionality of the new law. Reference to the Constitution of Pennsylvania shows that not only is there laid down a general principle that "the printing-press shall be free to every person who may undertake to examine the proceedings of the Legislature or any branch of government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof," but that no conviction may be had for the publication of news or com-

ment relating to the official conduct of officers or men acting in public capacity when it is established to the satisfaction of the jury that the publication was not maliciously or negligently made. The general principles which should govern utterances of the press on public men and public affairs are perfectly clear: no restraint prior to actual publication, that is, no censorship, no inspection of proofs before publication; but, on the other hand, full responsibility under the law by the press for all utterances, and liberal treatment by courts and juries of persons who have been injured by wrongful statements in the papers. Damages should not be necessarily confined to actual proven money loss; injury to reputation or mental suffering and discomfort should also be considered; and carelessness as well as actual malice should be made to pay the damages which a false and injurious publication causes. There is no reason why the press should claim exemption from responsibility for its wrongful acts.



**The Kishenev Massacre** Last week confirmation was received of a terrible two-days' massacre of Jews which had occurred at Kishenev, in southern Russia. Information from many sources seems to reveal a prearrangement as to the riot; for it started in a number of places in the town at the same time. The inciting cause of the outbreak, according to the Russian "Novosti," was the death of a servant-girl who had taken poison and was placed in a Jewish hospital of Kishenev. The anti-Semites claimed that she was killed for sacrificial purposes. In consequence, according to the "American Hebrew,"

Not only did the rioters kill and maim people, but they vented their brutish instincts upon the bodies of the dead. Nails were driven through their nostrils, bodies were opened and stuffed with feathers, tongues pulled out, breasts cut off the bodies of women. Nor were these the only ghoulish acts perpetrated. Jews tried to save themselves in every way. Many sought safety in flight only to find, as they reached the railroad station, that mobs were awaiting them who tore them from their carriages and beat them to death.

According to most accounts, about fifty persons were killed, hundreds wounded and mutilated, and a thousand homes wrecked. When the authorities at St. Petersburg were

tardily informed of the riot, orders were given to the military to use rifles, if necessary, to suppress the outbreak. On the first show of determination by the troops—a few volleys fired into the air—the assailants of the Jews slunk back. The majority of the persons arrested for participation in the outrage, says a despatch from St. Petersburg, have now been tried and sentenced to varying punishments; although they were mostly arrested on returning to their homes after the second day's pillage with their arms full of plunder, all the prisoners protested their innocence and pleaded that they found the things in the streets and were taking them to the police station. Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, says:

I am sure that the reports have been grossly exaggerated. The most drastic measures have been taken by the Russian Government to prevent repetitions of the troubles, and the Government always has done all that is possible to prevent them. The Governors of provinces have been ordered to exert themselves to the utmost to preserve order, and have been informed that they will be held responsible for the peace of their provinces. The guilty, as apprehended, will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

It seems incredible that in a Christian country such a massacre could have taken place; in endeavoring to repress similar atrocities in Turkey, Russia will now hardly have clean hands. At the same time, it must be admitted that the peasant population in southwest Russia, between Odessa and the Rumanian frontier, is hardly of a higher grade than that represented by the Turks. With characteristic promptness, the Jews in this country have organized a great relief fund, and have transmitted by cable generous amounts to the heads of Russian Jewish congregations for distribution.



**British Tariff Discussion** On the same day last week Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain, respectively Prime Minister and Colonial Secretary of the present British Cabinet, made speeches regarding the tariff which seemed at first decidedly divergent in aim. Addressing a deputation of members of Parliament who protested against the remission of the grain duty, Mr. Balfour gave no indication of conceding their demands. Without the slightest intention on the part of the

Government, he said, the tax had given some protection to the millers, thus indirectly and unexpectedly helping the farmers, but the Government must not be blamed for remitting the tax; it was never intended to be a protective measure. Protection, he declared, could not be introduced silently, as if by accident, and without a broad public indorsement of such a change in the national policy. However, he did not intend to say that the present system was necessarily permanent. New conditions had arisen since the old free-trade policy was adopted; and he could imagine circumstances under which Great Britain, by way of retaliation, would no longer consent to be made a passive target for other countries living under different conditions. While personally he believed in universal free trade, he would welcome some closer fiscal union between Great Britain and the colonies. This last phrase forms a bond of union between Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's speech. The reason for the latter may be found in another address, made seven years ago by the Colonial Secretary, inviting the attention of British Imperialists everywhere to the desirability of what the Germans call a Zollverein, or Customs Union. It was perhaps because of his prejudices in this direction that Mr. Chamberlain took no part in the discussion in Parliament excited by the announcement of the new budget, which remitted the grain tax. Mr. Chamberlain declared last week, as he did seven years ago, that, in order to preserve the Empire, the trade of the colonies must be secured. Canada had offered exceptional advantages which England did not dare accept because of "the narrow interpretation of the doctrine of free trade." Great Britain seemed so wedded to its fiscal system that it could not defend its colonies—a position, he claimed, not intended by the pioneers of free trade, who, if they were alive to-day, would agree to a treaty of preference and reciprocity with the Empire's children; he pointed out that Cobden had made and that Bright had approved a preferential treaty with France. "There are two alternatives before you: first, to maintain the free-trade policy in all its severity, although it is repudiated by every other nation and by your colonists; second, to insist that we be not bound by

any purely technical definition of free trade." In comparison with England's commerce with the rest of the world the actual trade between England and her colonies is small. No matter how much stimulus Mr. Chamberlain's plan might give to colonial commerce, such a stimulus would do little to compensate for the inevitable loss in general trade.



**Russian Diplomacy  
Regarding Manchuria**

Last week, in the British House of Commons, Lord Cranborne, Under Foreign Secretary, officially announced the Russian Government's reply, in response to independent communications from the American and British Governments, concerning the rumored Russian reoccupation of the Chinese province of Manchuria. This reply intimated that the Russian Government would adhere to its engagement to evacuate Manchuria, although the evacuation was temporarily delayed. The Russian Government also explained that it had no intention of adopting any measure tending to exclude foreign consuls in that province or obstruct foreign commerce in the use of the ports. The tone of the reply, however, indicated that Russia, not China, is master in Manchuria. The tone is not unwarranted from a power which, since its occupation, has increased the telegraph and port charges to its own advantage. Unofficially, the Russian Government also allowed an explanation to be made in St. Petersburg to the effect that the supposed reoccupation of the principal Manchurian port was "the re-entrance there of troops after the Russian evacuation, merely to pass through the town to embark on the waiting transports." Whether this explanation be regarded as reasonable or not, we trust that, so far at least as the letters of inquiry from the American Government are concerned, Russia now sees that any precipitate action in Manchuria, with explanations, reasonable or otherwise, afterwards, would be hostile to national as well as to international interests; in other words, that it will be much more to Russia's present commercial advantage in Asia if the United States continues for a time to enjoy in Manchuria the treaty rights heretofore guaranteed. It is not surprising that, having

spent a great deal in life and money in developing the trade and transportation of Manchuria, the Czar's Ministers have no intention either of abandoning the rich Chinese province or of permitting any permanent increase of foreign influence. We are glad to note, however, that, in addition to recalling the reported "demands" on China, for the moment Russia has removed the passport obligations in Manchuria instituted some time ago. While the Russian Government has thus paid regard to Mr. Hay's letter of inquiry (diplomatically so called, really a protest), the reply of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs contains two statements which might inspire some caustic comment. The first of these is that negotiations between Russia and China did not require the approval of the United States Government; to which we reply that if negotiations violate our treaty rights, they certainly do require our approval; the second observation is that Russia intends to observe the policy of the open door "as the phrase is understood by the Imperial Government;" in reply to which the London "Times" pertinently says: "That is not the way in which self-respecting nations are used to have their conventional rights interpreted. They do not leave others to construe the promises made to them; they do the construing themselves."



**Turkey Warned** Last week the atmosphere in the Balkans became clearer because of the simultaneous action of Russia, Austria, and France, in warning Turkey to refrain from too vigorous measures in punishment of the Salonika outrages. The three Powers decline (1) to accept the Turkish theory that the Bulgarian Government is responsible for the disasters there or elsewhere in Macedonia; or (2) to permit Bulgaria to be held responsible. The communication closes with the pertinent advice that the Porte's first duty is to carry out the general plan agreed upon between it and the Powers for Balkan reforms, repress the Albanian agitators, and punish the murderer of the Russian Consul, adding significantly: "If Turkey persists in diverting attention by menacing Bulgaria, the ambassadors of the Powers may shortly remind the Porte what the Powers expect." They expect (and they

have thus far expected in vain) that the Sultan shall pay some proper regard to his political and moral obligations as defined in 1878 by the Treaty of Berlin. The ultimate stigma, however, rests, we believe, not so much upon this Oriental ruler as upon the Occidental Powers themselves. By reason of jealousy among themselves, they have permitted Turkish misrule in every province of the Turkish Empire, whether in Europe or Asia. The thousands of innocent Macedonians and the hundreds of thousands of other victims who since 1878 have suffered from Turkish cruelty and outrage are, as Mr. W. E. Curtis explains in his recent work on the Balkans, the victims of that jealousy. When the Czar imposed upon Turkey the Treaty of San Stefano, England, Austria, Germany, and France intervened and tore it up, for fear that Russia might obtain a port on the Mediterranean, and so enlarge the sphere of Slav influence to a degree prejudicial to their own interests. The Treaty of San Stefano, which fixed the terms of peace exacted by the Czar from the Sultan after the war of 1877, would almost have restored the boundaries of the ancient Bulgarian Empire, thus reducing European Turkey to a rather narrow strip of territory. Not only was this treaty, which had been accepted by Abdul Hamid, abrogated by the jealous Powers: the treaty which they substituted for it restored Macedonia to Turkey under conditions which they have allowed to remain unfulfilled; indeed, not one of the many stipulations of that treaty has ever been faithfully fulfilled. Though a Christian was once appointed Governor-General of Macedonia and served in that capacity for five years, he permitted himself to be used as a screen to shield his Mohammedan subordinates who murdered, robbed, and tortured the members of his own faith. Last week's joint note, therefore, is a cheering sign that at last the Powers are holding Turkey to stricter account.



**The Passive Resistance  
Movement in England**

Last week, in the City Temple (Congregational), in London, a remarkable scene occurred at one of the midday services. The pastor, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the successor of the late Joseph Parker, announced his

adhesion to the "Passive Resistance" movement against the Education Act recently passed by Parliament. This act has produced wide dissatisfaction among the English Nonconformists, of whom Mr. Campbell is sometimes regarded as the head. Voicing their determination, he declared that personally he would tender payment of the portion of the rates for education which was not to be devoted to sectarian purposes, but that, for the balance, the collector would have to seize his hall clock and other chattels. On this, the congregation, numbering about three thousand persons, stood up and cheered lustily. The pastor then added that, if Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, advocated the imprisonment of those who participated in the "Passive Resistance" movement, and actually imprisoned the pastor of the City Temple, the Colonial Secretary's days would be numbered, for Nonconformity represented at least half the religious life of the nation. Mr. Campbell's course consistently follows out the threats of many Nonconformists after the introduction of the Education Bill in Parliament, that, as Hampden had refused to pay his quota of the ship money, so they would refuse to pay the taxes to carry out the provisions of the bill. Among the most active opponents of the measure has been Mr. Perks, the well-known Liberal leader. Speaking at Oxford some weeks ago, he said that "if, two or three years back, Nonconformists had been told that a Government would come into power and make it one of its cardinal measures to sweep out of existence the great school boards of England and to strengthen priestly control over the elementary education of children, it would have been beyond belief." Certain features in the Education Act, Mr. Perks declared, Free Churchmen never could and never would admit: (1) in every volunteer school in the country the majority of the foundation managers are not elected by the people; (2) thousands of appointments of head masters and head mistresses in the voluntary schools are subjected to sectarian tests, and as none of these appointments can be legally held by Nonconformists, the provision not only limits the area of choice, but also tempts an applicant to change religious opinions in order to secure a public appointment. In conclusion, Mr. Perks declared



that it was not the duty of Free Churchmen to pay a rate for the propagation of tenets which they believed to be obnoxious.



#### Education and Religion

While the Education Act has apparently unified the English educational system, it is also true that it has not registered a definite advance in the direction of unifying the supporters of education. According to Mr. Middlemore, the Liberal Unionist statesman, the bill has now divided England into two hostile camps, Churchmen and Dissenters; and according to Mr. Bryce—than whom there is no greater authority on education in the ranks of the Opposition—the bill was devised “purely in the interest of sectarian schools; the claim that it was to unify and organize is really a pretense; the Education Bill was not devised to bring order out of chaos, and does not do so. It does more harm than good, and turns education back.” Mr. Bryce calls special attention to the former Board schools—which are now altogether abolished because school Boards are abolished, but which practically continue under the name of “provided” schools. He declares that they were not secular, as was claimed by the supporters of the Education Bill: “on the contrary, they gave excellent religious instruction, but unsectarian, and this gave satisfaction to all but the Roman Catholics and a small section of the Church of England;” and that “none of the Voluntary (or Church of England) schools were better than the Board (or public) schools, and very few as good as the best Board schools.” Furthermore, “the Board schools were not more mechanical than the voluntary; on the contrary, the Board schools secured nearly all the best teachers.” By the operation of the new Education Act the two classes of schools have been united in a way probably insuring greater economy in management, but giving to the Church of England a far greater control than Non-conformists like. The result of the agitation on the cause of education will be only for good, in upholding the clauses of the new law which make for real, lasting unification, and ultimately in obliterating those clauses that compel English citizens to pay taxes for the support of schools

which represent a part of the people and not the whole people. Sooner or later Englishmen may realize that America has already solved this problem, and may find our system worthy of imitation.



#### Rabbi Hirsch on Christianity

The recent massacre of Jews by Christians in Russia lends point to this excerpt from an address by Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago: “So far as the modern Jews are concerned,” said he, “they regard Jesus as one of the noblest spiritual teachers that ever appeared in the world. . . . The Jews have furnished the only shining example of obedience. The so-called disciples of Jesus have persecuted the Jews with savage ferocity for ages, and the Jews have borne these persecutions with lamb-like gentleness and silence.” These sentences are taken from a lecture given by Dr. Hirsch before the Epworth League of St. James’s Methodist Church, Chicago. The climax occurred when the lecturer exclaimed: “If Jesus Christ should return to the earth to-morrow, he would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land, and every Jew would say with David, ‘Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.’ And Jesus himself would answer: ‘Who is this King of Glory? God the Lord, he is the King of Glory.’” It is interesting to note how Dr. Hirsch approached this climax. “The Jews,” said he, “do not believe at all in original sin and inherited depravity. They believe that every man is a responsible, free agent, and is not involved in the guilt of his fathers or his children. Of course, therefore, they do not believe the story of the fall of man in the Book of Genesis in its literal sense. They accept the teachings of the higher criticism, and consider the story of the Garden of Eden an allegory. As they reject the doctrine of original sin, they reject, of course, the doctrine of redemption from sin. They believe in a Messiah, but the Messiah of the Old Testament is a temporal prince, who shall reign over the Jews after they shall have been reunited and become a nation again in Palestine. At least the orthodox Jews believe this, but the liberal Jews do not believe in the Messianic prophecies at all.”

This distinction between orthodoxy and liberalism among Hebrews is not as generally understood as it should be; and the general view of Jesus held among all classes of Jews is perhaps also not understood. This is that Jesus preached nothing but Judaism. Dr. Hirsch claims that those things which we are accustomed to associate peculiarly with Christ's teaching were taken from Jewish writings—the supremacy of the commandment to love God and man, the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, the doctrine that the Sabbath was made for man, the abrogation of the law of retaliation, the obligation to love one's enemies, and even the Lord's Prayer, which, added Rabbi Hirsch, "we readily admit is the sublimest petition ever framed in human language." It was fitting that the meeting should close with the Lord's Prayer, Dr. Hirsch repeating it in unison with his Christian friends.

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Catholic Tendencies  
in the  
Episcopal Church—I.

Two important utterances in the Episcopal Church indicate the truly catholic tendencies within that communion, with which, it can hardly be necessary to say, The Outlook is in the heartiest sympathy. The first is a sermon preached in April by Canon Henson, of Westminster, on "The Sacrament of Unity." In this sermon he takes the ground that the Church has no right to bar from communion Christian men living Christian lives, who fulfill the apostolic conditions of baptism and faith. "Members of Christ's mystical Body they are; how can they be refused permission to affirm the fact?" The exclusion from the communion of those who have not been confirmed in the Episcopal Church he rightly declares is alike inconsistent with the spirit of the Prayer-Book and with the spirit of the New Testament. It cannot be harmonized with the declaration of the Prayer-Book which affirms the oneness of Churchmen with "the whole congregation of Christ's flock, dispersed throughout the whole world;" and he asks by what authority, after making that declaration, can the priest exclude from the communion-table any of Christ's flock who come to partake of the Lord's Supper. This principle of exclusion is equally inconsistent with the words of St. Paul, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus

Christ in uncorruptness:" for "surely all who can be so described ought to be gladly welcomed to the Lord's table." This interpretation of the invitation to the Lord's Supper is, of course, widely held among Churchmen, and was illustrated in the service at Tarrytown, N. Y., reported last week, when the clergymen and laymen of non-Episcopal churches in the town were expressly invited to participate in the Holy Communion.

⊙  
Catholic Tendencies  
in the  
Episcopal Church—II.

The other utterance is a letter in "The Churchman" by the Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., rector of St. James's Parish, Cambridge, Mass. The present law of the Episcopal Church forbids the rector or officers of a church to "permit any person to officiate therein without sufficient evidence of his being duly licensed or ordained to minister *in this Church*." The italics are ours. Dr. Abbott proposes to allow the rector of any parish, his Bishop being cognizant of his intent and not objecting, to permit any baptized person to address his congregation on occasions, himself being present. Such an amendment would not allow the rector to invite a non-episcopally ordained minister to act as priest in the administration of the sacraments or in the general conduct of the service; but it would allow him to invite a non-episcopally ordained person, whether layman or minister, to preach in his pulpit. We cannot understand how the most exacting High Churchman can, on principle, object to such a change in the law of the Church. The Old Testament discriminated clearly between the priest and the prophet. The priest was ordained to his office, and no unordained person could perform priestly functions; the prophet was not ordained to his office, and any person could prophesy. The preacher is the successor of the prophet, not of the priest. The Churchman who believes that there is an official priesthood, charged with the duty of administering the service of the Church, a service which he may also think partakes of a sacrificial character, legitimately objects to invite any one not a priest to perform such service. But there is no ground in Scripture, and we cannot see any ground even in ecclesiastical history, for refusing

to the officers in charge of a church the right to invite any man who, in their judgment, is intellectually and spiritually competent to act the part of teacher, preacher, or prophet, in connection with the services of the Church. If the amendment which Dr. Abbott suggests were adopted, a long step would be taken toward the visible unity of Christ's Church. Since most non-Episcopal ministers do not believe that the priesthood has been continued in any form, because they think it was consummated and brought to its end by the priesthood in Jesus Christ, they could not object that the Churchman does not recognize their priesthood; and if all baptized disciples of Jesus Christ were welcomed to the communion-table of the Episcopal Church, and the door were opened so that any competent minister might preach in the pulpit of an Episcopal church, with the approval of the rector and the consent of the Bishop, one of the now apparent lines of division in Protestant Christianity would be removed.



President King  
of Oberlin

The inauguration of President Henry Churchill King at Oberlin was attended

last week by a large gathering of the university and college fellowship, some sixty institutions being represented. His inaugural address, and the address of President Tucker, of Dartmouth, which followed it, were notable for emphasis on ethical aims and influences. "The Primacy of Persons in College Education" was Dr. King's subject. The conditions imposed both by the complexity of modern life and the unity of man called for a leadership of greater social efficiency. The college, mediating between the strict supervision required in the secondary school and the complete freedom proper to the university, has for its special sphere the training of minds to act influentially as leaven in the life of society. The university must lay its main emphasis on the intellectual element. Attempts to transfer the university spirit to the college had been damaging to the true college ideal. More than highly trained specialists the college needs the close personal touch of mature men of marked interest in the wide range of others' life with character-begetting power. The address pleaded both for a

broad curriculum and for the correlation of college studies with all the interests of the outside world, affirming that education must emphasize high ideals in the pursuit of the most varied interests. The prime factors in such education were not things, not books, but persons. Great and high personalities in the teaching force were the supreme need. President Tucker took up the question, "Can the Subject Matter of Modern Education with its Attendant Method be Idealized?" The new material of modern knowledge had been largely adjusted intellectually, but not ethically. The traditional mind is still prone to ignore the ethical possibility of the new education, and the educational world needs an ethical revival at its heart. While moral power is latent in all active intellectual discipline, modern education needs to be permeated with the sense of social obligation. The "hard sayings" of to-day are concerned with integrity, justice, courage, charity, and sacrifice. The average man needs training for duties that are exacting for the exceptional man. The idealizing process culminates in righteousness. The clear and sharp issue of to-day is, Can we put ethics at the heart of modern education?



The Martyrs' Memorial  
at Oberlin

These inspiring addresses, of whose range and force but meager hints have been given, were followed by an inspiring scene the day after the dedication of the Memorial Arch, whose corner-stone was laid at the meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions last October. It was at Oberlin that the Shansi Mission, devastated by the Boxers with such destruction of precious lives, originated some twenty-five years ago. Of the thirteen American missionaries whose sacrifice the Arch commemorates, seven were alumni of Oberlin. Dr. Frank S. Fitch, of Buffalo, who gave the dedicatory address, spoke of them as the victims of a heathen fury, provoked, not by their religion, but by commercial and political influences. Not far distant from great centers of trade and industry, their Memorial embodies a noble ideal of life, and witnesses for the sacrificial ideal of Christianity. After the dedication services the Monument Ora-

tion was delivered by Mr. P. L. Corbin, of the senior theological class, and responded to by Mr. G. H. Lemon, of the middle class. The seventieth Commencement of the Theological Seminary, which occurred that day, was further distinguished by the inauguration of Professor Edward I. Bosworth as Dean. President Henry Hopkins, of Williams College, gave the Commencement address on "The Call of Christ to the Ministry of Christ."

**The Bach Festival  
at Bethlehem**

In the quaint and beautiful town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was held last week the Third Bach Festival—the other two having been given in 1900 and 1901. It consisted of the Christmas Oratorio, the Matthew Passion Music, and the B Minor Mass, with short cantatas interspersed. These works were composed for the use of church worship, and they were rendered in Bethlehem with the same devotional spirit with which they were composed and first performed. From the foundation of the town as a Moravian missionary center, the old German chorales have constituted very largely the music of the church there, as in other Moravian communities. It is because Bach made such extended use of these chorales in his works that Bethlehem has found it perfectly natural to give a week of Bach's music. The festival consisted of nine "sessions," as they were called, not concerts. These sessions partook nearly of the character of services. After the beautiful Moravian custom on special occasions and church festivals, each session was announced, not by a bell, but by the trombone choir, which played chorales from the belfry of the church. The chorus, and to some degree the orchestra, were composed of men and women from Bethlehem and its environs. The calm beauty of the town, with its old ivy-covered brick buildings and its wooded burying-ground, the serene harmonies of the chorales as they floated among the afternoon shadows or through the twilight from the belfry of the church, the enthusiasm of the people of the town, and, not least, the fine spirit of Mr. J. Fred. Wolfe, the conductor of the festival, combined to create an ideal setting for the music. The one disturbing element was contributed

by certain people from elsewhere who went to Bethlehem with the notion that they were attending ordinary musical performances, and therefore not only missed the spirit of the entire festival, but by their actions did much to dispel it. Noticeable among these were certain New York musical critics, one or two of whom behaved like ill-bred children in the church. Their accounts in the newspapers, censorious and patronizing by turns, were not only, as might well have been expected, altogether valueless as interpretations of the festival, but also, as criticisms, strangely interlarded with technical blunders. Musically, the most praiseworthy work was done by the local singers and players; and in proportion as the visiting professional soloists caught the spirit of these amateurs they contributed to the real effectiveness of the festival. The continuance of these festivals, which epitomize a devotional and musical spirit none too common in America, ought to be assured by some form of endowment. An article giving some interpretation of Bethlehem, and its religious and musical spirit, written by a staff correspondent who was present at the Festival, will appear in a future issue of *The Outlook*.

## Ralph Waldo Emerson

The celebration in almost all parts of the continent of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth on Monday of next week shows that his service to the higher life of America is not without recognition. The materialism which he foresaw and against which he strove has come in with a tidal force which he could not foresee; far more than at the time when the words were spoken, this is "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." But the end is not yet; there are other stages of growth before us; we shall not always be content with the works of our hands; the time will come when we shall passionately desire and seek the works of the spirit; for nations, like men, cannot live by bread alone. When that time comes, no prophet who has arisen in the New World will be held in higher honor than he who predicted *The Fortunes of the Republic* in memorable words: "I see in all directions

the light breaking. Trade and government will not alone be the favored aims of mankind, but every useful, every elegant art, every exercise of imagination, the height of reason, the noblest affection, the purest religion, will find their home in our institutions, and write our laws for the benefit of men."

Emerson was one of the little band of liberators who, in the second and third decades of the nineteenth century, effected the intellectual and spiritual emancipation of the new nation in the new world. The American republic is the youngest of the great nations in date of organization, but in political experience and education it is the oldest. People are often misled by the modern date of the United States into thinking of the American people as a folk who have arrived late on the stage of history, and who must therefore be content to take their place at the feet of the older races like untaught children. If fullness and ripeness of knowledge of life are the real evidence and test of age, we are older than India and China. The older races formed their political and social systems when society was in its youth; we formed ours when society had attained full growth; and our Constitution has evoked such unstinted admiration from the great publicists of the Old World because it embodies the fruit of so much experience, the wisdom of so wide a contact with life. It is really the oldest political document of its kind in the world. All the great races contributed to its adjustments of local and general power, its protection of individual rights, its breadth, its sanity. Greece, Rome, France, Holland, and England furnished the framers with rich capital of political wisdom. The Constitution is the capitalized experience of the world to the very date of its framing. We are the youngest of nations, but we are the oldest of peoples.

When Emerson was born in the little capital of New England, on the 25th of May, 1803, the colonies had been politically independent for two decades. They were not yet a nation, and did not become a nation until sixty years later. They were a group of provinces, which had severed their political connections with the Old World, but sat at its feet in all matters of literature, art, and science, accepted its standards of taste, and lived

in the light of its intelligence. When Irving published "Knickerbocker's History of New York," in 1809, he gave the new people its first distinctive work of literature. Edwards, Franklin, and Woolman had touched doctrinal or autobiographic writing with the delicacy, the power, or the charm of literature; Freneau had written a few graceful lyrics in the intervals of his partisan and satirical activity; but there was no literature, in the strict sense of the term, until Irving wrote the first American literary classic in New York. He and Longfellow rendered a double service to the old people in the New World; they interpreted the Old World afresh for them in charming verse and prose, and they dealt with new material in such distinctively American pieces as "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle." Poe, the most sensitive and subtle artist who has yet appeared among us, gave the world a new magic in his "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," his "Lines to Helen" and "The City Under the Sea." And Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" gave promise of the delicate and highly individual genius which was later to give him first place among American writers.

Original and independent work of high quality had been done in America before 1837, but it was in that year that Emerson put into words the rising conviction of the New World and proclaimed its intellectual and spiritual independence. In one of the two most important addresses of his life, the epoch-marking if not epoch-making address on "The American Scholar," delivered at Cambridge in 1837, he declared that the time had come when "the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. . . . We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all souls."

This sublime independence, or, to be more exact, this independence, Emerson

based on more massive foundations than political freedom; he rested it on a fundamental conception of the immanence of God in the world and the divinity of the human soul. He translated the old doctrine which had carried the passion for civic freedom wherever it had been taught with clarity and power, that all men were kings and priests unto God, into the universal speech and justified it to the universal experience. He interpreted Democracy as faith in all men because there is something divine in all men which may be trusted; and this acceptance of the fatherhood of God he followed to its logical conclusion by the admission of all the children of God to the common privileges and responsibilities of a self-governing family. In his exaltation of man as man Emerson reveals the very soul of Democracy; that glorious truth at the heart of it which justifies the longest patience with its halting practical experiments and the most unshakable faith in its ultimate triumph. The fortunes of the race are bound up with it because it is the one political order which recognizes all men as the children of the Infinite and equal members of one family. The government established by the American people is the most sublime example of practical idealism yet furnished the world; and when the most arrogant and eloquent of doubting Thomases confronted Emerson, in the memorable meeting at Stonehenge, with a challenge to define the meaning of America, the great Idealist made no evasions and took no refuge in material achievements, but boldly reaffirmed the supremacy of love and justice, predicted the "bankruptcy of the vulgar musket-worship," and the ultimate brotherhood of the race.

It was an audacious answer to the scornful question in the shadow of a great and venerable history, but it was the only true answer. If America does not mean love and justice in practical application to national and international affairs, it would better have followed the ancient way of monarchies and aristocracies. More profoundly than its greatest statesman, Emerson has defined and interpreted the American idea. Before science had given the facts a truer interpretation, he rejected the whole semi-atheistic doctrine of the fall of man; be-

fore the churches had learned to read the parable of the Prodigal Son in the light of the love of God instead of the fear of the Devil, he held it primary truth that all men are born the children of God. No man ever had a more gracious and winning manner than Emerson; he was a prince among gentlemen because he so profoundly respected his fellows.

His idealism was not only lofty and persistent, but it was applied to affairs with a simplicity and native good sense which have given it persuasive influence among a very practical people. He had the Platonic spirit, but he never lost touch with Concord. He was a poor farmer, but everybody conceded that he kept his fences in repair. To his sore inconvenience there gathered about him the unbalanced, the dreamers, the abstract reformers, the well-meaning but wholly useless wool-gatherers of every kind and degree; but he went his own way with a quiet resolution and an unfailing sense of the difference between the actual and the ideal, which proves, as nothing else could prove, his sanity, his poise, his clearness as well as his penetration of vision. He is a convincing witness to the reality of the Ideal because he saw the real with such perfect distinctness.

In the midst of the tremendous tasks set for men to do on this continent Emerson was sent of God to say again, as the prophets and poets have always said, that the spiritual world is the only real world in the sense that it is the only world in which men really live; that that world incloses us on all sides and presses upon us so closely that we can ignore it only by willfully becoming deaf and blind; that work, tools, material, wealth, and power are valuable only as they stand for character and are used for spiritual ends; that to be great is not to be rich, but to be strong; that to be successful is not to acquire, but to bestow; that failure is not missing the goals, but mistaking the path; that freedom is the most rigorous kind of self-government; and that a nation takes rank, not because of the things it does with its hands, but because of the things it fashions with its spirit.

This is a young country, and Emerson was pre-eminently a preacher of the wisdom of youth—the wisdom of faith, hope, enthusiasm. His doctrine involves purity

of heart and the clean hand. No man has spoken to the spirit of youth so directly, so persuasively, with such authority of sympathy and insight. The spirit and substance of his teaching are expressed in those words spoken to the literary societies of Dartmouth College which George William Curtis declared touched the highest mark of American eloquence:

You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. "What is this Truth you seek? what is this Beauty?" men will ask, with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, "As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season"—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect. . . . Why should you renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth, for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed, and board. Make yourself necessary to the world, and mankind will give you bread, and if not store of it, yet such as shall not take away your property in all men's possessions, in art, in nature, and in hope.

To this wisdom of the pure heart and the clean hand, this faith in the reality of the highest truths, the present pressure of work with materials opposes its preoccupation and deadening weariness. To this divination of youth is opposed also much of that wisdom of age which comes to us from the older races; the wisdom of weariness, disillusion, skepticism; the prudential wisdom distilled from centuries of experience, the chief maxim of which is to keep one's possessions snug, to avoid great risks, to be content with near things. If this were the wisdom of those who had striven and dared greatly, it would count for much; but it is the wisdom of those who have warmed their hands by the fire of life instead of giving themselves to its great adventures, who have sought comfort rather than greatness, and have compromised with life rather than resolutely wrestled with it for the best it has to give. Whether the youth of America are to believe with Emerson or to doubt with the Decadents, whether they are to follow the divination of the pure heart or the lower

wisdom of those who have lost the vision, is perhaps the most vital issue to be settled in the next half-century. If we go with Emerson, we shall make a new way for humanity; we shall bring freshness and health into the close air of the world; we shall bring in the kingdom of God.

Emerson shares with Hawthorne and Poe the primacy of American letters. Whitman must be counted with them as an original force in poetry. His imagination had more volume and flow; he had command, at his best, of a telling freshness and effectiveness of phrase; but in power of organization, in discernment of spiritual qualities, he falls far below the Concord poet. For it is as a poet that Emerson must be reckoned with; the limitations of his prose, the lack of order in his thought, and of thorough and large structure in his style, are due to the poet's method in dealing with his subjects. He has enriched our literature with a few poems of such directness of vision, such captivating simplicity of imagery, such ultimate felicity of phrase, that they will lay hold of the imagination of remote generations. He was not great in volume of emotion, in tidal force and sweep of imagination, in that fullness of life which comes to the poet whose genius is charged with elemental power as was Dante's and Shakespeare's. He did not look at Christianity with the fresh and original insight which he brought to other subjects. He saw the disorder of society, but he did not seem to realize the tremendous significance of sin as moral evil. And although he said striking and profound things about Christ, he failed to take the measure of the divinest personality in history—a failure due in part to the force of the religious reaction in which he lived, and in part to his fundamental view of life.

In spite of these limitations, he remains in many respects the finest product of the old race in the new world; the loftiest interpreter of its fundamental idea and mission; one of the deepest and noblest of its teachers; of a life so simple, so blameless, so nobly poised between vision and task, that to recall it is to catch a glimpse of the spiritual order of life, and to believe in the dreams of the pure and the great.

## Two Typical Leaders

Professor W. E. B. Du Bois ; Booker T. Washington : they represent different types of character, different conceptions of the race problem, different methods for its solution, and they deal with it in a widely different spirit. These differences are strikingly illustrated in two volumes—one by Professor Du Bois, just published, "The Souls of the Black Folk," the other by Dr. Washington, published four years ago, "The Future of the American Negro."

To Professor Du Bois the negro and the American are ever separate, though in the same personality. The American negro is "two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings;" he is ever the subject of a "double consciousness;" dominated by a "sense of always looking at oneself through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity." To Dr. Washington the negro race is a great race; during the Civil War the negro exhibited a remarkable "self-control," and was "to the last faithful to the trust that had been reposed upon him" by his master, yet was always "an uncompromising friend of the Union," and never, either in freedom or slavery, under a suspicion of being a traitor to his country; and since emancipation has he given abundant evidence that he can "make himself a useful, honorable, and desirable citizen." To Professor Du Bois the negro is a problem, and the question is ever present in his consciousness, and from it he confesses himself unable to escape, "How does it feel to be a problem?" To Dr. Washington America is the problem, and the white race is as much a part of it as the black: "The problem is how to make these millions of negroes self-supporting, intelligent, economical, and valuable citizens, as well as how to bring about proper relations between them and the white citizens among whom they live." Professor Du Bois is half ashamed of being a negro, and he gives expression to his own bitterness of soul in the cry which he puts into the mouth of his race, "Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own home?" Dr. Washington rejoices in the honorable record of his race; in his address at Hampton's last Commencement

he cries out to his white auditors, "We are as proud of our race as you are of yours;" and his negro auditors applauded his declaration with great enthusiasm. The sense of amused contempt and pity for his own race, caught from the white people, is reflected in the title of Professor Du Bois's book, "The Souls of the Black Folk;" the spirit of race pride, of national patriotism, and of hope for the future of his race is reflected in the title of Dr. Washington's book, "The Future of the American Negro."

We shall speak hereafter more fully of Professor Du Bois's interesting and valuable book, as we have heretofore spoken of Dr. Washington's; here we take the contrast between the two as a text for some reflections on two parties or tendencies or influences in the negro race, which the two respectively represent. One of these parties is ashamed of the race, the other is proud of it; one makes the white man the standard, the other seeks the standard in its own race ideals; one demands social equality, or at least resents social inequality, the other is too self-respecting to do either; one seeks to push the negro into a higher place, the other to make him a larger man; one demands for him the right to ride in the white man's car, the other seeks to make the black man's car clean and respectable; one demands the ballot for ignorant black men because ignorant white men have the ballot, the other asks opportunity to make the black man competent for the duties of citizenship, and wishes no man to vote, white or colored, who is not competent; one would build the educational system for the race on the university, the other would build it on the common school and the industrial school; one wishes to teach the negro to read the Ten Commandments in Hebrew, the other wishes first to teach him to obey them in English; to one labor is barely more honorable than idleness and the education which makes "laborers and nothing more" is regarded with ill-concealed contempt, to the other industry is the basic virtue, and the education which makes industry intelligent is the foundation of civilization. The first view has frequently crude representation in negro journals and by negro orators—political and religious; but the ablest and most cultivated expression of it which we



have ever seen is afforded by the volume of Professor Du Bois, albeit presented with qualifications which in this brief summary it is impossible to represent; of the second view the pre-eminent representative is Dr. Washington. The Outlook heartily accepts the second view. Something like this is what it would say to its Afro-American readers:

I. Have faith in yourselves. Cultivate the spirit of self-respect; only he who respects himself will be respected by his neighbors. Decline to look at yourselves through your white neighbor's eyes; look at yourselves through your own eyes. Do not take the white man as a standard; make your own standards. Be not imitators. There is no more reason why you should imitate the white man than why the white man should imitate you. No man can make himself into another man; no race can make itself into another race. The missionary makes a mistake who tries to convert the negro into an Anglo-Saxon; the negro makes a greater mistake who desires for himself any such conversion. The Anglo-Saxon was once a subject race; it did not win its present position by trying to be Norman. Do not try to be an Anglo-Saxon; be an Afro-American, and be proud that you are one.

II. Do not push yourself forward; do not allow would-be leaders to push you forward. Do not be ambitious for social equality, or industrial equality, or political equality, or any kind of equality. Be ambitious to be men, and trust that in time the manhood will make for itself a place; it always does. The whole power of the Federal Government did not suffice to give you political power; it failed because you had not the necessary preparation for the exercise of political power. The United States Supreme Court has decided that it cannot give you political power by a judicial device. The slower way is the quicker way. Get political competence, and trust that political power will follow in due time. In most if not all the Southern States the possession of about three hundred dollars' worth of taxable property entitles you, under the amended constitutions, to a ballot. Set yourselves, by honest and intelligent industry, to get the property; then ask for the ballot. If registrars deny it to you, when you go before them

with your tax receipt, appeal to the State courts to enforce the State law. If ignorant, shiftless white men vote, so much the worse for the State. It is neither for your interest nor for that of the State that you should be represented by an ignorant and shiftless negro vote. Nothing is for your interest that is not for the State's interest.

So also in the industrial and the social world. Acquire intelligence and virtue, and what usually accompanies them in this country, a moderate property, and the doors of industry and the respect of your fellow-men will follow. What Dr. Washington said at Atlanta, what Professor Du Bois calls the "Atlanta Compromise," is no compromise; it is a principle of universal application, just as true and just as applicable in the Northern factory as the Southern plantation: "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the five fingers, and yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." Never forget this principle; never demand social recognition; social recognition is never given on demand. Always work for mutual progress. What member of your race has risen to the position of social respect, won the opportunity of useful industry, and acquired the political influence of Dr. Washington? Follow in the path he has blazed for you, and you will arrive, sooner or later, at the same destination.

III. Therefore seek education—first, last, and all the time. But do not fall into the notion that education means ability to read and understand Homer and Dante. Do not let Professor Du Bois's picture of Socrates and Francis of Assisi deceive you. There are already enough "brothers of the poor" of your race in America; you do not need to add to their number. The first duty of every man is to earn his living; after that comes the duty of adding to the life of others. Seek for yourself, seek for your race, first the ability to earn a living. Is this materialism? Very well! materialism is the basis of life. What not only your race, what the great mass of the American people, need to-day is a broader education rather than a higher education. No education for any race, or for any individual of any race, is adequate which does not include manual training; and no education is worthy of the name which leaves

its recipient helplessly dependent on his neighbors for his livelihood. Are you a teacher, or a preacher, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a merchant? can you read Greek? can you enjoy Homer and Dante, Raphael and Titian, Beethoven and Brahms? Very well; but do not content yourself by the endeavor to pass your knowledge along to your race; use it to make them first of all self-respecting and self-supporting citizens; second, practical contributors to the welfare of the community in which they live. It is not true that Dr. Washington asks "that black people give up, at least for the present, three things—first, political power; second, insistence on civil rights; third, higher education of negro youth." It requires all our charity to think that Professor Du Bois really believes that Dr. Washington has ever asked anything of the sort. He asks his fellows to get political power by proving their capacity to exercise it; civil rights by obedience to law; and higher education by building it on a foundation of a broad industrial and ethical education. In this he is absolutely right. Political power without previously acquired capacity to use it is always dangerous to others and generally dangerous to the possessor; the civil rights of a freeman the lawless are not entitled to; and higher education without a foundation laid in elementary education is a castle in the air, which collapses at the first rude awakening of the ill-bred scholar to the exigencies of actual life.

IV. Do not think about yourself. Do not think about your woes or your wrongs. Meditate, not on "the souls of black folk," but on "the future of the American negro." Look out, not in; forward, not backward. Put your thought on your work, not on your soul; and take council of your hopes, not of your discouragements. Do not look too long on the one-roomed cabins, or on the mortgaged farms, or on the usurious rates of interest, or on the Jim Crow cars, or on the short-term schools. Remember that forty years ago few negroes in Virginia owned themselves, and that now they own seventeen and a half million dollars' worth of taxable property; that forty years ago it was a penal offense to teach a negro to read, and that now there are public schools for him, supported at public cost, in every Southern State; that

forty years ago no negro could vote, and now that negroes are registering and voting and having their votes counted in every State and in nearly every county in the South.

The negro still suffers injustice; he is still subject to a sometimes cruel prejudice. The Outlook does not condone the first nor apologize for the second. But what is the remedy? Not Federal Force Bills; not Supreme Court decisions enforcing political equality; not a veneer of culture on a nature ill developed in the essentials of practical life; not self-assertiveness and clamorous demand for political rights or social equality. Character. Character—developed by broad systems of education in the negro and not less in the white race. Character—wrought in the individual and extending by a gradual process throughout the community. Character—the foundations of which are truth, honesty, chastity, temperance, industry, intelligence, the superstructure of which is material property, mutual respect, personal culture, political freedom, and social peace.

## Richard Henry Stoddard

Since the venerable figure of William Cullen Bryant vanished from the streets of New York, Richard Henry Stoddard has been the senior member of the group of working literary men in this city. His physical infirmities, and the sorrow which came to him in the death of his wife and his son, bore heavily on his spirit and on his body; and for many months past he had been rarely seen on the streets, or at the clubs which he once loved to frequent. The son of a sea captain, there was something virile and sturdy about Mr. Stoddard which deepened the pathos of his partial disablement; and the news of his death at his home in this city on Tuesday of last week, while it brought a shock to his friends, also brought a feeling of relief, for it meant escape from very hard conditions, and freedom from wearing limitations.

Born at Hingham, Mass., on July 2, 1825, the son of a sea captain, Mr. Stoddard lost his father at an early age, and was brought to New York in his tenth year, where he first attended a public

school, and later entered a law office, from which he passed to a newspaper office. Then he tried to learn the tailor's trade, and after that the trade of a blacksmith; at the age of twenty-one he was working at iron-molding. While he was passing from one avocation to another, in that uncertainty of mind which is the lot of many young men of original force and ability, Mr. Stoddard was writing poetry and learning by practice the art of writing. His first volume, published in 1849, when he was twenty-four years of age, was entitled "Footprints." He was an early contributor to the "Knickerbocker." In 1851 he married Elizabeth Barstow, a woman of great force of intellect and marked individuality of character, a writer of poems and novels of distinctive quality. Readers of *The Outlook* have not forgotten the reprint of three of Mrs. Stoddard's stories which was made a few years ago, and which recalled their striking excellencies and equally striking defects to a generation which had slight familiarity with them. From 1853 until 1870 Mr. Stoddard had a place in the Custom-House in this city. By this time he was devoting himself regularly and persistently to writing, had formed the acquaintance of Bayard Taylor, between whom and himself there was a devoted friendship, had begun to write reviews for the "Tribune," was responsible for the literary work of the "World" from 1860 to 1870, and for more than twenty years past held the position of literary editor of the "Mail and Express."

During all the early period while he had been trying his hand at various avocations, Mr. Stoddard had been fitting himself for his real vocation, which was that of a writer of lyric poetry. He was an essayist, a biographer, and a critic; but, first and foremost, he was a song writer. A working man of letters who for many years lived by his pen, Mr. Stoddard had remarkable command of his literary resources, wide knowledge of books, rapidity of judgment, skill in the use of the various forms of literature; but it was through his lyric poetry that he most distinctively and directly expressed himself. Mr. Stedman, who lightened the lonely months of his last year, and who was beside his bed on the last day of his life, has defined his characteristics as

"affluence, sincere feeling, strength, a manner peculiarly his own, very delicate fancy, and, above all, an imagination at times exceeded by that of no other American poet. This last quality pervades his more ambitious pieces, and at times breaks out suddenly in his minor efforts, by which he was best known."

It is safe to predict that it is through these shorter pieces, which have the pure lyric quality, that Mr. Stoddard will be remembered, rather than through his more ambitious pieces. Although he tried his hand successfully at many kinds of writing and had an intimate acquaintance with a wide range of literature, his true success is to be found in the field of pure song. He has left a few records of his feeling, his experience, his sentiment, and his aspiration, which, by reason of their quality, their spontaneity, their freshness, and their melody, are likely to live long. He was a true singer, not in any sense a great one; with an imagination which had the power of kindling, a manly warmth of heart, and the courage of his emotions as well as of his convictions. He is at his best when he is least ambitious; and his real gift shows itself, not when he is experimenting with difficult meters, but when the rill of song flows free and untrammelled in natural measures. That quality which cannot be defined, but of which only the real poet is the master, is shown in these verses, among the simplest and yet at the same time among the most characteristic that he has left the world:

How are songs begot and bred?  
How do golden measures flow?  
From the heart, or from the head?  
Happy Poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers  
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;  
How the south wind shapes its tune,—  
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know;  
Winds and flowers come and go,  
And the self-same canons bind  
Nature and the Poet's mind.

A man of Mr. Stoddard's gifts is best described in his own speech; and no characterization can convey so fully and clearly his quality as his own work. Mr. Stoddard's thoughtfulness, his sentiment, his imagination, and the delicacy and freshness of his phrasing are seen at best

in two little songs, one of which is likely to appear and reappear in American anthologies of the future for many decades to come. His description of Thackeray following the Angel of Death in "Adsum," published forty years ago, contains some striking lines:

Into the night they went;  
At morning, side by side,  
They gained the sacred Place  
Where the greatest Dead abide,—  
Where grand old Homer sits  
In godlike state benign;  
Where broods in endless thought  
The awful Florentine;  
Where sweet Cervantes walks,  
A smile on his grave face;  
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,  
The wisest of his race;  
Where Goethe looks through all  
With that calm eye of his;  
Where—little seen but Light—  
The only Shakespeare is!  
When the new Spirit came,  
They asked him, drawing near,  
"Art thou become like us?"  
He answered, "I am here."

But most effective and most characteristic is a little song, the pathos of which must have come back to the old poet again and again in these later months of loneliness:

#### IT NEVER COMES AGAIN

There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain,  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign:  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth, with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain;  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
But it never comes again.

A dinner in Mr. Stoddard's honor was given by the Authors Club in this city six years ago. It brought together many of his friends, and evoked expressions of regret from many men of letters who were compelled to be absent; but the most effective and impressive expression of the evening came from the old poet himself; and the closing lines of the verses which he read on that occasion may be spoken as a kind of postlude to his own arduous career:

When this life-play of mine is ended,  
And the black curtain has descended,

Think kindly as you can of me,  
And say, for you may truly say,  
"This dead player, living, loved his part,  
And made it noble as he could,  
Not for his own poor personal good,  
But for the glory of his art!"



## The Spectator

The Spectator was in Boston lately, and luckily happened to be there upon the third Monday and Tuesday of the month. For the benefit of those outside the Hub it may be well to explain that unless one is in Boston in the first or third week of the month one stands no chance of seeing "Fenway Court," Mrs. "Jack" Gardner's new Italian palace, known more accurately as "The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Incorporated." And, as the popular song goes,

"I tell you it's something to see!"

Perhaps the difficulty of penetrating its gates heightens the appreciation of the visitor, for, being on exhibition only four days out of each month, from eleven to three, and but two hundred tickets, at one dollar each, being issued for each day (the majority of which are taken up months beforehand by canny Bostonians), the chances of admission for the transient comer are decidedly slim.



The Spectator cannot undertake to unravel fully these mysteries of admission. He learned, however, that the palace, as a palace, belongs to Mrs. Gardner, while the museum part, as a museum, belongs to a special corporation of which she is the guiding spirit and the treasurer. The palace is a creation made possible only by the possession of two great fortunes by its mistress; the museum, on the contrary, is to be self-supporting, and to turn over any surplus to the cause of art education. Out of these facts arise naturally the apparent contradictions and complications of the limited admission. The museum is for the public, and yet the palace is extremely hard for the public to get into. Most amazing of all, when one is in at last, he beholds no museum, but solely and only a palace, where every object of art, from Titian's "Rape of Europa" to the carved stone lions in the

cloisters, is a part of a splendid whole, and not a ticketed item in a collection.



In this way Mrs. Gardner, always noted for her social originality, has now given Boston, and indeed all America, a new artistic sensation. Museums are as plenty as blackberries, even in the most inartistic of our cities. The typical rich American likes to buy pictures, new and old, and the American public likes to have permanent collections of pictures established for its benefit. But nowhere in America, up to this time, has any one done what this American woman of fortune has accomplished—made an artistic and complete setting for a number, not only of great pictures, but of beautiful examples of architecture and handicraft, so that the whole is more exquisite than even its most beautiful part. There are, the Spectator was told, over five thousand separate objects of art built into or adorning this palace on the Fens; yet the Spectator has an unforgettable and complete impression, not of five thousand beautiful things, but of one thing of beauty, one artistic whole. Underneath this impression is another, equally complete, that no one but a woman could have done it. The Spectator did not need to be told that Mrs. Gardner, though she employed architects, was herself the designer of every arcade, every entrance, every vista and corner; that she, with her own hand, showed the workmen how to mix and dash on the pink-and-white plaster which gives the walls of the great interior court their exquisite rose-flushed glow under the sunshine that streams through the iron-ribbed glass roof; that she gave to each window, each balcony, each bit of marble railing and stair, each gargoyle, each pillar, that special place which seems so naturally to belong to it. The various pillars and pedestals in Fenway Court are a study in themselves—variously unlike, yet fitted into the general design of court and cloisters, with an unerring harmony of taste that makes each one belong just where it is, and produce no discord with the others. Pillars of porphyry, of granite, of marble, carved, twisted, Doric, Saracen, standing alone amid the palms or built into arch, window, balcony, or arcade—they are only one

feature of the palace, but they show the problem that has been met and solved here, of combining modern material and modern work with the proper setting of the antique. American workmen, under Mrs. Gardner's direction, have here done what is associated in most minds with Venice or Granada instead.



The great court, the keynote of the whole palace, seems, indeed, more Spanish than Italian. It is truly a patio, with its fountain dripping its waters leisurely from the mouths of marble dolphins, its palms and oleanders and acacia-trees, its mosaic pavement from the Villa Livia at Rome in the center, set in a wide border of brilliant flowers, and the whole surrounded by arched cloisters except at the further end, where a double stone staircase descends to it from a carved balcony. High up in the sunshine of the upper stories birds are constantly singing, and the perfume of the hyacinths and lilies fills the quiet air. How Mrs. Gardner has contrived a palace without draughts (which is certainly not according to Italian style) is one of her secrets; but the air is pure, cool, and still. The Spectator was told by his companion that at the first private reception given at Fenway Court, early in January, the heating apparatus was not satisfactory, and some wit remarked, apropos of the shivering assemblage, that "Mrs. Jack had added a new treasure to her museum—the Frieze of the Four Hundred." Yet, contrary to all expectation, including their own, not one of the distinguished guests had a cold in consequence, since there were no draughts to produce it. From this central court the Spectator wandered through the various rooms and corridors, always to come back to balcony or window for another look at its beauty. Though it was a decidedly cold day, with an east wind blowing across the Fenway as only a Boston east wind can blow, every window was open upon this roofed, inclosed, and sunshiny court, and it might have been truly a spring day in Italy that one was enjoying. In the wide, perfectly lighted rooms, grouped with unfailing taste, against wall-backgrounds of antique tapestry, stamped leather, or brocade, hung the splendid pictures by Raphael, Titian,

Velasquez, Rembrandt, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Rubens, and the rest, which Mrs. Gardner has collected abroad and gathered here. "There are only twenty-nine things in the palace on which duty has not been paid," remarked the Spectator's Bostonian friend, "and the sum of two hundred thousand dollars has been spent in bringing in the others." These twenty-nine, it seems, belonged to the museum and not to the palace, but which they were the Spectator could not find out, and twenty-nine out of five thousand is a very small proportion indeed.



One of the few defects in the otherwise excellent taste of the palace is supposed to be the blue tint of the walls of the long galleries upstairs. The tones of the famous Chigi Botticelli, the "Madonna aux Épis," are said to be "shockingly impaired" by this inharmonious background. The Spectator is not an art critic, but only one of the general public, and so, though he records this criticism, he would never have known that the deeply, darkly, beautifully blue background was impairing the Botticelli at all, though he recognized that, for a celebrated picture, it was rather disappointing. Most of the famous paintings, however, are grouped in the great rooms—the Titian Room, the Raphael Room, the Dutch Room, the Veronese Room, and so on—and their setting is marvelously managed. The Dutch Room, for instance, with its green hangings, its two quaint long tables with a bowl of greenish orchids on each, its splendid Renaissance stone fireplace, gives every Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Terburg in it its full value and beauty. The pictures are not crowded on the walls, but have enough space not to look like an exhibition. In the Veronese Room the ceiling is by Paul Veronese—the "Coronation of Hebe," and though, to the Spectator's mind, the modern ornamental border does not suit it at all, the wall-hangings of stamped leather, profusely gilt, are exquisitely appropriate, and enhance its rich and florid beauty. In the Titian Room, the "Rape of Europa" hangs on one side of the doorway, and the "Philip the Fourth" of Velasquez on the other—two of the great pictures of the world—while through the wide triple

window one looks down upon the color and fragrance of the court below. The Raphael Room, with its background of crimson brocade, holds more than one Raphael, and a Lippo Lippi, a Francia, a Mantegna, besides an altar-piece by Fra Angelico, very charming in its delicate blues and clustering saints and angels. If Fenway Court were not a palace, it would still be a fine museum of art. But, then, museums of art are unartistic, and this, it must be added, is artistic to the point of genius.



Far up in the stories next the glass roof the Spectator could see sunny galleries with bay-trees in tubs, and more birds and flowers; and behind the wrought-iron grilles of the lower galleries a chapel with carved oak stalls open on one side, and on the other a vista of cases of rare books and manuscripts, armor, embroideries, bas-reliefs, and a long room beyond where the famous portrait of Mrs. Gardner by Sargent hung in view at the end. She herself, the Spectator noticed, came and went from this private part of her palace through the rooms where the visitors were admitted, and then vanished again behind the iron grilles. The palace is not opened unless she is present, and she admits only two hundred at a time, so that there will be no crowding and no danger of breaking or defacing her treasures. The Spectator counted ten stalwart policemen in attendance, besides a number of maids on the alert, and several friends of the hostess sitting in the various rooms, on guard, so to speak. There are problems in combining a museum with a palace lived in by the owner; but, as that owner has triumphantly surmounted far greater problems in creating her Italian palace at all, the Spectator feels sure of her ultimate successes in solution. The future of the "Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Incorporated," is safe in her hands. No longer young, a widow, and childless, there is some reason to suppose that the city will inherit from her, in the end, this palace of beauty among the Fens. At present, the public, whether of her own city or not, owes her a true debt of gratitude for giving it these glimpses of the new and exquisite possibilities of an Italian palace in the New World.

# The Personality of Emerson

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

I HAVE always thought that one of the most charming of Browning's poems, perhaps because one of the shortest, is that in which he compares his contact with a man who had once seen Shelley to picking up an eagle's feather on a path. Every direct glimpse of a great man is an eagle's feather to us, and, at any rate, his personality is brought nearest by seeing him face to face. One of the most brilliant women I ever met once told me that she did not know which gave us most knowledge of an eminent man, to have read everything he had written and read of everything he had done, without having seen him—or, on the other hand, the very first moment's glance into his face. This is the translation into prose of Browning's eagle's feather.

My first eagle's feather, in respect to Emerson, belongs to the period when I was a boy of eleven or thereabouts, and went to the old-fashioned Lyceum lectures in Lyceum Hall in Harvard Square. There I first saw and heard Emerson, and was perhaps in the position of the old woman in Concord who, when asked if she understood his lectures, replied, "Not a word; but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was." ("Emerson in Concord," p. 148.) The memory of this was fixed indelibly on my mind by the very structure of the Cambridge Lyceum. In the old building, not the present one, there was a mysterious hole in the slanting floor among the upper seats, which was originally intended for a stove-pipe at least, and, being left open, became gradually the stairway for us village boys, who, naturally, dropped down it very soon with much unnecessary noise when we got tired of the lecture, which was usually early. Emerson set my playmates flying soon; but I kept my seat, and when I descended decorously at the very end of the lecture, which was, I think, on Martin Luther, I was received with indignation and contempt by my playmates. I pleaded guilty, like the old woman, to not understanding him, but said that I

liked to look at him and to hear his voice. This was my first eagle's feather.

Many years passed, and I saw and heard him at meetings and lectures, especially at some which touched on slavery, when the Southern law students, then numerous in Cambridge, went to scoff and, let us hope, remained as converts. The only point I distinctly remember of these lectures is that when, on one occasion, he was speaking on Eloquence, he said, in his staccato manner, "All Southerners are eloquent;" and then, with unbroken placidity, after a round of applause, "All negroes are eloquent," after which the applause came from another direction. It was later than this, however, and after my graduation, that I had actual communication with him. The contributors to the old "Dial" which he latterly edited have now, I think, all passed away, and I am perhaps the last among even the rejected contributors to the magazine. I sent to Mr. Emerson in its last years some verses called "Sunset Thoughts," which had, I fear, the commonplaceness of their title, but were very genuine and real to me, and were met by him with a verdict which has always seemed to me unsurpassable. His note read thus:

To W. H. Perhaps I shall not print the 'Sunset Thoughts' in the 'Dial.' They have truth and earnestness, and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be commanded nor described.

"Which can neither be commanded nor described." Were ever the inevitable scissors of fate, cutting short the wings of young ambition, more exquisitely applied? A myriad times, at the age of twenty, did I dwell on those two felicitous epithets, and many a time in later years I have repeated them with equally smooth intent to applicants for criticism. I will not say that I did not glance longingly into the few remaining numbers of the "Dial," for Mr. Emerson had added a consoling postscript, "P. S. Perhaps after all I may publish your verses," but I submitted meekly and with a permanent love and reverence for my wise executioner.

My next eagle's feather came, as it were, amid the rush of mighty winds. It was on the question of admission of women to the Town and Country Club, in Boston, half a century ago. When that Club met in Boston, perhaps the best attempt at a really varied intellectual gathering ever made there, the question became inevitable, Shall women be admitted? and I, being younger than now, and not much wiser, was naturally enlisted in the effort to bring them in. One result of this may be seen in the following letter from Mr. Emerson to me:

Concord, 16 May, 1849.

*My dear Sir,* I was in town yesterday and Mr. Alcott showed me the list of subscribers to the Town and Country Club, and I read at or near the end of the list the names of two ladies, written down, as he told me, by your own hand [Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam and Miss Elizabeth Peabody]. On the instant, I took a pen and scratched or blotted out the names. Such is the naked fact. Whether the suggestion I obeyed was supernal or infernal, I say not. But I have to say that I looked upon the circumstance of the names of two ladies standing there upon our roll as quite fatal to the existence of our cherished Club. I had stated to the Club the other day that "men" was used designedly and distinctively in the first draft, and the Club by vote decided that it should stand so. I had moreover yesterday just come from a conference with some gentlemen respecting the views of an important section of the members, who, alarmed by the pugnacious attitudes into which the Club was betrayed the other day, were preparing to withdraw, and whom I had assured that all those who had long been projecting their literary Club would not be deprived of their object, and something else thrust on them, when to my surprise I found this inscription of names of ladies. I erased them at once, that no man might mistake our design. I really wish you would join with us in securing what we really want, a legitimate Club Room; and very many of us will, I doubt not, heartily join with you in obtaining what is legitimate also, but not what we now seek, a Social Union of literature, science, etc., for the sexes. But we claim the priority of time in our project, and do not wish to be hindered of it, when it is now ripened and being realized. I am quite sure it is the right of the great majority of persons who have acted in it hitherto, to establish a Club-house; and you must let us do it, and you must heartily join and help us to do it.

Yours with great regard,  
R. W. EMERSON.

I will resist the temptation of fatiguing the reader with my answer to this letter, but will say only that I ventured to point out that the Club had not, at its meetings for organization, decided the question as he

supposed; that it had, on the contrary, expressly left it unsettled by adopting a resolution introduced by the Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Salem, leaving it open, and that two of the leading founders, Mr. Alcott and Theodore Parker, took my view of the subject. I explained that my feeling was that the test of an actual nomination would leave the Club in an unequivocal position, while anything else would be evasive and unworthy of us. Mr. Emerson was afterwards an active member of several clubs including both sexes, especially of the Radical Club so called, which met for many years. I think that Mr. Cabot in his Life of Emerson gives a somewhat mistaken impression of Mr. Emerson's position in respect to women, through having relied wholly on a letter written by him in 1850, at the very outset of the modern innovations in that direction; whereas Emerson wrote a letter in 1862, which may be found in Kennedy's Life of him, and in which he says, "It is very cheap wit that finds it so droll that women should want to vote. . . . And for the effect of it, I can only say, for one, that certainly all my points would be sooner carried if women voted."

As for the Club, it soon went to pieces on other grounds. My audacious cousin, Ellery Channing, who lately died at Concord, said that the trouble was that the organization was an attempt to combine two widely separated classes—rich men in Boston, who expected to pay \$100 a year and have two or three elaborate dinners, and poor country ministers who expected to subscribe one dollar a year and get their board and lodging gratis every time they went to Boston.

Still another precious eagle's feather is a letter in answer to one I had written to Emerson after coming home from the Civil War, discharged because of a wound. I had written to him, I suppose, when I was trying to get myself adjusted to my old life and place and occupation—a readjustment which most men who went into the military service found rather hard. I quote but a part:

Concord, 18 July, 1864.

Col. T. W. Higginson.

*My dear Sir,*— . . . I rejoice that your case is taken in season, and to so good a hospital, wherein to heal your hurts, and if we lose you from the field, it is excellent to have a second and better arm. You will come back



to so many old studies with the basis and the rhetoric of new experience. So I am forced to give you joy in any view I take of your position.

It would give me much pleasure to talk with you—if obtrusive and all-absorbing politics permitted,—on the topics you suggest, of the moral aspects of society at this moment. I observe that in France, in England, in America, the same things are being said, or the same principle is implied, if not quite articulated; and I often feel that the appearance of an enthusiastic moral genius, a new Zeno or Buddha, thinking and acting with simplicity, would crystallize the chaos, and begin the new world. But this is for the beginning not the end of a note.

Yours in the best hope,  
R. W. EMERSON.

These are samples of the eagle's feathers; let us now turn to the flight of the eagle himself.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable example that we have had in America of the selection of leading names by a picked class of electors—a method which was the ideal of our ancestors, and which the Presidential electoral body unsuccessfully tried to put in practice—was in the voting for a Hall of Fame in New York, as given by a hundred men and women, or, more accurately, by ninety-seven men and three women, selected with what seemed to be the greatest care. It consisted of twenty-five chief justices, National and State; twenty-five presidents of colleges; twenty-five professors of history or scientists; and twenty-five publicists, editors, and authors. All but three of these cast their votes and succeeded in electing twenty nine candidates out of the possible fifty; a majority, not a mere plurality, being required. The first seven of these, as was natural, were taken from public life. Next to these, being eighth in order, came Emerson. Washington, alone among them, had every vote cast, 97; Lincoln and Webster had 96, Franklin 94, Grant 93, Marshall and Jefferson 91 each, Emerson 87. Every other author, every other poet, every great inventor, merchant, or scientist, remained below—only three other literary men being, indeed, included—Longfellow, Irving, and Hawthorne. The decision was not, of course, infallible, but it was a remarkable testimonial to the recognized leadership of our foremost literary man. Let us now ask, What was the key to his power?

It is a proof of the many-sidedness of

Emerson that so many people seek to determine this key, whether they grasp it or not. When a man takes quietly a supreme hold upon the thought even of his own country, it is inevitable to ask the source of his influence; and it is difficult to look back upon the great literary leaders of the world without seeing that they may be divided into the system-makers and the non-system-makers, and without also seeing that the latter class endure the longest, on the whole. Plato had so little system that we rarely know at any given moment whether he is speaking for himself or for Socrates, his master. Aristotle had his own system, and we care in comparison little for it. The great English, Scotch, French, and German philosophers pass in review, and we see how they succeed and replace one another. But Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, Seneca, still live; their detached maxims outlast the systems of others; they did not displace each other; new versions of them constantly appear, perhaps to remind us that it is, after all, the fragmentary and unsystematic teacher that we most need. Renan's fine remark about the works of Marcus Antoninus, that "they will never grow antiquated, because they embody no dogma," might have been made for Emerson. I heard the same point made by that very acute thinker Mr. Griggs, who said of Emerson, "He did not aim to combine, and was therefore always fertilizing, like Plato." Of course the lack of system may be worse than any system, just as non-ostentation may become more offensive than ostentation; but it is the man who is oppressed by neither that we like the best. There may have been moments when Emerson yearned for a formal method—in his first lecture on "The Natural History of the Intellect" he seemed to be trying for it, but the second lecture of the course never came. He holds us by his detached sentences; if we take those to heart, each reader perhaps carrying away a different sentence, it is all we ask.

When he says, "We are too young by some ages yet to form a creed," we are reconciled to take all the wisdom that we can handle, and wait those ages for the rest. And when he says, "The end of life is an action and not a thought," he

gives us something to live upon; we fall back upon it; it becomes embedded in us like those cannon-balls you see embedded in trees at the Loyal Legion Museum on Columbus Avenue; the cannon-ball has not changed since the Civil War, but what interests us is to see how its silent presence seems to have entered the tree about it, so that the growing bark has at last almost concealed it.

It is well to remember that we have still explored but imperfectly the antecedents of Mr. Emerson, because we have looked but imperfectly at his maternal ancestors. We have had in literature a multitude of descriptions of the purely Puritan training. But we know, as yet, too little of the curious double influence which came in with the introduction of the Episcopal Church, as, for instance, in case of a family like the Haskinses, of which Emerson's mother was a member. Mr. Haskins was an Episcopalian; Mrs. Haskins, a Congregationalist; and at a certain age every child of the large household must make his or her own choice and give the reasons in writing. Mrs. Emerson chose the Episcopal worship. On Sundays they walked together to church, the children following them in pairs till at the corner of Washington and Winter Streets they turned different ways; and it is recorded that, when they reached that point, Mr. Haskins once said to a gentleman who was visiting them, "Do you prefer to go to meeting with Mrs. Haskins? Or will you worship with the saints and servants of the Lord at Trinity?" What the discipline was at home we know from another anecdote. One day, when the family were at dinner, a building near their house was seen to be on fire. The group of children instantly started from their places, but were checked instantly by their father, who, rapping on the table to command attention, returned thanks for the meal, as on other days. "The Lord be praised for this and all his mercies," he said, and then, after a short pause, added, "Now boys, run!" It is no wonder that Emerson's first verses as a boy of eleven years were written about this grandfather; and no wonder that his own mother, thus bred, should have been able in later life, when she had broken her hip by a fall during the night, to go back again to bed and lie till morning, rather

than ring the bell for her maid earlier than usual.

Drawing from these several inheritances so great a range of traits, it is not strange that no two observers give us the same Emerson. To Cabot he is one person, to his son another, to Holmes another, to Sanborn another, and to his last and perhaps acutest critic, John Jay Chapman, another still. Part of this difference was a difference of period, in that he came out of the established Puritanism earlier than others and therefore less completely. He had spent his life, he said, in the effort to get the frock off his shoulders, whereas younger men, even among the transcendentalists, had simply worn it, if at all, for convenience, or played with it, and had dropped it easily when the time came. He clung to a few conservative traditions; did not wish to have his children make a noise on Sunday, or to have morning prayers abolished at Harvard College. He may have had temptations to resist, like many of his followers, or failed, like many, to resist them. No one who ever saw him with his grandchildren on his knee could doubt that there was a child of gayety somewhere within the grandpapa himself. His formal definitions of love may sound like a crucifixion of the natural instincts, carried on systematically for two hundred years; but, after all, he was a father and a grandfather, not a celibate priest. He held the moral law to be the supreme truth, but he did not toss his little grandchild in his arms under the mere guidance of the moral law.

Yet we see in him a seeming want of all very intimate personal relation with men and women. The love of children rose easily in him, the younger the better; and no one has better touched by a single stroke the smiling discourse of the village girl with the shop-boy over the counter; but no lover ever yet found his essay on love anything but insufficient. He finds himself compelled to write even of Alcott: "It is not the sea and poverty and pursuit that separate us. Here is Alcott by my door—yet is the union more profound? No! the sea, vocation, poverty, are seeming fences, but man is insular and cannot be touched. Every man is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition. . . . Most of the persons whom I see in

my own house I see across a gulf; I cannot go to them, nor they come to me."

In other directions the same gulf existed. He had no real love for traveling, at least in historic regions. He loved the wild landscape under guidance of Thoreau and Ellery Channing, and afterwards on his trip to the Pacific; but Italy was to him "a rococo toy." Chapman says admirably, "If there is one supreme sensation reserved for man, it is the vision of Venice seen from the water." But Emerson's own description of it at the age of thirty is that it "looked for some time like nothing but New York. It is a great oddity, a city for beavers, but to my thought a most disagreeable residence. You feel always in prison and solitary. It is as if you were always at sea. I soon had enough of it." Yet Holmes says truly of him that his very smile was a writing out in living features of Terence's famous motto, "I am a man and find nothing human foreign to me;" and the New York journalist and poet, N. P. Willis, says of his voice, "It is a voice with shoulders in it, which he has not; with lungs in it far larger than his; with a walk which the public never see; . . . and with a gentleman in it which his parochial and 'bare-necessaries-of-life' sort of exterior gives no other betrayal of. . . . A heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia, with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, which should be lifted by a whirlwind and dropped into a branch of aspen, would not seem more as if it could never have grown there than Emerson's voice seems inspired and foreign to his visible and natural body."

The deficiency we reluctantly feel in Emerson is perhaps best hinted at by Plato's saying that "no sober man should knock at the door of the Muses." There is an obvious peril, especially to the literary man, in yielding to any carnal temptation; but there may be a drawback in being created incapable of being thus tempted. It was, perhaps, by a secret instinct that Emerson was latterly led to smoke a placid cigar, or half of it, as his son charitably specifies—to drink a little wine, not for his often infirmities, as the Scripture prescribes, but rather that he might keep within hailing distance of human weakness. The tale that he once ordered a mint julep, and the barkeeper

gave him a glass of water as more suitable to his appearance, is doubtless a pure invention, like the tale of Margaret Fuller and himself at the opera, but the fact of the invention is itself a criticism. I reminded him once that I had heard him speak in commendation of "our water-drinking poets," but he shook his head gravely and thought I must be mistaken. But I remained unconvinced. He certainly would have preferred in this, as in all things, to represent the intermediate, the judicial ground, and not the extreme. In public meetings where there might be two men, as Barrie describes his two Scotch schoolmasters, standing on their legs at the same time and imploring each other passionately to be calm, Emerson could be calm without passion. Notice, for instance, the high-bred tone of his approach to perhaps the most radical attitude he ever took, his espousal of the cause of John Brown, when he said, "All gentlemen are on his [Captain John Brown's] side. I do not mean by gentlemen, people of scented hair and perfumed handkerchiefs, but men of gentle blood and generosity, 'fulfilled with all nobleness,' who, like the Cid, give the outcast leper a share of their bed; like the dying Sidney, pass the cup of cold water to the soldier that needs it more."

As the Civil War drew near, Emerson wrote in his journal: "Do the duty of the hour. Just now the supreme public duty of all thinking men is to assert freedom. Go where it is threatened and say, 'I am for it, and do not wish to live in the world a moment longer than it exists.'" Accordingly he went, invited by Wendell Phillips, to an anti-slavery meeting in Boston, where a well-dressed mob silenced his voice. On hearing some rather shallow sermon against war, he wrote: "I felt while he spoke that it was easy, or at least possible, to open to the audience the thesis which he mouthed upon, how the divine order 'pays' the country for the sacrifices it has made and makes in the war. War ennobleth the country; searches it; fires it; acquaints it with its resources; turns it away from false alliances, vain hopes, and theatric attitude; puts it on its mettle—in ourselves our safety must be sought;—gives it scope and object; concentrates history into a year; invents means; systematizes every-

thing. We began the war in vast confusion; when we end it, all will be system." What a series of condensed aphorisms is this; in his own phrase, elsewhere used, it is "a shower of bullets."

It is curious, in view of all this, when we find some little English critic writing of Holmes's *Life of Emerson*, "The Boston of his day does not seem to have been a very strong place. We lack performance." Yet the English Earl of Carlisle had written of the old-time Abolitionists that they were "fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism," and Lord Houghton had written to me, when I sent him the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, "They are men whom Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate." But whence came, humanly speaking, the influence that gave them strength, let Lowell, writing on the spot, reply: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of moral heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." This is what is meant in American history, at least, by performance; and if we go one step further back, and ask whence this strength came to Emerson, we must recall his mother, with her broken hip, and his aunt who taught her nephews the maxim, "Always do what you are afraid to do." It is curious how often, in writing of strong men, you trace their qualities back to some woman who was yet stronger.

In respect to his literary pursuits Emerson wrote once to Carlyle: "I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility and procrastination." But this was the price he paid for standing out for individual manhood in a dawning age of specialists. "Meek young men," he said in that great oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1837 which Dr. Holmes called our intellectual Declaration of Independence—"meek young men grow up in libraries believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." I suppose that all the accumulated sentences ever spoken before in America had not done so much to induce young students to

think for themselves as that one sentence. To me, I know, the whole College Library became a servant, not a master, from that moment. The man who uttered the sentence paid the penalty in later years when he called himself the "victim of miscellany;" but what he was to younger contemporaries is best stated in what Lowell wrote to Holmes: "There was a majesty about him beyond all other men I have known, and he habitually dwelt in that ampler and diviner air to which most of us, if ever, only rise in spurts." (Holmes's *Emerson*, p. 361.)

Emerson's limitations, like those of all men, were definite. He had, for instance, no mechanical faculty, and it is recorded that his little son, seeing him at work with a spade, called out to him, "Take care, papa, you will dig your leg!" His friend George Ripley, a scholar by nature, declared his belief that Emerson never read ten pages of the books he quoted oftenest, Plato, Plutarch, or Montaigne. But he worked over his own writings with enormous labor, as is shown by the manuscript of his poem "Boston," which lay by him for many years, sometimes written part in pencil and part in ink, and evidently at different times. We have his son's authority for the fact that he "fitted the refrain to this work with some difficulty, as we see."

So severe was his self-scrutiny that out of these fifteen lines only seven appear in the "Boston Hymn" as printed, and even these sometimes with alterations, while eight of them were rejected, every word.

Emerson's last few years, his son tells us, were quiet and happy. Nature gently drew the veil over his eyes; he went to his study and tried to work, accomplished less and less, but did not notice it. However, he managed to look over and index most of his journals. He attended public meetings when he was not called upon to speak, went to lectures, and began to go to church again. "The instinct had always been there," his son says, "but he had felt that he could use his time to better purpose." His books, which the publishers had formerly called "very poor-paying stock," steadily increased in circulation. Many years earlier, after a walk with Thoreau, he had written in his diary that a walk in the woods was one of the secrets for dodging old age, and he wrote afterwards

this address "To the Woods:" "Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson, whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. Comes he in good fortune or in bad, ye say the same things, and from age to age. Ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak; the maples redden in autumn, and at all times of the year the ground-pine and the pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called time by men, ye know them not. Men have not language

to describe one moment of your life." (Emerson in Concord, p. 192.)

Earlier still he had written in his journal (October 21, 1837): "I said when I awoke, 'After some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattress sick; then dead; and through my gay entry they will carry these bones. Where shall I be then?' I lifted my head and beheld the spotless orange light of the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide universe." (Emerson in Concord, p. 195-6.)

## A Preacher's Story of His Work'

By W. S. Rainsford

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

### VIII.

**A** MINISTER ought to be able to make his people want to hear the doctrines he believes in. Of what use is a coachman if he cannot drive his team? Let him get off the box and get some team he can drive; the team is not there to drive him. I have seen men of brilliant promise in the seminary leave the seminary and take charge of a big church and be beaten by their churches; but a defeat like that, in my judgment, is the result of a wrong course. No man ought to take a church in which he thinks he is not going to have freedom—a clear road to go his way. As I look back, I thank God for my own experience. I was assistant for eleven years before I had sole charge; St. George's was my first sole charge. I deprecate the tendency of young men to take sole charge as soon as they leave the seminary; before they are ready for a big church. A boy who has learned to drive a pony in the country is not fit to drive a four-in-hand through the streets of New York; and the trouble with seminary boys is, before they have learned to drive ponies they want to drive a high-spirited four-in-hand; it cannot be done. A man who rides a bicycle may think he can drive a locomotive, but he can't.

But I know, too, that if only a man will not put self-seeking first, and if he has a

message in his heart, he will draw around him the people who want that message. If he cannot draw people around him, I doubt whether he was meant to deliver a message as a minister of the Gospel. God does not want ten thousand men who will just pass; he wants the two or three who know what truth is and are willing to die for it if necessary; not those who, after a day's march, must needs pause, duck their heads into the river, and take long draughts; but those who are content to keep on their way and lap up water in their hands.

Then, a man must have freedom; if a man is placed where he is not free, let him, first of all, make himself free. If he has not freedom as a clergyman, let him be a bootmaker, or anything else where he can be free. A clergyman is no use until he is free. If he cannot find freedom in his church, he has been mistaken in the church; if he has a vestry, deacons, or any board that ties him up, let him get out and find some place where he can go his own way; sometimes it is better to get the deacons or vestrymen out. A clergyman cannot give God or man his best service unless he has freedom. I have had considerable experience with young clergymen; and I cannot recall an instance of a man's failure who really tried to live up to this principle. A man must first get rid of self-seeking before he can deliver his message so that it will tell.

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First let a man be fully persuaded in his own mind of his message, and then go to work. The world of men needs him. He will find his place. As I look back upon my own ministry, I know the reason why I succeeded long ago in England was because, so far as God gave me light, I was willing to give up everything—St. Giles's, London, or anything else that stood in my way—in order to be FREE. Later on, when I came to Toronto, and that second great season of darkness, of which I spoke, settled for eighteen months on my soul, I was, without quite knowing it, going through just the same struggle again. I was forced into a position in which I had the agony of seeing my work falling to pieces, my friends being disappointed in me, those who had been converted through my means saying, "You are tearing down what you built up; what are you doing!" and those in ecclesiastical authority saying, "If you respect yourself, you will resign," and not a soul to go to; and yet feeling that I could not preach what I did not believe to be true, nor could hesitate to say what I did believe to be true. If you are true to yourself, you cannot preach a thing until you are fully persuaded of it in your own mind; and when you are once fully persuaded, you cannot hold your tongue.

There is no downing a man who will get down on his knees and say from his heart, "Almighty God, I am willing to fail, if failure means the advancement of the kingdom of God." It sounds egotistical, perhaps, but I know from my own experience that the mistakes that have marked my own ministry have helped me to better things. Those eighteen months of darkness ground that into my soul: I would not and could not say what I did not believe, and when I saw things, I would not and could not fail to say them; and again and again in my ministry God in his mercy has brought me where I have failed, and I have been helped upward and onward.

I should like to give a specific instance or illustration of failure. I can look back now and see that God's hand was in it, but then it was nothing but bitterness. It was before I went to Toronto. I had been conducting a series of missions in different parts of the country, and I had been preaching some pretty good sermons

—it is very easy, as I have said before, to turn out some good sermons when you preach ten or fifteen over and over, repeating them as you visit each church. A call came to me to speak on missions at the Church Congress in Boston. This was in 1877. I was so ignorant of ecclesiastical matters that I did not know what a Church Congress was—I had an idea that a few clergymen met together to discuss clerical matters. I had to speak at this Church Congress, I think, on Wednesday or Thursday. I had been holding mission services at the Church of the Holy Trinity, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, on the very morning I had to leave for Boston. I arrived in that city at 6:30, if I remember rightly, and I had to speak at 8:30. I went to the Music Hall about 8, and saw an audience of quite two thousand people—the place jammed, and two hundred and fifty clergymen and bishops on the platform. Cold shudders ran down my back. However, I knew my subject, or thought I did, and I was going to speak without notes—something I have never done since. My turn came after Father Benson, of Oxford. The whole place looked black to me; I got up, stammered and sputtered for five or six minutes—my time was twenty-five minutes—and sat down. I am not exaggerating in this; I did not say one clear sentence that would parse in that time. I sat down in darkness, and the meeting went on. At last people began to go, the men began to leave the platform; I did not know a soul. I sat there utterly cast down—a lonely youth indeed. All at once a large hand was laid on my shoulder, and a big, kind voice said: "Mr. Rainsford, will you preach for me in Trinity Church next Sunday morning?" That was my first meeting with Phillips Brooks. Was it any wonder I loved him? I did not know until afterward that Brooks had heard of my preaching, that he knew that a certain vestry of an important church were looking for a rector, and that he had engineered my speaking at the Church Congress in Boston. Naturally, after the display I made, the vestry did not want anything of me, and Brooks, out of his big heart, felt that this green boy had lost his head and failed, and determined to give him another chance at Trinity the next Sunday morning. I

preached there, and did nearly as badly; Brooks sat listening to me, and he was a very terrifying man to preach before; but after that I saw a good deal of Phillips Brooks until he died.

That failure was one of the best things that could have happened to me. I was entirely unprepared to take charge of a church in Boston. Had I gotten it, I should have had an early and cheap success, and then nothing. I should not have gained my knowledge of the country, nor my experience with different people; nor would the people in Boston have been as patient with me as they were in Toronto in the great struggle that came to me. The people in Toronto I had led myself, and they were ready to suffer my lapses and changes; even so, their patience almost broke down. But in a great city, had I followed the same up-and-down course, I should simply have lost my grip and made failure that would have been hard to recover from.

So, when you ask, How can a man succeed? my answer is, If a man comes to the point where he is willing to fail that God may succeed, he cannot be downed. I think we have a great advantage in the Episcopal Church, for we are about the freest Church, although we are supposed to be the narrowest, and so if a man in the Episcopal Church is fully persuaded in his own mind that a certain course of action is right, it is very hard to shake him out of his seat.

I do not think it is an easy thing to be a clergyman. It is an easy thing to draw a salary and make a fair success; but to make your mark among men, to do anything more than simply march in the ranks—that is a pretty hard thing to do. I think it is only fair to say that, from 1876, when I first came to New York, to 1883, when I left Toronto, though I preached in almost every State in the Union, I never received a call to a single church except to one Presbyterian church; and if I were to leave St. George's to-day, I very much doubt whether I should have a call to many churches, certainly not to many influential ones. The people at St. George's would not have called me only they were so hard up; the church was going down, and they had to take my conditions, after other men had refused the call; and I firmly believe that if I were

to close my relations honorably with St. George's now, there are very few churches in the United States that would have me. I was once presented to the Bishop for trial; and I do not think anything saved me from coming to trial but the fact that almost immediately afterward I broke a blood-vessel in my head when preaching, and for some time was near death. I had worked very hard, and I suppose my brethren of the clergy knew it, and the agitation slowly died down. The case never came to trial.

There are not only obstacles in the ministry, but influences that succeed in keeping young men from the ministry. I have known of strong influence at home brought to bear to suppress perhaps even only a boyish desire, which might yet have come to much, on the basis that there is no money in the ministry. For instance, the father earns \$20,000 or \$50,000 a year; he learns that his boy as a clergyman will never be likely to get more than \$5,000, and determines that he does not want his son in the ministry. This difficulty exists, unquestionably; but I think what keeps more men out of the ministry than anything else is the idea that clerical life seems unreal and a little unmanly, and this idea is fostered by our clerical training and the clerical environment. It is a great mistake to think to train a clergyman differently from other men. In his training he is kept apart; he begins at last to think he is different; and the first thing you know, he who should have his soul most open to truth, and who should be the keenest to appreciate what is vital in life around him, does not get at truth as quickly as other men. His atmosphere is unhealthful and unreal, and that is the thing I think every man who takes a high view of what the clerical calling ought to be wants to fight against, wants to change. Mere clericalism is a terrible hindrance to religious life.

I think theological students average much better to-day than they did twenty years ago; the standard is unquestionably higher. If we could only convince men that when they put on the garb of a clergyman they do not diminish the man under the coat, the average would be still better. The laity are largely responsible for this. I hate, when I come into a gathering of men, to have them drop

their voices because I am a clergyman. I would far rather have them swear, and not stop swearing when I am there. It is unfortunate that the seminaries should be in any way withdrawn from the universities. Men intended for the ministry are put away by themselves, they are taught that they are different from the rest of mankind, they dress differently, their methods of living are somewhat different, and so they get a certain professional stamp and twang which very often never wears off, and it is a hindrance; because, as I am trying to point out, the man who is merely clerical is going to play a diminishing part in this country; he has no place in democracy; he is an exotic; he is not a healthy growth; he is something imported from outside; he belongs to the past.

I am, of course, now speaking of the Protestant Church; the Catholic Church is more than clerical, it is sacerdotal. It has an enormous organization; it has the terrible *ipse dixit* of the Pope of Rome; it has a cast-iron system; it holds the keys of heaven and hell. An enormous proportion of the ignorant people are willing to accept all that, as an escape from themselves; but the ruling and controlling element in humanity is not going to yield to it. There is unquestionably a great deal of weariness as life grows more intense, and as knowledge increases more and more men can only gasp and say, "I cannot cover that; it is beyond me," and perhaps naturally seek relief in the Papal authority. Doubtless there are some people who are not willing to accept Romanism who find relief in the ritualism of the High Church; but I do not think those are the people who hold their own valiantly in the foreground of the battle of life; they are rather the maimed, the weary, the footsore. Democracy is not going to be led forward by them; nor is the minister going to succeed who ministers chiefly to them. The rest that I want, and the rest that will satisfy the poorest man, is not necessarily the rest which the Roman Catholic Church gives. I do not want the rest that comes with surrendering something that God has given me to defend, that I may gain strength in maintaining, using, and developing it.

Nevertheless, if a man only has a vis-

ion of God, he may be in the Roman Catholic Church, or anywhere else, and he will reach some people. Let men but stand for what they see and feel, and they will help their age. A man with this vision, if in the Roman Catholic Church, will reach thousands I never could reach; and I am thankful to God that he can help them; my message is not for them. My business is to get the light into my own soul, and then associate with those who can, generally speaking, march with me. I think as one grows older one grows more profoundly thankful that there are messages so absolutely different from one's own—different expressions of "the same spirit that worketh in every man severally as He will."

I fear that in what I have said about the clerical life I may appear to dwell entirely on the intellectual side, but that is not so. I spoke of my intellectual struggle, and the results of that struggle, but I do not want it understood that I believe in a purely intellectual ministry—that is not my idea at all. What I do maintain is that in a great majority of cases men will be stimulated and helped toward God by an intellectual effort to restate Gospel truth to them so that they can accept it without insulting their intelligence. Men do not want to give up the things their parents taught them—things that are sacred and sweet to them; but they can no longer accept them in the form their parents did. We must restate these things—awaken in them a sense of their sonship with God, and so stimulate their sense of service to their fellow-men. That is my experience. And this is exactly the point I have been working at all the time. There are great spiritual unities that bind men to one another—rich or poor, wise or unwise, learned or foolish; and if you approach men on those great basic unities, you win from them response.

One of the secrets of a successful ministry is to preach what you believe to be true, and nothing else. If it is true, it is going to win. A good deal of the success that has followed me in my ministry I lay to the fact that I was always sure of what I preached. I was sure I was right when I was talking to the people of Norwich, England, and when I was holding my missions in Toronto. I scored people; I abused them; I told them



exactly what they must do and what they must not do. It was the fault of evangelicalism that it was a system oversystematized, and I fell fearfully into the fault of that creed in the earlier days of my preaching. Now I have no definite system such as I had then, a tradition received from my fathers. But in giving up the old systematic faith I have felt no loss; this other is so much richer and bigger. I had a delightful sense of exhilaration when I grasped this great principle, capable of universal application—that people are the children of God. I tell them that, and it thrills me as I say it, no matter how commonplace the words are. If a man has a spark of the divine in him when he is born into this world a crying, helpless baby, that spark is not going to be extinguished; God is not to

be outdone, even by ten tons of muck. But in the old days, before I had this bigger faith, God blessed my ignorance in those dear, happy, early days as much as he blesses my ignorance at this moment. I was trying to do the best I could; I was trying to give to men the poor best I had. Oh, how imperfect and muddled it is even yet! I see some things now that I did not see then; but all along I only tried to do what God gave me to do, and that won the way for me. There is something in the soul of every man that responds to the divine reality in a messenger, if he is a real messenger. I believe that as firmly as I believe anything, and I repeat that to the young clergy, and my boys and girls, and all over the land wherever I have a chance.

[THE END]

## Some Phases of Immigrant Travel

By James B. Connolly

Author of "Out of Gloucester," etc.

**T**HIS is something of the writer's experience as an immigrant passenger from a European port to New York on one of the largest steamers crossing the ocean. She was nearly six hundred feet long, a seven-day boat, and carried, all told, about twelve hundred passengers, of which, on this trip, eight hundred were steerage, from southern and western Europe and from Asia Minor—made up mostly of Armenians, Russians, Greeks, and Italians, with a scattered few to each of a half-dozen other nationalities.

Of these steerage passengers there was no intention to make exhaustive studies. The writer's idea was simply to observe what was going on aboard ship, and to take unstrained whatever might be served out. He believes that he "got all that was coming to him" as an immigrant; certainly, of some things he bore away a vivid remembrance.

First—but only to touch it lightly—there was the matter of sleeping accommodations. Packed away in tiers, upper and lower, with only pieces of iron piping separating one from the other, a fairly broad-backed man, lying flat in his berth, could feel the piping touching his shoulders on either side. There was no room

to squirm about. Kick out and you kicked your neighbor. Remove the piping, and with every roll of the ship a row of from six to ten men would be thrown together as though in one large bed. In the narrow confines of this sleeping-place the immigrant had to remove such clothes as he found necessary to insure comfort in sleeping. He did not stand in the aisle to do this, because the aisle was too dirty. (For the lack of cleanness in the aisle the immigrants should, perhaps, be blamed equally with the company's servants, who could hardly be expected to prosecute with enthusiasm a work in which the passengers seemed not to be particularly interested.) There was a single nail on which to hang what clothes one took off. What would not stay on the nail might be laid on the greasy-looking floor, or tucked away in one's berth—preferably down at the foot as the least crowded section, although that invited the scattering of them about if during the night one's sleep should be restless.

From the evil-smelling confinement of this inadequately ventilated compartment, three decks down, where more than a hundred and twenty-odd men at close quarters had to sleep the night through.

the immigrant begins his day at sea by ascending to a wet, dirty deck. If anybody here feels inclined in advance to criticise the immigrant for not sticking to his berth during the early morning hours, then it may be said in his defense that after a night in the hold of the usual ocean liner a man's first thought is for a change of air. No man brought up on merely casual whiffs of fresh air could endure for long, after waking, the early morning vapors below. The exhalations of ten dozen unlaundered men packed away in jammed-up berths for eight hours or so do not bring into the mists of the morning any suggestion of a celestial atmosphere to come; and so, on awakening, came the hurried trip above and the giving of thanks if the good, sound stomach held fast while one was escaping. On one's way to the upper regions he finds a smell of dried sourness pervading the stairways, and on deck he sees the litter of the previous day still lying where ignorant or careless hands had dropped them. He remembers having heard the stewards say that they are not supposed to clean up after steerage messings, that that was a matter to be attended to when the crew wash down decks; and already he begins to feel the influence of the prejudice that all ship's attendants seem to hold for the steerage passenger.

This big deck, on which the cleanly immigrant is forced to spend a large part of his time, extends almost the length of the ship. The part given over to the steerage is the passageway between the high closed-in rail and the house, and the little area at each end of the ship between the house and crew's quarters. One would think that in this long gangway on either side, with the line of benches along the house, and in the open space fore and aft, the immigrant might manage to extract a little comfort; and so he would, and so he does sometimes, if the ship's people would but nurse a little commiseration for him.

In this matter of decks: even the first cabin knows that the deck is washed down early in the morning, so that at a reasonable hour, six or seven o'clock, all will be dry and immaculately clean for its promenading. It may not know, however, that much of the water used in cleaning upper decks comes down by way of flush scup-

pers and scupper-pipes to settle on the living deck of the steerage.

But so it is. In that morning deluge, considered merely as a deluge, there is not much harm—the steerage needs a washing down. But coming just so, it seems rather rough on the early risers of third class. This water from above comes down in a great volume, even as a waterspout that has burst, or a series of burst waterspouts in quick succession. It has a way of running over the outer edges of the upper deck and curling clingingly around to the under planks. It works its way above the gangway and drops on to the heads of the humbler people beneath. There is plenty of this water, for it comes in a thick stream from a good-sized hose, and there is plenty of steam behind the hose, and the whole ocean is there to draw from. A sufficiency of sluicing saves a great deal of "squeegeeing" by hand power, and so there is no lack of incentive to get out plenty of water.

The overflow from all this runs directly into the scuppers on the steerage deck, excepting that one little item which descends so clingingly, and at first so unsuspectingly, by way of the upper deck's under-planking. The scuppers, it may be said, are good and necessary things, only sometimes too much faith is placed in their capacity to conduct all the water of the ship into the ocean. Ordinarily, and almost in due season, the scuppers would carry off this water, and it would only be needful for the most part to keep the scupper-drains clear; but here the drains are carelessly attended to. They are allowed to become clogged with refuse—with cast-away food, peelings, and what not—dropped there by the ignorant or careless of the immigrants and by lazy stewards alike.

This water from above soon drives the promenading immigrant to cover. By hugging the house he may hope to escape getting it in shower bath form, but the overflow from the scuppers of his own deck is soon sure to encroach on the gangway. In time it will reach nearly up to the house. The irritated immigrant, if not too vexed for reason, may go clear forward to where the rise of the deck has helped to throw back all but the highest of the scupper-tides and there escape the worst of it. Still wet, even there,

of course, will be the planking beneath him, but by vigorously and persistently tramping back and forth on the more secluded parts he may eventually succeed in drying out a path for himself, and by this active exercise also warm his blood, which otherwise might have felt the chilling influence of the raw blast that comes off the North Atlantic in the early morning hours.

Outside of the thoughtlessness, or lack of sympathy, on the part of the washing-down gang, the behavior of the ship's men in general does much to reduce the comfort that the immigrant might manage to obtain from this long gangway. Stewards, deck-hands, stokers, and all, seemed on this ship to have a habit of charging up and down this walk, using it as a regular highway after their fashion and making a mess of it. The stewards, rushing along with supplies from the kitchen, did not seem at all to mind bumping into a third-class man and bowling him out of the way if he seemed slow to move or to comprehend the inflections of the particular patois they spoke. As about nine-tenths of the immigrants were not of the same nation as the ship's people, a little hesitation in interpreting the speech of these hustling stewards is not surprising. The deck-hands may be carrying soup and other rations to hungry anticipating messes below, and a little grease dropped here and there along the way is really no great matter when one's messmates are impatiently waiting—no.

And then there were the stokers. Truly the stokers were the lads! Other memories fade away when the stoker heaves in sight. Every blessed one of them emerges from below with a coat of coal-dust over his chest, or on his undervest, if he happens to have one on at the time. This coal-dust he sheds at every pounding stride. He will stand up and scoop it off his bare chest or shake it free from the folds of collar and sleeves, as it may be. In that fashion he will dislodge it in sheaves, and rejoice like a strong man at play while he is doing it. Really, the stoker is a cheerful beast when an immigrant is standing by and the stoker does not like his looks, as it often happens he doesn't. The ship's people do not themselves mind the stoker's trail along the deck. They generally wear sabots—heavy shoes of thick soles

and high leather freeboard—which make a shoe they extol to all—and within the shoes there are no socks to soil.

The immigrant patters in this slush until about eight o'clock, which means three or four hours of extreme discomfort. By that time a good part of the loose water has gurgled its way through the choked-up drains, the industrious walker has worn a dry path over the planks, there is a faint tinge of comfort ahead, and things in general begin to take on a cheerful hue, when along come some more bully boys—these with a hose. This crowd are cheerful idiots. As practical jesters are rated, they would rank one class above the stokers. It is a new watch, this, fresh from a good sleep, and they have just had an inspiring breakfast. They are boiling over with restrained energy, and immediately turn tons of water loose. This is one part of their work that deck-hands seem to enjoy, and their enjoyment is not lessened, one would say, when the worried immigrants show signs of taking to flight. It is fairly warm now, and the deck-hands, with feet and legs bare, and high-rolled trousers, make an aquatic carnival of it. They squirt playfully streams at the feet of some abstracted exile, a lonely Armenian or desolate Pole perhaps, one who may have been slow to move before the rush, or who has remained dull to the meaning of this idiomatic patois in a strange tongue.

The boys with the hose stick to their work until they have soaked that deck from stem to stern. Having thoroughly soaked it, they are disposed to slack up. No officer seems to concern himself in the matter of drying the deck, and the men gently pass a mop over their work as a finishing touch. If the sun is bright at this time, the immigrant may hope for a dry deck in two hours or so. If it is a chilly, foggy morning, it may take all day, or it may not get dry at all. While the deck is drying one may scramble for a seat on the benches of the gangway. If an immigrant wins a seat, he can avoid the dampness by holding his feet in the air—this, if he cares to sit while women stand. Should he not care for a seat under these conditions, he is privileged to take up his tramp until he has again worn a dry lane on the planks, or he may go below and try to stand it there until

affairs have been bettered above. He has his free choice—wet feet and chilly blood above, or nausea below.

In the afternoon, when luck has been with the steerage—when the sun has been out and the deck has become well dried—the stewards like to take the long mats of the saloon passageways out on the long gangway of the steerage and scrub down. It is a wanton thing, looked at with a steerage eye, but that is the way of it.

Incidental to the steerage life on board this ship was the matter of drinking-water. One would say that in the experience of this company there was no record that an immigrant ever developed a thirst that a cup of coffee in the morning or a dipper of chemical wine at noon did not entirely quench, for the supply of water for the use of the steerage was miserably insufficient. On this trip the steerage had to depend largely on the good nature of the crew to appease its thirst. The only drinking-water set regularly before them was the single measure brought down to the mess-table of each compartment at night. This was about an eight-quart vessel, and one can imagine how far that went with a hundred and twenty-odd thirsty men. It lasted just about the length of time it took a rush of impatient men to turn it into tin dippers. After that was gone there was no more until the next night, and those who became thirsty in between times had to look elsewhere for drinking-water.

Now, there were no appointed drinking-places, no regularly set-up fountains to which they could go in confidence. There were faucets, to be sure, on each side of the house, midway of the long gangway on the big deck. But with these the immigrants, if one were to judge from the behavior of those concerned, had nothing to do. The valves were kept locked and were opened only by ship's men, who took the keys with them after they had drawn their own supply. The only recourse for the immigrants was to haunt the deck at these faucets, and, when a crew man came to draw water, to besiege him for permission to fill their little jars and bottles. If they were not too many, and therefore not likely to detain the wonderfully busy ship's man, they might be allowed to get some. Sometimes this permission was

granted cheerfully; as frequently it was refused surlily.

When the immigrant was refused, he awaited the arrival of a less grudging servant of the company. Some immigrants, too timid to ask outright for this necessary thing after being refused once or twice, would hover in silence while a half-dozen or so of the crew came and went. By and by a ship's man, better natured than his mates, might take notice of the silent one and invite him to fill up, or the rejected one might get up his courage to ask again.

The poor little boys and girls who had to keep their elders supplied had a hard time of it. To keep a dozen or so going, they were compelled to come quite often to the faucets, and coming so often they put themselves in the way of frequent abuse. They dared not go back without the water, and so stayed there, for hours sometimes, if the impatient elders did not hunt them up in the meantime. Perhaps more galling to the onlooker even than the plight of the children was the experience of timid older men, who stood there patiently to have their jars or bottles filled. It might be a father—it usually was a father—with the children and the mother waiting somewhere below and really in need of a drink of water. When such a poor creature was refused water by a crew man, he did not seem to have the faintest notion that there could be any redress. He merely turned away and awaited another chance.

Now, it seems that petty tyranny and a large part of his discomforts might be eliminated from the immigrant's ocean life. Some will say that, after all, it is not so bad, and will refer to the days when several hundred people were compelled to come in the single crowded hold of a ridiculously small sailing vessel. The forefathers of most of us crossed in that way, they tell you—and so they did. But in these days there is hardly any need of that, and why further depress the spirits of those who are coming here to stay, and who are by and by to bring into the world so large a proportion of the men and women on whom the country will have to depend for its development? There is to-day crossing the ocean a line of ships whereon third-class passengers may sleep

with no more than four or six or eight in a room, and may enjoy during waking hours the privileges of smoking and reading rooms and social halls. And this company charges no more for a passage than was paid by the writer and eight hundred fellow-creatures. Is it an impossible thing to bring all steamship lines to this more humane standard?

A steerage trip across the Atlantic westward will be found to be not quite the same thing as the trip back. Most of the third-class passengers who leave this country for the other side have been living here for some time—five, ten, twenty or more years—and when they go back it is to visit the land of their birth, to see the old home folk, to renew the memories of younger days. During their residence here they have advanced in knowledge and developed their talents, have made great strides socially, and, generally, have put some money by.

Possibly all have not done well, even as their own moderate standards have it; but nearly all are much better off in a worldly way than when they first came here. Some intend to stay in the old country—the rush of life here does not suit them, perhaps—but most of them are coming back to America again. These things they will tell you, if you but frame your questions attractively. As steerage traffic east is light compared with that coming west, these returning citizens of ours make but a small mass in the great tides that are ever flowing this way.

But on any transatlantic liner, particularly on a Continental liner—say, one out of Havre, from which port embark the really cosmopolitan cargoes—one soon learns to pick out these returning citizens, merged though they be in the multitudes. Even if they did not discover themselves by their speech, by an involuntary American idiom now and then, they are sure to exhibit a dozen characteristics by which you may know them.

You will notice them because they are more alert in manner and better dressed than their companions; and their intelligence is more active. They are all over those parts of the ship from which third-class is not barred. They will be prominent during the progress of any bit of excitement aboard ship, early taking

position where they may best see what is doing, getting right into it when the action comes their way, and following close on behind if the course of activity goes by. They will be questioning everybody—deck-hands, stewards, and even the grimy, stolid men from below—questioning anybody at all likely to know anything, anybody who looks in the slightest degree intelligent, and many who do not. They will be forever poking in and about dark entryways, peering into mysterious passages, or hovering on the edges of forbidden, higher-class realms. They are striving to find out, after the fashion of their restless adopted countrymen, what manner of craft their ship may be, and what the prospects are for the voyage.

These have overcome the Old World inertia to which they were born. In the morning you will find them up betimes, walking the deck for exercise. Even then they will be taking note of things, marking the ways of passengers, particularly of the second class, towards whose standard they aspire. It is an indisputable proof of the American influence when they tip the steward for extras—for a little something extra in the eating line, for a little bit of supper before turning in, for a bottle of beer after hours. In the steerage it is surely only the American-born or naturalized who has attained to patronizing a steward in badge and livery.

These men are companionable and interesting. It is the first trip to the old home for most of them. It has been instructive and enjoyable, but they now like America all the better for it. They are glad they came. The restless longing for the old things has been quelled, and now they are convinced that in their new country they are much better off. But when they come again, if ever they do come, they tell you, they will come second class, for they see now that the steerage has its drawbacks. Steerage is more comfortable now than when they first came over, it is true; but seen in the light of better things it is not just the thing. They are sorry they did not pay the difference this time and come second class.

A little essay might be introduced here in eulogy of the capacity of the country that can bolt these huge masses at such frequent intervals and yet show no signs

of constriction in the act; of the resources of the land that can take care of these multitudes of unskilled laborers, provide them with an abundance of employment and at such a rate of wage that in a short generation the majority of them will wear good clothes, will own property, and will have money in the bank or invested in some small business—these that started with nothing or less than nothing, and were in debt perhaps for their

passage over. And those who have not attained to some standing in the community will at least have appreciably improved their condition, while the children of all, if but half-fairly dealt with, will have been put in the way of free schooling, sufficient to enable them to compete on something like equal terms with the highest-born for the world's prizes—if it is in them to compete. But to teach them this would be a sermon in social evolution.

## The Social Price

By Ethelbert Stewart

**I**F the price paid by the individual consumer of a commodity was the full and only price attaching to it, society could strike a balance-sheet each night like a bank. Unfortunately, too much of our production and commerce adds to the output an intangible social expense not carried to the price-lists nor paid by the consumer. Years, and sometimes generations, may pass before this running account against the Social Whole is presented for payment in a tangible form. Even then it comes through a collection agency so remote from the source of the original expense that Society is likely to forget all about it, grudgingly pay the bill it does not believe it owes, and charge it up to incidentals.

Most of our taxes go to pay the social price of commodities individually consumed long since by those who may or may not now be taxpayers. This was palpable when, under the Poor Laws of England, the wages of laborers were deliberately reduced by manufacturers and farmers alike, so that general taxation might be compelled to pay in poor-rates a part of the cost of production of all commodities. Social price is very apparent when Congress pays the sugar-producers two cents a pound bounty out of the Federal treasury, leaving the individual consumer to pay a first installment and take the goods. It is just as real though not so apparent when child-labor and old-age limits to employment throw upon society droves of morally and physically mal-developed adults, and still greater droves of practically blacklisted persons charged with the new crime of having gray hairs.

"Squeeze the lemon and throw away the skin," was said to be the motto of the railroad wreckers of the Erie school. When the famous engine 999 of the Empire State Express was made a switch-engine after six years of record-breaking service, the general surprise called out an interview with an American railroad manager. He said that while English and German roads coddled and repaired their engines, keeping them in service sometimes for forty years, and as "switchers" for twenty more, the American plan is to "hammer the road life out of an engine in five or six years, use it as a switcher for five or ten more, and then scrap-iron the whole engine at once. We believe it pays better."

At a recent milk-dairymen's convention the policy of milking cows to death in the shortest possible time was discussed from a purely business point of view. It was claimed that by means of milk-producing foods the quantity could be trebled. To the objection that such milk-forcing shortened the life of the cow, it was replied: "It does not pay to look to long life for a milker. If the life energies of a cow represent one hundred units of milk, and these can be marketed in five years under high-pressure feeding, why should the cow be kept ten years? If the milking possibilities of a cow can be gotten out of her in three years, it does not pay to keep her five."

With lemon-peels and engines society need not concern itself, nor will we sentimentalize over the application of humane ideas to milch cows; but when the economic doctrine embodied in these three

illustrations is applied to men, society has much to do with human engines sent to an early scrap-pile. The "age-limit to employment" is now, practically universal, and ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five years. Most concerns prefer to employ youths of twenty years when taking on new help. "Old men cannot stand the pace," says the employer, but neglects to add that a pace in any industry which a man of forty is too old to stand is one that puts a large element of social price in the product. Where the "premium plan" of increasing the pace has been adopted, it too frequently, though happily not always, happens that workmen who do not earn premiums are discharged. In reducing the number of employees, those who do not earn premiums or bonuses are always the first to go. A convention of bankers, ministers, and university presidents is called for Chicago to discuss the opposition to piece-work in the Machinists' International Union. Piece-work is the lemon-squeezer of most approved pattern. It is believed to be the quickest way to "hammer the life out of" a human engine and scrap-pile it all at once. It is the foundation of sweatshopism.

Taking the ages of gangs of men employed at street-cleaning and park labor in various cities recently, it was found that only three per cent. were young enough or physically strong enough to obtain employment in private establishments. Most of these men would have to be supported out of the public funds directly if they were not employed by the public on public work. If half their wages represents charity disguised, it is in reality the social price of commodities produced by them years ago "at a pace old men cannot stand." After all, is it charity to the old men that we are giving in our street departments and old people's homes, or is it subsidies to the "cheap commodities and high profits" mania with which we are fooling ourselves? The shoplifting which as "bargain-hunting" "lifts" only the social price, proudly paying the "marked down" one, is, unconsciously perhaps, second cousin to the shoplifting which takes all. Public or private contracts let to the "lowest bidder" merely postpone to a future day to be paid as social price the difference

between the lowest and the fairest bidder. Especially is it disastrous when articles of export are endowed with a large element of social price.

The glass bottle manufacturers appeared before the Illinois Legislature in opposition to a child labor bill with the statement that "glass bottles cannot be manufactured and sold on the market without child labor." Possibly the social price of glass bottles exceeds the net price to consumers. Silk from silk-mills "utilizing the labor" of the children in the anthracite fields, and sold by child clerks in department stores where "cash-girls" run for change and bundles, may accumulate a social price on the way that might render boycotts moral. Reform schools, houses of rescue, penitentiaries, are some of the large ways in which we pay the social price; night schools, social settlements, fresh-air funds, indicate some of the smaller ways. As intimated above, the circumlocution of the collection agency frequently obscures the origin of the debt. Half of our drunkenness, most of our social vice, much of the insanity, and all the general letting down of social status in mining and manufacturing centers, will be charged to social price when the tangles in our bookkeeping are straightened out. The Federal pension-roll convinces even political economists that we are still paying for the war of a generation ago; but their blindness to pension-rolls, growing out of their pet economic fetic of competitive industry and commerce, is hopeless. If profit and price could be net and actual in each transaction, society could afford to wait until these Kilkenny cats were gone and the last echo of their expiring yells had died away. But what profit cannot unload upon price, or price snatch away from profit, is by both dumped upon society and forms the Social Price. Before the days of political economy the Hanseatic League was obliged to include the cost of its navy in the selling price of its goods.

Old-age workingmen's pensions, a plan to which every commercial country must come in some form, are, in any form, a subsidy to non-self-supporting industries and the commerce growing out of such. In countries where old-age pension laws have been boldly and openly passed as such, they serve to show in bold

relief the element of social price attaching to our system. But we in America will probably keep on doing things by indirection, put our old men on street-cleaning

gangs, and growl at the cost of public work. It serves to disguise the real cause of the trouble, and, as a Chinaman would say, it "saves our face."

# THE FOREST

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

## Chapter XI.—The Habitants

**D**URING my absence Dick had made many friends. Wherein lies his secret I do not know, but he has a peculiar power of ingratiating himself with people whose lives are quite outside his experience or sympathies. In the short space of four days he had earned joyous greetings from every one in town. The children grinned at him cheerfully; the old women cackled good-natured little teasing jests to him as he passed; the pretty, dusky half-breed girls dropped their eyelashes fascinatingly across their cheeks, tempering their coyness with a smile; the men painfully demanded information as to artistic achievement which was evidently as well meant as it was foreign to any real thirst for knowledge they might possess; even the lumberjacks addressed him as "bub." And withal Dick's methods of approach were radically wrong, for he blundered upon new acquaintances with a beaming smile, which is ordinarily a sure repellent to the cautious, taciturn men of the woods. Perhaps their keenness penetrated to the fact that he was absolutely without guile, and that his kindness was an essential part of himself. I should be curious to know whether Billy Knapp of the Black Hills would surrender his gun to Dick for inspection.

"I want you to go out this afternoon to see some friends of mine," said Dick. "They're on a farm about two miles back in the brush. They're ancestors."

"They're what?" I inquired.

"Ancestors. You can go down to Grosse Point near Detroit and find people living in beautiful country places next the water, and after dinner they'll show you

an old silhouette or a daguerreotype or something like that, and will say to you proudly, 'This is old Jules, my ancestor, who was a pioneer in this country. The Place has been in the family ever since his time.'"

"Well?"

"Well, this is a French family, and it is pioneers, and it has a place that slopes down to the water through white birch-trees, and it is of the kind very tenacious of its own land. In two hundred years this will be a great resort; bound to be—beautiful, salubrious, good sport, fine scenery, accessible—"

"Railroad fifty miles away. Boat every once in a while," said I, sarcastically.

"Accessible in two hundred years, all right," insisted Dick, serenely. "Even Canada can build a quarter of a mile of railway a year. Accessible," he went on, "good shipping point for country now undeveloped."

"You ought to be a real estate agent," I advised.

"Lived two hundred years too soon," disclaimed Dick. "What more obvious? These are certainly ancestors."

"Family may die out," I suggested.

"It has a good start," said Dick, sweetly.

"There are eighty-seven in it now."

"What!" I gasped.

"One great-grandfather, twelve grandparents, thirty-seven parents, and thirty-seven children," tabulated Dick.

"I should like to see the great-grandfather," said I; "he must be very old and feeble."

"He is eighty-five years old," said Dick, "and the last time I saw him he was engaged with an ax in clearing trees off his farm."



All of these astonishing statements I found to be absolutely true.

We started out afoot soon after dinner, through a scattering growth of popples that alternately drew the veil of coyness over the blue hills and caught our breath with the delight of a momentary prospect. Deuce, remembering autumn days, concluded partridges, and scurried away on the expert diagonal, his hind legs tucked well under his flanks. The road itself was a mere cutting through the miniature woods, winding to right or left for the purpose of avoiding a log-end or a boulder, surmounting little knolls with an idle disregard for the straight line, knobby with big round stones, and interestingly diversified by circular mud-holes a foot or so in diameter. After a mile and a half we came to the corner of a snake fence. This, Dick informed me, marked the limits of the "farm."

We burst through the screen of popples definitely into the clear. A two-storied house of squared logs crested a knoll in the middle distance. Ten acres of grass marsh, perhaps twenty of plowed land, and then the ash-white-green of popples. We dodged the grass marsh and gained the house. Dick was at once among friends.

The mother had no English, so smiled expansively, her bony arms folded across her stomach. Her oldest daughter, a frail-looking girl in the twenties, but with a sad and spiritual beauty of the Madonna in her big eyes and straight black hair, gave us a shy good-day. Three boys, just alike in their slender, stolid, Indian good-looks, except that they differed in size, nodded with the awkwardness of the male. Two babies stared solemnly. A little girl with a beautiful oval face, large mischievous gray eyes behind long black lashes, a mischievously quirked mouth to match the eyes, and black hair banged straight both front and behind, in almost mediæval fashion, twirled a pair of brown bare legs all about us. Another light-haired, curly little girl, surmounted by an old yachting cap, spread apart sturdy shoes in an attitude at once critical and expectant.

Dick rose to the occasion by sorting out from some concealed recess of his garments a huge paper parcel of candy. With infinite tact, he presented this bag to Madame, rather than the children. Ma-

dame instituted judicious distribution and appropriate reservation for the future. We entered the cabin.

Never have I seen a place more exquisitely neat. The floor had not only been washed clean, it had been scrubbed white. The walls of logs were freshly white-washed. The chairs were polished. The few ornaments were new and not at all dusty or dingy or tawdry. Several religious pictures, a portrait of royalty, a lithographed advertisement of some buggy, a photograph or so—and then just the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of scrubbed pine. Madame made us welcome with smiles—a faded, lean woman with a remnant of beauty peeping from her soft eyes, but worn down to the first principles of pioneer bone and gristle by toil, care, and the bearing of children. I spoke to her in French, complimenting her on the appearance of the place. She was genuinely pleased, saying in reply that one did one's possible, but that children!—with an expressive pause.

Next we called for volunteers to show us to the great-grandfather. Our elfish little girls at once offered, and went dancing off down the trail like autumn leaves in a wind. Whether it was the Indian in them, or the effects of environment, or merely our own imaginations, we both had the same thought—that in these strange, taciturn, friendly, smiling, pirouetting little creatures was some eerie wild strain akin to the woods and birds and animals. As they danced on ahead of us, turning to throw us a delicious smile or a half-veiled roguish glance of nascent coquetry, we seemed to swing into an orbit of experience foreign to our own. These bright-eyed woods people were in the last analysis as inscrutable to us as the squirrels.

We followed our swirling, airy guides down through a trail to another clearing planted with potatoes. On the further side of this they stopped, hand in hand, at the woods' fringe, and awaited us in a startlingly sudden repose.

"V'là le gran'père," said they in unison.

At the words a huge, gaunt man clad in shirt and jeans arose and confronted us. Our first impression was of a vast framework stiffened and shrunken into the peculiar petrification of age; our second was of a Jove-like wealth of iron-gray

beard and hair; our third of eyes, wide, clear, and tired with looking out on a century of the world's time. His movements, as he laid one side his ax and passed a great gnarled hand across his forehead, were angular and slow. We knew instinctively the quality of his work—a deliberate pause, a mighty blow, another pause, a painful recovery—labor compounded of infinite slow patience, but wonderfully effective in the week's result. It would go on without haste, without pause, inevitable as the years slowly closing about the toiler. His mental processes would be of the same fiber. The apparent hesitation might seem to waste the precious hours remaining, but in the end, when the engine started, it would move surely and unswervingly along the appointed grooves. In his wealth of hair; in his wide eyes, like the mysterious blanks of a marble statue; in his huge frame, gnarled and wasted to the strange, impressive, powerful age-quality of Phidias's old men, he seemed to us to deserve a wreath and a marble seat with strange inscriptions and the graceful half-draperies of another time and a group of old Greeks like himself with whom to exchange slow sentences on the body politic. Indeed, the fact that his seat was of fallen pine, and his draperies of butternut brown, and his audience two half-breed children, an artist, and a writer, and his body politic two hundred acres in the wilderness, did not filch from him the impressiveness of his estate. He was a Patriarch. It did not need the park of birch-trees, the grass beneath them sloping down to the water, the wooded knoll fairly insisting on a spacious mansion, to substantiate Dick's fancy that he had discovered an ancestor.

Neat piles of brush, equally neat piles of cord-wood, knee-high stumps as cleanly cut as by a saw, attested the old man's efficiency. We conversed.

Yes, said he, the soil was good. It is laborious to clear away the forest. Still, one arrives. M'sieu has but to look. In the memory of his oldest grandson, even, all this was a forest. *Le bon Dieu* had blessed him. His family was large. Yes, it was as M'sieu said, eighty-seven—that is, counting himself. The soil was not wonderful. It is indeed a large family, and much labor, but somehow there was food for all. For his part he had

a great pity for those whom God had not blessed. It must be very lonesome without children.

We spared a private thought that this old man was certainly in no danger of loneliness.

Yes, he went on, he was old—eighty-five. He was not as quick as he used to be; he left that for the young ones. Still, he could do a day's work. He was most proud to have made these gentlemen's acquaintance. He wished us good-day.

We left him seated on the pine log, his ax between his knees, his great gnarled brown hands hanging idly. After a time we heard the *whack* of his implement; then after another long time we heard it *whack* again. We knew that those two blows had gone straight and true and forceful to the mark. So old a man had no energy to expend in the indirections of haste.

Our elfish guides led us back along the trail to the farm-house. A girl of thirteen had just arrived from school. In the summer the little ones divided the educational advantages, turn and turn about.

The newcomer had been out into the world and was dressed accordingly. A neat dark-blue cloth dress, plainly made, a dull red and blue checked apron; a broad round hat, shoes and stockings, all in the best and quietest taste—marked contrast to the usual garish Sunday-best of the Anglo-Saxon. She herself exemplified the most striking type of beauty to be found in the mixed bloods. Her hair was thick and glossy and black in the mode that throws deep purple shadows under the rolls and coils. Her face was a regular oval, like the opening in a wish-bone. Her skin was dark, but rich and dusky with life and red blood that ebbed and flowed with her shyness. Her lips were full, and of a dark cherry red. Her eyes were deep, rather musing, and furnished with the most gloriously tangling of eyelashes. Dick went into ecstasies, took several photographs which did not turn out well, and made one sketch which did. Perpetually did he bewail the absence of oils. The type is not uncommon, but its beauty rarely remains perfect after the fifteenth year.

We made our ceremonious adieux to the Madame, and started back to town

under the guidance of one of the boys, who promised us a short-cut.

This youth proved to be filled with the old wandering spirit that lures so many of his race into the wilderness life. He confided to us as we walked that he liked to tramp extended distances, and that the days were really not made long enough for those who had to return home at night.

"I is been top of dose hills," he said. "Bime by I mak' heem go to dose lak' beyon'."

He told us that some day he hoped to go out with the fur-traders. In his vocabulary "I wish" occurred with such wistful frequency that finally I inquired curiously what use he would make of the Fairy Gift.

"If you could have just one wish come true, Pierre," I asked, "what would you desire?"

His answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"I is lak' be one giant," said he.

"Why?" I demanded.

"So I can mak' heem de walk far," he replied, simply.

I was tempted to point out to him the fact that big men do not outlast the little men, and that vast strength rarely endures, but then a better feeling persuaded me to leave him his illusions. The power, even

in fancy, of striding on seven-league boots across the fascinations spread out below his kindling vision from "dose hills" was too precious a possession lightly to be taken away.

Strangely enough, though his woodcraft naturally was not inconsiderable, it did not hold his paramount interest. He knew something about animals and their ways and their methods of capture, but the chase did not appeal strongly to him, nor apparently did he possess much skill along that line. He liked that actual physical labor, the walking, the paddling, the tump-line, the camp-making, the new country, the companionship of the wild life, the wilderness as a whole rather than in any one of its single aspects as Fish Pond, Game Preserve, Picture Gallery. In this he showed the true spirit of the *voyageur*. I should confidently look to meet him in another ten years—if threats of railroads spare the Far North so long—girdled with the red sash, shod in silent moccasins, bending beneath the portage load, trolling *Isabeau* to the silent land somewhere under the Arctic Circle. The French of the North have never been great fighters nor great hunters, in the terms of Anglo-Saxon frontiersmen, but they have laughed in farther places.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## Germany as It Is'

**M**R. von Schierbrand knows his subject, Germany, like a German, and he knows his American audience like an American. In addition to these qualifications for making us understand Germany, he is a critic of real acumen, whose sympathies are broad enough to enable him to understand movements with which he is not identified. When he states in his preface that his book is free from bias, the reader is inclined to expect a bias so deep that the author is unconscious of it; but after reading the book and following the author's observations upon movements on which his views differ from our own, we are ready to accord him the praise of having given us an unbiased description of Germany as it is.

<sup>1</sup> *The Welding of a World Power*. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

After an introductory chapter upon Germany as a world power, which is about the least interesting in the volume, he contributes three chapters upon the personality and influence of the Kaiser. Though in sympathy with the Kaiser's world politics, he recognizes the reactionary character of most of the Emperor's views, and also recognizes the extent to which the Kaiser's self-confidence has proven unwarranted. Not only, he points out, has the Kaiser failed to win over the Socialists, as he told Bismarck he could do in a single year, but also he has failed to keep out the "undesirable" middle class from the ranks of officers in the army. He has, however, succeeded in a degree almost incredible in destroying the freedom of the press, in making the courts mere registers of his personal wishes in every matter before them, and in taking

Germany back from the ranks of a limited monarchy to that of an autocracy. The sources of the Kaiser's personal influence cannot be summarized in a sentence. It is due in great part to traditions of which we in America can with difficulty appreciate the strength. It is also due, Mr. von Schierbrand indicates, to the wholesomeness of the Emperor's family life and to the frankness, whole-heartedness, and passionate vigor with which he throws himself into the struggle to make his power absolute in Germany and feared throughout the world.

The chapter which follows gives a rapid survey of the present political life of Germany, bringing out with great clearness the growing power of the Upper House of Parliament appointed by the courts, the lessening power of the Reichstag, elected by universal suffrage, the extraordinary power of the clericals (a power largely given them by Bismarck's conflict against them), the divisions between Liberals and Radicals and Socialists, and the noteworthy ability of the radical parties to produce orators as contrasted with the inability of the conservative parties to produce them.

Having thus put the general situation in a nutshell, the author next turns to a critical examination of the parties which are bent upon a revolution, industrial or political, and presents two brilliant chapters upon the Socialist movement and the Polish problem. Though by no means a Socialist himself, he states forcibly the reasons why the Socialist party has come to command the suffrage of nearly one-third of the voters of the Empire, despite the efforts of the monarchy to repress their movement by prosecutions on the one hand, and by conciliating its supporters through compulsory insurance, old-age pensions, and the like, on the other. The criticism given of the insurance and pension bureaus is a remarkably clarifying one. The reader is not cumbered with a mass of details, and is permitted to see that the elaborateness of the machinery by which the insurance funds are collected and distributed has necessitated the employment of a force of officials whose expenses consume one-third of all that is paid in for the insurance. The great government building in which the administration of this bureau

centers is known among the Socialists as the "Pasting Palace."

The Socialist movement, according to Mr. von Schierbrand—and he is doubtless right upon this point—is no longer a revolutionary movement in the sense that it was twenty years or even ten years ago. The strength of the party now is based upon its democracy, and the industrial demands which it is pressing forward could all of them be secured without overthrowing the general framework upon which industry now rests. Monopolies, indeed, would be managed by the Government, but there would be a large field of industry remaining under individual control, and workers in every field would still be paid in proportion to the supposed value of their work. Socialism, Mr. von Schierbrand writes, has exercised a vast educational influence. "It has quickened," he says, warmly, "the intellect of the worker, and has first enabled him to think, however faultily, on political and economic topics. It has, by organizing thousands of social clubs, given these whilom dull and torpid masses a genuine taste for and appreciation of purely æsthetic pleasures, such as music, singing, theatrical performances, concerts, and, above all, books. The Socialists in Germany have done what the Government had left undone, viz., founded thousands of workingmen's libraries. The Socialist press has in this respect done wonders."

But this chapter upon Socialism is perhaps less interesting than that upon "The Polish Problem." Prussian Poland, it is pointed out, has prospered not only out of all proportion to Austrian Poland and Russian Poland, but relatively more than the western portions of Germany. But, in spite of these advances, or rather perhaps because of them, the Polish national spirit has developed an intensity in Prussian Poland unknown in the more oppressed provinces in other lands and unknown in Prussian Poland itself a generation ago. "Up to about twenty-five years ago, the small middle class to be met with in Polish towns and cities was composed almost wholly of Germans and Jews. To-day the young and well-educated generation of Poles have largely replaced them. Polish merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, mechanics, artisans, physicians, lawyers, and engineers are

now in the majority." Only three per cent. of the Poles are now illiterate, and at the German universities the percentage of Polish students has increased tenfold within the last twenty years; but along with these advances the whole people have become fanatically attached to the vision of a restored Polish nation.

In this movement the Polish priesthood has borne a conspicuous part. The fact that the Poles are Catholics, while Germany is a Protestant power, has made sectarian passions mingle with national passions to produce an almost rancorous intensity of anti-German feeling. It is, says Mr. von Schierbrand, due almost wholly to the Polish clergy that the knowledge and use of the German language are not general in the Polish districts. The Polish clergy correctly argue that with the adoption of German as the language of home and of the pulpit the battle would be practically won for the friends of Germanization. Hence their strenuous and consistent efforts have been directed against the use of German wherever they have had the power to prevent it. "And they have succeeded remarkably well, especially when it is considered that the Poles, as a class, had to forego all those material advantages which naturally would accrue to Poles able and willing to speak and write both languages. To carry out their programme logically, the Polish clergy have succeeded in persuading their countrymen that to abandon the constant use of Polish means to become a renegade,

an enemy to the race, and a 'hireling to the foreigner,' as the Polish press puts it. The Poles, in the service of this idea, have voluntarily shut themselves out of every career and calling which would force them to make habitual use of German as their vernacular. This includes, of course, every kind of government service."

Along with this intensified Polish spirit among the Poles has come a still more remarkable "process of Polonization to which the German element resident in the Polish districts is being subjected." Inter-marriage between Poles and Germans nearly always means the loss of nationality for the German part. German colonies in the Polish districts have been attempted on a great scale to counteract these influences, but these colonies all have languished, or where they have been securely established they have met in Poland the fate of the English colonies in the greater part of Ireland. The colonists who have taken part in the ordinary life of the people have come to sympathize with their neighbors and to feel as they do on the question of home rule.

These chapters are indicative of the manner in which Mr. von Schierbrand deals with vital things in his description of the German Empire. Few books on political science give a clearer ideal of the political fabric of the country, and no recent book of travels has given anything like so clear an account of the feelings and aspirations of the people.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**American Standard Bookkeeping (The).** High School Edition. By C. C. Curtiss, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 6x9½ in. 192 pages.

**American Advance (The): A Study in Territorial Expansion.** By Edmund J. Carpenter. With Map. John Lane, New York. 5¼x9 in. 331 pages. \$2.50, net.

A clear, circumstantial account of the various annexations by which the original territory of the United States has received nearly a four-fold expansion. The author apparently believes in the wisdom of all of the successive annexations, but in dealing with the Mexican cession he brings out sharply the pro-slavery spirit animating the Polk administration.

"When," he writes, "during the progress of the peace negotiations, the Mexican commissioners moved for the insertion of an article which should provide that the territory to be ceded should remain forever free, Commissioner Trist steadily refused to entertain such a proposition. 'If the territory should be increased tenfold in value,' wrote Trist to James Buchanan, 'and, besides, covered all over a foot thick with pure gold, on the single condition that slavery should be excluded therefrom, the proposition would not be entertained, nor would I think for a moment of communicating it to the President.'" The

conservative position, however, which President Polk took when the extreme expansionists demanded the annexation of the whole of Mexico is not referred to. In his account of Oregon the author accepts in its entirety Nixon's story of "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon." In his account of the annexation of the Spanish East and West Indies the author does not enter at all into the debated questions thereby presented. This volume is a narrative of events, not a discussion of principles.

**Angelo, the Musician.** By Harriet Bartnett. Godfrey A. S. Wieners, New York. 5x7½ in. 340 pages.

**Athletics and Out-Door Sports for Women: Each Subject Being Separately Treated by a Special Writer.** With an Introduction by Lucille Eaton Hill. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 339 pages. \$1.50, net.

Physical training at home, gymnasium work, dancing, cross-country walking, swimming, skating, rowing, golf, running, lawn-tennis, field-hockey, basket-ball, equestrianism, fencing, bowling, track athletics, are divisions under which the general subject is treated, the chapter devoted to each being prepared by a specialist in the given line discussed. Full directions and illustrations are supplied. Not the least important paper in the book is the introduction by the editor, who insists upon physical training as a vital part of the scheme of education. Upon business and professional women and upon all women with overstrained nerves and overtaxed brains she urges physical training for its recreative effects and as the best aid to intellectual activity, the term not to be limited to gymnasium work or other set exercises. No woman, she says, can beg off from a splendid daily walk. While advocating athletics with due enthusiasm, she advises moderation and deprecates extremes that work physical injury or that bring athletics into disrepute by giving excuse for the application of such descriptive terms as "fad" and "sporting."

**At the Time Appointed.** By A. Maynard Barbour. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x7¾ in. 371 pages. \$1.50.

A sudden loss of memory and with it identity forms the basis of this novel. Another rather unusual situation is employed. A father—an American—forces his daughter's consent to a marriage repulsive to her. In consenting, the girl forfeits the reader's respect. Regard for the author's discretion is sorely taxed, too; the girl's course in this one particular being entirely out of keeping with her character. Her lover's acquiescence in her "sacrifice" and her own pose as a martyr in the matter have a strong touch of pathos. The tale is too long drawn out; there are climaxes and anti-climaxes to spare.

**Belgium and the Belgians.** By Cyril Scudmore. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 362 pages. \$2, net.

This is a work of information rather than of entertainment. Yet some chapters, that on "The Holiday Ground of Belgium," for instance, bring charming pictures of vacation possibilities before one. The pen-and-ink sketches are pleasing, too; and it may be

noted that the general typographical dress has distinction. In the main, the author tells plainly and clearly everything about Belgium not given in guide-books—matters of government, trade, finance, education, management of charities, agriculture, with some attention to modern art.

**Blind Children.** By Israel Zangwill. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼x8¼ in. 136 pages. \$1.20, net.

**Body Beautiful (The): Common-Sense Ideas on Health and Beauty Without Medicine.** By Nannette Magruder Pratt. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5x8 in. 208 pages. \$1.25, net.

An illustrated volume well described by its sub-title, "Common-sense ideas on health and beauty without medicine," which discusses the proper kinds of food, various physical ailments, sleeping, bathing, out-of-door exercises, and other practical matters relating to health and therefore to beauty.

**Boys' Self-Governing Clubs.** By Winifred Buck. The Macmillan Company, New York. 4¼x7 in. 218 pages. \$1, net.

Miss Buck's little volume is the outcome of twelve years' experience with the kind of clubs she describes—a kind that has shown singular powers of taking root and growing on the East Side of New York. After stating her philosophy of education, the author describes compactly and suggestively the methods of starting boys' clubs, and the lessons to be learned from their many-sided activities.

**Brewster's Millions.** By Richard Greaves. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 5x7¾ in. 325 pages.

In order to secure seven millions left him on such conditions, Montgomery Brewster, a young New Yorker of good family and principles, must spend legitimately one million in a year; he must not gamble it away or give inordinately to charity; he must apply it to living expenses; by the end of the year he must be penniless. His "mad race after poverty" is exciting; he is called a fool by the world, moaned over by his friends, and rejected by the woman he loves. But he manages to spend the million and more. Tables are given showing receipts and disbursements. The executor, handing over the seven millions, says: "As for your ability as a business man I have this to say: any man who can spend a million a year and have nothing to show for it don't need a recommendation from anybody."

**Brief Greek Syntax.** By Louis Bevier, Jr., Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 108 pages.

**Child Literature: For First and Second Grades.** By Mae Henion Simms. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 144 pages.

**Common Sense on the Labor Question.** By Herbert N. Casson. Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St., New York. 4¼x7½ in. 61 pages.

A clever sixty-page tract pleading for trade-unionism, and for the united action of trades-unionists to advance direct legislation, the public ownership of monopolies, and a few other kindred measures which trades-unions are able to support without disrupting themselves upon the rock of party politics. It is worthy of remark that an edition of one hun-

dred thousand copies of this tract has been printed for free distribution. It is evident that the cause of trade-unionism is in an unprecedented degree appealing to the pockets of well-to-do philanthropists.

**Concerning the Forefathers: Being a Memoir, with Personal Narrative and Letters, of Two Pioneers, Colonel Robert Patterson and Colonel John Johnston.** By Charlotte Reeve Conover. Illustrated. The Winthrop Press, New York. 7½×11 in. 452 pages.

**Daughter of Thespis (A).** By John D. Barry. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. \$1.50.

Life as it is lived by people of the stage is presented by one familiar with his theme. The story, as a story, does not amount to much; the heroine, as most readers will decide, marries the wrong man; and it will be suspected that the author makes her do this for the sake of a surprising dénouement—which is no good cause for matrimony. But the book has a distinct value, inasmuch as it shows what manner of folk they really are whom we see across the footlights; their toils, trials, diversions, virtues and vices (the last in not so dark colors as often painted), are so set forth as to contribute to a better understanding between the public and those who from the stage amuse or instruct them.

**Echoes from Erin.** By William W. Fink. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 188 pages. \$1.25, net.

**Florida Fancies.** By F. R. Swift. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 120 pages. \$1.25.

**Grey Cloak (The).** By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 463 pages.

A tale of France under Mazarin and of Canada, or New France, under De Lauson. It might perhaps be called a historical romance, but it has much more of the romance than the history. It is of course a tale of the "sword and cloak" order, with plenty of courtly love-making and an equal amount of villainous plotting. Mr. MacGrath's previous stories, and especially "The Puppet Crown," have pleased the popular taste exceedingly well, and it is safe to predict that very few books of the spring will have a wider reading than "The Grey Cloak." It has life and action and movement, and is not without some pretensions as a study of character. The tendency of the characters to declaim in season and out of season is the worst fault.

**Grimm's Best Stories.** (Standard Literature Series.) Edited and Adapted for Pupils of the Third Reader Grade. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 128 pages. 12½c.

**History of Marietta.** By Thomas J. Summers. B.A. The Leader Publishing Co., Marietta, Ohio. 6×9 in. 328 pages.

**Home Science Cook Book (The).** By Mary J. Lincoln and Anna Barrows. The Home Science Publishing Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 281 pages.

This book, says the preface, presents much in little space, and suggests many short cuts for those who believe in simplifying life and for the busy people who have not time for elaborate processes. It will be helpful to folks who are willing to use both hands and brains when cooking. A point to be recommended is the

elasticity of recipes; proportions instead of definite quantities are given, and thus soups, pies, puddings, etc., may be adapted to the size of the family. "Menus for Every-Day Life" is the subject of one chapter, and "How a Course Dinner may be Served Without a Maid" the text of another.

**Indian Summer and Other Poems.** By James Courtney Challis. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×8 in. 95 pages. \$1.50.

**Is It Shakespeare? The Great Question of Elizabethan Literature. Answered in the Light of New Revelations and Important Contemporary Evidence Hitherto Unnoticed.** By a Cambridge Graduate. With Facsimiles. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×9 in. 387 pages. \$4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**King of the Golden River (The).** By John Ruskin. Illustrated. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 80 pages.

**Law of Likeness (The).** By David Bates. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×9 in. 340 pages. \$3.50.

The formative thought of this work is not discoverable in the title, and does not disclose itself until curious pursuit has run through the larger part. It is this: the fact of human sonship and likeness of spirit to God lays down the law for the conduct of life. "What pride of race, or family, or caste—what tradition of honor inherited from a long line of distinguished ancestors—can compare, in urgency of appeal to men for righteousness, with the gracious appeal of an assured faith in our inheritance of a spirit in the likeness of God?" But, says the author, "men have gone to the dogs" because the Church has told them, and they have accepted it, that "they are base-born, degraded beings, inheriting evil dispositions, incapable of doing well." Mr. Bates was reared in stiff Calvinism, and revolted from it; instead of becoming a missionary, as intended, he went to Africa as a trader. His book opens with picturesque descriptions of life in West Africa, and of missionary work there. His great mistake is in his conception of Christianity as synonymous with Calvinism, and in his failing to see that anything else can be read out of the Apostolic writings, especially Paul's, than what Calvinistic interpreters have read into them. His conviction of the "natural piety of man," "the innate good will of man to God," sharply conflicts with Paul's saying, "The carnal heart is enmity to God;" yet Paul himself regards the enmity as rooted in ignorance. As Socrates held that knowledge is the foundation of virtue, so the Scripture holds that, if men knew God's disposition to them, they would reciprocate it. The half-truth of Calvinism, that it is natural to do wrong, needs supplementing by the other half, that it is also natural to do right: it certainly is not unnatural. Mr. Bates is proficient in science and philosophy, but has suffered from a theological diet both monotonous and meager. He has had no friend to put him into the pool of theological thought since its stirring by the angel of reconstruction. There is something tragic in the noble misapprehensions of such a mind. The Church owes a debt to tens of thousands of

such, which it is very slow to recognize and discharge.

**Lettres à Françoise.** By Marcel Prévost. Félix Juven, Paris, France.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 347 pages. 75c.

This volume may do something towards effacing the memory of the author's unfortunate novel, "Les Demi-Vierges;" at all events, it well supplements his "Frédérique" and "Léa." It does not, like those latter notable novels, portray present-day opportunities for good and for ill which lie in the path of the French girl who has to earn her own living, but it does portray what is perhaps equally interesting to most men and women in France—the new opportunities which lie in the path of the ordinary French school-girl who will not later be compelled to work for her daily bread. Françoise is such a girl; she is about eighteen years old; she is in her last school year. The "Lettres" are sent to her once a fortnight by a fond but worldly-wise and wide-awake uncle, who discourses vivaciously, affectionately, and helpfully on any subject that happens to come to hand—the Exposition of 1900, All Souls' Day, Fénelon, feminine coquetry, the toilet, Queen Wilhelmina, Christmas, girls' boarding-schools, athletics, feminine culture, the college ideal, Madame Récamier, cooking, proper courses of reading for girls, love and marriage, long betrothals, and many other topics jumbled together into an attractive mixture. On every page, however, one realizes that this book is a protest against the kind of young girl found in the pages of Augier and Feuillet. More liberty is needed by the French girl of to-day, M. Prévost asserts, and his Françoise enjoys it. She is the type of the transitional girl. She has submitted to certain traditions, but she has emancipated her spirit; she has been trained in an ancient and conservative school on conventual and conventional lines, but she has lost no opportunity of instructing herself in every proper way from outside; above all, destined by her mother to a marriage of convenience, she chooses the man she loves, who is hardly older than herself and without fortune. Nor in marriage does she seek money, position, or even liberty; she seeks only to be a wife and mother. After reading these cleverly written pages and comparing them with the works of other writers on the same subject—the books of Madame Blanc, for instance—we must believe that a new type of French girl is being developed; it is time it were so; too long has there been discord between a French girl's education and her functions in later life.

**Life Lessons.** By J. F. Thompson. Eugene F. Endicott, Boston.  $5 \times 7$  in. 126 pages.

**Mr. Claghorn's Daughter.** By Hilary Trent. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 277 pages. \$1.

The principal character in this novel is a free-thinker, who marries a theologian, blindly accepting his form of belief. A book that falls into her hands shows infant damnation as one of its tenets. She asks her husband for a plain statement of his belief. He refers her to a pamphlet he has written, proclaiming

himself entirely "orthodox" upon the question. "How," she then asks, "could the same man write that book and be a father?" She resolves that she will not again be a mother. The author lacks restraint. Passages of the book are coarse. An unpleasant taste is left in the mouth. The book is supposed to be an attack on the Westminster Confession of Faith, which in point of fact does not in any reasonable construction hold to "infant damnation."

**More Baskets and How to Make Them.** By Mary White. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 157 pages. \$1, net.

Since basketry has become a popular art in schools and among people who have outgrown schools, this little manual will be welcome. The success of the author's preceding work on the same subject created a demand for this. Instructions are given for weaving rattan, raffia, palm-leaf strips, rushes, and other materials into baskets, seats for chairs, letter-trays, fern-dishes, and various useful and ornamental odds and ends.

**Mystery of Murray Davenport (The).** By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 312 pages. \$1.50.

This is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde story, inasmuch as it presents a startling transformation of character and personal appearance. Davenport, the Hyde, is not very bad—only melancholy and "down on his luck." By deliberately planning and thinking to this purpose he becomes suddenly an entirely different man as to looks and to luck; his nearest friends and his sweetheart fail to recognize him. The vital question to him then is, Will he lose her by the change? There is something repulsive about his destruction of Murray Davenport; it suggests to the reader (though Mr. Stephens may not have so intended) the idea that a violent transformation of character might in a sense be suicide, even though the new self is an improvement on the old.

**Of Religion (The Arts of Life).** By Richard Rogers Bowler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$  in. 73 pages. 50c.

**Roman Road (The).** By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 235 pages. \$1.50.

Three stories, of which the first, giving title to the book, is the least deserving of praise. "The Roman Road" is a study of upper-class English life, after the manner of Henry James—and (in our opinion) a long way after. The personages of the story, at one breath dull and inconsequential, at the next amazingly clever and profound, seem to us unconvincing and altogether too subtle for the comprehension of the average student of human nature. But "Thoughty," the last of the three stories, is a deliciously humorous recital of childish adventure; and the middle tale, "The Balance," if it may be characterized as somewhat fantastical and overdrawn, is certainly original.

**Sacrilege Farm.** By Mabel Hart. D. Appleton & Co., New York.  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 333 pages. \$1.

This is the kind of story that puts the reader utterly out of patience with the hero and heroine. The mistake which keeps them apart and works tragic consequences is unreasonable, almost absurd. But if it were not



for lovers' foolish blunders there would be few love stories; without them Shakespeare himself could not have written some plays that please us mightily. Margaret, the old nurse, is good and wholesome, and really worth knowing; if it were not for her the book "Sacrilege Farm" would be as gloomy as its name.

**Shakespeare and the Rival Poet.** By Arthur Acheson. John Lane, New York. 5x8 in. 360 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life.** By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x8 in. 232 pages. \$1.25, net.

Agreed as the reading world is that the study of descriptive ethics, as presented in Shakespeare's characters, is morally profitable, it cannot fail to welcome such an aid to that study as Professor Sharp's book supplies. With such a manual in hand the ordinary reader of the great character-painter has an advantage like his who has an artist for companion as he walks through a gallery of noble pictures. Professor Sharp has skillfully distributed the immense material before him into chapters on the main problems of the moral life, and exhibits the treatment of these by Shakespeare's men and women. He takes occasion to correct some popular misconceptions of typical characters, and to criticise misinterpretations by psychologists, philosophers, and moralists. A good index makes it serviceable for reference. Those who are teaching or studying ethics, as well as the general reader, will find it a valuable book.

**Soil (The): An Introduction to the Scientific Study of the Growth of Crops.** By A. D. Hall, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 286 pages.

**Temples of the Orient and Their Message (The).** By the Author of "Clear Round," etc. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5½x8¾ in. 442 pages. \$4, net.

Students of comparative religion have become familiar with the fact that religious ideas whose first appearance was on the banks of the Euphrates or the Nile have passed on into the cathedrals of to-day, albeit variously transformed. This fact the work now before us illustrates very copiously from the religious literature of primitive peoples, especially those of the Far East. The author has had specially in mind the need and duty of the Christian missionary to appreciate the religious ideas of non-Christian peoples, that he may not offend by disparaging what stands in some affinity to his own, though cruder. The work may be criticised here and there for finding analogies, where there are none, by the process whose application to the Bible results in mere text-matching. But, on the whole, it is a cumulative and impressive presentation of the radical unity of religious ideas. One can hardly assent to the theory of a "primal revelation" in the sense here apparently intended, as if an original perfection, subsequently corrupted, lay in the past. If, as recent investigators are disposed to believe, the subconscious part of our nature is the part where the divine thought makes contact with the human, that contact cannot be dated too early in human history. On the

other hand, the interpretation, the rationalizing in clear intelligence of those "shy yearnings of the savage," so that the divine thought, with all that it involves, comes to clear recognition in consciousness as a revelation, is the work of ages, and even now incomplete.

**That Printer of Udell's.** By Harold Bell Wright. Illustrated. The Book Supply Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 468 pages.

The writer undertakes in this novel to arraign the Church for not doing its duty by the struggling poor and by the tramps. While doubtless there is much truth in his showing, his representation of the religious world's indifference to friendless men out of employment is exaggerated and passes all bounds of justice. The plans of relief, salvation, and reform which he outlines are not novel; they have been and are being tried.

**Tommy Wideawake.** By H. H. Bashford. John Lane, New York. 5¼x7 in. 188 pages.

A pleasing sketch of a typical English boy whose father, going to the wars and to death, leaves him in the care of his old friends the doctor, the philosopher, the parson, and the poet. Tommy leads his reluctant guardians into mischief and wakes them up to a knowledge of life, and in the case of the poet to a knowledge of love. He is a natural, manly, wholesome English lad. The whole thing is slight but prettily written.

**True Bird Stories from My Note-Books.** By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 156 pages. \$1, net.

The little "feathered folk" in this book are delightful, and the pictures of them are "dear," as the school-girls say. The stories are all strictly true, the author tells us; part of them being studies of captives in her own bird room, and the rest of birds in the field. Some have been related before in her "grown-up books" and in various publications, but most appear here for the first time. The author has something to say about caged birds that will be particularly interesting to people who want to make their little prisoners happier behind the bars.

**Trust Finance: A Study of the Genesis, Organization, and Management of Industrial Combinations.** By Elwood Sherwood Meade, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 387 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

A masterly study of trusts from the investor's standpoint. Two of the chapters of this volume which appeared in a slightly different form in the "Quarterly Journal of Economics" we have already made the subject of an extended editorial upon the United States Steel Corporation, and we shall doubtless have further occasion to discuss editorially Professor Meade's generalizations upon other topics. Though his attitude toward trusts is sympathetic rather than critical, his judgments are discriminating, and he points out very sharply the injuries done to investors by the extravagant predictions of trust promoters. In a chapter on "The Decline in Industrial Shares" he shows that of twenty-one representative trusts only seven stood as well in the market last December as when they were organized. "On the face of the returns," he writes, "whatever service the trust movement may have

rendered in preventing competition and thus making profits more stable, so far as the twenty-one companies the prices of whose shares have been examined are concerned, it has inflicted upon the community a loss which may be estimated at either \$395,000,000 or \$641,000,000 according as present prices are compared with prices the first month of testing, or with the highest prices subsequently attained." The anticipated economies arising from the consolidation of scattered plants have proven especially illusive. The International Paper Company, for example, gave the public to understand that the net earnings of its constituent concerns were sufficient to pay interest on bonds, dividends, or preferred stock, and ten per cent. on common stock. Even larger earnings were anticipated under the combination, but have not materialized. The common stock of the company, first listed at 57, is now selling at 9. Professor Meade's final suggestion, that the hazardous element in trust investments could be largely eliminated by requiring the trusts to accumulate a large reserve before paying dividends, does not seem as weighty as most of his observations. So long as the men inside the management know so much more about the real earnings of the corporations than those outside, and so long as those earnings fluctuate violently between periods of practical monopoly and cut-throat competition to re-establish monopoly, the extra-hazardous character of trust investments seems likely to remain.

**Washington, Its Sights and Insights.** By Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 183 pages. \$1. net.

This is an entertaining and instructive little handbook about our National Capital. Besides descriptions of monuments and institutions, a brief account of the work done in the different Departments of Government is given. Anecdotes of prominent people are given in a way to make the story a lively and interesting one rather than a dry record of facts.

**What Shall I Do to be Saved: Words of Advice, Warning, and Encouragement to the Unsaved.** By E. E. Bynum. Illustrated. The Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company, Moundsville, W. Va. 5x7¼ in. 200 pages.

**Why the Mind Has a Body.** By C. A. Strong. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾x9 in. 355 pages. \$2.50.

By its title this acutely reasoned work evidently stands for the idealist conception of ultimate reality. It is a fresh and vigorous protest against the Kantian doctrine that both external facts and mental states are mere phenomena, behind which are the real things-in-themselves that are beyond the grasp of knowledge. On the contrary, says Professor Strong, our consciousness is an actual fragment and specimen of the reality of things. Our minds have been evolved from things-in-themselves; therefore these must be of mental nature, and ultimate reality is of the same nature as our consciousness. Physical facts, on the other hand, are mere phenomena, real only in the sense that they are symbols of the ultimate reality which they imperfectly repre-

sent. As an advocate of idealism Professor Strong distinguishes three types of it, and holds to "idealism of feeling" as more true to psychological facts than idealism of thought or of perception; that is, as we understand him, sentient mind, rather than merely thinking or cognitive mind, is the ultimate reality. Idealism of feeling "only bids us attribute to reality a nature like that which all forms of mental life have in common"—whether polyps or men. It is frankly admitted that "Berkeley's Divine Mind would satisfy the requirements of the case, but so also would Professor Clifford's Mind-stuff." These conclusions are built on an elaborate critique of the psychophysical facts and the metaphysical principles involved, as well as of the nature of matter and mind and causation. The theory thence elaborated is that to which the term "panpsychism" has been applied. Further discussion of the subject is not unlikely, in our opinion, to follow the pointing of that term—a derivative from the Greek word denoting life. Consciousness is in itself a function of life. The ultimate reality, or thing-in-itself, is therefore not the mere function of consciousness, but the life to which it belongs.

**Wisdom and Will in Education.** By Charles William Super, Ph.D., LL.D. Myers, Fishel & Co., Harrisburg, Pa. 5½x8 in. 283 pages. \$1.25.

The papers collected under this title are designed to fertilize the soil of thought from which ideals of education spring, in order to larger and better ideals. Their character is primarily sociological, and only secondarily educational. The author apparently thinks, with President Eliot, that symptoms of social deterioration indicate some defect in our educational system. He is even disposed to say, "We are, on the whole, more degenerate than other civilized nations." The book is evidently written for plain people, and may be read by them with profit.

**Workingman and Social Problems (The).** By Charles Stelzle. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 166 pages. 75c. net.

No one else has written more authoritatively of the relations of the workingman to the Church than the author of this book. His knowledge of workingmen is not merely that of a social investigator, but of a man who himself became a sweat-shop wage-earner at the age of eight, and had become a master mechanic before he entered the ministry. His religious life has only deepened his sympathy with the aspirations of wage-earners, and by his sympathy he has been able to learn from labor men all over the country what they really think—a kind of learning which unsympathetic investigators can never attain. At the same time, Mr. Stelzle's sympathy with workingmen has not put him out of sympathy with the Church, though, of course, he believes that the Church to-day has to a dangerous degree lost the working-class sympathies of its first century and of all its revival epochs. By his sympathy with the Church he is able to interpret it to workingmen, and without doubt his talks about the Church to them have been as helpful as his present talks about them to churchmen.

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# The Outlook

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May 30, 1903

No. 5

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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# The Outlook

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## Cuba's Independence Day

The American people will cordially join in the message of hearty congratulation sent in their name to the Cuban people by President Roosevelt. The 20th of May was the first anniversary of the establishing, under the auspices of the United States, of an independent Cuban republic. President Roosevelt had sound reason for praising the new republic and its Government for the progress Cuba has made and the well-being it has achieved during the last year. President Palma, in particular, should receive full recognition for his quiet, unostentatious, but eminently effective administration. He has abstained from everything which might have the slightest appearance of self-sufficiency and display, and has administered Cuban affairs with a single eye to economy, peace, and good government. Cuba to-day has a surplus in the treasury of two and a half million dollars, as against a little over half a million at the beginning of the year. The sanitary condition of the island has been maintained, the educational system has been extended, and there have been no serious disturbances and no dangerous political complications. There are still problems to be discussed and settled; among those most to the front are paying the Cuban patriotic army and simplifying the machinery for government within the provinces, since that provided by the Constitution has proved rather cumbersome. There is every indication that these and similar problems will be met through fair discussion and political action, such as every self-governing people should use. It is gratifying to note that during the festivities and celebrations which took place throughout Cuba on Wednesday of last week there was evident no feeling of hostility towards the United States; on the contrary, there was gen-

eral recognition of the services rendered by this country in improving conditions and in placing the new republic on its feet. Almost the first act of Cuba's second year of existence was the formal signing of the treaty between the United States and Cuba, in which the provisions of the Platt amendment are incorporated. The treaty, of course, must still be ratified by the Cuban Congress and by the United States Senate, but there is no probability of serious difficulties arising. The delay in signing the treaty is stated to be due to the desire of the Cuban Government to obtain some change in the statements of the conditions imposed upon Cuba. Negotiation towards this end was perfectly proper on the part of the Cuban Government, but it has failed, and the treaty formally adopts the provisions of the Platt amendment without change.



## The First Transvaal Parliament

Last week, at Pretoria, Sir Arthur Lawley, Lieutenant-Governor, opened the first Transvaal Parliament. The audience in the Chamber included not only the legislators, but the military officials, the judges, the clergy, and the civil authorities, all in uniform or robes. In welcoming the new legislative council Sir Arthur declared that the Government had done its best to secure a representative body, without having recourse to a popular election, which "in these times would only create political and racial strife." He foreshadowed important measures for local self-government and heavy expenditure in the extension of railroads and other public works, and promised, so far as possible, to meet local sentiment in regard to education, saying that the Government recognized the rising generation as an asset to be developed to the highest degree. Provision would be made to

were killed outright, several were fatally injured, and there were many minor accidents. The French Government very properly stopped the race midway. On the very same day at Bristol, England, two spectators were killed and many injured. The New York law fixes the maximum for speed at twenty miles—and that only in the open country and with an unimpeded road; ten, eight, and four miles respectively are made a limit; the first in suburbs and when passing schools or churches in which exercises are being held; the second when within a radius of half a mile from a post-office, when passing horses or pedestrians, crossing a highway, and in closely built portions of cities under any circumstances; the third when crossing a dam or causeway less than twenty feet in width. A motor must be stopped at the request of any rider or driver. Fines ranging from \$50 to \$250, and in case of a second or third offense imprisonment for not over thirty days, are the penalties. Whether these provisions are the best possible may be open to question; if they prove too severe, public sentiment will lead to their modification; but it is beyond dispute that there should be a cessation of the danger and discomfort (for travelers on the highroad have a right to comfort as well as life) caused by heavy-powered, noisy engines, some of them resembling locomotives almost as much as they do carriages, rushing at railroad speed over roads which belong to the whole public. The daily reports of accidents and every citizen's observations of narrow escapes from accident show that reasonable restriction is imperative.



#### The Rate of Interest Rising

New York City, which a few years ago sold many three per cent. bonds at par, and a few two and a half per cents, last week congratulated itself upon securing a small premium on an issue bearing three and a half per cent. Similarly, the English Government, whose two and a half per cent. consols commanded a premium of over ten per cent. four years ago, week before last congratulated itself upon the fact that its new three per cent. loan sold so readily at par. In England the zeal of investors to share in the new loan indicates that the bonds

might perhaps have been sold at a small premium, but the change in the rate of interest from that thought to be established in 1898 makes clear the universal rise that has again taken place. The change is particularly worth attention in this country, where the memories of most men go back to the high rates of interest following the Civil War, or the high rates prevailing in frontier communities, and where the opinion has been widely expressed that the rate of interest tends rapidly toward the point of extinction. The tendency is happily downward as wealth increases and the security of property is strengthened, but only slowly and irregularly does this tendency manifest itself. The new English loan has recalled the fact that as long ago as 1722 the English Government began to borrow at three per cent., and that by the middle of that century this rate seemed firmly established. In Holland Government loans at this period bore a still lower rate. During the Napoleonic wars the rate of interest more than doubled, and its subsequent decline has been interrupted each time a costly war has destroyed a large part of the nation's free capital. The burdens of war do not end in the higher rate of taxes. They are also felt in the higher rate of interest which all industrial enterprise must bear.



#### An Inspiring Example

The result of a recent temperance agitation in Charlottesville, Virginia, the home of the University of Virginia, is interesting as showing how such an agitation, seeking to promote temperance by one method, may succeed in accomplishing that result by a very different method. A vigorous campaign was carried on to secure local prohibition last March. The temperance forces were defeated by a small majority. The public opinion created by the agitation, however, was such that after the election, and as a result of it, an ordinance was passed by the City Council, with the sanction of the Mayor, the indorsement of the Chief of Police, the support of all the advocates of prohibition under local option, and of a large number of those who were opposed to abolishing the saloons altogether. This ordinance provides for closing the saloons from ten at night to five o'clock the next morning,

for the removal during all the hours, day and night, of all screens, curtains, stained-glass windows, and other obstacles, and for the burning, during the night hours, of a bright light visible from the nearest public streets. It further provides for the closing of all side and back doors, and forbids any form of gambling device, any billiard or pool table, or any musical or other entertainment in connection with bar-rooms, and raises the license from \$160 to \$400 for the city. This license, added to the State license and the Government Federal revenue license, brings the tax on each saloon to over \$800. The ordinance went into effect on the 1st of May, and the first result was the reduction of the number of saloons from twenty-one to sixteen. The battle is not over yet, however. On the 2d of May a saloon-keeper was put on trial before a police justice for violating the law with regard to side doors and screens, and the justice decided that side doors were permissible under the State law, and that the act prohibiting the use of screens was unconstitutional. The grounds for this decision we have not learned, but it has done nothing to check and something to increase the anti-saloon feeling in the city, so that there is a reasonable prospect that, if this decision should be supported by the higher courts, local prohibition would be carried by popular vote at the next election which shall take place.

**Mr. Conried's Plans  
for Opera**

Mr. Conried's statement of his plans for the coming season at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York City will be of interest to music-lovers in all parts of the country. The season will open on the evening of November 28 with the production of "Rigoletto," and introduce to this country a young tenor, Caruso, who has made a great success in Europe during the past two months. Mr. Conried promises frequent opportunities of hearing the great music-dramas, most of which are already familiar to the audiences which have filled the Metropolitan Opera-House for many seasons past. New operas and new singers will have a hearing, and Mr. Conried expects the co-operation of artists who, although famous

abroad, are largely unknown to Americans. His aim will be to present an artistically satisfactory interpretation of all works given on the stage of the opera-house, with such all-round excellence that there will be no ground for unfavorable criticism. Special attention will be given to the orchestra and chorus, and orchestral conductors of the highest reputation will be put in charge. The designing and making of costumes and the modeling and execution of scenery will also be placed under expert supervision; the stage of the Metropolitan is to be remodeled under the direction of one of the eminent theatrical architects, and new lighting arrangements will be provided. It is proposed to open a school of opera for advanced singers to prepare themselves for small rôles in connection with the opera-house. Mr. Conried expects to secure Calvé, Plançon, and Jean de Reszke among other leading singers. The most important announcement, however, is the performance of "Parsifal," which will be first seen in Christmas week, with a cast including Burgstaller, Ternina, Van Rooy, and Blass. In view of the hostile criticism in Germany of the production of "Parsifal" here, Mr. Conried says that before the death of Anton Seidl he had arranged with him for an American production of "Parsifal;" that eight years ago he offered the heirs of Richard Wagner a considerable sum for formal permission to produce "Parsifal," although he was then aware that the opera was not protected here. He believes it is his duty and right, after this long lapse of time, to give Americans who cannot go to Bayreuth an opportunity of seeing in stage form the crowning work of Richard Wagner, and he promises to present the opera in a way which will put it on a level with the presentations at Bayreuth. "The time has passed," he says, "when a master like Wagner is regarded as the exclusive property of even his most intimate and most pious friends. True piety in this instance, I believe, lies in spreading abroad the knowledge and the enjoyment of the genius to which not only Bayreuth but the world is indebted for 'Parsifal.'" Public opinion will, we believe, concur in this expression of belief.

**Pneumonia  
Outranking Consumption**

The large and rapidly increasing mortality from pneumonia in Chicago, combined with an apparently similar though less marked tendency throughout the United States, is leading to the conclusion that that disease is now more fatal in its ravages than the "white plague"—consumption. Up to May 9 of the present year there were 2,487 deaths from pneumonia in Chicago, which was nearly one-fourth the total mortality in the city and more than double that from consumption. As many as four deaths have occurred in one family, and in one instance six friends who attended the funeral of a victim were fatally attacked. Figures from the volumes on vital statistics of the United States Census, compiled by Dr. Arthur R. Reynolds, Health Commissioner of Chicago, show that in 1900 the two diseases stood very near together all over the country, and that from 1880 to 1900 the mortality rate from pneumonia had increased 7.4 per cent., while that from pulmonary tuberculosis or consumption had decreased 20.7 per cent. For Chicago alone, figures from the same source, but for forty instead of twenty years, show a far greater increase for pneumonia, and about double the decrease for consumption. After making ample allowance for the well-known deficiencies in the early registration of vital statistics, the figures cited still give reason for great hope in case of consumption, and, at first thought, for despair over pneumonia. But with a better understanding of the causes which produce pneumonia and the means of prevention, a decrease in its extent and fatality will doubtless be effected similar to that which has accompanied the warfare against tuberculosis. Dr. Reynolds, in his brief but practical weekly bulletins on "The State of Chicago's Health," points out that while pneumonia is a highly communicable disease, its cause is known and its spread may be controlled. The latter is effected by (1) destroying the sputa of persons suffering from the disease; (2) protecting and cleansing or disinfecting articles and rooms liable to become soiled with such sputa; (3) thorough ventilation of houses, shops, offices, and cars, especially in winter; (4) dust prevention; (5) personal precautions against cold, privation, and

exposure to the weather, particularly in the case of the young, the aged, and the sickly. As apparent evidence of the highly communicable character of pneumonia, it is stated that in a single week eight of the 167 deaths in Chicago were among the 300 employees of the County Treasurer's office, and that during the same period fully thirty more of these employees were suffering from the disease.



**Josiah Willard Gibbs** The late Professor Gibbs, of Yale, though known to but few of his countrymen outside of academic circles, was one of those illustrious Americans who have enhanced the glory, not only of their university, but of their country. His name and those of older Yalensians—Silliman, Dana, Marsh, Whitney, and others—form a constellation of which any university, any nation, might be pardonably proud. His undergraduate course at Yale in the class of '58 was marked by distinguished honors both in Latin and in mathematics. After some ten years' further study at New Haven and in European schools, he took, in 1871, the chair of Mathematical Physics, which he held till his sudden death at the age of sixty-four. Considerably less than ten years more had passed when his achievements attracted attention and honor from the learned world. His principal paper on thermodynamics, says one of the foremost European authorities, Professor Ostwald, of Leipsic, "contained, partly explicitly, partly implicitly, a large part of the discoveries which have since been made. . . . Untouched treasures of the greatest variety and of the greatest importance still lie within its pages." Turning from this field to that of pure mathematics, he there again carried the advance beyond the line of any previous investigator in his treatment of vector analysis. In astronomy he introduced new and more efficient methods, which have been adopted in Germany. His publications between 1882 and 1889 on the electro-magnetic theory of light carried the day for it, and secured its general adoption. These successes were not only recognized by learned bodies in his own country, but were abundantly acknowledged by the honors conferred on him by the academicians of Great Britain, France,

Germany, Holland, and Norway. As a teacher Professor Gibbs added to an originality of thought deserving the name of genius a rare simplicity, clearness, and directness in the presentation of ideas with inspirational effect. In personal character pure and unselfish, modest, kindly, and helpful, he added the traits of the gentleman to those of the accomplished scholar. The death of such a man cannot fail to be deplored as a National loss. For, as President Hadley has written, he "was one of the very few Americans who had made discoveries of the first rank in scientific theory—discoveries which attract less attention at home than those of applied science, but which deservedly bring to him who makes them a higher rank among experts, and a better reputation abroad. In these last respects there was probably no living American who surpassed Professor Gibbs."



#### The National Baptist Anniversaries

The National Baptist anniversaries were held in Buffalo, May 18-26. The attendance was very large. It was estimated that there were fifteen hundred delegates and visitors. The meetings opened with the sessions of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. The reports were encouraging, and showed that all debts had been paid, with a small balance in the treasury. The most important session was held on Tuesday, when the long-expected report of the Committee of Fifteen was read. There has been much discussion for several years on the question of the consolidation of the great National societies. Last year at St. Paul there was an open parliament on this question and there was a very lively debate. There has also been a discussion on this subject in the denominational papers. It was anticipated that this year at Buffalo the discussion would become very animated. Some advocated an entire and radical change of representation in these meetings, and demanded consolidation, under one management, of the Home Mission Society, the Foreign Mission Society, and the Publication Society. But the Committee of Fifteen gave a very satisfactory report. It was comprehensive, exhaustive, conciliatory, and wise. When President Faunce, of Brown

University, had finished reading this masterly report, there was enthusiastic applause. There were a few addresses commending the report, and it was unanimously adopted. This action provides a permanent Tribunal of Arbitration. It is called a "Committee of Reference," composed of nine persons, "to which shall be submitted for consideration and final decision all questions of difference which exist or may arise among the several missionary societies hereinafter named, or between any two of them, concerning policies and methods of work." There has, it is said, been some friction between the Home Mission Society and the Publication Society over the chapel cars and other phases of the work where fields overlap. But all recognize that the permanent Committee of Fifteen, which will be elected every year, will be able to smooth out all misunderstandings. It is a great step in advance. Another important session was held on Thursday. Stirring addresses were delivered upon the New Evangelism. Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Boston, made a powerful appeal for evangelistic pastors and churches. Great enthusiasm was aroused, and a resolution was unanimously passed calling upon the Home Mission Society to inaugurate an evangelistic campaign at once throughout the country, and to attempt to raise \$25,000 to carry on this forward movement.



#### A Congregational Semi-Centennial

The semi-centennial of the American Congregational Association, which was celebrated May 25 at Boston, marks an achievement, and recalls a history, each of some significance. The achievement is, first, the establishment of the largest library of Congregationalist literature in the world, especially rich in the line of Pilgrim and Puritan history through successive generations in Church and State, rich also in literature bearing on controversies in the Church of England. Among recent accessions to its store of 50,000 books and 50,000 pamphlets is the library of the late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, over six thousand volumes. The other part of the achievement is the denominationalizing of the Congregational churches. It was debated among them, some thirty and forty years

ago, "whether we are a denomination." The principle of independency had been over-emphasized; anything that looked like centralization, even for common interests, was feared. The Association, organized in 1853, consequently had up-hill work. Professors Park and Edwards, of Andover, and the Old South Church in Boston strongly backed its projects, a denominational House and Library, though it was called a new thing for Congregationalists to do anything that could be called denominational. But a new era began with the birth of the Association. Its directors brought into being in 1865 the National Council, which since 1871 has met triennially in Maine, Oregon, and places between. In 1873 the first Congregational House was dedicated, and in 1899 its splendid successor. The growth of Congregationalism during the half-century has been through learning to pull together in some sort of harness. Recent events show that the Unitarian churches, derived from the same stock of independency, are learning the same lesson, and profiting thereby.



#### Congregationalism on the Pacific Coast

The Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, which was held at Seattle, Washington, May 8-17, was one of the notable religious assemblies of the year. The attendance could hardly have been larger in New York or Boston. The programme was skillfully constructed. The subjects to which whole days were given were the following: Education, Christian Nurture, The Church and Journalism, Preaching, Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Theology, Sociology, Congregationalism. Most of the subjects were discussed by persons resident on the Pacific coast. The treatment of the subjects was marked by a spirit altogether free from provincialism and mediævalism. Among those from a distance who had been especially invited to participate in the meetings were the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D., the Rev. H. A. Bridgman, of Boston, and Dr. A. H. Bradford, Moderator of the National Council. Dr. Morgan gave Bible readings and sermons twice every day. His spiritual vision, his eloquence of utterance, and his power over an

audience were very impressive. He is essentially an ethical and religious teacher, and not merely an evangelist as has sometimes been supposed. No better place for such a Congress could have been selected than Seattle—a wonderful city, with its panorama of mountains, lakes, and sound, its swiftly increasing population, its strong churches, its university, and its loyal people. In connection with this Congress it is appropriate to mention the extended tour of Dr. Bradford, the Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, who visited the Pacific coast and held meetings in churches and groups of churches from San Diego, California, to North Everett, Washington. This journey served admirably as an occasion for emphasizing two points which Dr. Bradford has laid stress upon since his election as Moderator—the large service which the Moderator may render to the churches of the Congregational order aside from simply presiding at the sessions of the Council, and the importance of increasing the power of these churches by developing their spirit of co-operation. Congregationalism has thoroughly established within its own limits the principle of the freedom of the local church, and has done much to extend that principle to other religious bodies. Its greatest need now is the fostering of the spirit of union between these free churches in the exertion of spiritual energy for the service of men. The Congress at Seattle and the tour of the Moderator of the National Council are indications that this need is being recognized and is beginning to be met.



#### Trinitarians and Unitarians Confer

For some years past there have been signs of a better mutual understanding and a closer approach between the Trinitarian and Unitarian bodies into which Massachusetts Congregationalists divided nearly a century ago. Two years ago the "Congregationalist" editorially recognized this closer approach in cardinal points of theology. Various friendly private conferences on the subject of a closer fellowship have lately taken place. At the May anniversaries in Boston, just concluded, the same topic came to the front in expressions of strong interdenominational

sympathy. This may be made the mark of invidious comment in some parts of the country, as indicating an aberration of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts from evangelical standards. A juster estimate will reflect that, however sharp the past division there between the Trinitarian and Unitarian wings, they have never wholly separated. One bond has remained intact—the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers, organized in the Colonial period, and regularly meeting every year since to transact benevolent business and hear a sermon. Closer intercourse in recent years has tended to better mutual understanding and appreciation. Last week Professor George F. Moore, a Trinitarian Congregationalist, recently called from Andover Seminary to the Harvard Divinity School, addressed an audience of Unitarian ministers on "The Signs of the Times in the Congregational Churches." From a historical retrospect Dr. Moore went on to say, after alluding to the transformed conception of the universe, and consequently of God, that modern learning has wrought, that the Trinitarian and the Unitarian of to-day each differ more from the men who divided the Congregational body than either those men or their modern successors differ from each other. "In the pulpits of both branches the themes are God and the kingdom of his good will to be realized on earth by the sacrifices of his children," and "they are one in the struggle for a return to the Puritan conscience." Dr. Moore anticipated a reunion, but one that must come, as the disunion came, gradually, and through intercourse, better acquaintance, mutual consultation on common religious interests, and personal contact in common devotion to the indivisible kingdom of God on earth.



**Representative Utterances** Later in the week Tremont Temple was filled with an audience eager to hear representatives of the two branches of the old household speak upon "The Common Inheritances and Duties of Congregationalists." President Tucker, of Dartmouth, said: "We are separated to-night by a creed, but we are united by a principle, and the principle which unites us carries us back to that which is strong, vital, and

clear. It is the Puritan principle of personality." Dr. E. E. Hale said that the oldest Congregational church in the country was formed three hundred years ago by those who afterward came over to Plymouth. Their bond of union was not a creed, but a covenant to walk together in the ways of God. This Pilgrim covenant is still the common heritage of both branches of the Congregational family. Dr. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, said: "We are here in the interests of the union of a divided Congregationalism. We must not be afraid to look at our differences, and must not be ashamed of our history of division. . . . We are weak because divided; to regain our strength we must work for union. The sigh and cry among our best people for a profounder religious life is the best sign of the times." Professor Peabody, of Harvard, concluded the discussion by pointing to the common interest and duty: "There lie," said he, "before the churches of New England to-day a challenge and a call greater than ever dawned upon the fathers in their dreams of a heathen world conquered. Here is a heathen world right at the doors of the churches. How to redeem domestic life, how to purify politics, raise the lives of the poor from poverty, save the rich from vulgarity, ostentatiousness, commercialism, is its problem, right here." These two meetings mark an advance upon the conference held a few summers since at the Isles of Shoals. No one who understands the situation believes, in view of the existing differences, that it betokens a speedy end of the division that began in 1805. But these differences, largely the product of past antagonisms and of the mutual recoil which they generated, are likely to diminish in the future, through closer intercourse and fellowship in the solid Christian interests that are common to both parties. To promote this Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, under whose auspices these discussions have taken place, has exerted his influence with good effect.



**The National Conference of Charities and Correction** Of the ten committees appointed to report at the annual meeting recently held in Atlanta, fully one-half laid special stress on pre-

ventive work, showing marked development in that direction since the Conference was organized thirty years ago. Wise care of the needy in their homes will prevent much pauperism; the establishment of juvenile courts and probation will prevent the making of hosts of criminals; the enactment and administration of suitable laws pertaining to child labor will prevent the physical, mental, and moral deterioration of childhood; conservative marriage laws must prevent to a great degree the dreaded increase of imbecility; good parole regulations will lessen recidivism in crime; mechanic arts and manual training schools will cut off thousands of recruits from the army of tramps; and houses of observation will hinder many acute cases of insanity from becoming chronic. These, at least, are the convictions of the people who have been studying facts to such an extent that they consider it no venture to make these prophecies. Their effort, therefore, is to create a public sentiment that shall secure legislation whenever necessary, and an enforcement of all wise laws looking to the prevention of these social evils. Every year sees advance in the conduct of this Conference in the greater length of time spent in the discussion of principles rather than details of plans or of administration of institutions. This is particularly noticeable in the branch which began as an "associated charity" movement, then became "charity organization," and is now classified as the committee on "Needy Families in their Homes." For many years the able students of this side of social life have laid down simple, understandable, and thoroughly well-tried principles of sound philanthropy, and at last they have permeated the Conference so that they make themselves felt at every turn. As a new city claims the Conference every year, those principles must be enunciated afresh each twelvemonth. Not seldom the result has been the organization of the charities in the city where the sessions have been held, and it is hoped that Atlanta will follow this good example and honor the charity workers by establishing this year a charity organization society which will do for that enterprising Southern city what similar bodies have done so effectively elsewhere.

#### The Prevention of Child Labor

The subject of child labor naturally received much attention during the week-long sessions of the Conference, not because the South is the chief sinner in this respect, since the State of New York alone is said to have more child wage-earners than the ten Southern States put together, but because the children's hour is chiming all over the land. Illinois and Alabama clasped hands in their behalf when Miss Jane Addams and the Rev. Edgar Murphy appeared before the immense congregation to plead for a longer childhood for the little ones. Miss Addams, always effective, is never more so than when her warm motherly instincts speak for the children. At all times self-forgetting, she is never less conscious of her own personality than when she speaks for those who cannot speak for themselves. Such a woman makes Madonna-worship seem a natural cult. Mr. Murphy's power as an orator, urging better conditions for the nearly two million child laborers of the United States, was well matched by the skill of the statistician Mr. F. L. Hoffman, whose paper was perhaps misunderstood to some extent. His subject was the "Medical and Social Aspect of the Child Labor Question," and he showed unmistakably the deleterious influences of factory employment, though he did not favor an age limit alone as the determining reason for excluding children from such work. He insisted upon the need for further investigations, that there may be established some more scientific method of deciding what children should be allowed in the various industries. Nothing, he said, could be more readily determined by statistical treatment than evidence of inferior development, of ill-nourishment, of mental growth, and even of dwarfed mentality. According to his figures, fifty per cent. of the seventeen million school-children of the country are injured by school life as things are, and his apparent contention was that, unless careful scientific examination could show physical fitness, children should be sent neither to the ordinary school nor to the factory. The mill-owners were represented in the discussion by Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., and by some of the Georgia ladies who warmly praised many of the owners of cotton-mills



for the schools and kindergartens they have established in connection with their factories. Mr. Tompkins did not hesitate to say that it would be better to keep all children under twelve out of the factories, but, with the school term so short, and the mother's work carrying her among the spindles, he thought the children safer within the factory walls than if left to themselves outside. Why the fathers should not support the families and let the mothers stay at home to look after the little ones he did not explain, though he maintained that industrially the "poor whites" of the South were never so well off as since the mills sprang up in the heart of the Southern cotton-fields. The next meeting of the Conference is to be in Portland, Maine, with Mr. J. R. Brackett, of Baltimore, as President.



**Home, Church, and Saloon  
in New York City**

Dr. Walter Laidlaw, Secretary of the Federation of

Christian Organizations in New York City, has issued a paper of uncommon interest on social and religious conditions in the metropolis. As to home ownership, he discovers only half as high a percentage in New York as in Chicago. In a list of cities of five hundred thousand population or over, the highest percentage of home ownership in this country is in Baltimore. Philadelphia has generally been held to be the second city on that list; but Dr. Laidlaw puts Chicago, and after it St. Louis, as following Baltimore, with Philadelphia, Boston, and New York next in order. Another striking fact is that the number of home proprietors in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in New York City who are of German birth or parentage is much larger than the number of home proprietors of pure American birth; indeed, the citizens of New York who are of German birth or parentage also outnumber the whites of New York of pure American parentage. As to church distribution, we find, as might be expected, a correlation between it and the distribution of the foreign-born. Among the boroughs, that of Manhattan, having the largest foreign-born proportion (and also the smallest home-owning proportion), has the smallest number of churches in proportion to population. When we come to

the saloon question, Dr. Laidlaw corrects the notion that an increase of foreign-born citizens is followed by an increase of liquor saloons in any given locality; while there are some few facts which support the inference, it is generally a wrong impression. Furthermore, Manhattan liquor licenses prove that the Hebrews, who are largely located both on the upper and lower East Side, are not supporters of the saloon to the same extent as Roman Catholics and Protestants. The result of Dr. Laidlaw's paper should be to impress upon the New York settlement worker, and also upon the institutional church worker, a greater sense than ever of the necessity of those institutions, especially in that section of the East Side containing less than one-tenth of the total area, but nearly 29 per cent. of the population. There are already about twenty-five so-called settlements in the Borough of Manhattan, the most important of which are in this district. Dr. Laidlaw believes, and so does The Outlook, that the return of spending, say, \$100,000 south of Fourteenth Street to provide workers and equipment for neighborhood work in existing institutions would be much larger than the return of spending the same money on a new institution, unless, indeed, the latter expenditure be specifically directed to districts which are still comparatively neglected.



**A Bowery  
Employment Bureau**

In former days the work of the Young Men's Christian Association seemed to appeal only to one side of a man; it now appeals to all sides; once this work appeared to many as religious only—and pietistically religious at that—but a larger ideal was quickly manifest, the work broadened, and now it appeals to every side of human life and endeavor. It is not only religious (indeed, it is more religious than ever), but it is also educational, industrial, physical, philanthropic. It helps men to work as it helps them to life, and it helps them to get work. The employment bureau of the Bowery Branch of the New York City Association may be taken as an example of the Association as a social force. Last year, out of about four thousand applications for employment about twenty-five

hundred situations were filled through the good offices of this bureau. When once duly received, the applicant is called upon for references; if these are obtainable, communication is instituted in order that the man may be placed, if possible, in the kind of position for which he is best adapted. In addition to other privileges, clothing is also given to those whose appearance would otherwise be prejudicial to their getting employment; a repairing department puts existing garments in good order. By this means an applicant is often enabled to secure a situation worth much more financially than if he had not had such assistance. The bureau keeps in touch with those who have been its guests as far as possible; they are so many agents for the institution, supporting it as can no others in its endeavor to help men of all ages and creeds out of destitution and to place them in positions appealing to their self-respect as well as to their purse. Thus the Association's social work exchanges the indolence and discouragement of men, who otherwise would be stranded amid the temptations of our cities, for a condition of thrift and self-support.



**Buddhism in Japan** The founding of the Barrows Lectureship at the University of Chicago was due to the conviction that with closer commercial and political relations between Asia and America there should be closer intercourse concerning the great problems of religion and philosophy. This has already taken place; as this year's Lecturer in India and Japan, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, says, "In the great guild of scholars there is no East and no West, all are one, and all contact with the truth is mutually instructive." Dr. Hall has been lecturing at Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, Tokyo, Sendai, and other places in Japan. As in India, he announced at the start that he came to Japan in hearty sympathy with the missionaries, not to supplement their labors, but to follow upon them. He came to Japan from India, exchanging sadness for hopefulness, for, he added, as reported by a Japanese journal, there can be no greater contrast than in the attitudes of the two countries toward life. "The change in coming to Japan is like coming from the

gloom of a long winter's day into the brightness of spring." It is interesting to note that Dr. Hall indicates two principal difficulties hindering the acceptance of Christianity in Japan: (1) Bewilderment in reconciling the teachings of Christianity with the conclusions of modern thought, and (2) the desire to hold on to old ways and modes of thought. There is the eagerness of educated men in Japan to assimilate all new truth, and there is the conservatism and pessimism of ancestral faiths. The "august system of Christian thought instilling a deep sense of the worth of this present life" brings out more sharply the sustained sadness of Buddhism, seeking to root out all desire to live. The spiritual conflict in Japan is doubtless exactly as is here described. We believe that the conflict can have but one issue. As, in politics and education, the Japanese Empire represents to-day the fruit of foreign stimulus, largely American, so, religiously, the Japan of the future must represent the fruitage of that seed sown mostly by American missionaries and religious teachers.



**Christodora House** A little four-page paper, "The Christodora," published bi-monthly at 147 Avenue B, New York, gives a striking picture of the beneficent expansion attained by the avowedly evangelical work begun five years ago in a cellar room amid a foreign and non-Protestant population. The same picture was presented in another way by the assembly of two thousand—the clubs of Christodora and their friends—that recently filled the great hall of the Cooper Union with their annual meeting. The workers at Christodora House hold a Gospel meeting there on Sunday afternoons for all who care to come. Seventy per cent. of their neighbors are Jews and Roman Catholics. But in the intercourse of human kindness and neighborly helpfulness these differences do not protrude; if recognized, they are respected. In a recent Bible-class meeting one of the pupils proposed that they compare their different religions, and it was done with perfect good feeling. The Sunday evening Bible class is now tracing the course of Messianic prophecy, and studying the

leading characters of the Old Testament. The New Testament is, of course, a subject of study. A recent note of success in the various book and manual studies that are carried on is the passing of the Regents' Examination in elementary English by a class of four girls. The membership of the House in its various clubs, classes, and groups is now about a thousand, employing seven residents; the Head Worker is Miss C. I. MacColl. The loyalty of the membership is put beyond question by its forwardness to contribute what it can to the extinction of the debt, now reduced to \$3,000, that still rests upon the House. Those who desire to help in this may address the treasurer, Mr. W. L. Sexton, 305 West Seventieth Street.



## Home Rule of City Monopolies

Governor Yates, of Illinois, after a long delay not fully explained by the message accompanying his act, has signed the Mueller bill giving to all the cities of Illinois the right to deal with their street railway problems as they see fit. The provisions of this bill are of such importance as fully to explain the relentless bitterness with which the bill was antagonized at every stage by street railway interests and by newspapers and party machines controlled thereby. The bill, it will be recalled, passed the House of Representatives only when ninety-seven members revolted against the authority of the Speaker after that officer, in defiance of the Constitution of the State, had refused to allow roll-calls and attempted by brazen decisions to declare a substitute bill adopted—a substitute supported by the street railway lobby. Forced at last to submit to the "insurgent" majority, Speaker Miller weakly defended his usurpations by claiming that he had heard that money was being used to further the bill championed by the city government of Chicago and the municipal reform bodies. An investigation of this charge was forced upon the Speaker by the friends of the Mueller bill, and at this investigation his testimony in support of it proved flimsy to a degree almost incredible. The Chi-

cago "Record-Herald's" neat summary of it began as follows:

A man whom he did not know, and whose appearance he cannot describe, engaged him in conversation at the Leland Hotel and finally said: "If you are for the Mueller bill you will be taken care of."

Another man whom he had never seen also stopped him in the Leland Hotel and told him that if he would give a roll-call on the Mueller bill he would be taken care of.

Mr. Miller made no effort to identify either of these men, and according to his own testimony paid very little attention to them at the time. He is not sure that he could recognize them now.

The rest of his testimony was of like character, and his whole attempt to divert suspicion from himself by raising the cry of "Stop bribe-takers" against others only resulted in his further humiliation and the further discrediting of the opposition to the Mueller bill. In Chicago the Lorimer machine, for which the Speaker seemed to act, became so odious to citizens of all parties that this odium threatened to overwhelm the Governor if he vetoed the Mueller bill, no matter what his objections. Had the bill first been considered in this temper, a carefully framed measure would not have been the result. The bill, however, was framed when the friends of municipal freedom were ready to make all reasonable concessions to the fears of its opponents, and the law now on the statute-books—the first of its kind in this country—is a model for other States to consider.

The essential features of the law are briefly as follows:

1. Every city shall have power to own, construct, purchase, and operate street railways within its corporate limits.

2. The city shall have power to lease the roads for not longer than twenty years upon terms prescribed by its Council.

3. The city shall not operate the roads without a referendum at which three-fifths of the voters favor municipal operation.

4. The City Council shall not lease the roads for a longer time than five years without a referendum if ten per cent. of the voters demand it within sixty days after the passage of the ordinance to lease.

5. The city may buy or build roads by issuing interest-bearing "street railway certificates," payable out of the revenues of the system, or, with the approval of two-thirds of the voters, may issue ordinary city bonds.

6. Every city owning or owning and operating street railways must keep and publish the accounts thereof in such form as will show the public the exact income and expenses, making

reasonable allowance for interest, for depreciation, and for the loss of taxes which a privately owned road would pay.

7. The act shall not come in force in any city except with the approval of a majority of the voters.

The act, it will be seen, is not a radical one. Municipal operation of street railways cannot be put in force without the approval of the citizens by a three-fifths majority. City bonds cannot be issued without the approval of a two-thirds majority. In other words, there must be no experiment unless something more than a partisan majority of the people approve and the measure has the degree of support essential to its firm prosecution. City Councils may still lease roads to private companies, subject only to the limitation that the people may veto a long lease if dissatisfied with its terms or with the means by which its passage was secured. Under the bill the city of Chicago will probably grant different companies new leases for limited terms, all expiring at the same time, when the city may either introduce a comprehensive system of municipal operation or grant a new lease to a unified private company upon terms satisfactory to the public. In any event, however, the city is made free to act as the public welfare seems to require. It is no longer subject to the terms which private companies may persuade Councilmen to accept. The public is given the mastery, and the private company may continue to serve the public only by guaranteeing a better public service.



## The Kishenev Massacre Who Is Responsible?

Last week, in the British House of Commons, Lord Cranborne, Under Foreign Secretary, publicly stated that the number of Jews massacred and maltreated at Kishenev was twice as great as the number mentioned by the Russian Government's official despatches. It is quite possible that the Russian Government itself was misinformed at first; at all events, it has now apparently recognized the existence of universal censure and has removed General Raaben, Governor of the province of Bessarabia, presumably as a punishment for having failed to prevent,

or promptly suppress, the anti-Jewish riot. This action on the part of the Czar and his advisers seems to indicate that they are ashamed of—or at least regret—the outbreak of murderous violence from which the Jews of Kishenev suffered; but it does not relieve them of direct—and still less of indirect—responsibility therefor.

When a Government formally and deliberately discriminates against one class of its subjects; denies them rights granted to all others; permits its clergy to denounce them and excite religious feeling against them; and fails to check newspaper incitement to violence, though, by means of its press censorship, it has full power to do so, it cannot be allowed to throw on a provincial governor all the responsibility and all the blame for a catastrophe to which its own acts have contributed. The Russian Government has discriminated against the Jews, in a legislative way, ever since it acquired the territory in which most of them now live. The unrepealed laws relating to them, and to no other class in the Empire, fill nearly three hundred closely printed octavo pages in the statute-books, and touch almost every province of human life. If a Jew wishes to give his son an education that will fit him for a professional career, he finds himself stopped by a law restricting the admission of Jews to the universities. If he desires to become a farmer, or to bring his son up as a farmer, he runs against a law forbidding him to buy or rent land from either peasants or landed proprietors. If an estate happens to come to him by bequest, he is forced to sell it within six months. If he wishes to enter the Government service in any capacity whatever, he finds the door closed against him by legislative enactment. If he succeeds in getting a liberal education, in spite of all the obstacles thrown in his way by repressive legislation, he is stopped on the threshold of his professional career by a law restricting the number of Jews that shall be admitted to the bar or that shall be allowed to practice medicine. If he is drawn as a conscript and goes into the army, neither exceptional ability nor distinguished gallantry in action will entitle him to a higher position than that of non-commissioned officer. He has to pay taxes from which all other citizens are exempt; he is denied

the privilege which other citizens have of choosing his own place of residence; he is cramped and harassed by all sorts of exceptional decrees and regulations; and, finally, in ecclesiastical circulars as well as in official documents and speeches, he is contemptuously referred to as a "zheed" or "sheeny."

An illustration of the habitual tone taken by the Russian priesthood concerning the Jews is furnished by two recent ecclesiastical circulars issued by high officials in the Russian Church. The circular of the Bishop of Zhitomir and Volhynia denounces the "sheenies," declaring that all the economic distress of the orthodox peasantry is due to them, and calls upon all priests and all loyal people living in Volhynia to "co-operate with the Government in the work of Russifying the country." Another circular-letter from the highest ecclesiastical authorities in the province of Mohilef follows the same line, saying, "Who does not know that the original inhabitants of western Russia, including the province of Mohilef, have been reduced to poverty, in the fullest sense of the word, by the Jews? The latter have settled among them, have taken into their own hands all the markets, all the trade and industry of the province, and, in fact, almost the houses of the original Russian population, in town and country, and have crowded the orthodox peasantry into out-of-the-way places, starving and ruining them completely." These are only samples of the sort of doctrine continually preached to the orthodox peasants by their priests.

When a Government, both by its political and its ecclesiastical officials, takes such an attitude as this toward one class of its citizens; when it shows, in a hundred ways, its hostility to them; singles them out for exceptional and sternly repressive legislation; and treats them, generally, as if they were not only a dangerous but a despicable element of society, it cannot justly throw the blame for the resulting catastrophe either upon the peasants who follow its lead or upon the Governor of the particular province in which the disorder occurs.

But the responsibility of the Russian Government for the Kishenev massacre is even more direct than this. All of the liberal Russian newspapers agree that the

feeling of hostility to the Jews in Bessarabia was fostered and encouraged, if not wholly roused, by a Judæophobe named Krushevan, who edited and published in Kishenev a newspaper called "Bessarabets" (the Bessarabian). The Department of Press Censorship, which is under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior, and which sends to the Russian press almost daily circulars of instruction with regard to matters that may or may not be discussed, allowed the "Bessarabets" to publish, day after day, for months, editorial articles filled with the bitterest abuse of Jews and the Jewish faith, and to excite religious bigotry and class hatred by every means in its power. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the orthodox Christian peasants of the town, who knew that the "Bessarabets" was censored by the vice-Governor of the province, should have believed that in beating and robbing the Jews they were carrying out in practice the governmental policy, and giving a salutary lesson to a lot of despicable "sheenies" who were enemies of the Czar and of his Holy Orthodox Church.

Nor can the Department of Press Censorship and the Minister of the Interior evade responsibility by saying that they did not desire nor anticipate this tragic result. Anti-Semitic riots are not a new thing in southwestern Russia, and experience has shown in many previous cases that where the peasants are ignorant and bigoted their passions are easily aroused by appeals to religious feeling and racial antipathy, and that tragedy is the inevitable result. If the Russian Government will set its people an example of justice and humanity by abolishing its class laws and dealing with Jews as it deals with its other citizens, there will be no more Kishenev massacres, and the Czar's proclamation of religious tolerance will perhaps be accepted by the civilized nations of the world as a sincere expression of an honest purpose.

The New York "Evening Post" has suggested that America must get rid of its own lynchings before it is in a position to remonstrate with Russia for its maltreatment of the Jews. But there is no ground for regarding the attitude of America and Russia in this matter as analogous. The Constitution of the United States

guarantees all its citizens, whatever their race or religion, equal civil rights. Their equal political rights may be questioned, but no State, no courts of justice, no official, questions the equal civil rights of all citizens. Violation of these rights by sporadic mobs has had no approval by magistrates, no sanction by law, no justification by churches. The same voice in America which condemns lynch law here rightly condemns organized and applauded lynch law in Russia. Public opinion is limited by no geographical boundaries; and the voice of the whole civilized world should unite in condemning, not merely the massacres at Kishenev, but the laws and ecclesiastical appeals to prejudice which have incited to those massacres.



## A Page of History

We publish in this issue of *The Outlook* a letter of Henry Ward Beecher on reconstruction in the Southern States, written in 1885. It has more than a merely personal interest, because it throws light on the question recently discussed in the public press respecting the views of such leaders of public opinion as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Ward Beecher concerning universal suffrage in the Southern States. Did they believe that giving the ballot to the negroes should have been imposed upon the Southern States as a condition precedent to their readmission to the Union? Would they believe now that the ballot should be given to all negroes in the South, regardless of competence or character, and that this policy should be forced upon the Southern States either by Congressional action or by public opinion? That single sentences may be found in the published utterances of both these men which, wrested from their connection, can be made to do service in supporting an affirmative answer to these questions, is true. But though partisan controversies are conducted in this manner, this is not the way to study history, and the impartial student of history can have no doubt that both men would have given a negative answer to these questions.

Abraham Lincoln's attitude was clearly defined by him officially in his Proclamation of Amnesty in 1863. In this Proclamation, issued before the war was over,

he authorized the people in certain of the seceded States to convene and re-establish a State government. The only requirement respecting the negroes was contained in the following sentence: "And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that any provision which may be adopted by such State government in relation to the freed people of such State, which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which may yet be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their present condition as a laboring, landless, and homeless class, will not be objected to by the National Executive." It is difficult to conceive language by which Mr. Lincoln could more explicitly have declared his faith that the people of the Southern States could be trusted to deal fairly with their late slaves. Under this Proclamation, Louisiana was reorganized as a State, and adopted a constitution by which slavery was forever abolished. A little later a bill was passed by Congress for the reconstruction of the seceded States, which provided for an enrollment of the white male citizens, and for an election by "loyal white male citizens of the United States." For other reasons Mr. Lincoln declined to sign this bill, but he declared at the same time, "I am fully satisfied with the system for restoration contained in the bill as one very proper plan for the loyal people of any State choosing to adopt it." In his well-known letter to Governor Hahn, of Louisiana, suggesting the experiment of negro suffrage, beginning with those who had served in the Union army and could read and write, he indicated his approval of a limited negro suffrage; but it is clear that even such limited negro suffrage he would not have imposed by Federal force upon the seceded States.

Such was Mr. Lincoln's position; what was Mr. Beecher's? In 1865 the war had closed. Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated, Mr. Johnson had assumed the Presidency, the issue between the radical and conservative Republicans had begun, aggravated a little later into a hot political controversy. At this time Mr. Beecher preached his famous sermon on the "Conditions of the Restored Union." In this sermon he declared his belief that suffrage is a natural right. He would like to see admitted to the suffrage

all negroes, all foreigners, and all women, regardless of the question of their educational or other qualifications, in the faith that the suffrage itself would prove adequate education. But he explicitly declared that he would not force this opinion upon a reluctant or a resisting Southern State. "The best intentions of the Government," he said, "will be defeated if the laws that are made touching this matter [the general treatment of the negro] are such as are calculated to excite the animosity and hatred of the white people in the South toward the black people there. I except the single decree of emancipation. That must stand though men dislike it." And again: "I would be willing, not as a finality, but as a stepping-stone to what I hope to get by and by, to take the suffrage for those colored men who bore arms in our late war for the salvation of this Government." It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the new Constitutions in the South, we believe without exception, give the suffrage to all such negroes, and to more.

The counsels of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Beecher were not followed. Universal suffrage was imposed upon the South. The result was a solid negro vote opposing itself to a solid white vote in the South, and a solid South opposing itself to a solid North in the Nation; it was, in short, the initiation of a race war in the South and a continuance of a sectional war in the country. In addition, was a carnival of corruption in States where the negroes dominated, producing a condition which was unendurable. By 1876 this period of negro domination had been brought to an end, sometimes by the union of moderate white Republicans with Democrats, sometimes by paying the negroes not to go to the polls, sometimes by fraud and violence. Not till this was accomplished had the South peace or a hope of prosperity. Says Professor Bryce in the "American Commonwealth": "Not until the whites regained control, between 1870 and 1876, did the industrial regeneration of the country fairly begin." Attempts to bolster up negro domination by Federal troops and proposed Federal Force Bills and the like failed, and were abandoned. At length, in 1884, Mr. Cleveland was elected,

the first Democratic President after the Civil War. Mr. Beecher supported his election. In March, 1885, on a Western lecture tour, he wrote for the "Courier-Journal," of Louisville, the letter which we reprint on another page. One sentence in this letter, taken out of its connection, might be thought to indicate that he believed the experiment of universal negro suffrage was a success: "The result has shown that the colored people have not misused this power." But the context clearly shows that he means that they did not use it with evil intent; he does not mean that the results were beneficial; for he adds: "The colored people of the South, after becoming citizens, did not seek revenge or mischief. They intended well. It was not their fault that many of the results were evil." It is clear from the letter as a whole that Mr. Beecher recognized the enormous evils which universal suffrage imposed upon the South, evils so great that in his opinion they palliated, perhaps excused, though they did not justify, the revolutionary methods employed to bring them to an end. "In those States where legislatures were in the power of the late slaves, and where Northern men, not always the wisest, led them on to foolish and wasteful legislation, increasing taxation and squandering the result of it, plunging the State into debt by an unmerciful issue of bonds, it is not to be wondered that something like revolutionary methods were adopted, and that self-defense led men to violent resistance."

In view of these utterances, we may be very sure that neither Mr. Beecher nor Mr. Lincoln would, if they could, impose universal suffrage on the Southern States to-day. Mr. Lincoln would not, because he did not believe in universal suffrage. Mr. Beecher would not, because he did not believe in imposing his own beliefs on a community which did not accept them. In 1863, though the war was not ended, Mr. Lincoln would have trusted the people in the Southern States to deal justly with the race problem. In 1865, when the war was at an end, Mr. Beecher would have trusted the people of the Southern States to deal justly with the race problem. In 1885, when experiment had shown the evil results of placing Southern States under negro domination, Mr.,

Beecher would have trusted the Southern States to deal justly with the race problem. It is certain that in 1903, when the Southern States have shown their desire for the education and the welfare of the colored people by the money which they have paid in taxes for a public school system providing alike for negroes and for whites, by selling them thousands of acres of land, by encouraging them in industry, by maintaining with them friendly personal relations, in spite of political complications, both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Beecher would be found with those who advocate a policy of mutual confidence and respect between South and North, and of mutual confidence and respect between black and white, as the only possible method of putting an end to race war in the South and sectional war in the Nation.

This is not to say that either of them would approve of the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment; that either of them would approve the exclusion of a negro from the ballot simply because he is a negro; that either of them would have demanded less than equal and fair treatment to black and white alike; that either of them would have approved laws concerning the suffrage which say one thing and are so enforced as to mean another; that either of them would have accepted, as a finality, any other qualification for the suffrage than that of personal competence and character in both races; that either of them would have thought it safe or wise to put one race, without voice or representation, under the political control of another race, however humane and friendly it might be. These are different forms of the same essential question, and on this question we shall have something to say hereafter. It must suffice here to point out the fact that, according to Mr. Beecher, the only ground on which giving unqualified suffrage to the negro race in 1863 was, or indeed could be, justified was that it was necessary for their defense; that neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mr. Beecher believed that it was the best method of providing for their defense; and that now, after experience has proved that this was not a successful method for their defense, that, on the contrary, it only aggravated the evils of their condition, neither Mr. Lin-

coln nor Mr. Beecher would wish to see universal and unqualified suffrage forced upon the South either by Congressional action or by public opinion.



## Resurrection Now

In a very suggestive discussion of "Resurrection Now" which Dr. van Dyke has recently included in a small volume of sermons, "The Open Door," which bears the imprint of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, the principle of the present resurrection, the constant rising from the dead, is illustrated with characteristic clearness and effectiveness. "We are to turn away from that which drags us downward and makes us like the beasts, and follow after that which draws us upward toward the likeness of Christ: that is the law of resurrection now. Those who have risen must be ever rising. The resurrection of the life must be the upward life."

In this sense a man may die daily, or rise daily into a higher life. He may be diminishing his spiritual vitality, or he may increase it. He may weaken his character or strengthen it; one dies or renews his life in every choice. There are two sides to everything, as Dr. van Dyke points out. There are the two great aspects of the natural world: the sensuous side, which may be read "as a grocer's account book;" and the spiritual side, which may be read "as a divine poem." Dr. van Dyke recalls the remark of an Englishman looking down upon the motionless *mer de glace*, "All that ice would bring a lot of money in a hot season in Calcutta, don't you know," and he reminds us at the same moment that Coleridge in his sublime hymn hears "those silent cata-racts of frozen splendor singing the eternal praise of God." So the man who looks at nature sees one side or the other according to his character; for we see what we choose to see.

The same law holds in human relationships. Such relationships are founded either in honor, purity, and generosity, or in folly, selfishness, and lust. Love may be either a harbor light or it may be a false beacon. Everything depends on what we seek to find and to put into human relations. It is not always true



that a man is known by the company he keeps; "he is better known by the purpose with which he keeps it." The Pharisees were eminently respectable people, so far as their associations were concerned, but they were whited sepulchers; Christ, on the other hand, kept company with publicans and sinners and remained spotless. If we go to our fellow-men to gratify our ambition or avarice, or our senses, we die daily, and we bring death to others; but if we go to them to give and receive noble impulses, we live daily on an ascending scale. It is necessary to know the world, or, as people say, to know life; but that does not mean intimate familiarity with vice—an intimacy which passes with some persons as a knowledge of life, but is really a knowledge of death. One needs very little knowledge of vice in order to get all the good that can come from such knowledge, but one can never know enough of virtue.

In art and literature the same choice is constantly presented. There is music which cleanses and music which defiles. There are paintings which debilitate and paintings which stimulate. There are dramas which purify our hearts, as Aristotle said the drama ought to purify, "by pity, fear, and love," and there are dramas which corrupt us by the things they present, or by the spirit in which they interpret them. There are books which broaden the horizon, clarify the ideals, and give the whole nature energy and hope; there are books which confuse the moral issues, leave an evil deposit in the memory, and devitalize us. We may walk with Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Browning, and have all the best that is in us reinforced by a clearer and cleaner knowledge of life; or we may live with the decadents and have our vision limited, our moral sense confused, and our natures poisoned. One may need to know these men, but no one ought to live with them. This broad line of division runs through every department of life. This decisive choice between life and death is made at every point; and the fundamental question is, whether in this present life we shall begin to die or begin to live; whether the processes of death or the processes of life shall be started in us; for there can be no resurrection hereafter unless there is a resurrection now.

## The Spectator

Should the Spectator make a list of certain things, abstract and concrete, which he has been wishing for a good part of his life, and which he has never possessed, the list would not be a long one, but it would show that adjustment to deprivation is oftener the outcome of inertia than of stern denial. Now, the Spectator has always been wishing for a large fine globe, completely equipped with every aid for geographical and astronomical study. That globe, and a stuffed owl, as superb a specimen as taxidermy can furnish, with a model traveling trunk, complete in every detail and always ready for a journey anywhere under the sun and at a moment's notice, would lead the list—and yet he knows, should he possess all this, he would miss the wishing he has wished so long. To have founded something worth while, to have been instrumental in giving a first impulse to some great enterprise or industry accelerating the world's progress, was another unsatisfied longing, until the other day, when he was prevailed upon to visit a chewing-gum factory. Then it was revealed to him how in his early boyhood he had helped to lay the foundation-stones of what is now a great commercial industry, one of the most prosperous of distinctively American enterprises—its product in constant demand from Cuba to Cape Nome, while Great Britain and Continental Europe at last, it is asserted, import the article in large quantities.



Under what difficulties had the Spectator once been a pioneer manufacturer of chewing-gum! What a contrast between the barefooted boy, his mouth filled with gritty spruce gum or flinty shoemakers' wax, his jaws doing their best to work the transformation desired, and the great factory with hundreds of employees supplemented by machinery impelled by electricity and steam! The combined product of all the factories in the country is not less than seventy-five miles a day of gum-stick. If gum-chewing is really an instinctive tendency of the human race, and irrepressible (man æons ago was a savage ruminant, some savants declare), what a boon to have the necessity served up so daintily and under the strict sani-

tary surveillance that characterizes every chewing-gum factory! If called upon (which he hopes he will not be) to answer the question, "What is the relation of chewing-gum to the progress of civilization?" the personal experience of the Spectator as a lad will inevitably influence his convictions.



"And that seventy-five miles of chewing-gum," said the superintendent of one of the lesser factories (like the employees, uniformed in white and thoroughly powdered with sugar dust—his factory uses one ton of pulverized daily), "does not include the spruce-gum industry. That's another matter, a lesser industry than the chicle, but a large industry all the same." Chicle, the basis of the popular chewing-gums, the Spectator was informed, is the product of a species of the india-rubber tree, indigenous from Mexico to Guiana; the amount of crude chicle exported annually from Mexico to New York is some four million pounds. Chicle was discovered to be chewable some twenty years ago, and has already "evolved" several chewing-gum millionaires. There is a Chewing-Gum Trust, of course, controlling absolutely the sale of chicle.



The sense of having a basic place in a great industry is so consolatory to the Spectator that he can but desire to make his many co-workers in that pioneer industry years and years ago aware of what they have been instrumental in bringing to pass. Think of the slot-machines, and the host of collectors of spruce in the woods of Maine and of chicle in the wild forests of Mexico, each getting a good income from chewing-gum! Then some there be who advocate gum-chewing as a mind cure—an antidote for cerebral irritation. The Spectator agrees, however, with the Editor's Study of "Harper's Monthly," who, in commenting upon this fresh justification of the habit a few years ago, aptly said: "I confess I have the same sort of hope in the gum cure that I have in the mind cure—and perhaps more in the cure of the mind by the action of the gums than I have for the cure of the gums by the action of the mind."



The gum the Spectator liked best when a boy, and in the making of which he

served thorough apprenticeship, was akin to chicle, in that it was a product of the rubber-tree. Those were the days of unmitigated india-rubber overshoes—"gums," they were commonly called—stretchy, sweaty things, but better for wading in deep puddles than shoes well plastered with mutton-tallow. From the tops of these gum shoes a strip could be cut, which, well roasted over a lamp flame, might be in time, if the manufacturer's patience and jaws held out, converted into what squeaked appetizingly when chewed, and was sure to call forth solicitations for a loan at least—for, be it remembered, disease germs, bacilli, and exchange of microbes were utterly unheard of by the gum manufacturers of—spare the Spectator's telling just how many years ago.



When the Spectator would learn what class of his countrymen are the greatest patrons of the chewing-gum industry, he was told that wheelmen, athletes, ball-players, and railroad employees of all grades, particularly engineers, are among the heavy consumers. The habit is about evenly divided between the sexes, and largely confined to wage-earners of both. The employees of most of the gum factories are forbidden to chew gum when upon duty—a rule which, if followed in similar establishments, would undoubtedly cut down the revenue of the industry considerably. For concentration of thought—as in chess—chewing-gum is largely recognized as helpful. Sailors, yachtsmen, and miners are seldom without it. The Spectator has heard rumors of a bishop or two and a judge who would miss it greatly when under mental stress or strain.



That the chewing-gum industry may be doing some good, after all, was impressed upon the Spectator with the fact that the consumption of chewing-tobacco is steadily decreasing, and with it expectoration in public places. Has not the Spectator good cause for self-congratulation now that he may count himself as a pioneer in an industry which may have helped to bring about such a blessed change in our hotels and railway coaches? Yet some day, let us hope, we may all rejoice in the passing of chewing-gum.

# The Strike in the Lowell Cotton-Mills

By George Kennan.

FEW persons, outside of New England, have an adequate conception of the magnitude of the industrial interests that center in the Massachusetts city of Lowell. We all have made use, or at least have heard, of Lowell drills and sheetings, and we all know, in a general way, that the cotton-mills in the valley of the Merrimac River have furnished, for many years, a large part of our annual product of cotton goods; but we do not realize, until we investigate the subject, the intensity of Lowell's industrial activity or the enormous aggregate of her daily output. Consider for a moment the quantity of cotton cloth, of various sorts, woven every hour in the Lowell mills. If it were all produced by a single gigantic loom, and if the end of the woven strip coming out of that loom were fastened to the Empire State Express as the latter left New York, the rate of manufacture would keep up with the average speed of the train. The engineer, as he rushed away northward, could hardly pull in the slack fast enough to keep the line of sheeting taut, and considerably more than a mile and a half of the woven fabric would accumulate during his brief two-minute stop at Albany. When he reached Buffalo with the end of the strip, after a nine-hour run, there would be 440 miles of cotton cloth lying along the New York Central track—all of it spun and woven in the time occupied by the train in making its daily trip.

The Lowell mills produce, every two months, a strip of textile fabric long enough to make a girdle for the earth at the equator; and their combined annual product would extend considerably more than half-way from the earth to the moon. There are single mills that consume 100,000 pounds of cotton and turn out more than 150 miles of cloth every day; and the daily product of all the mills, if sewn into a single continuous strip, would cover a distance of nearly 500 miles.

Hardly less impressive are the statistics of this giant industry on its human side. In the seven great mills whose walls overshadow the Merrimac within the corporate

limits of Lowell, there are 838,000 whirling spindles; and the twisted fiber that comes from them is made into cloth, at the rate of sixty or seventy yards a second, by an industrial army of more than 17,000 machine-tending operatives. These operatives, 10,000 of whom are women and girls, receive in wages for their labor more than half a million dollars per month, and their earnings support a population of 30,000 or 40,000 souls.

The importance of such an industry as this, not only to its organizers, managers, and employees, but to the public that consumes its product, can hardly be overestimated or overstated; and when, as the result of a conflict between the interests of labor and capital, the spindles cease to whirl, the roaring looms become silent, and the gates of the great mills are closed, the matter is serious enough to justify and demand the most careful investigation and study. It is my purpose in this article to review briefly the history of the strike for higher wages in the Lowell cotton-mills, to weigh impartially the conflicting statements and arguments of the mill agents and their operatives, and to forecast the probable outcome of the struggle.

Before taking up the history of the strike, I must say a few words with regard to the personnel and the work of the strikers. Among the first things that attract the attention of the visitor in Lowell are the variety of human types presented by the crowds of idle operatives in the streets, and the suggestions of alien nativity made by the signboards over the boarding-houses and shops. One can hardly walk a block, in the parts of the city where the strikers congregate, without overhearing a conversation in some language with which one is wholly unfamiliar; and in a stroll of an hour's duration a strike investigator may meet or jostle against Greeks, Poles, Swedes, Italians, and Portuguese from Europe, as well as Arabs, Armenians, Syrians, and Chinese from Asia. Over the doors of the shops, restaurants, and lodging-houses may be seen signboards bearing such inscriptions as "Wong Toy Company,"

"White Bean House," "Maison de Pension," "New Athens Café," "Mealers and Roomers," "Olympia Barber Shop," and "Café Constantinople," while in the quarter known as "Little Canada," and among the Greek shops and restaurants on Market Street, one will hardly see an English sign or hear a spoken word of the English language. In the evening classes of the Lowell Textile School there are no less than fifty young Greeks from the single town of Sparta, and the Greek population of Lowell as a whole exceeds that of Sparta by several hundreds. From an ethnological point of view, Lowell may almost be regarded as a foreign city, inasmuch as 74,000 of its 95,000 inhabitants were born outside the limits of the United States. The largest single body of foreigners in the cotton-mills is composed of French-Canadians; and next to them, in numerical strength, come the Greeks. These two nationalities make up nearly one-half of Lowell's foreign population, and include about one-third of all its citizens.

The work of the Lowell factory operatives is, mainly, the tending of complicated textile machinery; and while such labor does not call for great physical strength, it is extremely monotonous and fatiguing, and the incessant attention that it requires is quite as exhausting, perhaps, to nervous energy as the greater muscular effort involved in severer forms of toil. Nearly all of the operatives are engaged on "piece-work," and are paid according to their skill and the amount of their output. They labor ten hours a day and earn from five to fifteen dollars per week. Taking them as a body, and making no distinctions between men and women, or between skilled and unskilled, the 17,000 employees of the Lowell mills, if they all worked full time, would receive annually in wages the sum of \$6,500,000, or, in round numbers, about \$380 apiece. Inasmuch, however, as they do not all work full time, the average earnings per capita are considerably less than this. In 1900 the average number of employees in the Lowell cotton-mills was 13,730, and the amount paid them \$4,784,706. This would make the average annual wage \$348.48. Three hundred and forty-eight dollars a year would seem to be inadequate compensation for ten hours of hard work every day

in a cotton-mill; but it must not be forgotten that among the workers whose wages we thus average are a large number of unskilled hands and children. The pay of learners and children must necessarily be small, and this, as well as short time, pulls down the general average. Skilled and experienced operatives, such as mule-spinners and loom-fixers on "fancy" goods, earn from \$570 to \$780 per year. Even this, however, is low pay, if compared with the \$1,000 or \$1,200 per year now earned, with an eight-hour labor day, by skilled carpenters and bricklayers.

The first demand of the Lowell operatives for an increase of wages was made a little more than a year ago, and was suggested, apparently, by an advance of ten per cent. made about that time in the pay of the mill operatives at Fall River. The agents of the Lowell mills refused to accede to the demand, for the reason, as they said, that business conditions and prospects did not warrant it. The operatives—or at least the organized minority of them—thereupon threatened to strike, but they were finally dissuaded from so doing by a citizens' committee, which promised to exhaust all means in its power to bring about an advance in the scale of wages within the year. Upon this understanding the matter was allowed to rest until February, 1903, when the mule-spinners and loom-fixers, who were organized in fairly strong unions, renewed the agitation for more pay. Many of the weavers, beamers, carders, and nappers joined in the movement, and on the first day of March the Lowell Textile Council, acting as the representative of six local unions, made another formal demand for a ten per cent. increase in the wage scale. The agents replied that under existing conditions—with the high price of raw material and the low price of the finished product—they could not raise wages without sacrificing all their profits and passing their dividends. Some of them even declared that if they should make an increase of ten per cent. in the amount paid for labor they would have to run their mills at an actual loss. Several frank but perfectly amicable conferences failed to bring the opposing parties to an agreement, and on the 26th of March the Textile Council was authorized

by the local unions to declare a strike. Four days later 15,000 operatives either went out voluntarily or were forced out by the strikers, and all of the mills except the Lawrence Hosiery shut down.

There is some difference of opinion with regard to the alleged participation of the whole body of operatives in the movement. The agents say that not more than ten per cent. of their employees were members of the unions that ordered the strike, and that an overwhelming majority of the unorganized operatives were opposed to it. The members of the Textile Council, on the other hand, maintain that, although the unions took the lead in the matter, they acted in behalf of the unorganized majority, and had, from the beginning, its sympathy and moral support. In proof of this they point to the fact that since the beginning of the strike there have been large accessions to all of the labor organizations, while the number of textile unions has increased from six to fourteen. The best information I have been able to get leads me to believe that the strike was brought on by the 1,500 or 2,000 men who were organized in unions, and that a majority of the unorganized operatives—particularly the women—opposed the resort to force, doubted its expediency, or regarded it with half-hearted sympathy. If the whole body of employees had heard the statements made by the mill agents to the Textile Council, and if they had then been allowed to vote, by secret ballot, on the proposition to go out, I think they would have voted it down. Hundreds of the foreign operatives knew nothing whatever about the strike until they found the gates of the mills closed against them, and hundreds more would have continued work if they had not been afraid that the unions would blacklist them, or if the mule-spinners, loom-fixers, and beamers had not forced the mills to close. Be that, however, as it may, the strike is now on, and the issue is clearly and sharply defined. The operatives ask for a higher wage scale on the grounds, first, that the cost of living has greatly increased; second, that the market value of the textile output is now high enough to make a ten per cent. advance in wages not only possible but equitable; and, third, that the wage scale of Fall River and New Bedford is considerably higher than that of Lowell.

The mill agents and treasurers assent to the first and third of these propositions, but deny the truth of the second. The whole controversy, therefore, turns on the question whether the managers of the mills can pay ten per cent. more for labor, and at the same time earn what the laborers themselves admit would be a fair and reasonable dividend, viz., six per cent.

The first contention of the operatives is that the cost of living during the past three or four years has greatly increased, and that such increase ought, in justice, to be counterbalanced by a proportionate advance in the scale of wages. The mill-owners admit that the necessities of life cost more now than they did three years ago, but call attention to certain considerations which they say should modify the conclusion drawn from the bare fact. The rates of board for unmarried operatives in Lowell are still very low. In the corporation houses women pay only \$1.75 per week for room with board, and men only \$2.75. In private lodging-houses the rates are somewhat higher, but, as a rule, do not exceed \$2.50 for women and \$3.50 for men. The accommodations furnished at these rates are plain and perhaps cheerless; but they are quite as good as those to which most of the foreign operatives are accustomed, and a man who can earn, say, \$11 a week, and get board for \$3.50, has a margin of \$30 a month left for other expenses. A considerable part of this sum he may save, or may spend in bettering his home environment. Life in Lowell, for the unmarried operative, is by no means a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence. The Greek Consul, Mr. Iatros, is authority for the statement that among the 3,500 or 4,000 Greeks who work in the Lowell mills there is hardly one who has not saved at least \$25, and he knows men who have accumulated a small capital of \$2,000. The deposits of the Greeks in the Lowell savings banks amount, he says, to \$75,000. The Greek standard of living is doubtless far below that to which American laborers are accustomed, but the mill-owners contend that the savings of the Greek operatives show what economy and thrift may do with the wages that the mills now pay.

So far as the married operatives are concerned, the state of affairs is no worse, and in many respects is better, owing to

the fact that, as a rule, there are a number of breadwinners in the same family. Among the French-Canadians, who make up a very considerable part of the mill population, the families, or interrelated family groups, are generally large, and in every such family or group there are from two to five wage-earners. The Secretary of the Lowell Textile School told me that he knew one interrelated group of French-Canadians that had twenty-one representatives in the mills, and that received in wages nearly \$10,000 a year. In another similar group there were eleven able-bodied workers, who earned a proportionate amount. Of course, if such groups pool their wages and live together, they can enjoy more comfort or save more money than families with a single breadwinner can, even although the wages of the latter are twice as great as those earned by any single member of the group.

The mill agents contend, furthermore, that even if the assumption that wages should advance *pari passu* with the cost of living be granted, the operatives have no real ground for complaint, inasmuch as their pay has been increased more than ten per cent., and for some grades of skilled labor more than fifteen per cent., since the beginning of 1899. The wage scale was raised twice in that year—once in April and once in December—and there has since been a further unannounced advance in certain lines, due to the introduction of new machinery and the manufacture of finer kinds of goods for which the skilled piece-worker gets better pay.

That the operatives of Lowell are doing fairly well on the wages they now earn is indicated by the fact that the deposits in the savings banks of the city amount, in the aggregate, to \$24,000,000. All of this money may not belong to the laboring class; but inasmuch as Lowell is pre-eminently a manufacturing city, and has a population engaged almost wholly in factory work, it is a fair presumption that a large part of the \$24,000,000 stands to the credit of the factory operatives.

Upon an impartial review of this phase of the controversy, it seems fair to conclude that, in spite of the increased cost of the necessities of life, most of the employees of the Lowell cotton-mills have been able to save money out of the wages

they have received. This, however, does not prove that they have been getting a fair share of the profits of the business, nor does it prejudice their right to demand more if they think more can be had. The justice of their claim, and the expediency of asserting it at the present time, depend upon the weight and force of their other assertions: viz., (1) that business conditions warrant an increase in the wage scale, and (2) that the Fall River and New Bedford mills have already made such an increase. These two statements may fairly be considered together, inasmuch as the second seems to be offered as a proof, or in support, of the first.

The question whether the mill agents of Lowell can and should raise the wages of their employees depends upon a number of conditions or considerations, which may be expressed in interrogatory form as follows:

1. Is the cotton-manufacturing industry overcapitalized—that is, are the companies trying to earn dividends on watered stock?

2. Have the dividends recently paid been excessive, or out of proportion to the earnings of labor?

3. Has the margin of profit recently increased, as the result of cheaper processes of manufacture, lower price of raw material, or higher price of finished product?

4. Does the fact that the Fall River and New Bedford mills can afford to increase wages prove that the Lowell mills can do the same?

5. Have the Lowell mill agents shown a disposition in the past to raise wages when, in profitable seasons, they were able to do so?

To erect at the present time a mill equipped for the manufacture of cotton goods from such yarns as those used in Lowell would cost, it is said, about \$16 per spindle. The mills whose operatives are now on strike run 763,000 spindles, and their capital stock amounts, in the aggregate, to \$9,950,000. The plant is capitalized, therefore, at the rate of \$13.17 per spindle, or \$2.87 less per spindle than new mills of the same capacity would now cost. The companies, therefore, are not trying to earn dividends on watered stock, but are striving only to get a fair rate of

interest out of capital actually invested in machinery and mills.

The average annual dividends of the six mill companies, in the decade from 1893 to 1903 inclusive, were as follows: Appleton mill, 2.6 per cent; Boott, 3; Hamilton, 3.7; Massachusetts, 5.2; Merrimack, 5.2; Tremont and Suffolk, 6.7. These dividends certainly cannot be regarded as excessive. According to the report recently made by the Massachusetts State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, each stockholder of the Lowell mill companies held last year, on an average, \$3,369 worth of stock, and received on that stock a 4.6 per cent. dividend, amounting to \$156. As compared with 1900, this was a decrease of 8.6 per cent. in the profit derived from the investment. In the same three years the wages of the average operative increased \$10.30, or at the rate of 2.9 per cent. upon earnings. These figures have been taken by expert accountants from the books of the companies, and if we accept them as trustworthy, we must answer the second of the above questions in the negative. The dividends recently paid to capital have not been excessive, nor out of proportion to the earnings of labor.

The third question may also be answered in the negative upon the authority of the same report. The State Board says that, "combining the value of stock used with wages paid—these being the largest items in the cost of production—we find that in 1902, as compared with 1900, it cost 8.6 per cent. more to produce goods, while the goods, in the same period, exhibited a decrease of 1.5 per cent. in selling value." If all the companies had set aside 4 per cent. per annum to make good depreciation of plant, they would have had a surplus of earnings over expenses in only one of the three years, viz., 1900. The mill agents, therefore, would seem to be fully justified in saying that business conditions, at the present time, do not warrant an increase of 10 per cent. in the wage scale, and that they cannot make such increase without sacrificing the interests of their stockholders and running their mills at a loss.

The principal argument used by the members of the Textile Council in their conferences with the mill agents was that if cotton manufacturers in Fall River could

afford to raise wages, employers in Lowell can do the same. As Mr. Hibbert said, "When persons who work sixty hours a week, and who draw for that work a certain compensation, know that some one else, who is not working any harder than they are—probably not so hard—and doesn't work any longer nor in any different circumstances, can show twenty-five per cent. more wages, they are apt to get restless, and they *are* restless." The mill agents admit that the wage scale is higher in Fall River than in Lowell, but call attention to the fact that the two cities are very differently situated as regards competition. The mills of Fall River make, for the most part, prints; and inasmuch as they virtually control the print market, they can raise wages, add a quarter of a cent per yard to the price of their product, and get the money back from the consumer. The Lowell mills, making a different sort of fabric, and having no control of their market, cannot do this. If they attempt to put up prices to cover an increase in the cost of labor, they are promptly underbid by their competitors and lose their sales. Lowell manufacturers have to meet not only Southern competition on coarser goods, but that of the best-equipped modern mills, like those of New Bedford, in finer fabrics, and must practice rigid economy in order to get along at all. They declare, however, that they have raised the wages of their employees in times of prosperity, when it was possible to do so, and as evidence of this point to the two advances voluntarily made in the wage scale in 1899. "Every mill manager," they said to the Textile Council, "likes to pay as high wages as he can. He knows the advantage of having a well-paid and contented body of workers, and raising a wage scale is the pleasantest task he ever has."

In asserting that they have raised wages when possible, the agents have the support of the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, which finds that the advances in the wage scale since 1898 have ranged from 14 to 23.3 per cent., while the cost of living, as shown by the statistics of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau, has increased, in the same time, only 13.8 to 15.3 per cent.

A review of the history of the Massachu-

setts cotton-mills for the past twenty years seems to show that the operatives have been getting, year after year, a larger and larger share of the fruits of their industry. When a mill buys \$56,000 worth of cotton and turns it into \$100,000 worth of woven cloth, the value added to the raw material by the process of manufacture may be called the industry product. As the operatives have helped to give the raw material this enhanced value, they are entitled to a fair share of the money that the industry product represents; but they are not entitled to the whole of it. A part belongs to the men who establish the plant, manage the business, pay the running expenses, and sell the cloth. The industry product, therefore, must be divided into two shares, one of which belongs equitably to the operatives and the other to the managers and owners. In 1880 the money represented by the industry product—that is, the enhanced value given to the raw cotton by manufacture—was divided as follows:

Operatives' share..... 44 per cent.  
Managers' and owners' share.... 56 per cent.

Twenty years later, in 1900, the ratio of the labor share to the capital share was almost exactly reversed, the operatives receiving 57.2 per cent., while the managers and owners had only 42.8 per cent. The figures for the Lowell mills that year corresponded very closely with the figures for the State as a whole; but at times in the course of the preceding decade the industry product of Lowell was even more unequally divided, the larger share going

in every case to labor. In 1896, for example, the operatives took 79.07 per cent., while their employers had only 20.93 per cent.; and yet the latter, out of their diminished share, had to pay all the incidental expenses of the business, including office rent, bookkeeping, advertising, taxes, insurance, and expenses of sale. If the operatives were partners, instead of employees, of the stockholders, they could hardly expect the latter to establish and maintain the plant, take all the risks, pay all incidental expenses, and then give them—the operatives—nearly four-fifths of the industry product; and yet that is what the agents of the stockholders did in 1896.

The wages of labor in the Lowell mills may be low—and they certainly are low as compared with the earnings of carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and plumbers in the building trades; but, in the judgment of the Massachusetts Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, they cannot be raised, under existing conditions of manufacture and sale. It is very unfortunate, therefore, that a comparatively small minority of union operatives should have forced a strike which is almost sure to fail, and which had no real justification in the facts and conditions of the case. The strikers have already lost, in six weeks of idleness, a sum of money that is equivalent to a reduction of 11.5 per cent. in their wages for a period of one full year; and the end is not yet. Such a result is deeply to be regretted by all who have the best interests of labor at heart.

## Singers of To-Day

By William Ordway Partridge

Oh! Singer of to-day, this glorious hour  
Is all for you and me—what shall it give  
To us, and ask of fate—what splendid power  
In brain and hand, what glorious right to live  
Among our fellows, and to war with sin?  
What quickening of the pulse as we aspire  
To claim our right, and risk earth's joys to win,  
To conquer self, and force it through the fire!  
Give us this force, dear God, and evermore  
Give us a deepening love of all our fellow-men;  
Give us new insight—courage to explore  
With all the tenderness of human ken  
The lowliest heart that beats in human kind,  
Its glory and its soul to seek and find!



# Do Unions Restrict Earnings?

## What Employers Think

In our issue of March 28 last we published the replies of seven prominent trades-union officials to the question whether their organizations fixed either a maximum wage or a maximum output for their members. All replied that every member of their unions was free to get as high wages as he could individually bargain for with his employer, and all but one replied that their unions put no limit upon the amount of work their members could perform during the prescribed working day. The limits upon output, it was claimed, were imposed only where necessary to prevent botched work or excessive strain upon the mass of the workers. In commenting upon the replies, we invited further testimony from readers who knew at first hand of union rules restricting individual effort and reward. We print below the noteworthy answers that have been received.—THE EDITORS.

### I.—IRON-MOLDERS' LIMIT OUTPUT

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

The published by-laws of Iron-Molders' Union No. 8, of Albany, N. Y., provide as follows:

Article X. Section 1. No member of this Association working *by the piece* shall be allowed to mold more than four dollars' worth in any one day or cast, and no member working by the day shall be allowed to work for less than three dollars. . . . Section 3. Any member convicted of violating any of the provisions of this Article shall be fined two dollars for the first offense, and *not less* than five dollars for each violation thereafter.

Since this rule was put in operation, advances have been made on piece prices, so that they are now twenty per cent. higher, and with this addition the limit of the earnings of a molder is \$4.80.

But few molders are able to earn in excess of this amount per day, but there are expert, quick-working men who are able to earn in excess of this amount, but are prevented from doing so by this rule.

Another rule of this association is that the ratio of apprentices to journeymen shall be one to eight. It has been demonstrated that this ratio does not supply the average reduction of the number of journeymen employed, by reason of deaths and journeymen going out of the trade, nor does it provide for the growth of business and population in this country. Consequently, there is a continued scarcity of good molders, and the young men who desire to learn the trade are prevented from doing so, and a monopoly created.

Albany, N. Y.

MANUFACTURER.

### II.—PRINTERS FETTER MACHINE WORK

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I can cite an example where one of the great labor organizations has put limits on the earning capacity of its members. The machine scale for International Typographical Union 190 for the year 1896 contains this clause:

Sec. 7. No operator of a machine shall be permitted to work more than five days or nights in any one week. Provided, however, that this section shall not be in force during the six weeks of their apprenticeship.

While it is fair to add that this restriction is no longer enforced, its practical effect was to bring about indirectly what a maximum wage would have accomplished more directly. To say that a member shall work only five days in the week clearly limits his wages, for he cannot possibly, at so much per day, earn as much in five days as he could in six. The object of the rule, imposed as it was during the days of depression, was to make the work go round further, or, in other words, to give more members of the union a share in the limited employment to be had. But is that not the real object of most of the rules of the trades-unions? Do they not aim to control the labor market for their own members (1) by curtailing the infusion of new members through apprenticeship regulations, (2) by maintaining wages, and (3) by increasing the amount of work?

It may be said truthfully that the unions accept mechanical improvements and improved processes, but hardly that they welcome them; they seek always to secure additional concessions for them-

selves as the condition to their consent to the introduction of the new machinery. This, from their point of view, may be perfectly legitimate, as affording the only way for them to share in the material gains of inventive progress, yet where no such gain to them is possible they often throw their weight for the retention of antiquated methods that require more labor but distribute more wages. The International Typographical Union, for example, still prohibits everywhere the exchange of matter or matrices between printing-offices. It thus forces unnecessary duplication of composition that is unquestionably a social waste. Although such a rule increases the amount of employment for union card-holders, does it not restrict maximum output? Again, in many cities it fixes a different minimum wage for men performing the same work for different employers; *i. e.*, more for work on a newspaper than for work in a job office, although the job printer is subject to longer hours. In this case it is not gauging the minimum wage to the product of the average workman, but simply exacting what the traffic will bear, since a mere change of employers cannot make a difference in the output of the same workman.

The trades-unionists have good grounds for arguing that in the long run their organizations produce more efficient workmen and thus stimulate greater output with corresponding reduction in real cost. That the achievement, however, demands the sacrifice of a certain measure of individuality and independence is not to be denied.

R. U. S.

#### UNIONS ALWAYS LEVEL WAGES

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

What happens when a union is formed in a city? Before the union appears there is a gradation of wages, dependent, for the most part, upon ability. Roughly speaking, there are perhaps three grades of workmen: (a) the most competent, (b) those of about average ability, and (c) the incompetent or less skillful. Each man is paid approximately according to his efficiency. Marked differences in skill are recognized by the workmen themselves, and they see the justice of the difference in wages. When the union is formed, a minimum wage is established which raises the pay of the unskilled man

to that of the man of average ability, but the men in the two higher classes get no raise. As soon as a favorable opportunity is discovered, the minimum wage is forced up again, perhaps to the wage of the most competent, but the skillful man gets no benefit from the raise. Even if wages go higher, the skilled man is classed with the unskilled. A carpenter is a carpenter and must receive a carpenter's pay. The action of the union is, therefore, a leveling process that discourages the acquirement of skill. To be sure, the employer may raise the pay of the skilled man, but when the employer is forced beyond what seems to him to be reasonable limits, he is not likely to raise salaries if he can avoid it. Several of the most skillful men I have ever known have refused to join a labor organization just because of this failure on the part of the union to recognize the superior value of a skilled man. I have known other skilled men who have joined only when forced to do so or seek for work in another city. Moreover, I have known unskilled men who have joined a union and had their pay increased to that of efficient workmen. Of course they are the first to lose their positions, but the union helps them to get others.

An organization that does not deal more discriminately with individuals should reform its methods. A few unions have done something in this direction; more should be encouraged to do so. An organization that reduces humanity to a dead level, or ignores the premium that civilization places upon individual skill, is not in accord with the spirit of our American democratic institutions. If this one weakness in the organization of trades-unions were remedied, they would become more stable and powerful, and the employers of skilled labor would think much better of them.

Peoria, Illinois.

Yours truly,

C. A. B.

#### THE MINIMUM WAGE BECOMES A MAXIMUM

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

We may grant that the unions do not fix a "maximum wage," but is not the so-called minimum wage often, or, we may say, usually, placed so high as to be virtually a maximum? The President of the International Typographical Union

states that the "*minimum* wage is believed to be in accordance with the earning powers of the *average* printer."<sup>1</sup> Suppose that the rate is no higher than that which is due the average man, if the employer thus has to pay the inferior men for work they do not perform, he cannot afford to pay the best men according to their ability. Consequently, the result, except in very busy times, when a premium is paid to obtain men, is substantially a uniform rate—a condition which tends to bring all to the same level, without regard to relative skill, energy, or efficiency. The best workmen are obliged to help support the inferior.

This, you may say, is theory. Is it true in practice? I have in my files letters from employers representing seventy trades, and scattered through the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Boston, and many smaller places. In the building trades, which include carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons, plasterers, etc., I find from actual figures taken from pay-rolls that, on an average, slightly over one per cent. of the workmen employed, exclusive of foremen, receive higher than the union rates of wages. Averaging the approximate figures given me upon work before the unions came into power, it appears that about sixteen per cent. of the workmen then received a higher pay than the "going" rate of wages. Among other classes of workers it is more difficult to state definite

averages. In printing-houses, from the comparatively few figures, mostly from New York City, which I have been able to obtain, averages from some six trades show that about six per cent. of the workmen receive more than union rates. The only printer who seems to remember back to non-union days states that then about twenty-five per cent. received more than the standard wages.

There seems to be an almost universal feeling among employers that union rates are maximum in effect. It is noticeable—and this, too, is a matter of record, not theory—that, as the wage is raised by the union, fewer and fewer employees receive more than the minimum.

I am presenting this conclusion, drawn from actual facts, because I feel that while the unions may not directly fix a maximum rate of compensation, they do fix one indirectly, thus producing the state of affairs which you so ably deprecate in your editorial of March 28.

The more advanced unions are gradually overcoming their antipathy to the introduction of machinery. They have yet to learn that a large per capita production by hand labor does not, in the end, throw neighboring workmen out of employment, but decreases the actual cost of the articles produced so as to react with beneficial effect upon the workers themselves.

SANFORD E. THOMPSON.

Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

## Soldier Schools in the Philippines

By David Gibbs

**I**T does not appear to be generally known that our army in the Philippines, soon after a captured town or district had become sufficiently quiet, established public schools for the Filipino children, purchased and distributed school supplies, gave financial aid to poor towns, and detailed soldiers and others as teachers, who instructed the native teachers and the children in English. These facts have been set forth in the official reports of the Military Governor and the General Superintendent of Public Instruction of the islands, but have not received the

public attention they deserve, partly, no doubt, because the public mind has constantly been directed to exceptional cases of cruelty. Those actions showing a more general humanitarian spirit, such as every true American would wish to see in the army of his Nation, appear to have been overlooked. It should be remembered that many of our soldiers were wounded, and some killed, while doing acts of mercy for Filipinos; that the kindness of our soldiers during the war was in marked contrast to the previous experiences of the Filipinos in warfare; that this feeling has recently been more generally shown

<sup>1</sup> Italics are ours.

by the voluntary and often life-sacrificing work of army officers and men in trying to save the Filipino from the dread cholera, and that throughout the islands schools were established and taught or supervised by soldiers. President Roosevelt, in his Memphis speech, said: "Cruelties were committed here and there. . . . But these misdeeds were exceptional, and their occurrence in no wise alters the fact that the American army in the Philippines showed, as a whole, not only splendid soldierly qualities, but a high order of humanity in dealing with their foes." It is the purpose of this article to emphasize the establishment of the soldier schools as one of the ways in which this spirit of humanity of which the President speaks was expressed. The establishment of these schools showed the real spirit which dominated our army in dealing with the peaceful Filipino.

The idea of the soldier as a school-master is new in the history of warfare and of education. The honor of setting this precedent rightly belongs to the army of a people who give the highest place among its institutions to the public schools. How different is this picture of the soldier in the tropical school-room, toiling patiently with hundreds of little brown boys and girls, and instructing the native teachers that they may learn his own tongue, greeted along the street with smiles and "Hello, Maestro!" from happy little boys and girls—how different is this picture from that of the soldier in the Philippines which has so long been held before the public eye—the cruel, bloodthirsty, murdering man of war! Yet there were soldier teachers in nearly every army post in the islands, for public schools were established in the larger garrisoned towns by the voluntary efforts of sub-commanding officers, and taught, voluntarily and without extra pay, by soldiers detailed as teachers, in nearly every case very soon after these towns had been captured from the insurrecto army. The report of the Military Governor shows that there were more than one thousand such schools, attended by more than one hundred thousand children. This report also shows that nearly every important commanding officer was interested in this humanistic movement. This action, therefore, was not exceptional, and indicates strongly the

moral tone of the army as a whole, and shows in many hundred army posts and throughout the islands a kindly spirit toward the Filipino.

The story of the establishment of these schools is briefly told in the following letter from General Otis: "The primary schools established in the Philippines while the army exercised supervision of the affairs of the islands had their start in Manila shortly after the commencement of our occupation of the city. The natives expressed a desire to have schools for their children, and I directed a provost-marshal, General Hughes, to consider the subject, and to report what, in his opinion, might be accomplished with facilities on hand and attainable. As a result of his investigation and our subsequent conference, we detailed a soldier, Mr. G. P. Anderson, who had experience in the common schools in the United States, to take immediate charge of the elementary education in Manila. We reopened all the old school buildings and some others. We employed as teachers those formerly holding such positions, of whom the greater number were females, also Americans and others supposed to be competent to teach, and detailed soldiers when available to assist them. We exhausted all text-books in Manila received from the Spanish Government and purchased many others. The schools were very successful. Subsequently similar schools were organized in cities and towns very soon after Aguinaldo's soldiers had been driven out. The work was carried out through correspondence and report, and not through any prescribed general regulations. The orders issued from Manila headquarters were merely those detailing a superintendent, directing the detailing of soldiers as teachers, or for the purchase of books."

The official records of these schools are very incomplete, so that the number of soldiers serving as teachers is not known, but the number of schools organized and the attendance was large, as already indicated. The Military Governor states that \$104,251.87 was expended from the public civil funds for the purchase of school books and supplies, and that a greater part of these, together with those received from the Spanish Government, was distributed throughout the islands. Although some of these supplies were

inferior in quality, they were much better than those formerly in use under Spanish rule, and were of valuable assistance in securing later, under civil rule, more efficiently organized work.

In northern Luzon there were 479 schools, in southern Luzon 89 schools; in Panay 210 schools; and in Negros 59, Cebu 23, and Mindanao 45 schools. Dr. Atkinson, in his last report as General Superintendent of Public Instruction to the Commissioner of Education of the United States, commends the success of the schools of northern Luzon, of Cebu, and of Mindanao. Major J. A. Watrous, a paymaster of southern Luzon, Panay, and other Visayan islands, states that the soldier schools of this section of the archipelago were numerous, well attended, and important. In the section of central Luzon, including the old fighting provinces of Pampanga, Bulacan, and Bataan, of which the writer personally had charge, these schools had long been in operation, and were very important in securing the good will of the people and in forming a basis for the present system of instruction. In Pampanga General Grant reported fourteen schools, but did not include all the schools, nor those of Bulacan and Bataan, which were also under his charge. In Bataan there were schools in every important town, and the work in charge of Lieutenant Love was very effective. The attendance was larger than at the present time, although it was not compulsory. This was true of many schools in other provinces. These schools were very poorly supplied, and the work done in them was not often of excellent quality. Yet, however poorly equipped and taught, the establishment of these one thousand schools, with an attendance of about one hundred thousand children for a year or more before the present Department of Public Instruction was established, must have been of very great assistance in securing the present very successful status of this Department, with its 1,838 schools and 200,000 children.

Although these schools were not always well supervised, for the army officers were

not skilled schoolmen, yet here and there an officer gave them great attention and secured marked progress, and also occasionally some soldier developed into an excellent schoolmaster. The native teachers learned a great deal of English, so that when the American teachers came they were often able to assist in the elementary instruction in English. In one of the towns of my district, not reported by the commanding officer, besides the public soldier schools a private class was taught by an officer. That town furnished to the educational department last year eight efficient young teachers who could read, speak, and write English with considerable fluency and accuracy, all of whom had learned their English from the soldiers. The American teachers who went to these towns took up the work where the soldiers left it, and have continued it to its present very successful standing. The work of the soldiers, however, broke the ground. Their schools served to interest the people in the study of English, and to turn their minds from warfare to education. The commanding officers everywhere emphasized the necessity of having instruction in English, recommended the securing of American teachers from the States, indicated from their experience where these teachers were most needed, and gave much other information and advice which was of the greatest possible assistance in establishing a permanent system of public instruction under civil rule. Further, since the arrival of the American teachers, the army has in every way given its assistance, and shown kindness and courtesy to those who have come to carry out this great work begun by the humble efforts of the unskilled soldier. The fact, however, that the soldier made this effort, that he could thus be generous, sympathetic, and thoughtful for the future welfare of the race of his treacherous foe, that he was willing to teach and patiently toil with the children of his enemy, shows a spirit of which any nation might well be proud, and should give the name "soldier schoolmaster" a high place in the history of warfare.

# Mr. Beecher on Reconstruction

The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to the Louisville "Courier-Journal" is printed by us from the original manuscript. We do not know that the letter was ever published in the "Courier-Journal," though we presume it was, for the manuscript bears signs of having passed through a printer's hands, and is marked "save copy." It has come into our hands through the kindness of Major J. B. Pond, Mr. Beecher's lecture agent, to whom it belongs; and it is of historical interest as showing Mr. Beecher's views on the Reconstruction period after the Reconstruction period had passed and its fruits were known. We comment on this letter in our editorial pages.—THE EDITORS.

Louisville, Kentucky, March 30, 1885.

*Courier-Journal:*

The "Interview" published this morning in your paper, while in the main correct, has mistaken my views on one or two points which I beg permission to correct. The statement that I said that South Carolina might almost have been justified in rising against the voting colored population and massacring them is far from my feelings or opinions. The question before me and the interviewer was on the *counting* of votes. I said that in a case like Carolina I could well understand why the white people refused to count the votes fairly. I did not think that they were to be justified in a false count, or a suppression of the vote, or an intimidation of the voter. But I said that, considering the evils suffered under legislation of colored men, just emancipated, ignorant of government, late the slaves of white men, but now put over their masters by their numbers, taxing without wisdom, issuing bonds without skill or prudence, I did not wonder that the white population resorted to unfair means to suppress their foolish legislation. Even that was wrong in morals, and the savage idea that they were justified in massacre is a revolting sentiment.

Allow me to state explicitly my views of the past and present relations of the colored people.

I. The state of slavery in the South, before the war, with all its softening, was evil and only evil, both in its effects upon the blacks and the whites alike, and was, on the whole, both in morals and in political economy, exceedingly bad. A terrible price was paid for the destruction of the slave system; but it was worth to posterity a hundred times what it cost.

II. The putting the vote into the hands of an ignorant race was an astounding

event in political history. It came not from a belief of their fitness for suffrage, but from a conviction that it was *necessary for their defense*.<sup>1</sup> The tentative legislation of some of the Southwestern States, which under the form of vagrancy laws seemed intended to subject the colored people to essential slavery again, alarmed the North and led to defensory legislation.

But, audacious as was that faith in liberty and suffrage which led the West and the North to give full citizenship and political power to the emancipated, the result has shown that the colored people have not misused this power. I must say that colored voting since the war has been fully as wise as white voting was before the war. The colored people of the South, after becoming citizens, did not seek revenge nor mischief. They intended well. It was not their fault that many of the results were evil. It was bad enough for white citizens to see their late slaves led by foreign influence. It might be a political necessity—it was not any the less a thing grievous to be borne by their white fellow-citizens.

But where the emancipated were largely in excess of the white voters, it amounted in fact to the subjection of the white people to the legislation of the colored. And in those States where legislatures were in the power of the late slaves, and where Northern men, not always, the wisest, led them on to foolish and wasteful legislation, increasing taxation and squandering the results of it, plunging the State deeply into debt by an unmerciful issue of bonds, it is not to be wondered that something like revolutionary methods were adopted, and that self-defense led men to violent resistance.

<sup>1</sup> The italics are Mr. Beecher's. The manuscript also contains the following paragraph, crossed out by pen, and therefore, we presume, crossed out by himself: "No man would have dreamed of putting the vote into the hands of emancipated Southern slaves except for their defense."

III. When, at a little later period, history, no longer under the influence of violent and heated passions, shall sit in impartial judgment upon this whole movement of the past quarter of a century, two results will stand out prominently.

(1) The admirable conduct of the slave population during the war, industrious, orderly, humane, and peaceful; their great bravery when the North made them a part of the army; their general good conduct after peace was established, and their thirst for education as the indispensable condition of good citizenship. Their future may not be what theorists predict, but it will be auspicious.

(2) The remarkable conduct of the white population of the South. Hurling from political power, defeated in war, wasted in all resources, wounded in every household, in the loss of husband, son, or father; all industries subverted and to be refounded on a new basis—and, worse than all, to see their late slaves changing place with their masters and holding the reins of legislation under foreign leadership—is it wonderful that at such a revolution, convulsion rather, Southern citizens often mistook the way of duty, that some rude remedies of violence were practiced, that some counter methods of violence were attempted?

These things are not to be justified. But is it not now a matter of transcendent wonder that the evils were so few, and that the patience and self-control of Southern people so soon readjusted the whole industrial and civil economy? I glory in a history which, with all its infirmities and blemishes, yet presents to the world the most notable instance of the force of self-government which has ever occurred in history!

IV. Passing from city to city, and the prey of reporters, who report from memory, I am grateful to them that so few misconceptions of my language creep into their statements. On one or two points allow me to be explicit.

(1) I do not think it wise that the whites and blacks should mix blood. Yet it is their right and liberty to do so, if they choose. But it is to be discouraged, on grounds of humanity. But if it must

(2) The slaves are free. They must come under a universal law as to their social position. No legislation can put ignorance and knowledge on a level; indolence and industry, virtue and vice, rudeness and refinement. The household is to be free to choose or refuse its company. No obstruction should be put in the path of education. All opportunities for development should be sacredly kept open to every class; every encouragement given to industry, wealth, refinement, and good citizenship. After that society must be free, so far as legislation is concerned, to choose its own partnerships.

(3) The Atlanta "Constitution" makes me point out Mississippi as the great central State; I said Missouri, not Mississippi.

V. I was born in New England, but from my childhood I breathed the air of the whole continent. I was from my cradle a friend of the oppressed, of the poor and of the struggling. An anti-slavery man by the force of my lineage and of my inherited nature, I spared no energy in fighting against slavery and against that whole malarious political influence which exhaled from this Dismal Swamp.

When, by the supreme folly of Southern leaders, the war broke out, I gave my children to the army and myself to every influence at home and abroad which should give victory to the Federal army.

When peace came, with vigor I plead for mild settlements and against all bloody sacrifices. There had been blood enough shed. There must be no victims for the gallows, the sword, or the prison.

And now that a new era and a readjustment of all National questions has been reached, I am for the welfare of the undivided Nation, and I belong, in detail, to that party which shall best serve the interests of the whole land; I am not a slave of either. The party is my servant, I am not its slave. The Administration, with that strong and just man, Cleveland, at its head, has my hearty support and my full confidence, not because it is Democratic but because it is National, patriotic, and adapted to the exigencies of the hour. Should it fail in its National duty, I shall still seek the honor and welfare of this great Nation, but by another road.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

# Modern Bible Study—Its Aim, Methods, and Results

By Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D.

**I**S there such a thing as "modern Bible study"? or is this only a pretentious name for a nonentity? The word "modern" suggests to many minds both pretense and unreality. They distrust whatever calls itself modern, and especially if it pertains to religion. But this is as irrational as to trust what is ancient simply because it is ancient. No doubt the presumption is always in favor of the existing; the new is rightly challenged to justify itself. But all progress is made by the new justifying itself, if it is able to do so, and thenceforward taking its place as established, until it in turn is replaced by another new, and it by another; and thus man moves on in knowledge, attainment, power—in whatever makes up that great total that we call civilization.

No one doubts that there is such a thing as modern life—industrial life, for example, whose salient feature is machinery as distinguished from the bare hand. Machines sow and reap the grain, thresh it, grind it, transport it to the consumers. We may differ about the benefit of this. Some may think it would be better to return to broadcast sowing, reaping with the sickle, threshing with the flail, hauling with horses. Every labor-saving machine has been met with opposition, with gloomy predictions of loss of work, lowering of wages, ultimate starvation. But all such prophecies have been discredited by the event. Modern industrial inventions have proved beneficial alike to producer and consumer, to capitalist and laborer. They have made food, clothing, all the necessities of life, better, cheaper, more abundant.

No one doubts the modernness of the typewriter, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, the application of power in the form of steam, and more recently of electricity; and scores, yes, hundreds, of other devices that are daily modifying all the methods of industrial and social life. There is unquestionably some discomfort and some loss in adjusting one's self to

these novelties. Here and there a man may be found who refuses to meet that discomfort and that loss; who goes on writing his business letters with the pen, and sending his messages by errand-boys who must walk instead of riding bicycles. But he is soon left behind in the strenuous and incessant competition of the day; and while he avoids the temporary loss of readjustment, he meets ultimate loss that is inevitable and disastrous.

But back of all these modern inventions lies modern knowledge, whose characteristic is that it is scientific rather than philosophical. And it is inductive. It has been reached, not by speculating about what nature must be or should be, but by interrogating nature itself as to what it is. Simply close observation of phenomena has led to all important modern discoveries, from gravitation, with its corollary of the Copernican astronomy, to the circulation of the blood with its corollaries of the germinal origin of diseases, antitoxins, anæsthetics, and aseptic surgery. The heavens are what they have always been, but the superstitions of astrology have given way to the calm and accurate facts of astronomy. The earth is substantially unchanged, but geology has established its immense antiquity, and has at least begun to write an authentic history of the human race. Creation has been removed from the region of unaccountable and fantastic miracle, and the Creator shown to have worked, and to be still working, in accordance with definite, ascertainable laws. These laws have been so studied, learned, and classified as to establish the great truth that evolution is the divine method throughout all nature; and that what to ignorance seemed freak and accident and cataclysm is only the outworking of great forces uniformly and inviolably controlled. Inductive science has thus quieted human fears in the presence of natural phenomena, however portentous; has substituted definite knowledge of causes and effects for vague surmises and conjectures; has



given man priceless information about his own origin, powers, and possibilities; and especially has brought back the Creator into his creation, whence ignorance, fear, and superstition had banished him, and has enthroned him, not over a chaos of endless and hopeless conflicts, but over a cosmos of the most beautiful order under infallible and beneficent laws.

Now, modern Bible study is simply the application of the modern scientific, *i. e.*, the inductive, method to this book, or group of books, for such it really is. But before we can intelligently think and speak of the method, we must clearly understand the aim, of modern Bible study. This is identical with the aim of inductive science, *viz.*, to ascertain the truth. But has not that always been the aim of science? Theoretically, Yes; practically, No. It is not always the sole aim even to-day. Mingled with it is the desire to establish a theory; hence an intense longing that the truth discovered shall do this; an equally intense dread lest it shall not; and a resulting temptation of vast power to compel the discovered truth to fit into the preconceived theory. The genuinely scientific temper is by no means easily acquired, for it combines fine poise of mind, humility of intellect, indomitable courage, and exhaustless self-abnegation. The inductive student of nature must be honestly willing to learn and to accept anything that nature may reveal. Such willingness is more fundamental and essential to his task than even expert skill in observation. Lack of such willingness is the chief factor in the weakness and temporariness of so much scientific work. It always means haste in labor and prematurity in conclusions. A few facts are observed and verified. They establish a working hypothesis, but nothing more. The over-zealous student, however, announces a discovery—a conclusion—a law. From that hour he is committed to that law. He goes on observing; but his poise of mind is impaired or even destroyed. He is timid of finding exceptions to his law, eager to find confirmations of it. Only by the firmest resolution can he patiently and impartially find the facts, whether they establish his "law" or overthrow it. All the discoveries in nature that have stood the test of time and of full disclosure of all pertinent

facts have been made by men of the genuinely scientific temper, whose sole aim has been, neither to accredit nor discredit a hypothesis, but to learn the truth.

Precisely such is the aim of modern Bible study—to learn the truth. But has not such always been the aim? Have men ever studied the Bible for any other purpose than to learn the truth? Undoubtedly they have. Some for the purpose of finding contradictions and absurdities that would discredit it and release them from all obligation to heed its teachings. Some to confirm themselves in the belief that their personal opinions, or the doctrine and polity of their Church, have exclusive Scriptural authority. Others, and very many, for controversy, that they may demolish views or systems that they abhor. All such lack the scientific spirit; are warped by partisanship; and hence disqualified to study the Bible with the sole purpose of learning its truth, and with an unalterable determination to accept that truth whatever it may prove to be. Only one who is, in some good degree, of this brave, strong, self-denying disposition can reach the aim of modern Bible study.

Now, the aim largely determines the method, which, in general, may be defined as comprehensive in distinction from fragmentary. The Bible is a fact, a phenomenon, as is the earth, the firmament. The inductive student of the Bible does not come to it with a ready-made theory of what it must or should be; but he interrogates it as to what it is, as the astronomer does the heavens or the geologist the earth. He recognizes that he must know what this book is, and how it came to be what it is, before he can understand its teachings. Accordingly he studies it as a whole: the Gospels as a biography, or rather a picture, of Jesus, instead of here and there detached incidents of his life; the interpretation of him in Acts and Epistles, instead of here and there a striking sentence from St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul. He tries earnestly to get the historic point of view and the historic spirit, and to view in historic perspective the gradual disclosure of God in the life of the world, and in an especial way in the life of the Hebrew nation. He discerns in this national literature that we call the Old Testament

the priceless record of a racial development through the childhood of primitive and crude conceptions, the youth of increasing mental grasp and moral sobriety, to the manhood of an established government with coherent national life, producing great historians, poets, and the supreme ethical and religious teachers who bear the name prophets. And his method is literary as well as historic. He finds here historic narrative and there biography; here fiction, as in the parables, there poetry, as in the Psalms; here the most prosaic genealogical tables and the minutest sanitary rules, there the most interesting myths and legends. But throughout this wide diversity he finds an unfailing unity that discriminates this Hebrew literature from all other contemporaneous national literatures, which, superficially, it so closely resembles. That unity lies in the single purpose to disclose to the nation, and through it to mankind, the one only living and true God, the Jehovah of the Hebrews. This Jehovah is revealed first as the tribal God of Israel, with limited jurisdiction, like the ethnic deities of surrounding clans. Then as superior to them, as shown principally in his people defeating theirs in battle. Then as supreme over them—"worship him, all ye gods." Then as the universal and only God, while "all the gods of the nations are idols." All this time as Creator, Ruler, King; with now and then a glimpse of Fatherhood. But at length as Jesus, the saviour of men, in whom dwelt "all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;" who taught us to call Jehovah "our Father," and who said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And as the historic disclosure of Jehovah has moved steadily and majestically on from his first appearing in dim outline before the minds of the earliest patriarchs until he lived familiarly in Galilee and Judea as Jesus of Nazareth, so it has still proceeded through the Christian centuries as men have constantly learned more and more of the character, spirit, and purpose of Jesus, and as his disciples have made vital and effective his example and his teachings among mankind.

Such a book, viewed as a whole, modern inductive study, with open mind and eager heart, finds the Bible to be. Genuinely human in its variety of literature,

its historic movement, the individual impress of the men who wrote it; genuinely divine in its profound unity, its revelation of the supernatural element in human history, and, above all, its disclosure of Jehovah, the sole, sovereign, loving, redeeming God.

What, now, are some of the results of such a method of study pursued with the single aim of learning the truth?

First of all, a deepened reverence for the Bible. Only as it is thus inductively and historically studied, without bias, prejudice, or partisanship, does its genuine divinity appear. Only thus does it enable us to discern God moving amid all the discords and perplexities of human life, bringing order out of confusion, holiness out of sin, life out of death. If we find in the Bible only a collection of more or less interesting incidents about more or less worthy men; a storehouse of beautiful aphorisms and fine moral maxims; an armory of offensive and defensive weapons, to be used against the mass of men who differ from us and on behalf of the few who are our allies—then we shall find it so full of contradictions, discrepancies, what seem to our jaundiced minds absurdities, that it will be increasingly difficult for us to believe that it contains a revelation of God. But when we see Jehovah revealing himself in this book, alike in its prose and its poetry, its statutes and its romance, its sober history and its fascinating, spiritualized legend—everywhere striving to disclose himself to men in such beauty and glory, such mercy, gentleness, and love, as to win their confidence, allure them from sin, bind them to himself in loyalty and holiness—then, whenever we open the book, we shall feel ourselves in the very presence of God, and shall reverently and gratefully say, in devout hearts, "Speak, Jehovah: for thy servant heareth."

Such reverence will impel us to handle the Bible honestly. Not simply without prejudice and partisanship, but for the sole purpose for which it has been given, and in its obvious sense. In using it both for the nurture of our own religious life and for teaching and training others, we will always be careful to regard its historic perspective; not to import into the Hexateuch truth that belongs only in the Gospels or Epistles; not to try to

believe that the Levitical ritual is as valuable and as binding upon us to-day as the Sermon on the Mount. And we will treat reverently not only Biblical truth but Biblical language. Puns and quips and jokes about it we will carefully discountenance; and as well the current use of its phrases in senses that they were never intended to convey. When Habakkuk puts Jehovah's warning of penalty into writing, so that whoever reads it may run and escape, we will not make it mean that the letters are so large and distinct that one may read them while running. We will pause at the so-called "Mizpah benediction," so widely used by our young people at present, and which falls so sweetly upon the ear, "Jehovah, watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another," for we will know that, so far from being a benediction, it is a malediction, uttered with good reason against the crafty Jacob, whom Laban had learned to his cost that he could not trust out of sight. Ministers will not preach upon the rapidity of modern communication from a fragment rudely broken from its solemn and majestic context, "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Sunday-school teachers and parents will not try to enforce even so indispensable a virtue as self-control by the maxim, "Handle not, nor taste, nor touch," when they know that St. Paul sternly reproved exactly this in the Christians at Colossæ. No doubt the temptation is strong thus to make a convenience of the Holy Scriptures. No doubt the argument of a good intention in such perverted use is very plausible. Still, no one can go on in such use who has once gained from the inductive and historical study of the Bible the deep and abiding conviction that in the fullest sense God is in it, and that we must reverence it as the temple and shrine of Jehovah.

Moreover, such intelligent reverence for the Bible, arising from such study, and which can arise from nothing else, will save us from that deadly peril of literalism against which St. Paul warns us—"The letter killeth." His immediate meaning is that the new covenant, while lacking the letter of the old, has its fulfilled, completed spirit; so that to cling to the outer form of one is to miss the real value of both. It is a truth of universal

application. The literalist is always overlooking the heart of things. He is always trying to eat and digest the shell of truth while throwing away its kernel. But the inductive student, whether of nature or of Scripture, moves on through form to substance, knowing that only as he reaches the latter will he reach vital, indestructible truth. Augustine gave us the precious maxim, so often forgotten in the intervening centuries, "Scripture is the sense of Scripture." To realize this will save us from all fantastic methods of Bible study and teaching. Analysis of a lesson into three or four or five alliterated topics may aid memory; on this ground it is usually advocated and defended; but there are very few teachers wise and strong enough not to sacrifice exactness of truth to this captivating jingle; and to remember other than the exact truth is worse than to forget. Any scheme of study or teaching that exalts the letter above the spirit; that warps, however little, ascertained truth, in order to make it fit some favorite mold, is to be totally reprehended. No plea that it is interesting, holds attention, will not be forgotten, can justify it. Nor will any one urge such pleas who realizes that God is disclosed in the Bible, and who approaches and handles the Bible with the solemn, grateful, joyful reverence that the apprehension of this fact cannot fail to produce.

"But," it may be asked, "are the aim, method, and results of Bible study, as thus set forth, for the plain disciple and the average Sunday-school teacher, and not rather for the scholar and the clergyman? If they are scientific, are they not too difficult to be applicable and practical?" By no means. Just because such study is scientific is it plain; and, if not quite easy, certainly attainable by any purposeful and devoted Christian. Do you desire it? Then begin by emptying your mind of prejudice and prepossession, and your heart of passion. Approach the Bible with the sole aim of learning what it is and what it teaches. Courageously and gratefully accept all that it discloses to you. Soon the mists and clouds that have enveloped it will silently drift away. Its discrepancies will either vanish or cease to trouble you in the light of its divine unity. Its spirit will shine unmistakably through its letter. Down the

centuries that it covers you will trace the majestic footsteps of Jehovah, merging in due time in the human footprints, in the soil of Palestine, of Jesus of Nazareth. And everywhere along this great march of God through human history will drop the sweet odors of divine love and the flowers and fruits of human salvation. Having thus seen God, you can in turn reveal him. Having thus learned rever-

ence for the Bible, you can teach reverence for it. Having refreshed your spirit at the exhaustless fountain, you can carry its waters unsoiled and uncontaminated to others. Be brave, persistent, self-denying; be devout and prayerful; and you shall have the most blessed vision possible to mortals—the vision of God, your Father, of Jesus, your Saviour; while you study, love, reverence, and adore.

## Dubious Wealth and Academic Ideals

By Arthur Reed Kimball

**I**N discussing, some two years ago, the dismissal of Professor Ross from the Leland Stanford University, the London "Spectator" said: "There seems to be little room for doubt that some donations have involved loss of freedom, and that a certain commercial atmosphere now envelops some American universities quite out of harmony with the essential academic idea. . . . We have regretted the pinched financial condition of Oxford and Cambridge, but we do not hesitate to say that we would rather see those institutions poor than shackled, free than rich."

This English comment fairly states a popular impression which has given rise to much recent discussion. In such discussion it has been largely overlooked that the restraint on academic freedom of teaching is not a new issue, but, as it is brought conspicuously before us to-day, is simply a new phase of an old issue. It is invested with an air of freshness because it is associated through immense benefactions with the startling possibilities of modern fortune-making, often by dubious methods. When one gets at the facts, however, one finds that what they disclose is not so frequently a loss of freedom as the presence of "a commercial atmosphere;" that the latter rather than the former should be emphasized. Indeed, it is open to question whether freedom of academic teaching is not immeasurably greater to-day than it has ever been, when we consider the weakening of the restraints once so rigidly imposed by the requirements of orthodoxy in theology and politics, especially theology. It is less than twenty years ago that a Republican stump orator of standing declared

in a speech in New Haven that it would be a good thing for the country to "have Yale College burned up" because of its free-trade teachings, and was but mildly rebuked by the stronger party organs. Yet Professor Sumner suffered far less immediate personal criticism for his extreme views on the tariff, which supposedly alienated wealthy protection friends of Yale, than for his use of Herbert Spencer as a class-room text-book, to which there was strenuous objection on the ground that it committed Yale to recognition of an arch-agnostic. Another still earlier incident is worth recalling because it brings out the distinction to which President Hadley called attention in his Lowell Institute lectures, between the right to independent thinking and the right to radical utterance. When the late Roswell D. Hitchcock first entered on his professorship at Union Theological Seminary, some years before the Civil War, he took advanced "higher criticism" ground, at least as regards Genesis, in his lectures to the students and even in the pulpit. The result was a storm of protest and criticism. Believing the time not ripe to press the issue popularly, Dr. Hitchcock abandoned his aggressive attitude, so restating his position as to put the emphasis where his faith was conventionally strong rather than weak. Thus, the storm having been quieted, there were left to him long years of fruitful influence in which almost without observation he gave Union a distinct set toward untraditional criticism, and ultimately leadership in the realization of full academic freedom of investigation and instruction in theology.

The judicious way in which Dr. Hitch-

cock met the issue nearly fifty years ago illustrates a rule which, with occasional exceptions, is doubtless true to-day under different conditions: That it is the man, not the instructor, who is restrained of academic freedom in his teaching. In other words, it is the method and manner of a deliverance, not the deliverance itself, which usually causes the trouble. For illustration, one may choose the most widely advertised case of all, that of Professor Ross, of the Leland Stanford University. A member of the investigating committee freely admitted in private conversation that the verdict condemning the university authorities was not, strictly speaking, a verdict on the issue of academic freedom, although it took that form, for the things which most provoked criticism were said, not in the class-room, but on the stump. Professor Ross was, through the bitterness stirred up, the victim of insinuations concerning matters unrelated to the ostensible issue, which made intervention by his confrères absolutely necessary for his vindication.

It is indeed encouraging to find that those informed at first hand, who know the unwritten history of the various recent attacks on academic freedom, entertain no serious fear of university invasion by dubious patronage, so far as it affects that freedom. Unfortunately, this is but one phase of the question, its least important phase. The real test comes when we consider the effect on academic ideals of accepting the gifts of dubious wealth, the risk of creating an atmosphere of commercialism distinctly antipathetic to those ideals. There was a time, and that scarcely a quarter of a century ago, when such a risk was negligible. That was a time when the college, not then a university, measured its needs in endowments by the thousands instead of by the millions; the time when the need was not pressing felt for the great instruments of scientific research, laboratories, observatories, museums, galleries, engineering and electrical appliances, and all that these involve, required in plant and equipment to-day by the modern university simply to "hold its own." It was back in the campaign of 1876 that President Woolsey, speaking for the candidacy of Mr. Hayes, referred to Mr. Tilden's "uncommon anxiety" to secure the Presidency

as a reason why it should be denied to him. Yale tradition has it that that phrase, owing to the changes rung upon it during the campaign, cost Yale \$7,000,000. Had Dr. Woolsey spoken with such a possibility in view, it is probable that he might still have used the phrase; might have regarded the silencing of Yale's President in a National crisis as a more serious handicap to its true career than the loss of a great endowment. In such a decision he would doubtless have had the sympathetic indorsement of the great body of alumni. At the very opening of his career President Hadley, with the huge bicentennial fund to be raised, declared that the final remedy for the trusts lies in holding the trust managers to a literal trusteeship, through public opinion, enforced, if necessary, by a social boycott. At once many alumni, whatever their view of Dr. Hadley's theory, deprecated his courage as injudicious, although it is to be noted, so far as the public is informed, that the fund did not, in point of fact, suffer in consequence, not a few trust managers being liberal givers to it. The difference in attitude was due to a subtle form of the new commercialism, not ignoble; an appreciation of the dominating need of great endowments, in Woolsey's day regarded as desirable but not indispensable. From the same sense of exigency, the hesitating president of another great university finally accepted from a representative of very dubious wealth a million, perhaps, for a special equipment, to which is thus attached forever the name of one who served a term in prison, though pardoned out and technically rehabilitated by a judicial declaration of the illegality of the sentence.

The college, says President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, should be a school of duty if "the business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment." "Have I, a trustee for all the students who are ever to come here," said a college president to the writer, "a right for a scruple, merely my scruple, perhaps, to shut this door of opportunity, though, as you and others may say, it is to be opened by dubious wealth?" "No, I would not send my boy there without thorough investigation," said a father to the writer, referring to a university con-

spicuously favored by trust magnate gifts; "the atmosphere seems too unmistakably commercial." Here we have, pictured graphically, the many-sided conflict of duties and ideals due to a loss of ethical bearings in the overwhelming and revolutionary expansion of modern business. But one thing stands out clear in the confusion—that the university, like the college before it, must be more than a phrontistery, a different institution from a mere school of technique or research, if it is to prove "a savour of life unto life" for the education of the future. That is, the university must conserve the finest ethical traditions of the past and represent the highest ethical obligations of the present, or it will lose its place of leadership and forfeit the right to it. The university president, then, who sees in his trusteeship merely the obligation to improve the equipment for the individual success of the students, forgetting "the world's betterment," sacrifices the less to the greater. He overlooks an equal obligation of his trusteeship, that the university shall not, by the conditions on which it accepts a gift, be committed to approval or condonation of dubious means of acquiring wealth, nor, as President Pritchett puts it, to "recognition of a false measure of success."

We learn to appreciate how widely the conventional academic view, which puts first in importance the possession of adequate equipment, may go amiss of the popular view, as we come into touch with Lincoln's "plain people." Not many months ago the writer had for seat-mate in a crowded train a thoughtful man, who turned out later to be a railroad engineer. The talk fell, apropos of an item in the paper, on trusts and their methods. The manner, more than the matter, of what the engineer said in reprobation was impressive. He spoke without heat, but with strength of feeling. Then, turning back to the item—the record of some benefaction by a trust magnate—he simply added: "Those fellows think that they fool us. But they don't." The words came back often and again to the writer when, soon following, he went through the strenuous weeks of the Waterbury trolley strike. Back of the general sympathy with the strikers in union circles was a feeling among the more represent-

ative union men, not against wealth in itself, but against wealth acquired in dubious ways which society condoned. A protest to these men, good citizens and Americans, that their influence was being prostituted to the encouragement of every form of lawlessness and disorder, even murder, was invariably met with the question, "What are the other fellows doing?" Seizure of public franchises without remuneration, stock-watering, legislative corruption, cut-throat competition, monopoly charges, all the familiar phrases of indictment of high-handed trust methods, with a closing sneer at a generosity that "adds a cent to oil and gives a million to a university," were found to have a local application of extenuation and excuse. Not that the United Gas Improvement Company, which controls the Waterbury trolley system, and its gas and electric light plants as well, stood popularly convicted, so far as its Connecticut enterprises are concerned, on a single one of these counts. But it represented the dubious trust system of which such things are the natural fruit, and to which unionism alone, it was claimed, gives effective pause. Riots, terrorism, boycott, anything short of murder, were described as "unfortunate incidents" in a social war on the tyranny of dubious wealth, to be deprecated, indeed, but not, after all, to be over-magnified compared with other acts not so brutal but just as deadly to Americanism—acts which give those who commit them control in the world of business, high place among the socially elect, and even recognition in the inner circle of philanthropy, if they choose to pay the price.

Does this seem to be merely an insincere, overdrawn apology for a cause under abnormal conditions of strain and stress, exaggerating and distorting the ordinary attitude of these same persons under normal conditions, and hence of no value in determining the popular view, ethically, of a university which thrives on the bounty of dubious wealth? Those familiar with discussions of "unionism" will testify that they meet a like argument constantly in one guise or another. For example, in a recent contribution to "Collier's Weekly," Mr. Clark, of the Coal Strike Commission, the head of the Order of Railway Conductors, protests that unions should not be compelled to

incorporate until "healthy, reasonable, and fair" laws are enacted in place of laws "especially constructed and intended for corporations of capital," "for the purpose of evading or limiting responsibility." Mr. Clark's colleague on the Commission, Bishop Spalding, put the same charge, reversed, more tersely and strongly when he said in an address at Peoria: "Laws are not made for the great corporations." A still more significant recent witness, since he studied conditions in the large, is W. C. Steadman, of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades-Union Congress, one of Alfred Moseley's visiting commission of British workman. Mr. Steadman reports that "unless something is done to conciliate labor in America, the trust system will bring on such an uprising as has not been witnessed for forty years."

This common attitude of unionism towards trusts, which it counts a form of most dubious wealth, may seem to bear but remotely on the gifts of such wealth for university endowment. Such a direct bearing, however, is shown in the "American Federationist," the official organ of the American Federation of Labor, in discussing the recent affiliation of the Chicago Teachers' Federation with the Chicago Federation of Labor. The article quotes Miss Margaret Haley as responding for the delegates of the teachers on their admission to seats in the Chicago central body: "The step we take to-day is going to save the public schools and the democracy of the schools." The article explains the menace to the democracy of the schools as due to the successful attempt of the universities "to compel the school course to conform to the university requirements, thus making public high schools mere feeders for the universities." The article charges that the public schools of the Middle West, "through the domination of the university," make use of text-books on political economy and civil government which teach a system inimical to trades-unions, and that "private universities attempt to steal a whole public school system." The article then quotes at length from the report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, concluding with this significant passage: "From San Francisco to Chicago, and extending to New York, comes the warning cry that privately endowed educational institutions must

teach in accord with private interests or cease to teach. Not only that, but the larger of these institutions, where thought must bend to private bias, seek to force upon the public schools text-books originating under the influence of that bias, and to compel the acceptance of their graduates as teachers without examination required from other teachers. . . . When liberty of thought is gone, other kinds of liberty must soon die."

This deliverance, all the more that it comes from a representative body of teachers, significantly marks the extent to which the association in the popular mind, however exaggerated or mistaken, of dubious wealth with university patronage may discredit the sincerity of university standards and aims. The great captains of education can be trusted, in the main, to protect freedom of teaching, so vital to them, however dubious the obligations they may seem to assume in accepting some of their endowments; and personally to represent to their students high ideals, though in instances they may seem to recognize "vulgar success," as Dr. Noah Porter used scornfully to call it. But a subtle, pervasive suspicion once in the air, the indefinite, insidious fear of the Greeks bearing gifts, largely escapes their notice. Such a popular suspicion, evidently, is the most serious possible impairment of the authority of university influence, attaching to the university itself and to the men whom it sends forth into the world to represent its ideals—and this at a time of flux, when the steadying influence of the university was never more imperatively needed. As Dr. Edward Everett Hale declared recently in a noteworthy sermon preached from a university pulpit, the great present need is that a new emphasis be placed on education in the sense of duty as central or fundamental. "We may say what we choose," Dr. Hale continued, "in ridicule or contempt of the mechanical side of Puritan training, as it shows itself in the traditions. What you and I know is that enough of them lived to God's glory to give a moral element to the whole legislation of the infant State, and that the hopeful element which we now call public spirit was the dominant element."

In attempting to restore education in the sense of duty to its place of honor,

the one central place in university life, so far as that place has been lost, there is a general principle that must apply to the acceptance of gifts. High ideals cannot coexist with dubious patronage. This is, of course, a principle of easier individual application, though requiring courage. That college professor pointed the way who quietly refused to be the guest of a well-known capitalist—not Mr. Rockefeller, it ought perhaps in justice to be added—because he regarded the capitalist's business methods as most open to question. Had the professor's college received the offer of a substantial gift from that capitalist, its disposition might have proved a far more difficult and delicate question. The clue to the answer would lie in the word "patronage." Would acceptance of the gift imply recognition of the giver as one of the "patrons" of the college? "I once accepted a very large sum from one of the 'shadiest' of modern speculators," said a college president to the writer. "But it was offered voluntarily for a general fund, and no one outside knew the name of the donor. Acceptance involved no recognition of his methods." "How about Jay Gould?" was asked. "Well," said the college president, "there you raise a very hard question to answer. A man's early business methods may have been most unscrupulous, while his later methods are most honorable. He may have decided, having once gotten a start, 'to clean up and live like a gentleman,' as a character in one of Howells's stories expressed it. Are you to stigmatize a worthy present because of an unworthy past? Had I been a college president between 1870 and 1880, and had Jay Gould then offered a gift to the college to which his name must attach, I should have felt bound to refuse it. After 1880 his methods were different—and the answer to such an offer then made might have been different too." The president's own answer was but half serious, although it did state a serious difficulty. He was really splitting hairs with himself. The world would never, he knew, draw so fine a distinction. It is

the penalty of the unscrupulous beginning of a notable business career that the past is seldom if ever "lived down;" that the beginning itself stigmatizes the career to the end, however different its later character. But the mention of Jay Gould's name suggested a concrete case illuminative of the whole question. Perhaps fifteen years ago, through the invitation of Miss Gould, who was actively interested, a conference of prominent Presbyterians, with the late Dr. John Hall presiding, was held in Jay Gould's New York home to further the work of foreign missions, a large sum being raised. The incongruity was so evident that wherever the wires carried the story the unskillful laughed and the judicious grieved. To-day Miss Gould is by a universal verdict acclaimed perhaps the foremost woman of America for her self-sacrificing devotion and wise and generous benefactions in answer to every appeal "to lend a hand." The Gould money is the same, at least in its original source. But in passing rightfully to the new ownership, responsibility for its origin has ceased to attach to it.

The whole question must, then, turn, not on the kind of money given to a university, its "dubiousness," as some would say, but on the way in which it is given; on whether, thus given, it will advance or frustrate the purpose for which the university exists. "We are not training diletanti," recently said a great educator in addressing a gathering of his fellow university alumni; "we are not training specialists; we are not even training 'professional' men pure and simple. We are training citizens of a free commonwealth, of a Christian commonwealth; and every influence, outside of the class-room as well as in it, which makes for public spirit and for training in this citizenship must be cherished and conserved." Is the gift of dubious wealth so offered as to make for or against these ideals? as to ignore or recognize "the false measure of success," in President's Pritchett's pregnant phrase? as to raise or "debase the moral currency," his quotation from George Eliot? That is the test.



## The Life of a Publisher<sup>1</sup>

THE story of a worse than orphaned boy; of a boy deserted by his father, and found sobbing alone at night in the market-place of Bremen by a great-hearted man; the story of how this poor boy, thus rescued and adopted by Herr Rulffs, became in time the famous publisher, the close friend of Wieland and Schiller—this is the story of Goschen's life; and this surely is worthy reading for us in this republican land. Goschen never forgot this episode in his boyhood, and many a poor boy was helped on his way afterward by the renowned publisher, while his infinite gratitude to Rulffs conquered every obstacle and saved his foster-father from poverty and prison.

Leipsic, the center of the book trade in Germany, had drawn to itself many men of distinction. As bees to flowers, un-failingly came men of genius to Leipsic. Here Goschen lived ten years, winning by his vivacity and charm many warm friends, who later on helped him in his career. But not to his friends alone; not to the 3,000 thalers lent him by Körner to start him as a publisher on his own account; but to his indomitable perseverance, to his immense industry, to his unflagging enthusiasm, and to his charming personality, Goschen's remarkable success was due. How great that success was we may judge from the fact that within two years of his start he had secured the names of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Lessing, and Klopstock to appear on his Publisher's Catalogue for the great Easter Book Fair of Leipsic!

With all his fame, Goschen never became rich. On the warmest possible terms of friendship with most of his authors, he voluntarily increased the promised honorarium if the book sold well, and advanced the money agreed on, in many cases where he could ill afford it. He was always thrifty, always anxious to invest his savings in his business. Once he countermanded the order for a lamp because he feared it an extravagance.

His gift for work almost amounted to genius. Sixteen hours a day he reckoned no hardship. With his own hand he personally examined every sheet of Goethe's collected works.

But, alas! the devastating wars of Napoleon swept away the result of all these years of unremitting toil. "Who can buy a book," said Goschen, "when no one has money for bread!" With patriarchal benevolence he kept his printing works open; for he could not turn away his faithful printers bound to him by forty years of friendship. How his men loved him an incident will tell. The great Fair was coming on, the promised book could not be finished. For three consecutive nights those devoted servants worked. And when the book was handed to him completed, "all had tears in their eyes when they saw his happy emotion."

At thirty-five he plunged madly into love, and five years after his marriage we find him addressing a letter to his wife as "My heavenly Jette." Their home life, with their ten children, his dependents, and their frequent distinguished guests, was well-nigh ideal.

As a character, Goschen was extremely interesting and lovable; as a publisher he was quixotically high-minded and generous, while his efforts to attain typographical perfection gave him world fame; but, after all, his connection with men of genius, and with the Weimar group in particular, is the point of deepest interest to us.

With Wieland, the "Nestor of German Literature," he was almost on terms of blood brotherhood. Their first meeting was noteworthy. Wieland showed marked impatience at the entrance of Jean Wieland, who merely smiled and withdrew. "What a noble wife you have!" cried Goschen, enthusiastically. "Young man," said Wieland, his face transfigured with joy, "your keen discernment of the value of this woman makes you my friend forever." At a time when "nature seemed a compound of volcanoes and moonlight" even Wieland, the apostle of the Aufklärung or Renaissance of Reason, even Wieland is sentimental. His supreme merit,

<sup>1</sup>*Life and Times of George Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer of Leipsig, 1752-1828.* By his Grandson, Viscount Goschen. In 2 vols. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

however, consists in his forcing upon the German people, beginning with the aristocrats, the use of the German language. To these French-speaking, French-reading Germans he gave politics, social science, folk-lore, epic poems, the masterpieces of antiquity, all in their native tongue. For years the tutor, then the counselor, of Karl August, Duke of Weimar, his generous soul showed no envy at the appearance in Weimar of the great Goethe, so surely to eclipse him. "My soul is as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun." "To-day I have seen him for the first time in his complete splendor, in his complete beautiful humanity. In a moment of ecstasy I knelt down beside him, pressed my soul to his heart, and worshiped God!" So writes Wieland of Goethe. "A cross between Socrates and Horace," he calls himself.

Another warm friend of Goschen's was Friedrich Schiller, the poet of freedom and revolt. His youth "dreary and joyless," an incessant revolt against tyranny; his manhood harassed by illness and debt, what wonder that nearly every one of his dramas was a protest against tyrannical oppression! Into his anxious life came a ray of light impossible in this prosaic twentieth century. An unsigned letter of appreciation from four unknown but loving admirers—and gifts! feminine gifts as well as masculine! A pocketbook worked by her own needle from one, portraits of the four from another, and music written for one of Schiller's poems! Then followed the exchange of rhapsodical letters. "It is the sweetest refreshment of my joyless existence that my soul can float around yours." They induce him to move to Leipsic, and he is sunned and stimulated in their love. One of the four, Goschen's friend and partner, Körner, soon to marry one of the maidens, Minna Stock, became his friend for life, and gave him for years a charming home in his own house. The wise criticism of the generous, high-minded Körner was as grateful as his financial aid to the storm-tossed poet.

From a twentieth-century American point of view, Germany of the eighteenth century seems undeniably queer—Germany, "where sewers were undreamed of, and a post-office was merely a vision," where "letters were written to be read in

circles, and were shown about like the last new novel." Their explosive declamation, their rhetorical outbursts for liberty, seem to us theatric. The difference in literary earnings is marked. Schiller had hopes of a comfortable home if his brains could bring him in a few hundred dollars a year. With us a "sweet girl graduate" gets as many thousands from her literary efforts.

With every work of his genius, Schiller's fame increased; always the idol of the people, it is pleasant to see honors heaped upon him; a professorship at Jena, a marriage with the lovely and most devoted Charlotte von Lengefeld, a pension from Karl August, a title of nobility from the Emperor! Can this indeed be Friedrich Schiller whom we see driving in his own carriage?

His meeting with Goethe at Weimar, Grimm calls the one real event in Schiller's life. Henceforth these two were inseparable. Together they published "Die Hören" and "Die Xenien"—the latter a series of wild invectives against those who did not appreciate the former. Schiller visits Goethe with a stipulation that he may go to bed if his pains become unbearable. Goethe, visiting Schiller, discovers in his absence a heavy, displeasing odor. This proves to be a drawer full of decaying apples, without which Schiller cannot find inspiration.

Could greater contrast be than between Schiller and Goethe? Schiller, the apostle of revolt, the visionary; Goethe passively accepting everything offered by Fate. "Instead of making himself unhappy with the politics of Europe, he made himself happy studying the poetry and history of the East. Compare Schiller's red hair, hollow chest, and knock-knees with Goethe's godlike form! Even in death the perfection of Goethe's body moved his faithful Eckermann to tears. His person harmonized with his devotion to beauty. "No reformer" he, "but a poet whose religion was beauty." True it is that those "immoral jades" Clärchen and Kättchen were harder by far to create than Schiller's idealized heroes. Yet "Goethe's poems do not, like Schiller's, beget deeds. Deeds are the offspring of words; and Goethe's pretty words are childless."

The Prince who gathered together at

Weimar these great ones was Karl August, Grand Duke of Weimar. In simplicity of taste he was like Goethe. His generosity can be seen in his readiness to part with an ancestral snuff-box or a diamond ring to help a needy poet. While it was comparatively easy to bring great men to Weimar, only a rare nature could so have

fascinated these men of genius as to compel their stay. In this haven of rest, "talking of lovely things that conquer death," ended Schiller's stormy youth. From here Goethe tried "the Great Beyond."

So was this tiny court of Weimar raised to a fame second only to that of Berlin.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Ancient Coffers and Cupboards: Their History and Description from the Earliest Times to the Middle of the Sixteenth Century.** By Fred Roe. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 10x13 in. 128 pages. \$12, net.

In this magnificent volume the attention of the reader is first of all attracted to the wealth of fine illustrations picturing coffer, credences, almeries, armoires, cupboards, and cabinets, from the Dark Ages to the end of the sixteenth century. As here shown, the distinctions among these articles become clearer than before. We see that a coffer was a box of great strength intended for the preservation and transportation of weighty articles; its front was generally formed of but a single panel. A credence was a combined table and cupboard; it might or might not be used for ecclesiastical purposes, though the name is now exclusively applied to articles for religious use. Almeries were food-lockers of various kinds. Armoires were great presses or wardrobes. A cupboard was a modification of an armoire, having a recessed superstructure. Finally comes the cabinet, much smaller than the foregoing—a nest of drawers inclosed by folding doors. The text treats all these with great detail and with commendable clearness. A particularly interesting feature is the author's account of that divergence which took place between the architectural styles of France and England due to the rise in the latter country of Perpendicular Gothic.

**Archbishop Temple: Being the People's Life of the Right Hon. and Most Reverend Frederick Temple, P.C., D.D., LL.D.** By Charles H. Dant. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 243 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Bookbinders and Their Craft.** By S. T. Prideaux. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½x9½ in. 299 pages. \$12.

In a limited edition of five hundred copies are reprinted eight papers on various aspects, historical and practical, of the bookbinder's craft. Some of the papers are, "Some English and Scottish Bindings of the Last Century," "Les Relieurs Français," "Design in Bookbinding," "Early Italian Bindings." Miss Prideaux was a pupil of the late Mr. Cobden-Sanderson at his famous Dover bindery, and has become one of the best known and most successful of English binders. Her

ability as a maker of fine bindings, her wide knowledge of the history and traditions of the art, and her fine perception of its artistic requirements and possibilities, make whatever she writes of interest and value to book-lovers. The book is illustrated with fine reproductions of old bindings, and is admirable in typography, printing, and binding.

**David the Hero.** By Sarah Dickson Lowrie. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 257 pages. \$1, net.

Primarily intended for a child, the ten pictures here presented, drawn from the life of David, son of Jesse, may well find favor in older eyes. Instead of a continuous narrative, the author has discriminatively chosen the principal events in David's career, around each one of which she has woven a charming story.

**History of Modern Europe (A).** By Merrick Whitcomb. Illustrated. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 361 pages. \$1.10.

A clear compendium of the events which have shaped the Europe of to-day—the author following the true rule of historical perspective by devoting as much space to our own century as to the three that preceded. Dr. Arnold's protest against the usual tendency of histories to magnify the events of the remote past and minimize those influencing undetermined policies is gradually bearing fruit. No student who uses this excellent text-book will have to make the confession of a brilliant graduate of a New England college that "my knowledge of history ends with the Reformation."

**Leonardo da Vinci.** By Dr. Georg Gronau. Illustrated. (The Popular Library of Art.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4x6 in. 190 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L.** By his Son, Arthur Westcott. Illustrated. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. \$5.

Reserved for later notice.

**Michael Angelo Buonarroti.** By Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art. With Translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco d'Ollanda. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½x8 in. 347 pages. \$2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Modern Obstacle (The).** By Alice Duer Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 273 pages. \$1.50.

A clever novel of New York life. Brilliant in point of humorous portrayal of distinctly real and enjoyable characters, yet sympathetic and serious in its very original manner of dealing with one of the gravest problems in modern American society.

**New International Encyclopedia (The).** Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, L.L.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Illustrated. Vol. IX. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7x10 in. 953 pages.

**On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea.** By His Royal Highness Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. Translated by William Le Queux. In 2 vols. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 in. \$12.50, net. (Postage 72c.)

It will be remembered that Captain Cagni, of this expedition, surpassed Nansen's "farthest north" by a short distance. Lovers of narratives of Arctic travel cannot fail to feel the strongest interest in these two finely printed and illustrated volumes. We reserve a full review for a later issue.

**People of the Whirlpool.** From the Experience Book of a Commuter's Wife. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 365 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Picciola.** By X. B. Saintine. Edited by O. B. Super. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 222 pages.

**Philippine Islands, 1493-1803 (The).** Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Vol. III. The Arthur H. Clarke Co., Cleveland, O. 6x9 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 317 pages. \$4, net.

**Philosophy 4: A Story of Harvard University.** By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 95 pages. 50c.

Mr. Wister's jolly and immensely human story of college life is here published as one of a series of little books of fiction, admirably suitable for slipping in the pocket when one starts on an outing.

**Pioneers of the West: A True Narrative.** By John Turner. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x8 in. 404 pages. \$1.50.

This is an intimate and not too vivaciously written account of pioneering experiences. However, it gives valuable descriptions of life among the Indians, the blizzards, the forest fires, and other disasters, and also in the harvest fields, homes, schools, and churches of the West.

**Puerto Rican and Other Impressions.** By William James. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x8 in. 100 pages. \$1.50, net.

In one of the earlier verses in this volume the author pertinently and persistently, if somewhat unmelodiously, records this query: "Why should I speak?" Candor compels us to state that, in our opinion, neither here nor in any previous or subsequent selection does he answer his own question, or give good and sufficient reason for the publication of a hundred pages of very mediocre verse.

**Psychology and Common Life.** By Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x8 in. 286 pages. \$1.30, net.

Professor Hoffman has here popularized with remarkable clearness a recondite subject, con-

cerning some particulars of which there is an increasing and unsatisfied curiosity as well as no small amount of misconception and delusion. He is familiar with the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research, and with other literature dealing with the subject, both scientific and charlatan. His book will not only interest the curious, but will be found to illuminate the educational, ethical, and hygienic bearings of a sound psychology. While critical, it is fair, and holds, in general, a just balance of appreciation for both sides of a mooted question. While exposing the extravagance of "Christian Science," Professor Hoffman judges that "in the future one of the chief methods of treating disease will be a mental one." His estimate of hallucinations, in close accord with the dictionary, is that they are based on facts external to the imagination, but are simply misinterpretations of such facts. This is not fully reconcilable with the results of the famous census of hallucinations made some ten years since by the Society for Psychical Research. This clearly established (see the "Proceedings" for August, 1894) that there are such facts as "veridical," truth-telling, apparitions of deceased persons at or near their death hour. Some hallucinations are certainly not misinterpretations of external signs. The classical discrimination made at the end of the sixth book of the *Æneid* is exactly in line with the results of that scientific census.

**Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc.** Edited by Charles Holme. Parts IV and V. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. Complete in 8 Parts. Each \$1, net.

The fourth part of this interesting series contains an article by Walter Shaw Sparrow on the Development and Practice of English Water-color, with reproductions in color of a characteristic oil painting by Claude Monet, an etching by D. Y. Cameron, an oil painting by Sir George Reid, water-colors by Francis E. James and H. Cassiers, and a striking auto-lithograph by Frank Brangwyn. Part Five contains an essay by Dr. Hans W. Singer entitled "The Value of Line in Etching and Dry-Point." The most important of the six pictures in this installment is an etching by Joseph Pennell of the Bridge of St. Martin at Toledo.

**Representative English Comedies: With Introductory Essays and Notes. An Historical View of Our Earlier Comedy and Other Monographs by Various Writers.** Under the General Editorship of Charles Miles Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x8 in. 686 pages. \$1.50.

The initial volume in a series which aims to collect and present representative specimens of English comedies, chosen for their importance in the history of comedy, for their literary quality, and for their dramatic value. These comedies are to be accompanied in each volume with monographs dealing with the authors and plays, with outlines of the dramatist's life, an account of his contributions to comedy, and an estimate of the value of his production. The present volume, which opens the series, presents a historical view of the beginnings

of English comedy, and includes work by Heywood, Udall, Stevenson, Lyly, Peele, Greene, Porter, and a chapter on Shakespeare as a comic dramatist, by Professor Dowden. In the case of each dramatist an account of his life is given, with a report of the play, the conditions under which it was written, and its significance. The volume is prefaced by an elaborate essay on the beginnings of English comedy by Professor Charles M. Gayley. The series will be treated at length at a later stage.

**Seamanoud.** By H. Talbot Kummer. Richard G. Badger, Boston.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  in. 45 pages. \$1.

**Sir A. Henry Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L.** *Autobiography and Letters from his Childhood until his Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid.* Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a Chapter on his Parliamentary Career by the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. In 2 vols. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$  in. \$7.50, net.

Sir Henry Layard died in 1894. A sufficient time has elapsed, one would think, for the preparation of a complete biography. Hence the present publication will disappoint many, since it deals with Layard's life only as far as his appointment as Ambassador to Spain. The work comprises an autobiography and letters; but the autobiography stops between 1852 and 1869, the period of Layard's Parliamentary career and of his exhaustive study of Italian art. While he left a full account of his embassies in Madrid and Constantinople, he desired that the account should be published only "when those who might be injured or offended by it had passed away." That time not yet having arrived, the present work terminates in 1869; but we are glad to note that a sketch of Sir Henry's career as a parliamentarian forms a separate chapter, written by his friend and colleague Sir Arthur Otway. Though Layard was eminent as politician and diplomatist, his fame rests chiefly on his great distinction as traveler and archaeologist. An account of his work as archaeologist has already been given to the world by himself. His well-known books on Assyrian discoveries are also fragments of his autobiography. Hence in the present work the first part of the autobiography is of special interest, whether Sir Henry writes of his family history and childhood, of his legal studies, or of his early journeys—before he was twenty-three he had, with scanty means, traveled widely on the Continent, while before he was twenty-five he had taken part in the tribesmen's armed resistance to Persian tyranny. Sir Henry's picture of Bagdad deserves particular mention, and so does his description of manners and customs in Bosnia, Servia, Salonika, and Constantinople. It is not such a far cry from the period of his service in the Balkans to the unrest there of to-day. Incidentally we find this tribute from him to the work of American missionaries in Albania half a century ago: "They . . . were a most zealous, devoted, and learned body of men. They had spread themselves over the greater part of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and Asia and in parts of Persia . . . and had everywhere opened schools. . . . I was intimately acquainted with many of them in Constantinople and elsewhere

in Turkey, and received much kindness from them. After long struggling against opposition . . . the labors of the American missionaries were rewarded by no inconsiderable success. To them may be attributed in great measure the movements which have since taken place in European Turkey and Armenia in favor of national independence and against the rule of the Turks."

**Spiritual Power at Work: A Study of Spiritual Forces and their Application.** By George Henry Hubbard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 343 pages. \$1.25, net.

Mr. Hubbard is convinced that something is wrong in the Church, else virile minds would be attracted to it, as they are not. Enough is not demanded in the way of manly service and heroic endeavor. The yoke is made too easy, the burden too light, and so the Church is feminized in type, the liberal as well as the conservative Church. Conditions of membership must be made more exacting, preaching more virile. These things have been said before, notably in Professor Coe's books. Mr. Hubbard, however, deals in generalities, except in emphasizing temperance work and missions abroad. What heroic tasks the Church should undertake to attract the co-operation of manly souls in abating the burdens, waste, and evil of social life he does not undertake to say. But he very justly insists that "the cultivation of the corporate [and this includes the civic and political] conscience is one of the most vitally urgent tasks of the coming age." The "new evangelism" which he calls for lays greater emphasis on the individualistic than on the social aspects and interests of religion. A baptism of the Spirit, no doubt, is the great desideratum, but such as impels the receivers of it to the work of social righteousness pointed out in Jesus' preaching at Nazareth. This will furnish enough in the way of heroism and self-denial to meet the conditions which Mr. Hubbard requires to draw strong men into Church fellowship.

**Spoils of Empire (The): A Romance of the Old World and the New.** By Francis Newton Thorpe. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 8$  in. 421 pages. \$1.50.

To those who find attractive reading in the blending of historic fact and romantic fiction, this spirited tale of love and adventure during the Conquest of Mexico will make effective appeal. And the reader who commonly avoids books of this order because of their proneness to anachronisms and other inaccuracies, finding his prejudice disarmed by the knowledge that the author is himself a historian of repute, will yield also to the charm of this rare union of imaginative writing and authentic utterance.

**State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand.** By William Pember Reeves. In 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$  in. Per set, \$7.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Temple Bible (The): Ecclesiasticus.** Edited by N. Schmidt, D.D., I.I.D. Maccabees I. and II. Edited by W. Fairweather. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.  $4 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$  in. Per vol., 60c, net.

This edition, having been carried through the canonical books of the Bible, is going through

the Apocrypha. Little as one may care for the Apocrypha as a whole, the present volumes are specially attractive, Ecclesiasticus as an elaborate treatise on practical morality, Mac-cabees for its history of the great struggle of the Jews for religious liberty in the second century B.C.

**Trent's Trust and Other Stories.** By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 264 pages. \$1.25.

Again one wonders and admires the evenness of interest which Bret Harte maintained almost to the day of his death in writing stories of the Californian life he knew a generation ago. In this posthumous collection, for instance, the very best of the tales (and none are of inferior quality) are the two dealing with our old friends Jack Hamlin the gambler and Colonel Starbottle the gallant attorney and duelist. The most ambitious story in point of length and plot is that which gives the book its title. Bret Harte's genius deserves even higher recognition that it has received; his reluctance to attempt new themes or to essay elaborated novels in a way put him to disadvantage in competing with newer fiction-writers, but his work both in substance and style has the appreciation of a wide circle of judicious admirers; it was never hurried or feverish; it always had, and in these tales continues to have, literary poise and force.

**Where Town and Country Meet.** By James Buckham. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7½ in. 241 pages. \$1, net.

This delightful nature-book, which should add to Mr. Buckham's already established reputation, is in the form of a series of thirty charming essays, through each one of which he carries the reader, with the advancing year, in "a devout processional or peripatetic worship of nature."

**Where, When, and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida.** By William H. Gregg. Assisted by Capt. John Gardner. Illustrated. The Matthews-Northrup Works, Buffalo. 6×9¼ in. 267 pages. \$4, net.

A sort of fisherman's gazetteer and natural history combined, alike interesting to the disciple of Izaak Walton and the student of zoölogy, and no doubt a valuable addition to the literature of its class, both in point of matter and illustration. The colored plates are particularly fine, and there is a map at the back of the volume in addition to the geographical information incorporated in the text.

**Wood Folk at School.** By William J. Long. (Wood Folk Series.) Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5¼×7½ in. 188 pages.

This volume is the fourth in a series of books for children's home and school reading—books which have positive fascination for younger readers. In the book before us Mr. Long has put together some of the animal studies contained in his "School of the Woods," omitting all theoretical discussions or essays because, as he says, these have no place in a school reader. For the same reason, this is not the time to discuss the differences in theory between Mr. Long and (to some extent at least) others of the more recent writers about

animal life, on the one hand, and on the other the school of nature writers represented by Mr. John Burroughs. For an extremely interesting presentation of Mr. Long's views we may refer our readers to his article in the "North American Review" for May. Here we will only note that Mr. Long in his preface states that the incidents have all passed under his own eyes and are recorded just as he saw them from tent or canoe. One of these little stories, "When You Meet a Bear," appeared in The Outlook's Recreation Number of last year—and this leads us to specially commend to our readers' attention another article from Mr. Long's pen which will be found in this year's Recreation Number—next week's issue of The Outlook. Theories aside, no one can possibly fail to recognize in these talks about fawns, bears, deer, fish-hawks, porcupines, and other "beasts of the field and birds of the air," a quite unusual skill in narrative and a delightful sense of the life of all outdoors. The book is carefully and well illustrated.

**World and the Logos (The).** By Hugh Miller Thompson, S.T.D., I.L.D. (Third Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¼ in. 78 pages. 75c.

It was hardly worth while to put in print this fresh edition of addresses dated in 1885 without reckoning with the advance of thought—scientific, religious, and philosophic—that has since been made. The thesis here maintained, that the universe is both reasonable and moral, is true enough, but the charges brought against science are overdrawn and need revision. The Kantian rigorism which maintains that an action to be in the highest degree commendable "should *not* be useful, nor pleasurable, nor in any way of benefit to the doer," is a still more singular survival of a mode of thought that was antiquated when these lectures were first uttered.

**Works of Lord Byron (The): A New Revised and Enlarged Edition.** Illustrated. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. Vol. VI. Poetry. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 612 pages. \$2.

This volume Mr. Coleridge devotes to "Don Juan," collating the text from the original MSS., which are in possession of Lady Dorchester and Mr. John Murray, fourteen stanzas of the Seventeenth Canto being now published for the first time. When the preliminary announcement of this important edition was made, it was proposed to include all Lord Byron's poetical works in six volumes, corresponding to the six volumes of Letters already published; but the great mass of new material incorporated in the introductions, notes, and in various other forms has extended several of the published volumes to a disproportionate size, and a seventh volume, completing the work, will be issued, and will contain occasional poems, epigrams, and other writings, a bibliography, and an extensive index. The first canto of "Don Juan," it will be remembered, was begun in 1818, while some of the stanzas beginning the Seventeenth Canto, which are now given to the public for the first time, were not written until 1823, which would seem to bear out Byron's statement to Murray, "I *have* no plan—I *had* no plan; but I *had* or have materials."





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# The Outlook

Vol. 74

June 6, 1903

No. 6

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**W**HISPERS as soft as the breath of the rose  
Fall on the ear of this dreamy-eyed maiden;  
What is he telling her? Dare one suppose  
He offers his heart in the heart of the rose—  
Murmurs a message with tenderness laden?

**S**WEET this Colonial Maid of the Rose,  
Dainty her gown, and her blushing demureness;  
Aye—but the Maid of Today if she knows  
**IVORY SOAP**, and the charm it bestows,  
Rivals all others in sweetness and pureness.

—IT FLOATS.



# The Outlook

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June 6, 1903

No. 6

## A Possible British Tariff?

Last week the British House of Commons heard one of the most important discussions in recent years. It was a foregone conclusion that, sooner or later, Mr. Chamberlain would be questioned as to his desire, recently expressed, for a new taxation scheme which should bind the mother country and the colonies closer together. It was felt by all Liberals and by very many Conservatives that Mr. Chamberlain's plan meant ultimately a turning away from the free trade which has been Great Britain's fiscal policy since 1846. Sir Charles Dilke declared that Mr. Chamberlain had suggested a revolutionary change in the Government's policy, and one which was opposed to tradition and to the opinions of an overwhelming majority in Parliament. He added that, while the Government's policy as outlined at the recent Colonial Conference was dangerous, it fell far short of the policy now suggested. He especially condemned the taxation of raw material and food products, and closed with a home thrust in the declaration that Mr. Chamberlain had proposed a policy not yet thoroughly thought out by the Cabinet. Mr. Balfour, the Premier, prefaced his reply with the remark that Sir Charles had attempted to make mischief between the Colonial Secretary and himself, but that any such attempt would fail, and went on to say that, after the resolution of the Colonial Conference, Mr. Chamberlain was bound to raise the subject of preferential trade for public discussion. The Prime Minister deprecated "waving the ragged, moth-eaten flags of either the protectionist or the free-trade side in controversy, now as far removed as the poles from the controversy of half a century ago," and argued that, as the tendency had been to raise a general tariff wall against British goods, the result had been

to compel Great Britain to dispose of her exports on onerous terms and at great loss. Meanwhile the country was becoming more and more dependent on foreign lands for food. If the prevailing tendency continued, the time must come when the only neutral markets to which Great Britain could dispose of her exports would be her own protectorates, her crown colonies, and India. Again, if foreign countries were to be allowed to treat the British colonies as foreign nations (Mr. Balfour was evidently thinking of the recent retaliation by Germany on Canada). Great Britain would be forced by regard for her colonies to retaliate. Canada, Australia, India, and New Zealand were parts of the Empire; it was absurd that they should be treated as separate aggregations simply because they had self-government. Mr. Balfour's most important statement, however, was his disapproval of a tax on raw material, and he declared that he did not know whether a tax on food could be acceptable.



**The Liberal Opportunity** At this point there was an apparent divergence between Mr. Balfour's speech and that of Mr. Chamberlain, who followed him. While the Colonial Secretary asserted that raw materials ought not to be taxed, he declared that consequently duties would have to be levied on imported food. This divergence may indicate that Sir Charles Dilke is right in his contention that the Ministers have not thoroughly digested Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. The Colonial Secretary further elucidated his proposed change, without which "the country would have to give up all hope of closer fiscal relations with the colonies, and must abandon all idea of securing at any time closer political relations with them;" it was inevitable, added Mr. Chamberlain,

if preferential duties were levied, that a tax should be placed on food and that the working classes would pay three-quarters of such a tax; it was only fair that this money and the one-quarter paid by the richer classes should be applied to social reform, like old-age pensions. Such a tax, he declared, was not protective in intention, but incidentally it would be protective. It is possible that the Liberals may thank the Imperialist Secretary for giving to them a strong platform on which to go before the country at the ensuing general election. Mr. Chamberlain's plan looks very like a retrogression to that seventeenth-century legislation which bore fruit in the Navigation Act. If the Liberals had a leader who commanded the full confidence of the party, the opportunity of destructive criticism might lead on to an overthrow of the Ministry; but it is doubtful if the leadership will be found.



**The Kishenev Massacre** Last week, at St. Petersburg, M. de Plehve, Minister of the Interior, received a deputation of Jews who journeyed from Kishenev in order to place their case before the central authorities and to urge on the Minister the necessity of showing in some further way his disapproval of the recent horrible outrages. Although the "Official Messenger" had denied the authenticity of a rumored oppressive order from M. de Plehve, and although the Minister had dismissed the Governor of Bessarabia and the Chief of Police of Kishenev, the delegates objected that there were among the local officials men whose guilt was even greater than that of those who had been punished, and urged a complete change in the Government's personnel in the district immediately affected. No announcement of what M. de Plehve promises has been made, but the announcement that the sale of the "Znamya," the most violent of the St. Petersburg anti-Semitic papers, is prohibited, except to regular subscribers, would indicate that the deputation's visit was not without effect. This and other papers, according to the correspondent of the London "Times," were permitted to continue their attacks on the Jews, even after the Kishenev atrocities, and to

declare that the massacre was "a well-earned lesson," that "it served the Jews right," etc. The correspondent of the "Times" has now himself been expelled from Russia, possibly because some of his recent despatches contained comment as distinct from news. For example:

When the outbreak took place, the rioters were permitted to go about their work of murder, outrage, and devastation without any interference on the part of the authorities, except in a few instances where the police officers acted without waiting for instructions from their chiefs. In other cases where Jews appealed for protection they were told that nothing could be done for them. In these circumstances, for the Government not to dismiss from his post an official so grossly negligent of his most obvious duty would have created an impression which no number of Ministerial circulars could dissipate. . . . As it is, there is much in the action of the Central Government which needs explanation. The massacre at Kishenev has shown that the local authorities cannot always be trusted to protect the Jews, yet in a recent circular M. de Plehve has laid it down that Jewish clubs of self-defense are not to be tolerated. That may be defended on general political grounds, but it is hard to find any excuse for the indulgence extended to the anti-Semitic press.



**Mr. Cleveland's and  
Count Tolstoi's Opinions**

Last week in New York City, at a mass-meeting which was held to protest against the outrages upon the Jews at Kishenev, the principal speakers were President Cleveland, Mayor Low, President Schurman, of Cornell, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, and the Rev. Dr. MacArthur. Mr. Cleveland's address was impressive and notable. After declaring his hearty sympathy with the purposes of the meeting and approving the demonstration as a reassuring evidence that American sympathy for the oppressed anywhere is still unimpaired, he said, as reported: "Every humane American sentiment has been shocked by this attack on the Jews in Russia—an attack murderous, atrocious, and in every way revolting. . . . There is something intensely horrible in the wholesale murder of unoffending, defenseless men, women, and children who have been tacitly or expressly assured of safety under the protection of a professedly civilized government. . . . I know how easily our indignation prompts us to the use of strong language; and I know how naturally we are tempted to indulge in over-

drawn statements and extravagant demands on such an occasion as this; but I am sure that in our characterization of the crimes we here contemplate, and in expressing our detestation of the criminals, we cannot go too far. . . . I do not say that the Russian Government may not, by sins of commission or omission, be justly deserving of our condemnation, but we should not be swift to assume this. . . . I hope that we will be content to forego perplexing and extreme demands upon our Government for violent action." This characteristic letter from Count Tolstoi on the Kishenev massacre has been published in the New York "Sun":

As regards my views on the Jews and on the horrible doings at Kishenev, they ought to be clear to all who interest themselves in my conception of life. My attitude toward the Jews cannot be other than as toward brothers whom I love, not because they are Jews, but because, like ourselves and everybody else, they are sons of one God, the Father. Such love needs no effort on my part, for I have met and known excellent people among the Jews. What I felt most deeply was horror at the criminals who are really responsible for all that occurred in Kishenev, and horror at our Government, with their clergy, who keep the people in a state of ignorance and fanaticism with their bandit horde of officials. The outrages at Kishenev are but the direct result of that propaganda of falsehood and violence which our Government conduct with such tireless persistence. The attitude of our Government toward these events is only one more proof of their brutal egoism, which does not flinch at any measures, however cruel, when it is a question of suppressing a movement deemed dangerous to themselves, and their complete indifference is similar to the indifference of the Turkish Government toward the Armenian atrocities and toward the most terrible outrages which do not affect their interests.



#### Events in the Turkish Empire

Last week tardy news came of the occurrence on April 29 of a terrible earthquake at Melazgherd, in the vilayat or district of Van, in Asiatic Turkey, a town about a hundred miles distant from Mount Ararat and not far from the source of the Euphrates River. It will be remembered that an earthquake in this region, on the Russian side of the mountain, a few months ago, destroyed the town of Shemaka and caused the loss of several thousand lives. According to last week's information, the five hundred houses of Melazgherd were totally destroyed, to-

gether with most of the entire population, numbering two thousand souls, including seven hundred Armenians, as well as the troops forming the garrison. In addition, over four hundred houses in the neighboring villages collapsed. The earthquake was felt through the entire district between the Russian frontier on the east and Harput on the west. In comparison with this disaster those in Macedonia and Albania seem light, and yet, last week, in an encounter near Smerdesh, no less than one hundred and fifty insurgents were killed, and the fight lasted thirty hours. Another encounter resulted in the destruction of the entire town of Bamitzi. The number of Christian victims at Monastir, week before last, is now officially reported as seventy-two. It must be admitted that the troops have had great incitement to retaliation. According to Mr. Leishman, United States Minister at Constantinople, the Government appears to be thoroughly alive to the situation, and extra precautions are being taken everywhere to prevent surprises and quell any outbreak. Mr. Leishman says that the authorities have behaved admirably, holding the Mussulman population in check and preventing them from retaliating for the many outrages committed by the Christian population. If the indiscriminate shooting and dynamite explosions continue, however, he adds, it may be difficult to prevent reprisals which might lead to wholesale massacres. The resignation of the Bulgarian Cabinet has raised another serious difficulty in the Balkan situation. This Cabinet apparently acted virtually under Russian orders. Meanwhile the Powers, despite their plans of Turkish reform and their warnings to the Porte, are practically held at bay so far as ending Muslim misrule in Macedonia is concerned.



#### The Post-Office Department Investigation

The investigation of alleged corruption in the Post-Office Department has taken a more serious form and has led to more important results than any one seemed at first to anticipate. When the Washington "Evening Times," four or five months ago, called attention to the existence of irregularities and abuses in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, little

attention was paid to its statements. They did not escape the notice, however, of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, the newly appointed chief of that office, and he began, in a quiet way, to investigate them. He soon became satisfied, from information that came to him with regard to attempts that had been made to silence the "Times," as well as from the attitude of hostility soon taken toward him by some of his subordinates, that there was some foundation for the charges. He therefore wrote a formal letter to Postmaster-General Payne, asking that a thorough investigation of his own office be made. The Postmaster-General granted the request and directed his Fourth Assistant, Mr. Bristow, to look into the matter and report. At first the investigation was limited to the particular charges that the "Times" had made; but this limitation was finally removed, and Mr. Bristow was authorized to extend the scope of his investigation so as to include all the operations of Mr. Wynne's office. This led almost immediately to the resignation of George W. Beavers, chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances, and shortly afterward to the dismissal of James N. Tyner, Assistant Attorney-General for the Department, and the suspension of Assistant Attorney George A. C. Christiancy. The investigation was then pushed with even greater persistence and energy, and resulted this week in the arrest of Assistant Attorney Daniel V. Miller and August V. Machen, on the charge of receiving bribes from manufacturers who sold the Department certain articles. The evidence in the hands of Mr. Bristow is said not only to prove the guilt of the officials arrested, but to indicate that corrupt practices in this branch of the Post-Office Department are very general and of long standing. Mr. Payne did not seem at first to regard the charges of fraud as at all serious, and gave the investigation only half-hearted support, but after the arrest of Miller and Machen he said, "We shall continue our search until we not only get the men who have done wrong but unearth the defects in the system which enabled them to act as they did." In their attempt to put a stop to bribe-taking and corruption in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Wynne and Mr. Bristow have had the full support of the

President, who insisted from the beginning that the investigation should be pushed without regard to persons or politics.

#### The Political Situation

A fortnight ago it looked as if there might be a sharp contest in the approaching Ohio Republican Convention over a resolution to indorse President Roosevelt as the party candidate in 1904. Senator Foraker was outspoken in favor of such action, but Senator Hanna not only privately but publicly antagonized it. Senator Hanna's declaration forced the issue upon the attention of the Nation, and there were not wanting those who assumed that he would not thus commit himself unless confident that the Convention would follow his guidance. President Roosevelt, however, accepted the issue thus raised, and in a statement given out through his private secretary at Walla Walla, Washington, said that while he had not asked any man for his support, "of course those who favor my administration and nomination will indorse them, and those who do not will oppose them." This declaration settled the contest in Ohio, and Senator Hanna promptly and publicly accepted the settlement. Simultaneously the Republican State Convention in Pennsylvania emphatically demanded the President's renomination. So far as actions taken a year in advance can determine anything, President Roosevelt's nomination seems assured. Counting Ohio, sixteen States have already demanded it, and these sixteen control a majority of the National Convention. In the Democratic ranks the current discussion of Presidential nominees is, for the most part, confessedly idle, or at least premature. A serious conflict is going on within the party between the radical faction led by Mr. Bryan and the conservative faction led by Mr. Cleveland, but it is a conflict of tendencies rather than personalities—for probably the leader of neither faction desires the nomination, and certainly the leader of neither could receive it without precipitating a revolt from the followers of the other. To all appearances the Cleveland faction greatly prefers Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Bryan, and the Bryan faction greatly prefers Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Cleveland. The party



managers, so far as they are considering nominations at all, are looking for some candidate who can unite the followings of both leaders. The strength which Mr. Roosevelt has developed in the West, as shown by the last Congressional elections, is now leading them to look to the East for a candidate, but their confidence in this direction is weakened by the fact that the solid South, with New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, is no longer sufficient to elect a President. Delaware and Maryland have become doubtful, and West Virginia, under the influence of the enormous development of its manufacturing, mining, and railroad interests, has become pretty reliably Republican. But even if all these States give Democratic majorities, the increased representation of the West in the electoral college makes the vote of Indiana also essential to Democratic victory. The old combination of the East and the South is no longer sufficient.



**Direct Primaries Triumph  
in Wisconsin**

Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, after a campaign of education begun by him several years before his first election as Governor in 1900, has at last the satisfaction of signing a direct primary law acceptable to believers in popular control of party machinery. From the beginning of the present legislative session a majority of the House of Representatives has been in favor of accepting the Governor's programme, so specifically indorsed by the Republican State Convention, but in the Senate the faction which has resisted the Governor both on the question of direct primaries and the equal taxation of corporations remained in control, and another aggravating deadlock for a time ensued. It was clear, however, that the Governor had a majority of the Republican party with him, and his opponents, rather than risk another conflict on this issue, finally accepted the Governor's bill, coupled only with the provision that it should not go into effect unless approved by the voters at the general election in 1904. At this election the opponents of the bill hope to kill it by arraying against it the party opposition of the Democrats as well as the factional opposition of the

conservative Republicans. Fortunately, however, the Democrats are as much divided upon the issue as the Republicans, and while direct primaries are opposed by the "conservative" or "corporation" faction which obtained control of the Democratic Convention a year ago, they are warmly indorsed by Mr. Bryan and his supporters. The bill to be submitted to the voters not only provides for the nomination of State, Congressional, county, city, and town officers by direct primaries, at which all the voters of the party have an equal voice, but also for the nomination of United States Senators by the same method. In Wisconsin, as in South Carolina, if the bill is ratified, United States Senators will be really elected by the people—the action of the Legislature becoming as purely formal as the action of electors in choosing the President.



**Illegal Forced Labor  
in Alabama**

Last week United States Secret Service officers arrested Robert N.

Franklin, of Goodwater, Alabama, upon the charge of being a party to a revolting system of enslaving helpless negro laborers. This system consists in securing the arrest of the victims upon trivial charges and their sentence to convict camps, where their labor is desired by contractors. The Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" in describing the system gives the details of a typical instance, which are briefly as follows:

In 1901 a young negro was working for a cotton buyer at Goodwater, Alabama, and had agreed to work for a certain length of time. One day he went into the country about two miles, and while returning to town was arrested for breaking his contract, carried to Goodwater, arraigned before a justice of the peace, and fined, with costs, five dollars and fifty cents. As he was unable to pay or to give security, he was transported to an adjoining county and sold to a contractor for convict labor. He was required to sign an instrument in writing, which proved to have been a contract to work for a year, but as the negro can neither read nor write, and the instrument was not read to him, he had no idea of the plight into which he was putting himself. He is a good farm-hand, and, having served his year and a month or two over, he discovered that his employer had no right to hold him, and attempted to escape. He left the farm, seized a skiff moored on the banks of the Coosa River, made his way across, and took

to the woods. The hounds put on his track, after a chase of two and a half days, caught the runaway. The negro heard the dogs a good many times, knew the voice of each, and felt sure that they would catch him in the end, but he kept on moving till he could stagger no further, and when the pursuing party reached him they took him back to the convict farm. There he received a severe whipping. The form of a trial was next given him at the house of the contractor, and he was sentenced to one year's labor for breaking the contract and six months more for stealing the skiff. He was then compelled to sign a new contract with his employer, agreeing to work till August, 1904. This last contract and the person of the negro are now in the possession of the United States Marshal.

"This case," says the "Post's" correspondent, "is only typical of hundreds of others," and Franklin is only one of many conspirators against whom indictments have been secured. The growing abuse, he writes, was brought to the attention of the Department of Justice by United States District Attorney Reese, at Montgomery, Alabama. In the prosecution of offenders the Attorney-General has been vigorously supported by the Treasury Department, which controls the Secret Service. We are inclined to question whether the revolting system exposed has acquired the dimensions asserted in the despatches, and we are glad to recall that in some of the Southern States the whole system of convict camps has been overthrown by popular indignation with its inhumanity. However, the exposures, if used in no partisan or sectional spirit, will certainly intensify the Southern demand that the care of convicts shall not be turned over to contractors interested only in their exploitation, and lacking even the slave-owner's interest in preserving the health and vigor of the laborers.



**The Presbyterian Assembly** Los Angeles, California, was the General Assembly's meeting-place this year, selected as such with the purpose of promoting the interests of the Church in the Pacific States, particularly in the home missionary field. Distance proved no hindrance; over a hundred car-loads arrived at Los Angeles in a single day. A large number tarried on the way for a Sunday at Salt Lake City, and gained information for use hereafter on the Mormon problem raised in Senator Smoot's

case. Dr. Robert F. Coyle, of Denver, a popular and brilliant minister and a man of large sympathy with movements for the bettering of industrial conditions, was chosen Moderator. The annual sermon by Dr. van Dyke, the retiring Moderator, urged a revival in simplicity, sincerity, and Christian activity. When the report of the Committee on Creed Revision came up, a thronged house showed the unabated interest in the subject which all knew had been finally settled. Before hearing the report the Assembly voted to throw out overtures from two Presbyteries that tended to obstruct proceeding with the revision. The report showed that the opposition to its adoption by last year's Assembly was at the most represented by a negative to any item of it from only five per cent. of the Presbyteries. The action of last May having been ratified by so nearly a solid vote of the Presbyteries, the Assembly finally adopted the report without further opposition. Dr. van Dyke spoke for this with impressive effect amid frequent applause. The Church, he said, had not changed her base, but had broadened it. The next twenty minutes were given to song and prayer. As *The Outlook* said last May, a century of strife, often bitter and lamentable, between two schools of thought in the Church is thus happily ended.



**Creed Revision  
Concluded**

The work thus completed guards the Confession of 1648 against misinterpretation of its doctrine of the divine decrees and of the salvation of infants, omits its hard sayings against the Pope, the good works of unregenerate men, and the sinfulness of refusing lawful oaths, and adds chapters on the Holy Spirit, the love of God, and missions—thus making the Confession more evangelical and devotional. Practically still more important is the new "Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith." While the old Confession still remains technically the standard of doctrine, the new "Statement," professedly merely an exposition of its voluminous articles, inevitably becomes the working creed. As such it virtually supplants the old Calvinism, which has fought against it for a century, by what is unmistakably the new. Among other matters of general interest the race question emerged in overtures from sev-

eral Southern Presbyteries on "Separate Presbyteries for Colored Ministers." This was referred to a committee of seven, including both races in its number, to report to the next Assembly. The movement recently initiated by the Episcopal Church for joint action of the Churches on the subject of Divorce and Remarriage was reported as having brought into conference with them the Northern Presbyterians and Methodists, and as still inviting the co-operation of others. Missionary work received large attention. More missionaries have been sent to foreign fields than in any preceding year, yet not as many as are called for, and debt has been avoided only by restricting operations. The Twentieth Century Fund amounts to over twelve million dollars—the largest ever raised. The leading contributors to it are Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, in the order named. A great banquet was spread for the Assembly and guests in a pavilion, where fourteen hundred plates were laid. The next Assembly will meet in Buffalo.



**The Emerson Celebrations** The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson was observed in many parts of the country, on Monday of last week, by appropriate exercises; and one noticeable feature, which would have given special pleasure to the Concord poet, was the interest shown in the occasion by school-children. The commemoration at Concord began with a meeting of the school-children in the town hall in the morning, and the exercises consisted of the singing of appropriate hymns and brief addresses interpreting the services of Emerson to young people. There were also recitations from Emerson's poems, and Dean Briggs, of Harvard, made a characteristically clear and suggestive address, the exercises closing with the singing of the Concord Hymn. In the afternoon the First Parish Church was crowded with residents of Concord and with visitors, many of whom had come from a long distance. Addresses were delivered by Samuel Hoar, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Professor William James, and Senator Hoar. Many aspects of the character

and life of Emerson, as a resident of Concord, as a reformer, as an interpreter of the spiritual laws, and as an exponent of individuality, were presented by the different speakers. In Boston a great audience gathered in Symphony Hall and listened to an address by Senator Hoar and to an ode by Professor George E. Woodberry. Choruses from "Elijah" and a hymn written for the occasion by Mr. Frederick L. Hosmer were sung by members of the Handel and Hadyn Societies. In this city the guests at a dinner given by the Society of American Authors was addressed by President Schurman, Colonel Watterson, Dr. W. T. Harris, and others. On Sunday Emerson was made the subject of sermons in churches of all denominations in many parts of the country, while magazines, literary journals, and newspapers generally have given generous space to personal recollections, to biographic sketches, and to estimates of the genius and influence of the man.



**New York City's  
Two Hundred  
and Fifty Years**

The fact that New York has completed a quarter of a thousand years since it became a municipal entity was celebrated with varied exercises last week. While many people regretted that there was not more of a distinctively popular character in the celebration—a historical pageant or series of tableaux, for instance, could have presented in a graphic way an immensely interesting survey of thrilling or significant episodes—yet there was a reasonable degree of enthusiasm among the people (it is a general rule that the larger the city the less is the enthusiasm about such celebrations), and certainly the official side of the enterprise was well planned and executed. In the two hundred and fifty years of its municipal life New York has grown from a population of less than 1,500 to over 3,500,000, has reached a real estate valuation of \$3,500,000,000, and in every way has attained a commercial expansion of gigantic proportions. More inspiring is the fact, as Mayor Low put it, that "here great events have happened; here great deeds have been done; here great men have lived and labored; and here the fascinating story of the

country's material growth and development can be read in epitome." For the future of the metropolis may well be borne in mind its Mayor's injunction that "the life of a great city does not consist in the multitude of the things that it possesseth; its true life, its higher life, depends upon the capacity of its people for self-sacrifice, and upon their willingness to serve one another and mankind." General James Grant Wilson's brilliant historical oration, and the addresses of Secretary Root, Governor Odell, Bishop Potter, and Dr. Mendes, all tended to a similar recognition of the fact that in peace, order, wisdom, and purity rather than in mere power or riches lies the true value of a great city. It is interesting to note that the official exercises opened with prayer by the pastor of the one city church which was in existence two hundred and fifty years ago—Dr. Wells, of the Flatbush Dutch Reformed Church. Among the celebrations designed for the people at large nothing was more novel and attractive than the stereopticon shows at several points—carried out under the supervision of Dr. Leipziger, Superintendent of the Board of Education lectures. The illumination of the "sky-scrapers" was a feature which could not be duplicated elsewhere, and the decoration and illumination of the city were extensive.

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#### Columbia University Needs

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of New York is an appropriate time to bring before the community the needs of Columbia University, which President Butler has presented in detail and with commendable frankness. New York has so far failed to do its duty by an institution which has graduated some of its most eminent statesmen and many of its foremost citizens, including Jay, Clinton, Hamilton, and Hewitt. Columbia is by no means a poor institution, so far as resources are concerned, for its property of all kinds aggregates twenty-one millions of dollars; but a college with great property holdings and apparatus of all kinds but insufficient income is as genuinely in need as if it were largely without endowments. Columbia has great possessions but a very small income, and there is pressing need of a very large addition to that income. It

not only needs more money to spend, but it needs more money to invest. Of the ten millions for which Dr. Butler has called, two millions are needed to secure the South Field, a fine property adjacent to the University, which it is absolutely essential to secure at the present moment; five hundred thousand dollars is essential for a college hall; one million must be spent to complete University Hall, which is to contain the great Assembly Room, a dining-room, and the administrative offices of the University; four hundred thousand dollars are necessary for the Law School, which has five hundred students and has taken its place as one of the first schools of jurisprudence in the country, but which is now very inadequately housed in the library building; four hundred thousand are needed in order adequately to lodge the schools of applied science, which have grown astonishingly since the removal of the college to Morningside Heights; one million is necessary in order adequately to endow the Medical School, which at present is running up an annual deficit of about forty thousand dollars; a million dollars is necessary to provide proper income and equipment for the schools of applied science; and the balance of the ten million dollars, seven hundred thousand dollars, must be devoted to buttressing and strengthening the departments of Greek, Latin, English, and mathematics. Even when this great sum is secured, Columbia University will still be without a chapel, and the department of fine arts will still lack a building. Ten millions of dollars is a very large sum of money, but not too large for an institution of the opportunities of Columbia, and of its importance in a great metropolis which is generously giving money to institutions of learning in all parts of the country. This stream of beneficence which flows to the ends of the continent ought not to be checked; but the money for Columbia ought to be given. The city owes it to the institution and to itself as well.

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#### Co-operation Among Fruit-Growers

Apparently it is the farmers in America—and not the city wage-earners as in England—who are to take the lead in the development of co-operation. In addition to co-operative insur-

ance, co-operative creameries, and occasionally co-operative elevators, the farmers are now carrying on successfully, in the East as well as on the Pacific slope, co-operative fruit exchanges. In California these exchanges have been successful for years, and have frequently been described. In the East the experiment is newer, but local associations have been successful in many districts, and a National organization appears now to have established itself. The name of the National organization is the American Fruit-Growers' Union, and the scope of its work, as described for us by Mr. Theodore Dreiser, is briefly as follows:

Before the organization of the Union fruit was sold at haphazard, and is still in some measure sold so. One day in May, 1900, Pittsburgh received twenty-six cars of strawberries when it could only handle five or six. Prices went to nothing, and the growers lost everything. Buffalo at the same time was practically without strawberries. Another day New York received seventy-two cars of strawberries, mostly from North Carolina, and they were sold for less than railway freight—largely to cold-storage houses, which kept them until the North Carolina growers heard of their loss and stopped shipping. . . . The Fruit-Growers' Union was organized to direct the fruit to the best markets. By telegraphic communications its officers learn how many car-loads of fruit are *en route* for the different markets, and they direct the shipments of members to points in which there is no apparent danger of a glut. This danger, however, often develops after shipment, and in such cases cars controlled by the Union are diverted to other points by telegrams to the railroads. When the Pittsburgh strawberry glut occurred, Union shipments were deflected to Buffalo. Such action on the part of the Union, of course, aids and sometimes saves the non-union shippers who have sent their fruit to the overstocked market. The non-union shippers realize this, and are glad to have the Union informed regarding their shipments. Railroads also have been willing to co-operate, and most of them have entered into arrangements by which the central office of the Union at Cincinnati is kept posted regarding the number of cars billed over their lines and the respective destinations.

The Union has agents in each of the principal commercial centers to look after the sale of the fruit, and the organization also endeavors to secure low freight rates and other advantages for its members. But this part of its work had previously been performed and is still performed with a good deal of efficiency by local fruit-growers' associations. The new and important part of the work of the National organization is so to distribute the supply of

fruit coming from all sections that no markets shall be either glutted or bare.



## Back to Nature

During the last two decades Americans in rapidly increasing numbers have been heeding the cry, "Back to nature;" and at this moment, when the country is thinking of its obligations to Ralph Waldo Emerson, it is impossible to overlook the indebtedness of the busy people of this working continent to the little group of men, among whom Emerson and Thoreau were the most conspicuous, who early gave direction and impulse to a movement which has contributed immensely to the health, vigor, and joy in life of the American people. For rest, stimulus, solitude, recreation, men and women are turning more and more to the fields and woods every year; and books about nature and natural life are multiplying with unexampled rapidity. No sign of the times is more significant of the change in American habit than the number of volumes on flowers, trees, shrubs, birds, which are constantly coming from the press. No one, however untrained in out-of-door observation, need remain ignorant of the world of nature. Charts and maps of this great living world are to be found on every hand; manuals of knowledge, based on accurate observation and intelligently and simply arranged, are within every one's reach; all the doors are open, and they who will may enter.

This literature of observation is by no means the only and perhaps not the most important of the many forms of access to nature which are being thrown open to the public in increasing numbers. The trained naturalist may object to any treatment of nature that is not distinctly scientific in its method and spirit; but nature is more than birds and flowers, animals and trees. Nature is a middle ground between God and man; it is the playground of the soul; it is full of marvelous analogies with the life of man; its very breath invigorates the body, its beauty feeds the imagination. The work of the scientific observers cannot be overvalued; but it would be very incomplete without the work of the poets, and very imperfect without the records of those who go to nature, not simply to see, but to feel, to

enter into sympathy with, and to be restored by the life of the world without. One of the most recent of these records, "Walks in New England," by Charles Goodrich Whiting, which bears the imprint of Mr. John Lane (New York), belongs to what may be called the literature of rest and of delight. Mr. Whiting has been an indefatigable student of books, and a tireless editor, whose work on the Springfield "Republican" for many years past has been notable for veracity, candor, and fidelity to the truth as he saw it. But editorial work has represented only half of Mr. Whiting's life; the other half has been spent out of doors. He has lived in the fields and woods as much as, and in a sense more deeply than, he has lived in his library and writing-room; and this latest volume, with its charming illustrations, which bring before the eye the characteristic aspects of New England scenery, is full of the sincerity of a man who writes out of intimacy of relationship as well as out of the fullness of knowledge. Those who think that a book about nature should be a bare record of fact without the atmosphere of sentiment will not follow Mr. Whiting; those who believe that, while science gives the face of the world, poetry gives its countenance—its soul revealed in its face—will turn to books of the quality of "Walks in New England" with a feeling that they are dealing with nature fundamentally if not scientifically, and that they are getting from her something which in a way is more important than exact knowledge.

There is no better approach to truth than going into the fields with the open mind and the quick imagination; no better way of throwing off the cares of life and renewing that spirit of freshness which is the most precious possession of men who deal with problems and questions of all sorts. It is this refreshment, this contact of the spirit with nature, which Mr. Whiting receives and imparts. The gospel of nature that Emerson preached was the gospel of the personal relation of every man to the world about him, and through that world to God. It was the gospel of education by the study of natural processes and the following of the ways of nature. If this was unscientific, then Emerson must be counted

among the greatest of the offenders against science. But Emerson was not unscientific; the view of the true poet is always scientific; for by science one means the recognition of all the facts of nature and not of a single order of facts. No intelligent man undervalues science; but no intelligent man ought to permit an inaccurate and limited interpretation of the word science to stand in the way of proper recognition of the whole range of the facts of life. These facts are facts of the spirit as truly as of the body; they relate to the invisible and intangible things as truly as to visible and tangible ones. Mr. Whiting's volume is a record of contact with nature, not only through the eye, but through the imagination and the emotions. He relates himself to nature as only the man of poetic imagination can. The scientist who lacks this great quality may understand what he sees about him, but a man must have something of the poet in him to make himself a part of nature, to get the joy of its boundless life, to take to himself its deep repose.

Mr. Whiting's book is an example of a kind of writing about nature which is not only accurate but atmospheric; which gives not only the fact but the sentiment of the world of out-of-doors and its healing power on the human spirit. A single quotation discloses this quality: "In the seasonable pause before the storm, though the mists drift over the glens and the sunshine but fitfully gleams on the hills and lights for a moment a forest, all is as the lover of Nature would have it. Was it said that Paradise was lost? But is it not Paradise?—this valley in which, among the bright flames of maples and the ruddy back-log glow of oaks, and in the viburnum thickets with their purple-grays and the spice-bushes with their garnered sunlight—amid these and so much more, the birds of June are flocking—bluebirds and robins, flickers and jays, juncos, chickadees and phœbes, mountain sparrows, and now and then a chipmunk—are flocking and sometimes warbling. Surely this is a valley of Paradise, where none has yet entered to molest or make afraid. Into the valley flows a flood of heaven; out of it flow the streams of healing for the discomforts of civilization. Nay, why are not the four rivers that watered Eden here? or streams as good—since from

such a spot must diverge influences that keep earth alive."

## Should Unions Incorporate?

The first issue of the "National Civic Federation Monthly Review" contains an extremely important symposium upon the question whether trades-unions should incorporate. The opinions printed are the well-considered views of men who have a right to speak upon the subject—leaders of thought and action, representing, first, employers; second, employees; third, the general public; and, fourth, the members of the bar. Summing up the discussion in its broadest lines, it may be said that the employers, with several exceptions, favor the incorporation of the unions; the wage-earners, with fewer exceptions, oppose it; the representatives of the general public are more evenly divided, but, as a rule, think incorporation unwise for the unions under present laws; while the members of the bar, dividing somewhat similarly as to the wisdom of incorporation, are practically a unit in declaring that even without incorporation unions may be held legally responsible for any wrongs they inflict.

The argument of employers for the incorporation of trades-unions is substantially the same in all the opinions. The incorporation of trade-unions, it is argued, and the consequent liability of the orders to damage suits, would make them more responsible and more conservative. "If," says Mr. Eidlitz, the head of the new building trades employers' federation in New York, "a union felt that its treasury and standing might be jeopardized, it would tend to make it see that its actions were strictly within the law." "Conservatism," says General Manager Kruttschmitt, of the Southern Pacific Company, "must necessarily follow responsibility, and, however this can be brought about, whether by incorporation of the unions or by decisions of the courts against members, I am firmly of the belief that establishing the principle that a party inflicting an injury must pay the resulting damages will confine the efforts of labor leaders to their legitimate functions and will discourage the present practice of declaring

actual war on persons and property as soon as any contention arises on any industrial question."

Of the employers who do not advocate the incorporation of trades-unions, Senator Hanna takes the position that incorporation is unnecessary to make unions keep their agreements, and President Callaway, of the American Locomotive Company, takes the position that incorporation promises few benefits and that the thing needed is fair-minded men to represent both unions and employers in their conferences. One employer, however, E. F. Du Brul, Commissioner of the National Metal Trades Association, declares that incorporation would not increase the responsibility of the unions and would probably relieve their members of their present personal liability.

The objections offered by trades-unionists to incorporation are many and varied, but usually center about two points: (1) fear of litigation; (2) distrust of the sympathies of the judiciary. President James M. Lynch, of the International Typographical Union, puts both of these points succinctly in the following sentences: "It would take a trade-union antagonist with money at his command but a short time to wreck a labor organization through judicial procedure. . . . Where the toiler is able to contribute one cent, the corporation can without strain put up a dollar. We must continue to depend upon public sympathy and public support, and not on courts, the course of which in the past displays corporation and capitalistic sympathy, if not dictation." Secretary Henry White, of the United Garment Workers, in urging the same points, cites the experience of his own organization when it has appealed to the courts. "Our own National union," he writes, "has hundreds of agreements with manufacturers in which bonds were given to insure their faithful performance, and in every case where the union sued for the forfeiture of the bonds it failed, although the violation of the contract was not questioned. It was held by the courts that the agreement was not valid because obtained under duress, that the employer was not free to refuse to sign the contract presented, as it would be impossible for him to continue in business otherwise." President Daniel J. Keefe, of the Inter-

national Longshoremen's Union, concludes his opinion with the declaration that "more ample redress is obtainable to-day for damages where liability of labor organizations can be proved than can be hoped to be obtained by labor organizations where corporations have violated the law."

The fear of litigation expressed is not merely the fear of suits directly instituted by employers, but of those instituted by dissatisfied members of the union. This point in a most striking fashion is urged not only by unionists, but by representatives of the general public and of the bar. Mr. J. W. Sullivan, of the New York Typographical Union, writes that the union is now a "big, self-governing family," which settles all its internal disputes according to the will of the majority. Incorporation would "admit non-kinsfolk at the head of the family table." Mr. George Fred Williams, of the Boston bar, writes: "As it is now, trades-unions are domestic bodies depending upon the immediate and ready willingness of their members to act in union. . . . Incorporation of trades-unions would be fatal because it would take away the democratic character of the organization." Mr. Frankenheimer, of the New York bar, says that he would no more advise a trades-union to incorporate than he would advise the New York Stock Exchange to incorporate. The courts have repeatedly held "that their power over voluntary associations was not as great as it is over corporations. Were a trades-union to be incorporated, every member who may have been disciplined, suspended, or expelled would appeal to the courts for redress, and the organization would be constantly embroiled in litigation of this kind. Moreover, sinister influences might be brought to bear upon a sufficiently strong minority to justify interference by the courts in the internal affairs of the association, if incorporated, which would not be justified, however strong the minority, if the association were a voluntary one."

Dr. Adaona Weber, of the New York Labor Bureau, who writes of the subject with perhaps the largest knowledge of any individual contributor, fears the same result, unless the law for the incorporation of the union distinctly relieves it of responsibility for the unauthorized acts of individual members. "The field," he

writes, "for intrigues between designing employers and avaricious members would be very large. The unions might find it impossible to maintain any funds whatever, and that would of course spell the death of unionism and of collective bargaining." Indeed, Dr. Weber's opinion upon this point and that of the lawyers in warmest sympathy with trades-unionism practically sustains the position taken by President Perkins, of the International Cigar-Makers' Union, who sums up the attitude of one of the best-managed unions in the country as follows:

We object to being placed in a position where we cannot do business that is strictly lawful without the consent of the judiciary. We will never incorporate until our legal status is well established and laws enacted that fully protect the rights we have secured as the result of years of trade-union activity. If we were incorporated, a board of directors would have a legal right to transact all of our business between conventions. We are too jealous of our liberties, our rights, and the initiative and referendum to surrender them to a board of directors, even if it was composed of angels.

This brings us to what may be called the constructive part of the symposium. Under the present laws, the unions are practically a unit against incorporation—though the Knights of Labor and a few minor unions have incorporated. The representatives of the general public are practically a unit in declaring that incorporation should not be forced upon the unions. As President Eliot, of Harvard, expresses it, "I am not in favor of compulsory incorporation for unions, or for anybody else, because incorporation is to my mind a privilege, and not a duty to which the people should be forced." Nevertheless, among the representatives of the general public, as well as among employers, there is a strong sentiment that unions to-day exercise too vast a power to remain irresponsible, and that incorporation would increase their responsibility, and enable the public to prevent acts hostile to the public welfare. What is needed, therefore, is, on the one hand, the holding of unincorporated unions liable for the damages they inflict, and, on the other hand, the offering of terms of incorporation as favorable to labor unions as are the present laws to unions of capitalists. Along the first line of action, Mr. F. J. Stimson, of Boston—the highest



authority on American statute law and American labor laws—writes that no new statute is needed in this country to prosecute unions for damages inflicted by their illegal acts. So far as damages for such acts are concerned, he writes, "the dangers of incorporation are certainly no greater than at present." The unions, says President Eliot, are likely to desire incorporation if under present laws they are held strictly accountable for their acts. But it is agreed that unions should not be forced to incorporate under the same laws as business corporations. New statutes should be framed. Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, speaking from his Australian observation, writes: "The trade-unions of New Zealand and Australia have incorporated almost universally, because by doing so they have been given valuable privileges, such as the power to hold real estate, sue members for dues, punish officers—most of all, to secure arbitration in case of dispute with employers. If the leaders of the American world desire our trade-unions to incorporate, let them offer them inducements which will make it worth their while to do so." Mr. James A. Miller, the Chairman of the Legal Committee of the Building Contractors' Councils, makes a suggestion along a similar line. He writes: "A law might pass the scrutiny of the courts that would make criminal certain acts done by a combination (unincorporated) that would not be so if done by a corporation having capital stock, or, perhaps, having bonds on file with the Secretary of State that could be reached for damages. In this way the unions might decide it to be to their advantage to incorporate." Apparently in a hundred ways an incorporated union, financially responsible for its acts, might be relieved from processes now directed against its officers and members, upon the ground that suits at law could afford no relief to those injured by their action. All laws on this subject must be drafted with extreme conservatism, and the final statute must be a growth rather than a creation. But the time for considering new legislation is certainly at hand. Great organizations, whether of labor or capital, cannot safely be allowed the unregulated power which is safely allowed to individuals or even to petty partnerships and associations. For the supremacy of our democracy, trades-unions

and trusts must be brought under the oversight and control of law.



## For a Moral Revival

The founders of Massachusetts were wont to require a sermon to be preached on the day of the annual election by some minister appointed by the Governor in Council. This was their way of expressing the conviction on which they based their republican Commonwealth, that a free State must be grounded in a religious concern for civic and political righteousness. But in the necessary substitution of our representative democracy for the pure democracy of the colonial town-meeting—legislation by chosen trustees for the people instead of the original legislation by the people for themselves—that early conviction has decayed, and the moral foundation of the State has decayed with it; citizens in devoting themselves to private interests have forgotten or abused their public trust.

Commercialism in politics, with its characteristic venality, and the decadent civic spirit which at once satirizes it and tolerates it both in municipal and State administration, have long been a matter of notorious infamy, in the eyes of civilized nations our National shame and reproach. The details of this political profligacy that have been published during the last six months have at length burned into the conscience of the churches a conviction of the moral danger threatening the National life, and of their own duty to sound the alarm and urge the remedy. Encouraging notes of the awakening conscience demanding a moral revival and reformation have been sounded recently in various branches of the Church, and it is none too soon.

The Wilmington Methodist Conference has the honor of leading off in this return to better conditions. At its meeting in Easton, Maryland, three weeks after the conclusion of Mr. Kennan's exposure of the carnival of bribery in Delaware, it adopted resolutions of censure concluding with this strong note of abhorrence: "We therefore admonish all our people that any one guilty of this shameless crime stands discredited before the Church, contemptible in the eyes of his brethren, and condemned in the sight of God."

The Congregational Association of New

Jersey, meeting a month later, spoke next. Its resolutions at Asbury Park set forth "the danger which confronts the Nation through the lowering of the standard of civic righteousness, as recently revealed in confessed bribery, vote-buying, and other forms of corruption." Censuring these as disloyalty to the Nation, it urges the churches and pastors to throw their influence against it, and to earnestness in "striving to raise the ideals of political thought and life."

Two weeks ago the moral degradation of Rhode Island politics, and the responsibility of Christian citizens for its moral regeneration, were the main theme of Bishop McVickar's annual address to the Episcopal Convention of that State. He commented freely on recent revelations of political conditions in many small towns of the State and on the corrupt character of the political machinery of the State. He declared that, in his belief, the very foundations of the American heritage of popular government were at stake, and that it is the bounden duty of the Church to sound the alarm. He affirmed that the political machinery by which Rhode Island was governed was not only rotten, but flagrant and defiant, and its effects on the community were everywhere evident. "It is bad enough," he declared, "to be badly governed; it is worse to know that the laws which are to be made and the offices for their administration are spoils and loot to be acquired at a price in the interest of any party or any scheme, no matter how selfish or evil may be its aim; and that all chance for the expression of the popular conscience or popular right through the ballot—the one practical method apart from revolution—is either prevented or choked. The very worst feature of the whole business is that the great mass of the people are so accustomed to it, or else so hopeless of anything better, that they do not rise to their duty." This is the worst feature of the situation. In all parts of the United States we have become so familiar with corruption in our political methods that it no longer excites indignation. We have grown callous in regard to it; and when Bishop McVickar went on to declare that the prevailing sin of the land is its exorbitant estimate of the value of money, he went to the root of all evil. All politi-

cal evils are largely due to the dominance of the commercial instinct in public affairs.

That same week equally significant voices were heard in two other States.

The Congregational Association of Massachusetts, in its annual meeting at Great Barrington, declared that the moral sense of the Nation was surprised and shocked by the "recent revelations of political venality and corruption, even in the historic commonwealths of New England." It frankly attributed this decadence "in part to the cowardice and lack of fidelity of the public teachers of morals, whose duty it is to rebuke sin and warn of its consequences." Insisting on the supreme importance of a pure ballot and honest administration, it enjoined on pastors and churches "the faithful use of all proper means to exalt the highest ideals of civic responsibility and public fidelity."

The Congregational Association of New York, meeting in Brooklyn, in view of "the shameless enormities" of political corruption, considered the situation in some detail. Existing laws were not enforced, and better laws must wait till dormant public opinion is fully roused. Even church members were acquiescing in low standards of political morality, deplorable in the form of blind partisanship, or in that of unquestioning contributions of money for party purposes, or that of neglecting elemental civic duties. The country, said the Association, has a right to look to the churches and their ministers for the awakening of the public conscience. Churches of Puritan heritage are confronted with ominous facts of political degradation, and must speak out in rebuke, in warning, and in encouragement. They must take a closer interest in the public men and measures within their spheres of influence, must fraternally co-operate with all organizations striving for the public good, and labor fearlessly and constantly for higher ideals of civic and political righteousness.

These closely consecutive and simultaneous utterances The Outlook welcomes as a sign of the turning tide. Nothing like it has been heard from American churches since the time, nearly fifty years ago, when Missourians swarmed into Kansas to carry the Territorial elections by force and fraud for the extension of

negro slavery. The churches that have thus spoken on the present moral crisis have raised a standard for all other churches to rally to. Last September The Outlook took occasion, from Professor Ladd's criticism of the moral condition of the churches as "relatively low and nerveless," to urge God-fearing men to get together to confer about the common salvation, and initiate the moral revival needed by a torpid public conscience. It is most encouraging to find this already begun. To follow up this beginning seems especially urgent in view of the multitude of young men coming into citizenship in a time of lax public virtue and amidst depraved political ideals, and requiring instruction in civic morality no less than in the personal morality of the Ten Commandments. The unanimity with which the Congregational churches insist on raising the ideals of citizenship is significant. Ideals inspire motives. Ideals determine conduct. To present to young men a high and pure ideal of the citizenship required for the permanent freedom of the free State is work which the Christian pulpit cannot safely neglect, if it would develop Christian manhood.



## Was Jesus Christ a Jew?

Reference was lately made in The Outlook to a recent address by Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, in which he declared that "if Jesus Christ should return to the earth to-morrow, he would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land," and claimed that those things which we are accustomed to associate peculiarly with Christ's teaching were taken from Jewish writings. A correspondent writes to ask us how far and in what sense this is, in our opinion, true; and if true, why should the Jews have put Jesus to death?

Answering this question in a single sentence, we reply that the relation of Judaism to Christianity is like that of the blossom to the fruit for which it prepares, and to which, in the fullness of time, it gives place. Judaism is Christianity in blossom; Christianity is Judaism become fruit.

Judaism was a well-defined theological, ethical, and sociological system. Without attempting in a paragraph to define it

fully and accurately, it may be said to have included the following elements. Theologically it was the doctrine that there is one God, a righteous Person, who demands righteousness of his children, and who demands nothing else. He has made man in his own image; therefore we are to look for the reflection of God in human experience. Ethically it was the doctrine that every man should reverence God, honor his parents, respect his neighbor's rights of person, property, the family, and reputation, and should do this spontaneously, not merely from fear of penalty or hope of reward. Sociologically it was that the State is a divine organism, that law is divine, that justice consists in conformity to this divine law, that God is no respecter of persons and therefore a just State will be no respecter of persons, that all, rich and poor, wise and learned, priest and laymen, are, or ought to be, equal before the law. There was a priestly class, but it enjoyed no special privileges. There was a sacrificial system, but it was simply a method for the expression of spiritual experience, and was optional, not obligatory. While there was high church and low church in Jewish as in all other history, and while there are passages in the Old Testament which may seem inconsistent with this confessedly brief and imperfect definition of Judaism, we think it covers the essential principles of the system, as it is found in its most primitive form in the Ten Commandments, and in its more developed form in the books of the Prophets. Coupled with this system—theological, ethical, and sacrificial—was the teaching, running all through Israel's history, from the earliest traditions contained in Genesis to the last verse of the last chapter of the last prophet—that One was coming who would deliver Israel from her bondage and would bring in an epoch in which these principles would be victorious. This Deliverer, differently described by different prophets, was known by the Hebrew term Messiah, and the golden age to which Israel was constantly told by her prophets to look forward was known as the Kingdom of God. To understand in fullness the teaching of Jesus Christ these facts should be borne in mind.

For Jesus Christ was a Jew. He

accepted the Jewish system. He was charged in his lifetime with undertaking to subvert Judaism, and he explicitly denied the charge. I have not come, he said, to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill them. He assumed the truth of the Jewish theology, of its ethics, of its sociology, and he applied and developed them. The Psalmist had said, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Christ plucked this text from the ancient Psalter and in his hand it blossomed into the parable of the Prodigal Son. The ancient code had said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ interpreted it to mean that the heretical Samaritan who at some personal sacrifice rendered service to a suffering stranger was more loyal to God than the orthodox priest and Levite who passed by. The ancient prophet had said, "Thus saith Jehovah, To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Christ translated this saying into the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. The law of the ancient commonwealth had forbidden all class and caste distinctions under the law and before the courts. Christ developed this doctrine of civil equality into the spirit of fraternalism, in the saying, "All ye are brethren." Theologically, ethically, sociologically, Christ assumed the truth of Judaism, and gave to it a clearer interpretation and a new life. All the theological teaching of Christ is implicit in the one hundred and third Psalm: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who covereth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." All the ethical teaching of Christ is implicit in the declaration of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" All the sociological teaching of Christ is implicit in the Deuteronomic code: "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great."

Why, then, if Jesus Christ taught a pure Judaism, was he put to death by the Jews?

We answer our correspondent's question by asking him another. Why has there ever been religious persecution? Why was Gideon threatened by the mob, and Jeremiah conspired against by the courtiers? Why were Savonarola and Huss and Tyndale put to death by professing Christians? Because in all ages of the world men have clothed themselves in the garments of religion and taken the offices of religion to destroy religion. Because in Christ's time the Jewish Church was corrupt, as in Savonarola's time the Christian Church was corrupt, and the corrupt church hates the reformer and the purifier. Because judgment must always begin in the Church of God, and when the prophet bears witness within the precincts of the temple against the falsehoods of a corrupt priesthood, the corrupt priesthood destroy him if they can. The chief priest's answer to our correspondent's question has been recorded by the Evangelist: "If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation."

What, then, did Christ add to Judaism? Anything? Yes. Much.

Christ added breadth. Theologically, ethically, sociologically, Judaism was racial; Jehovah was Israel's God; the Golden Rule was operative between Jew and Jew; and it was in the Jewish State that there was to be no respect of persons. Christ's theology, ethics, sociology, was human, not Jewish. Jehovah was the Father of mankind; love was due to and given by the Samaritan, member of an alien race; brotherhood included Gentile as well as Jew. Christ added life. Partly by the form of his teaching; partly by the breadth of his teaching; partly by his clearer vision and his more vivifying faith; partly by the fact that he lived that faith as it never had been lived before; partly by the fact that he died for it; partly by the fact that the power of the life, interpreted by this teaching, was manifested by his resurrection from the dead; but most of all by his own personality. What he was far exceeded all that he taught. Christianity is Judaism plus Jesus Christ. He added fulfillment. Judaism had promised a Kingdom of God yet to come and a Messiah yet to bring it upon the earth. The message of Christ's first preaching was that this very anticipated Kingdom of God was at hand.

The burden of his first teaching was an interpretation of this Kingdom of God—its nature and the method of its development, its conquests, and its victory. In his first sermon at Nazareth he read from the Old Testament a prophecy of this kingdom and declared that he had come to fulfill it. In almost his last utterance, when on trial for his life, he repeated under oath that he was the Promised Deliverer. "The High Priest said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? and Jesus said, I am." What gives to Christianity its power is this faith of the Christian Church that the Deliverer has come; that his Personality is attested by his character; his Power, by his resurrection; his Presence, by the history of Christendom. In its theological, ethical, and sociological teaching Christianity differs from Judaism chiefly in being broader, clearer, and more vital. But the great difference between the two faiths is that what Judaism promises Christianity is fulfilling.

## The Spectator

While the Spectator was listening to a sermon in a leading city church—one with whose congregation he is, through frequent visits to the city, almost as well acquainted as with that of his own church—his ear was caught by a once familiar phrase, as by an unexpected reminder of a long-departed friend. "Who of us," asked the preacher, "has not known some young man whose downward career began when he accepted his first glass of sparkling wine from the jeweled hand of beauty?" The challenge of the question was the more peremptory as it was thrown in as an aside by way of illustration, temperance not being the topic of the sermon. So the Spectator made a hasty inventory of the wrecked careers among his own friends and acquaintance, without recalling one that answered to the description. The "social glass" could indeed be held responsible for two or three of these ruined lives, but with each it was a case of good fellowship at the club or elsewhere, with its demoralizing "treating habit." Running his eye over the principal pews on the main aisle—luckily for the

purpose, the Spectator was seated in the gallery—he could count but five families whose custom it was to serve wine at dinner. In the case of two of the five he was sure that the wine was always mild claret when the guests were young men.

The point that most interested the Spectator was not, however, that the preacher chanced to accept and pass on a bit of conventional rhetoric at its face value, for that is something to which we all must at times plead guilty. Rather, he became interested to discover the origin of the rhetoric, the original of Eve the Temptress of temperance literature and tradition, once so familiar a figure of tract and exhortation. Probably his older friends will readily recall that original, but the Spectator did not identify her until late on Sunday afternoon. As she then came to him, she was none other than the young woman at whose home, thirty years or more ago, wine was served to New Year's Day callers. Of course she was attired in her bravest, not forgetting all of her rings, and the champagne she offered was literally "the glass of sparkling wine from the jeweled hand of beauty." The Spectator well remembers the strong protests then made against this insidious custom, confined by no means to total abstinences, and grounded on obvious dictates of ordinary good morals. Very probably the preacher had in mind as he spoke the sad career of some ruined young man whose first case of excess dated from progressive drinking at the homes of his friends as he made his round of New Year's calls. The preacher forgot how completely the custom has died out, and how little the phrase, once apt, fits the habits and special temptations of modern city life.

This unnatural vitality, if that it can be called, of a rhetorical image is a commonplace of experience in the case of phrases, but more especially words. One of the Spectator's presents last Christmas was a "Slang Dictionary," and he was surprised, on looking it over, to see the numerous words it contained whose original meaning and even derivation had been wholly lost. Almost every one has noted how adjectives—"awful" is a good example—

degenerate when adopted into the vernacular for every-day use; this to the great impoverishment of the language, since it is thus robbed of the right word to express the feeling the word properly expresses. It is this which justifies the stylists in what many would call overnicety in picking and choosing their words, as if style were a classical cult and not the art of giving distinction to the expression of a thought, often by the choice of the simplest words. The Spectator chanced on an illustration of what he means in an aside of one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Atlantic Monthly" papers. Mr. Aldrich, in discussing Mr. Howells's blank verse sketch, "The Mother," said of it: "I should call the effect 'weird' if the word had not lately been worked to death." The form of this apology reminded the Spectator of one of the first compositions he read as a college freshman. The subject was "Procrastination," and the writer began: "I will not repeat the old adage, 'Procrastination is the thief of time,'" and then paused. Even the solemn professor joined in the general laugh at the writer's ingenuity in getting the adage in while leaving it out.



The care of the conscientious stylist does not, however, stop when he finds that a word is becoming hackneyed. He guards as closely against his own individual overuse of a word as against choosing a word of general overuse. There is a story told of Emerson by the late Edwin Percy Whipple which has always seemed to the Spectator to put the point perfectly. Mr. Whipple had attended a lecture by Emerson in a town a few miles out of Boston, and they drove back together. "As soon as we got into the chaise," writes Mr. Whipple, "I began to speak of the lecture, and, referring to what Emerson had said of the Puritans, I incidentally alluded to the peculiar felicity of the use of the word 'grim,' and added that I noticed it was a favorite word with him in his published essays. 'Do you say,' he eagerly responded, 'that I use the word often?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but never without its being applicable to the class of persons you are characterizing.' He reflected a minute or two, and then said, as if experiencing a pang of intellectual

remorse, 'The word is probably passing with me into a mannerism, and I must hereafter guard against it—must banish it from my dictionary.'"



Paradoxical as it may seem to some of his friends who have not thought of the matter, one of the services the newspapers render the language is, the Spectator believes, the material aid they give in banishing overworked words and phrases from the general dictionary. Indeed, the descriptive press writer who resorts to the commonplaces of rhetoric is known in the slang of the profession, so the Spectator is informed by a journalist friend, as "the 'dull-thud' reporter." Often the laudable but misdirected effort of the reporter to say a thing in a way in which it has never been said before leads to remarkable results. One such result, clipped, not from some over-ambitious, far-Western paper, but from a carefully edited journal of a leading New England city, has had for some time the place of honor in the Spectator's pocketbook for exhibit on occasion as a curiosity of anticlimax: "With the cyclopean eye of a murderous-looking 32-caliber revolver staring at her within a few inches of her forehead, while behind the weapon gleamed the optics of a man, it is claimed, whose every word is said to have been a threat to bore her skull with bullets, Catherine Goff gave voice to scream after scream."



So much has been made, with more or less truth, of the demoralizing influence of "newspaper English," that it is only common justice to give the newspaper any modicum of credit to which it may be entitled. But how far is "newspaper English" demoralizing? This is certainly an open question, with so eminent an authority as Professor Lounsbury among the doubters. Only the other day, during a chat about the matter, he said to the Spectator: "The constant talk about the supposed corruption of the language is pretty nearly a case of perpetual twaddle. At different periods different persons have been held responsible for it. Just now it is the newspaper, which, as a matter of fact, absorbs a large share of the best writing talent of the country."

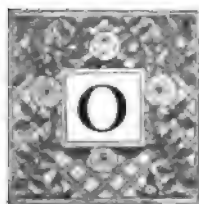


CORNER OF THE GROUP OF "THE SUBSTITUTE"

## A Sketcher's Vacation in Shottery

By Jane B. Reid

Illustrated from Water-Color Drawings by the Author



**O**n a corner near Anne Hathaway's cottage there stands a large red farm-house which ought to be a landmark of beauty in Shottery, but is not. Its outlines, to be sure, are clumsy

and lack variety, but they have one essential—repose; and underneath that uniform red wash, divided into artificial bricks by white lines, lies, no doubt, all the variety of surface necessary to redeem it from its present commonplace—namely, the uneven patches of "wattle and daub," braced by sagging timbers and mended here and there with pinkish bricks, such as are found in other houses of the village, and form the chief beauty of The Cottage itself. Strangers who pass this house will never give it a second glance. Yet it belongs to Shakespeare's time, without doubt. There is a fascinating flagged and raftered kitchen in the rear, and upstairs the most beautiful

and spacious chamber to be found in the whole of Shottery. It is a square room with an "ell;" its ceiling is the high corner gable of the house, rising dim above a network of age-blackened rafters, with a churchlike effect, enhanced by the mellow light falling through diamond-paned lattices across the deep-red drugget on the floor. It holds, besides the usual furnishings of a bedchamber, a huge desk and three extra clothes-presses, and still there is room for an unobstructed promenade across the entire space in two directions. Through the windows you may see the trees and gable-ends which mark the three scattered clusters of cottages forming all that is left of old Shottery.

Early in June the owner of the Red House offered me this room for a fortnight, and a few hours later I took possession of it, with only one regret—that I had left Stratford without having heard the nightingales in Trinity churchyard. They were there—others had heard them—and they

were not everywhere. My landlady, dismissing me to the churchyard wall at night, had said, "They begin with three distinct notes, something like this: 'jug—jug—jug;' you cannot possibly mistake them, they are like nothing else." But their voices had been silent for the stranger. So I took possession, as I supposed, of the room in the Red House. In less than an hour it was apparent that this was a mistake. My presence had made no impression upon it. Its individuality was infinitely stronger. I be-

the past, it is true, in very shameful modern fashion. It is shocking to see a well-dressed little English girl running by the side of the visitor's carriage, her hand on the door, ready to open it for a penny. And at Anne Hathaway's gate stands a little maid just sent by her mother from a neighboring cottage, with a fresh rose in her hand, waiting to offer it and a curtsy to the newcomer—for a penny. Americans encourage this beggary. From a false sense of shame, sometimes—an anxiety not to be thought mean. Perhaps



"THE COTTAGE" FROM THE GARDEN

longed to the room. It was like sinking back into the arms of the nursery after the bufftings of years. I, and all the people of the farm, were nothing but children under the protection of the Red House.

As the days went by, it amused me to fancy the whole life of Shottery as dominated in a way by its Red House of the past. The people may be poor or ignorant, but their faces show health and a contentment which is not mere stolidity and absence of ambition. They are guided by a philosophy which did not originate with them nor with their immediate forefathers. They are living upon

more often from sentiment—the rose came from Anne's garden, they imagine, and the little maid and the curtsy seem a pretty survival of the past. One visit, all that the generality of people make, is not enough to dispel the illusion. It is the person who stays for weeks in the place, and sketches for hours at a time in front of The Cottage, who begins to shrink from the sound of soft, musical voices calling, "Here's another carriage!"—the r's prettily trilled, the last syllable lifted five notes above the first; who tires of being offered, for a penny, the heads of flowers hastily nipped by school-child-





"THE SUBSTITUTE"



WHERE SPIKES OF LARKSPUR STRUGGLED BETWEEN  
BROKEN FLAGS

dren from the roadside, or to "s'y you a piece of poitry 'baout Shoikspeare, lydy." And yet there are times when the Shottery children will pass you as if they had never heard of a penny. And this not because of any particular business on hand, though you will sometimes see two or three of a group of little girls knitting as they walk linked arm in arm in a long line across the road. They are merely enjoying themselves in other, older ways at present. It is the influence of the Red House. Even the little tot of the rose and curtesy finds time to drop a flower, gratis, on the easel of the artist-lady.

As I have said, my windows looked out only upon old Shot-

tery. But there is a newer part. Roughly speaking, the village consists of three estates of some importance, all but completely hidden behind high walls and shrubbery; perhaps the same number of considerable farms; a small, new church; a few rows of modern brick tenements; and the three groups I have mentioned of timbered and thatched—or tiled—cottages. There are two schools, a post-office, a tavern, and a blacksmith-shop—that is all of a public or business character. The modern, beautifully kept roads have done their best to deprive the old cottages of picturesquequeness, but without success. There is still an unpremeditated look about their setting—here a cottage below the road, from which one must descend by steps to a steep, winding path bordered with roses and larkspur; there a group with its shoulder turned, as it were, to the road, hiding from view the old foot-path still leading to it, along the brook, on the other side. The sketcher, of course, cares only for this region, and naturally he begins with The Cottage. He usually takes it first from the road, next from the copse above the road, and last from the garden. The copse stage is the most interesting, from several points of view. In the first



POPPY GARDEN IN THE GROUP OF "THE SUBSTITUTE"



A CORNER OF "THE BARRACKS"

place, you may rest your eyes, in the intervals of work, upon a gently rising meadow which comes to an end opposite the Red House, and may please your fancy by the thought that the tiny stream winding round it is in all probability following much the same path it followed centuries ago—that possibly even the osier-beds along the banks are survivals of those which lent the “wattle” for the formation of the ancient village. Then there are the sights and sounds from the road below you, from which you are only partly screened. Sometimes it is the voice of infant Shottery, singing “Swe-e-e-t Rowsy O’Gri-i-dy” in accompaniment of the blind man before The Cottage gate. But chiefly it is the visitors that attract you. There are all sorts, some whom it is not easy to account for even when you remember the cheap excursion rates that tempt all elements from the neighboring towns. The poet and the scholar are expected, as a

matter of course, and the wealthy or serious-minded tourist. Hilarity you can account for. But misery and ignorance and discord come here too, and even tragedy. It all comes up to you, in broken snatches of talk, from the road. On the whole, you slip away from the copse some morning, glad that your work on *The Cottage* is done.

The largest and most compact of the three groups of old Shottery lies beyond *The Cottage* and aside from the usual lines of travel. The natives call this group the Barracks. No doubt the long rows of cottages suggested the name, but they are set at such picturesque angles, so redeemed from monotony by irregular and sagging roof-lines, so smothered in blossoming vines and tangled garden-patches, that it is no wonder the spot has become the haunt of artists. The poorest people in Shottery live there—it is even said to hold a rough element. I never found them less than kindly, and their



A GARDEN IN "THE GROUP BELOW THE ROAD"



"THE COTTAGE" FROM THE COPSE

pride in their bits of garden, where spikes of larkspur struggled between broken flags, was as great as that of the more prosperous proprietors of the gardens in the Group below the Road—or even of old Mrs. Knight, who occupied the prettiest end of a cottage in the third group, which I nicknamed the Substitute.

"Many people think my cottage as pretty as Anne Hathaway's," the old lady said to me proudly one day. She did not know, as I did, from having observed the signs from my distant lattice, that many people never get beyond the Substitute at all. They come over hurriedly, between trains, with no time to see anything but the exterior of The Cottage, and they cannot all be met at the end of the field-path, as I was, by a little girl picking buttercups, who looked up—under the spell of her Red House—to sing at me:

"This is the w'y to Anne Hathaway's cottage! Gow str'ight daown the lyne and turn to the roight!"

Old Mrs. Knight, when I came to sketch

the Substitute, was hospitality itself. I might go anywhere, do anything. She took me in to show me a sketch, given her by an artist who considered it a failure, but of which she herself was very proud. And she begged me (at intervals, as I worked) not to tear up any failures I might make, as she would be only too pleased to have them. She came out so often that I began to lose confidence. It was a relief that she was out on an errand when the thing was finally done, so that I could get away without showing it to her. A few days later I took Mrs. Knight a copy of the sketch. The original had not seemed to me a great success, and I presented the copy with some diffidence. "It is not very good," I said, "but I wanted you to have it because it takes in your end of the cottage, which your other sketch does not." To my surprise the old lady looked nonplused, and I left her finally, with a painful impression that something was wrong. She presently followed me out to the road, where





OSIER WANDS AND ELDER

I had set up my easel, to offer me, in some agitation, the freedom of her garden—of all the neighbors' gardens—as often as I chose to come. She went back, and then her husband came out to say that I might have fresh water at any time from their well. What did it mean? Had I been lacking in delicacy in not presenting the sketch as a failure? Was it taken as payment for hospitality freely offered? I shall never know. Possibly I was altogether too self-confident, and Mrs. Knight's agitation may have risen from the fact that she had failed to recognize her end of the cottage. I know that she did no more work that day. She presently came out with her bonnet on very much awry, and something square tucked under her shawl, and did not return for many hours. Whether she went in to Stratford to show the picture to friends, or to try to exchange it somewhere for a pound of tea, still remains a mystery.

That night was my last at the Red House. I sat long at the lattice overlooking the meadow, listening to the familiar interchange of question and answer in the road below: "I beg pardon, but can you?"—"At the end of the road, sir." "Oh, can you show me?"—"Yes, at the end of the road." "Please tell me?"—"Yes, ma'am, gow str'ight on till ye can't go any farther," etc., etc. And after the night was quite dark came this last choice bit of Shottery dialect: "'E got a penny, an' 'er got a penny, an' we 'ad quoite a scramble for it, didn't us!"

Was that to be Shottery's last note for

me in the Red House? I thought so. But at half-past eleven the stillness was broken again. I got up quickly and went to the window. Could it be? Yes, there could be no mistaking it—it was the "jug—jug—jug" of the nightingale! It came from a spot I knew well, where the elders slope to meet the osier wands in the gardens of the Group below the Road.

That fortnight marked the end of my holiday in Warwickshire. Next morning, while my trunk went round by the road to the station in Stratford, I started across the field-path for the last time. When all is described, that field-path still remains the one really poetic spot in the region left to the memory of Shakespeare. The arms of Stratford are already half-way round it. It has grown to be a wide, trodden footway, instead of the grass-grown path of one's fancy. But as long as there is a path there at all, or the semblance of a field, anticipation and memory will walk there undisturbed.

This morning a luminous haze hung over the landscape. Nothing could be seen beyond the dim borders of the field. Suddenly a lark's note cut the silence—then another—and another—till the whole sky was vocal. The sun was on the other side of that thin veil of mist. Was that what they were after?

"As from the dark upsprings the lark  
The rising sun to see—"

The veil was thin, but the sun was still clouded as I left the spot; the lark's song was still rising—a beautiful good-by to the fields of Shottery.



MEADOW OPPOSITE "THE RED HOUSE"



**"SOME FISHING SCHOONER . . . DRIES HER WHITE SAILS"**





"WE MAY LINGER FOR A WHILE ON THE LONG BRIDGE"

## The Lure of the Sea

By Isaac Ogden Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

**W**ITH early summer days a hunger for the sea returns. At first we may strive to satisfy it with noontide visits to the wharves, where the vessels come and go and the still waters reflect the buildings of the shore, or some fishing schooner just in from the sea dries her white sails in the sun. Or we may linger for a while on the long bridge to watch the swaying of the water weeds as they bend upward with the flood and taste the salt breath of the ocean which follows the incoming tide. Or a further walk brings us to the great willow avenue, beyond which one may catch a distant glimpse of the sea.

In mid-June, however, there comes a day when none of these things satisfy, and we turn our faces toward the marshes and the dunes. The long bridge echoes to our early morning tread. Under the shadow of the hill the cool road leads us past the head of an inlet, with its clustered buildings and lofty elms shading a white church at the parting of the ways. Ours is the quiet road that turns aside and begins at once to afford hospitable room for the creeping in of grass and clover, making a soft turf for our feet.

The steps of summer seem to loiter as

she nears the shore. Along these unfrequented lanes, where salt winds blow and sea fogs linger, the air of mid-June is still fragrant with the delicious odor of the fox-grape blossoms. On both sides of the way the vines have made an arbor and regale the poorest wanderer with perfume of delight such as no queen in her palace may command. How is it that of such penetrating sweetness the puckery acid of the grapes can grow? One is the most exquisite wild fragrance of the spring; to venture with the other requires a certain hardihood, so instant is its denial that it grew to please the palate of a man. Both are akin in this, however, that they belong to unpampered appetites, to the world of sun and wind, of breathless noonday heat and the shadow of the cloud. It would be difficult to imagine the perfume of the grape blossoms in a crowded ball-room, or the wild fox-grapes on a banquet table. Both are traveler's joys, as unspoiled and untamable as the butterfly or the hermit thrush.

The birds care nothing for the perfume, though they approve of the ripened grapes; but how they delight in the close shelter of these vine-grown thickets! This morning hour is full of song. Sparrows

by the roadside, warblers and vireos in the tree-tops, tell of the joys of living, interrupted only by the blundering hurry of a flicker retreating up the road at our approach. Hints of housekeeping are all about us. The wise catbird watches us safely by his hiding-place of love and care, while other anxious fathers flit from tree to tree with an amusingly open pretense of leading us in the direction of their nests. Some of the rarer warblers are of the company, as well as the dear, common summer warblers whose flight

One of them sits atilt on the top of a bush as we pass, and calls to his mate in a sweet, high note that carries far across the waving grasses to some hidden nest.

Along our upland way we had the dry odor of the daisies and the honey-sweet of clover, but now there comes another waft upon the air. It is the salt breath of the marshes and the tang of the neighboring sea. The widespread levels which stretch out before us are meadows of the ocean's nourishing, as upland meadows live upon the bounty of the cloud. They



"A MARSH ISLAND, PART MEADOW . . . PART OAK WOODS"

appears like gleams of sunlight softened through a misty air.

These happy singers are all lovers of the shade; but where the low hills melt into level meadowland the air is more loudly musical with the song of bobolinks. Their notes have lost nothing yet of rollicking joy, though their buff shoulder-knots have begun to fade. The meadows, in their turn, give place to salt marshes, where the redwings congregate, building their nests on dry tussocks out of the reach of tides and of all prying, wingless folks.

have another look and their colors run through an altogether different scale, with purples of blossom, greens of stalk and blade, and a deep undertint of brown. The daisies and clover are replaced by scattered spires of sea-plantain and islands of dull brown, the wreck of last year's reeds. Along the sides of the raised way, still damp from the overflowing tide, are weaker growths—white sandwort and yellow oxalis, and, at the marsh edge, rounded mats of beach-pea, with its purple blossoms.



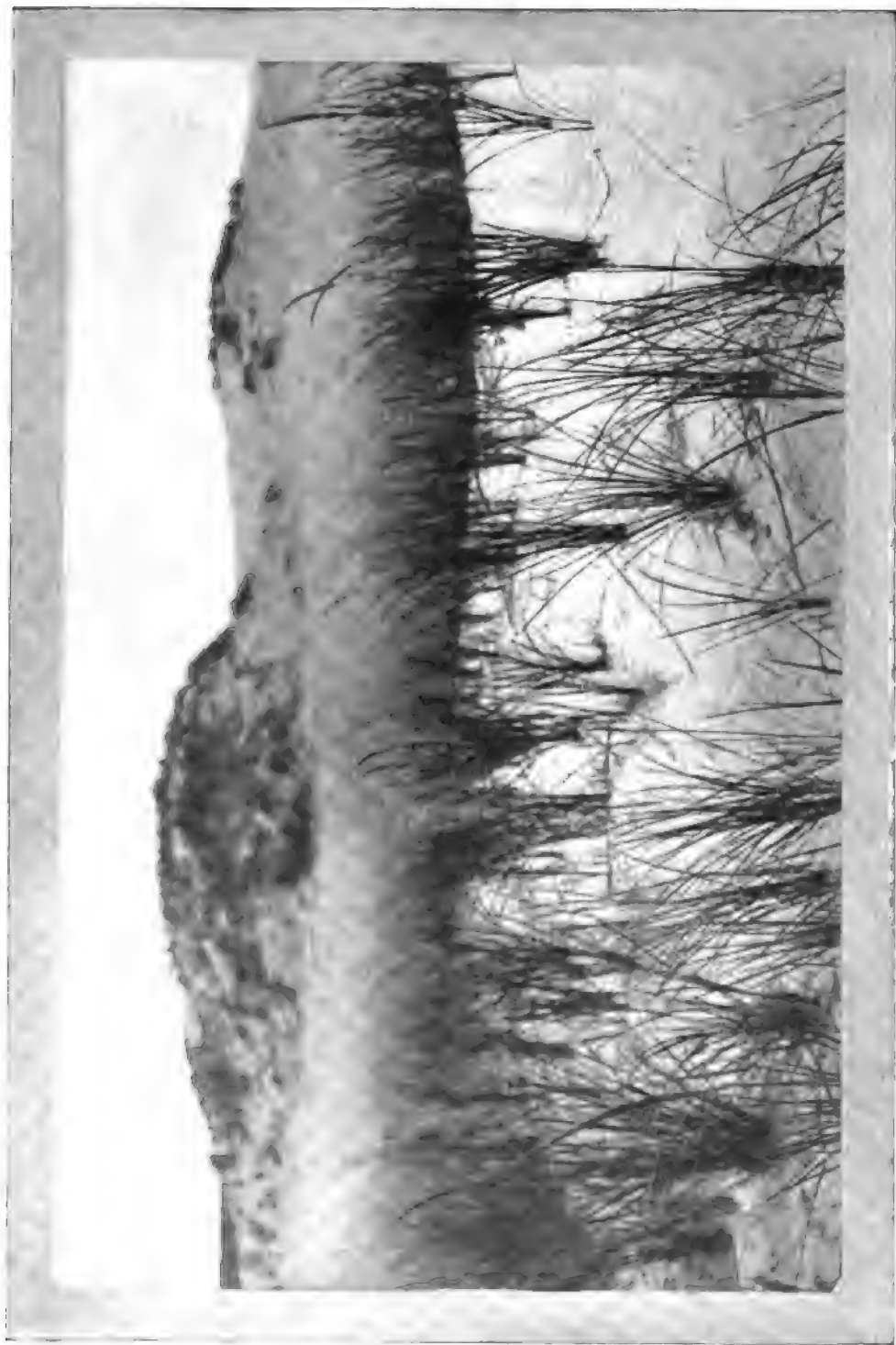
"SUBMERGING THE GRASSES AT ITS EDGE"



"ANOTHER CAUSEWAY EDGED WITH WILLOWS"



"THE LINGERING LIGHT ACROSS THE SILENT STREAM"



"THE SEA ITSELF IS HIDDEN BEHIND SAND DUNES"

The sea itself is hidden behind sand dunes which shut in the view. Trackless spaces of salt marsh, threaded with crooked tidal creeks, forbid approach. The only possible way is the way around. To the causeway succeeds a marsh island, part meadow starred with an innumerable company of daisies, part oak woods, where the trees stand wide apart, as if they wished to yield one another ample room to grow. Here, too, the birds are much at home, and in the glades May seems to be lingering with her sister June, tending her rue anemones and wild geraniums in the sunny spaces.

In the crow's flight to the shore this

new bud in compliment of June. Yet already, on the warm eastern slope, the first large hawkbits are shining in the sun.

The island narrows to another causeway edged with willows that leads us over to the broad base of a rounded hill. Under the bridge the tide is singing as it falls over a little dam. It broadens out and curves, brim full, submerging the grasses at its edge and reflecting the trees upon the point beyond. A barred gate lets us in to old neglected orchards and hill-side pastures thick with bramble clumps and netted dewberry vines that catch unwary feet. Every resting-place gives wider views. Half way up the gravelly slope are



"THE STILL WATERS REFLECT THE BUILDINGS OF THE SHORE"

island is the last true outpost of the continent. Twice a day its edges are wet with the incoming tide, and it is surrounded also by a wonderful sea of green and waving grasses, the children of the sea. There is, indeed, no water visible, except a narrow streak of blue river on which a single white sail moves. The hull is soon lost to sight, but the sail goes on as if it were afloat upon the wide grassy sea of the green marsh. In the dry pasture-land beyond the oaks the cattle are alert and inquisitive at the unaccustomed sight of man. Here, too, the detaining hand of the ocean wind shows in a wilderness of wax-myrtle and sweet-fern just out of blossom, and roses bright with scarlet hips showing not even one

tempting patches of ripe wild strawberries—not the long-stemmed meadow berries with their tapering necks deep hidden in the grass, but short-stemmed, thick-set berries with no necks at all, dark crimson in the sunlight, and clinging close as if afraid of violence from the ocean winds.

From the hilltop, across the marshes and the wild confusion of the snowy dunes, we look to the illimitable levels of the ocean floor, wind flawed and streaked, gray under the cloud shadows and azure in the sun. On the other side is a great circle of the fruitful hills, with dark forests and the homes and fields of men, where one white spire rises among its village trees. It is a place to linger and to dream, lulled by the ocean breeze; but the



"THE GREAT WILLOW AVENUE BEYOND WHICH ONE MAY CATCH A DISTANT GLIMPSE OF THE SEA "

shore still lures us, and on the other side another causeway leads across the marshes to the dunes.

Was there ever such a desert world as this?—so white, so desolate, so glaring in the sun, so responsive to the moisture (when the rain does not run through as swiftly as it falls), so driven of the winds and tossed? On the landward side cranberry bogs fill the wet hollows, and the higher ridges are covered with wax-myrtle and blossoming sheep-laurel. Everywhere in the dry open spaces is wealth of beach-gold (*Hudsonia Tomentosa*) that laughs like sunlight against the snowy sand. Its crowded blossoms, the olive green of its threadlike leaves, the recumbent stems, sometimes showing only golden tips where the wind has buried the branches, form a strange picture of unlooked-for beauty.

These flowers are but for a day. Carried from their native sands, they wither and leave nothing to show except their broomlike stems. Theirs is no service for the houses of the rich, nor need they fear to be exposed for sale among the heedless crowds of city streets. They are treasure trove for those who will go out into the wilderness to see, and for them alone.

The way leads on, over white crests, down into wind-swept hollows marked with ripples by the wind that rounds their

curves. A shell, a bit of driftwood, the skeleton of a bird exposed and lonely on the smooth white floor, shows that the winds may disinter as well as bury. The beach-grass lengthens its roots in vain, striving to hold the slopes in place. So high are the ridges, so deep are the valleys, that it is not until the furthest crest is under foot that we catch more than a glimpse of the ocean. But at last, with sudden and unbroken vision, here is the wonder of the deep. Beneath us curves the long beach strewn with broken reeds and driftwood, not in heaps, as the wind scatters them, but in far-stretching curves and lines that mark the limits of the incoming and receding waves.

The tide laps gently on the wave-marked slope. A schooner bound for the river's mouth works past with frequent tacks, while every noise on deck is clear to our ears across the water. She passes by around the point, and, suddenly, the sea is as empty of all tokens of man's presence as the cloudless sky. This is the meeting-place where God has set his bounds. Here is enough, at last, for eye and thought, restful and satisfying and illimitable. Here rest is sweet, and the picture of it goes with us on our homeward way, more lasting in memory than the sunset on the meadows or the lingering light across the silent stream.



"THE HEAD OF THE INLET"

## Footprints of St. Francis

By Vida D. Scudder

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author



GHOSTLY sadness envelops a sensitive spirit in the presence of "the grandeur that was Rome." Might in decay is all around one; the soft Roman air is thick with phantoms. Great things have been—but they have vanished, and their ruins mock our dreams of the worth of human endeavor. Traveling from the city northward, past the broken

aqueducts on the Campagna, for a while the creeping oppression endures. But presently the burden is lifted; the spirit of a sudden finds itself buoyant, free, and glad. And why? we wonder. Close to us, on the lower slopes of the Apennines, the ancient oaks are gleaming, it may be with the evanescent freshness of spring; in the plain below, myriad baby vine-leaves glow like wee translucent flames of green. Ah! we understand our mood, for this is Umbria. In a few hours we have shaken off the weight of centuries, and left antiquity behind. We have reached a Christian country, where horizons have opened even to far spiritual regions before the gaze of saintly eyes.

We are moving through a landscape of Perugino; his wide pure spaces filled with azure light surround us, his white oxen, absurdly devout of countenance, plod their gentle way through the fields; surely a rapt upward-gazing saint stands hidden by yonder chapel wall. Do you question, missing somewhat from Perugino's world? Wait, and you shall find it. Leaving the train—intrusive but convenient unreality!—one of his little hill towns rises in bodily form before us, and slowly, in a mediæval dream, we wind our way up to Assisi, the palace of the Cæsars forgotten.

From the high balcony of the pleasant

inn we see the country better—a wide, sweet country, a great sweep of plain, fading from glimmering green and silver to softest violets, dotted by town-capped hills, and engirdled with Apennines on which the snows still linger. The ruins of Rome are a series of vast epic fragments; this Umbrian land affects one like a lyric, breathing in all its exquisite beauty one intimate emotion:

Thou art a holy poem, sweet Umbrian plain,  
Forever sung to the angelic ear:  
Thy tender vines beneath thy hills austere,  
Thy shining poppies and thy springing grain,  
All murmur softly one melodious strain,  
While Brother Wind breathes low that he  
may hear,  
And bending o'er thy far horizons clear  
Our Sister Clouds hearken the glad refrain.

A poem of love remembered; day by day,  
Here with some chosen brother of his band,  
God's Little Poor One wandered, lorn and  
gay,—  
Weeping, yet singing on his homeless way  
Lauds of the Creatures; and the lovely land  
Still holds his voice for those who understand.

We are looking over the country consecrated by the feet of St. Francis; through all its happy years it sings to the overarching heavens his Cantic of the Sun.

Why is it that different landscapes seem to possess distinctive spiritual qualities? There could be no better witness to the indubitable fact than Umbria. The region doubtless existed in pre-Christian times, but it came to its own only when Christian souls made it their abiding place. As early as the fourth century, were not four holy men from Palestine, desirous of a tranquil retreat wherein to pray, directed by Pope Liberius to the Spoletan valley? There, led by some inner light, they settled as hermits in the plain immediately below Assisi. The aspect of the country must have been very different then from what we see to-day; forests and marshes met the eye instead of pleasant cultivated fields; but then, as later, it was evidently a land recognized as in some peculiar sense fit for devotion.

Twice since the days of the old Orient-





THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE LOWER CHURCH



BEARING THE HOST

als has the country blossomed into spiritual expressiveness; once in the lovely life of St. Francis and his first companions, and again, three hundred years later, in the no less lovely art of the Umbrian school. In vain do we read grim stories of bitter mediæval feuds among the little towns—Perugia, Assisi, Spello, Spoleto, Montefalco—that sit on their respective hills peaceful as saints in a Santa Conversazione. These things were, but they were shadows. In the souls of Francis and Bernard and Leo and Egidio, in the pictures of Nicolo da Foligno, of Francesco Melanzio, of Tiberio d'Assisi and their comrades, the landscape of Umbria, with its peculiar purity and luminous peace, found true and abiding reflection.

The paintings are dear to us, and he who has privileged who, lingering in Umbria through joyful weeks, may explore in the neglected chapels and remote convents scattered through the land hidden treasures of paling frescoes, kindred in grace of form and charm of color to the smiling landscape without. But dearer still to the memories of the first

Franciscans. Thanks to the work of modern scholars—among whom the most sympathetic of all, often to be found at Assisi, is unsparingly generous in help to the modern pilgrim—we may identify a surprising number of landmarks, and enjoy the country with intelligence as well as with sentiment.

Leaning from the balcony of the Hotel Subasio, all but the whole scene of the Franciscan drama is before us. The Church of St. Mary of the Angels, most striking object in the plain below, rears its haughty dome over the rough chapel of the Portiuncula, founded by the hermits from Palestine if legend speak true, rebuilt by St. Benedict in the sixth century, and sanctified forever by the labors of the hands of Francis. Following the lines of poplars to the left, we find the site of Rivo Torto, for here, where two small chapels in the fields, an ancient holy well, and a few farm buildings emphasize rather than interrupt the country hush, was in the thirteenth century the abode of concentrated anguish—the leper settlement toward which the Assisan youth of

fastidious instincts betook him with his first companions, here to live in bitter want, tending the outcasts in whom they saw their Lord. Where in Europe is holier ground? If, musing, you allow your eyes to be drawn upward to the noble slopes of the Apennines, you may find, high above the plain, the site of the ancestral castle of the Schifi family, where must have been passed many of the youthful days of the radiant, vigorous girl whom the world knows as Santa Chiara. Do not turn your glance at once again to the immediate surroundings of Assisi; search out rather the shadow that marks; still on the mountain-side, a heavily wooded ravine. Here is the Carceri, the high uplifted hermitage whither Francis betook him when the need for that fellowship with God in nature which we call solitude possessed him.

Would you visit the Carceri? Nothing is more easy. On the back of Brother Ass or on foot we climb upward, first over a traveled road that leads through a pleasant country of farms and oak woods, later over a track on the bare mountain-side. Monte Subasio, gray and stern, rises above us; all Umbria, amethystine-fair, is spread out below. At last a lonely cross of stone, a wall, a gate, and we enter a green wilderness of ilex-trees, carpeted with ivy, violet, and rosy cyclamen. So deep-cut is the ravine that



THE CARCERI

only a narrow vista of distant blue can be seen between the descending woods. Peering over the gulf, like a nest in the tree-tops, hang the little gray buildings of St. Francis's hermitage, enlarged, with slight loss to their simplicity, by San Bernardino. The ancient live-oaks across the bridge are the successors of those in which the Saint held joyous converse with his little sisters whose nests were near his own.

It was once our good fortune to climb to the Carceri in company with three Spanish Franciscans. Spanish friars are not in good odor with us to-day, but these were honest men and pilgrims true. Speaking no Italian, they showed by gesture all along the way their religious fervor and their reverence for the sacred ground of their order; the wordless greeting between them and the Italian friars living in the little Retreat recalled pleasant passages in the Fioretti. The Brothers at the Carceri appear to be of a more spiritual type than those whom one meets in the monasteries of the fat plain below; and, indeed, though the draughty caves



A STREET AT ASSISI

where once the Brethren lived are abandoned to the ivy, life in these bleak and unwarmed buildings has plenty of hardships still. A true Franciscan surely is Fra Benedetto—the peaceful giant of pure and candid countenance, who showed us the memorials of the place with loving eagerness to turn the occasion to our religious profit. "Poverino," we murmured, seeing the stone bed, short and narrow, on which the Saint was wont to rest—"povero San Francesco!" "Non, non," responded Fra Benedetto, rebuking with rapt look our shallow speech, "beatissimo San Francesco; poveri noi!" "Happy St. Francis! Poor are we!"

But we have wandered far from our balcony, where there is much to see. Down that near hill beyond the town we divine San Damiano, where Clara lived her years in company with her nuns; yonder, where the olives lie in a mist on the way to l' Perugia, is the site of the convent whither Francis led the ardent girl after the great night in which, fleeing secretly from home, she had vowed herself at the Portiuncula to the service of Lady Poverty. Further on upon the hillside, near the lofty towers of Perugia, was the hermitage of Brother Egidio—finest intellect his among the companions, light, swift, and subtle, rising easily into the rarest atmosphere of contemplative ecstasy. He was visited in this hermitage by a cardinal and his sumptuous train. To compliments on his holiness Egidio replied that all his guests were far more saintly than himself. Somewhat surprised—the Brother having a reputation for truthfulness—the Cardinal entered a polite disclaimer; but the Franciscan continued to this effect: "Ay, of a surety; for I, living in this rough hermitage, and constantly mortifying the body, hardly dare to hope that I shall win heaven at the last; but you, on the other hand, who do

not fear to dress so magnificently and live so softly—you must be conscious of great inward holiness to venture such things."

To gaze over this country is much, and is all that most travelers pause for; but better far to wander through it at will in the long spring days. Assisi itself, with the great churches erected in honor of Francis and Clara, bears an aspect that would be strange to these simple holy ones, yet even here many features remain unchanged. One may stand in the square where the Saint threw his garments in his father's face, may feel his presence at one's side as one kneels in the old Cathedral of San Rufino, may wonder

with what eyes he viewed the hoary columns of the Roman Temple of Minerva. His own wonderful church—shadow-haunted, glorified by the great art of Giotto, one of the noblest, surely, among the shrines of Christendom—might, indeed, be not only strange but repellent to the lover of rudest wayside shrines; but the processions, white robed and gray, that issue from its doors to bear the Blessed Sacrament over the hill-sides, are even as in



A PROCESSION LEAVING THE UPPER CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI

his day. One can get nearer to Francis, however, than beside the church dedicated to his honor; the wide country under the open heavens was the home of the Little Poor Men, and this abides. Through the old city gate that Francis knew we may tread in his very footsteps, following the ancient road to the Portiuncula, worn by his feet and sanctified by his last journey:

O happy road and holy, trod by the blessed feet

Of God's own Poverello, between thy hedge-rows sweet!

Here angels walked beside him, in converse loving-wise,

And deemed in that fair fellowship they moved in Paradise.

The traffic and the travelers no longer by thee pass—



**SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI**

A little lane thou art, and hid, half overgrown  
 by grass:  
 But Nature still is faithful; thy banks, by men  
 forgot,  
 Are gay with star-of-Bethlehem, and wee forget-me-not:  
 Our sister birds still carol, still blossoms sweet  
 the May,  
 The tender sky of Umbria embraces thee  
 away.  
 Dear Brother Road, God bless thee, and keep  
 thee fragrant still!  
 May none who journey by thee ere harbor  
 thought of ill!  
 May spiritual visions fair, and loving thoughts  
 of praise,  
 Arise within the soul of a'l who chance to  
 tread thy ways!

From our balcony, or, better yet, from the splendid heights around the old castle of Assisi, one sees to northward among billowy mountains a little triangular blue point. This is La Verna—not long distant by modern conveniences, but far as Francis traveled, on foot or with slow help of Brother Ass. The noble Ser Orlando presented this mountain to the Brotherhood, describing it as a "monte divotissimo"—how did he know?—and here the Saint betook himself when desire for seclusion was keenest, and sorrowing fears for the future of his Order were pressing upon his later years. We may follow, if we will, in his footsteps; but it is more easy to approach La Verna from Florence, exploring first the Casentino, a narrow valley at the base of the mountain, hidden away in the heart of the hills, and uninvaded, one is tempted to think, since the fourteenth century, except for a flight of blue and white Della Robbias,

which in the early Renaissance alighted on its castle and convent walls. One drives up to La Verna through hilly pasture-land not unlike New England, till a gray cross marks the entrance to the tract of ancient forest where the monastery nestles like a cliff quickened to human expressiveness.

Here came, it is believed, the Vision of the Crucified Seraph, here the Stigmata were received. Still in these later times the hundred Brothers of the mountain retreat seek daily the chapel on the traditional spot of the Vision, and, after prostrating themselves to kiss the stone while litanies are chanted, suddenly with uniform gesture stretch their arms upward, as they kneel, with palms open, toward a great crucifix of the Della Robbias. Thus they remain for some moments in utter silence, holding the attitude of their spiritual father, as imaged in the first pictures of the Stigmata. Not without emotion does one see this visible memorial of the most intense mystical experience of the Middle Ages—

"Ah, Father Francis, Francis the saint,  
 Lend us thy faith, lest our hearts grow faint."

After a long day spent in musings among the mighty forest trees that sweep above the monastery to the crest of the mountain of La Verna, one drives homeward, toward the comforts of modern civilization, very silently in the twilight. The words of Brother Benedetto ring through one's mind: "Beatissimo San Francesco, poveri noi."



THE ROAD TO THE CARCERI



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN RIDING COSTUME

photographed for The Outlook at the President's summer home by Arthur Hewitt.



"THE KIND THE FISHERS OF LITTLE STREAMS DREAM OF"





# THE FOREST<sup>1</sup>

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

## Chapter XII.—The River

**A**T a certain spot on the North Shore—I am not going to tell you where—you board one of the two or three fishing steamers that collect from the different stations the big ice-boxes of Lake Superior whitefish. After a certain number of hours—I am not going to tell you how many—your craft will turn in toward a semicircle of bold, beautiful hills, that seem at first to be many less miles distant than the reality, and at the last to be many more miles remote than is the fact. From the prow you will make out first a uniform velvet green; then the differentiation of many shades; then the dull neutrals of rocks and crags; finally the narrow white of a pebble beach against which the waves utter continually a rattling undertone. The steamer pushes boldly in. The cool green of the water underneath changes to gray. Suddenly you make out the bottom, as through a thick green glass, and the big suckers and catfish idling over its riffled sands, inconceivably far down through the unbelievably clear liquid. So absorbed are you in this marvelous clarity that a slight grinding jar alone brings you to yourself. The steamer's nose is actually touching the white strip of pebbles!

Now you can do one of a number of things. The forest slants down to your

feet in dwindling scrub, which half conceals an abandoned log structure. This latter is the old Hudson's Bay post. Behind it is the Fur Trail, and the Fur Trail will take you three miles to Burned Rock Pool, where are spring water and mighty trout. But again, half a mile to the left, is the mouth of the River. And the River meanders charmingly through the woods of the flat country over numberless riffles and rapids, beneath various steep gravel banks, until it sweeps boldly under the cliff of the first high hill. There a rugged precipice rises sheer and jagged and damp-dark to overhanging trees clinging to the shoulder of the mountain. And precisely at that spot is a bend where the water hits square, to divide right and left in whiteness, to swirl into convolutions of foam, to lurk darkly for a moment on the edge of tumult before racing away. And there you can stand hip-deep, and just reach the eddy foam with a cast tied craftily of Royal Coachman, Parmachenee, Belle, and Montreal.

From that point you are with the hills. They draw back to leave wide forest, but always they return to the River—as you would return season after season were I to tell you how—throwing across your woods-progress a sheer cliff forty or fifty feet high, shouldering you incontinently into the necessity of fording to the other

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

side. More and more jealous they become as you penetrate, until at the Big Falls they close in entirely, warning you that here they take the wilderness to themselves. At the Big Falls anglers make their last camp. About the fire they may discuss idly various academic questions—as to whether the great inaccessible pool below the Falls really contains the legendary Biggest Trout; what direction the River takes above; whether it really becomes nothing but a series of stagnant pools connected by sluggish water-reaches; whether there are any trout above the Falls; and so on.

These questions, as I have said, are merely academic. Your true angler is a philosopher. Enough is to him worth fifteen courses, and if the finite mind of man could imagine anything to be desired as an addition to his present possessions on the River, he at least knows nothing of it. Already he commands ten miles of water—swift, clear water—running over stone, through a freshet bed so many hundreds of feet wide that he has forgotten what it means to guard his back cast. It is to be waded in the riffles, so that he can cross from one shore to the other as the mood suits him. One bank is apt to be precipitous, the other to stretch away in a mile or so of the coolest, greenest, stillest primeval forest to be imagined. Thus he can cut across the wide bends of the River, should he so desire, and should haste be necessary to make camp before dark. And, last, but not least by any manner of means, there are trout.

I mean real trout—big fellows, the kind the fishers of little streams dream of but awake to call Morpheus a liar, just as they are too polite to call you a liar when you are so indiscreet as to tell them a few plain facts. I have one solemnly attested and witnessed record of twenty-nine inches, caught in running water. I saw a friend land on one cast three whose aggregate weight was four and one-half pounds. I witnessed, and partly shared, an exciting struggle in which three fish on three rods were played in the same pool at the same time. They weighed just fourteen pounds. One pool, a backset, was known as the Idiot's Delight, because any one could catch fish there. I have lain on my stomach at the Burned Rock pool and seen the great fish

lying so close together as nearly to cover the bottom, rank after rank of them, and the smallest not under a half pound. As to the largest—well, every true fisherman knows him!

So it came about for many years that the natural barrier interposed by the Big Falls successfully turned the idle tide of angler's exploration. Beyond them lay an unknown country, but you had to climb cruelly to see it, and you couldn't gain above what you already had in any case. The nearest settlement was nearly sixty miles away, so even added isolation had not its usual quickening effect on camper's effort. The River is visited by few, anyway. An occasional adventurous steam yacht pauses at the mouth, fishes a few little ones from the shallow pools there, or a few big ones from the reefs, and pushes on. It never dreams of sending an expedition to the interior. Our own people, and two other parties, are all I know of who visit the River regularly. Our camp-sites alone break the forest; our blazes alone continue the initial short cut of the Fur Trail; our names alone distinguish the various pools. We had always been satisfied to compromise with the frowning Hills. In return for the delicious necks and points and forest areas through which our clipped trails ran, we had tacitly respected the mystery of the upper reaches.

This year, however, a number of unusual conditions changed our spirit. I have perhaps neglected to state that our trip up to now had been a rather singularly damp one. Of the first fourteen days twelve had been rainy. This was only a slightly exaggerated sample for the rest of the time. As a consequence we found the River filled even to the limit of its freshet banks. The broad borders of stone beach between the stream's edge and the bushes had quite disappeared; the riffles had become rapids, and the rapids roaring torrents; the bends boiled angrily with a smashing eddy that sucked air into pirouetting cavities inches in depth. Plainly, fly-fishing was out of the question. No self-respecting trout would rise to the surface of such a maelstrom, or abandon for syllabubs of tinsel the magnificent solidities of ground bait such a freshet would bring down from the hills. Also the River was unfordable.



MAKING A PORTAGE

We made camp at the mouth and consulted together. Billy, the half-breed who had joined us for the labor of a permanent camp, shook his head.

"I t'ink one week, ten day," he vouchsafed. "P'rhaps she go down den. We mus' wait."

We did not want to wait; the idleness of a permanent camp is the most deadly in the world.

"Billy," said I, "have you ever been above the Big Falls?"

The half-breed's eyes flashed.

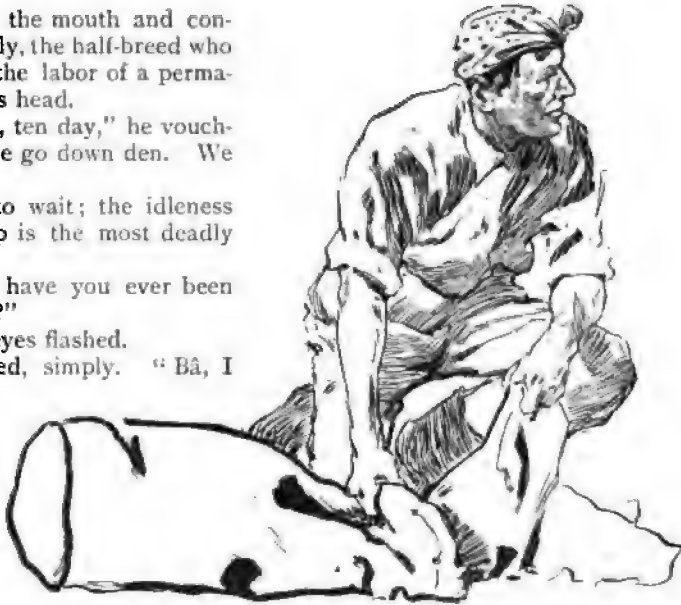
"Non," he replied, simply. "Bâ, I lak' mak' heem fir'st rate."

"All right, Billy; we'll do it."

The next day it rained, and the river went up two inches. The morning following was fair enough, but so cold you could see your breath. We began to experiment.

Now, this expedition had become a fishing vacation, so we had all the comforts of home with us. When said comforts of home were laden into the canoe, there remained forward and aft just about one square foot of space for Billy and me, and not over two inches of freeboard for the River. We could not stand up and pole; tracking with a towline was out of the question, because there existed no banks on which to walk; the current was too swift for paddling. So we knelt and poled. We knew it before, but we had to be convinced by trial that two inches of freeboard will dip under the most gingerly effort. It did so. We groaned, stepped out into ice-water up to our waists, and so began the day's journey with fleeting reference to Dante's nethermost hell.

Next the shore the water was most of the time a little above our knees, but the swirl of a rushing current brought an apron of foam to our hips. Billy took the bow and pulled; I took the stern and pushed. In places our combined efforts could but just counterbalance the strength of the current. Then Billy had to hang on until I could get my shoulder against the stern for a mighty heave, the few inches gain of which he would guard as



BILLY

jealously as possible, until I could get into position for another shove. At other places we were in nearly to our armpits, but close under the banks where we could help ourselves by seizing bushes. Sometimes I lost my footing entirely and trailed out behind like a streamer; sometimes Billy would be swept away, the canoe's bow would swing down stream, and I would have to dig my heels and hang on until he had floundered upright. Fortunately for our provisions, this never happened to both at the same time. The difficulties were still further complicated by the fact that our feet speedily became so numb from the cold that we could not feel the bottom, and so were much inclined to aimless stumblings. By and by we got out and kicked trees to start the circulation. In the meantime the sun had retired behind thick leaden clouds.

At the First Bend we were forced to carry some fifty feet. There the River rushed down in a smooth apron straight against the cliff, where its force actually raised the mass of water a good three feet higher than the level of the surrounding pool. I tied on a bait-hook, and two cartridges for sinkers, and in fifteen minutes had caught three trout, one of which weighed three pounds, and the others two pounds and a pound and a half respectively. At this point Dick and

Deuce, who had been paralleling through the woods, joined us. We broiled the trout, and boiled tea, and shivered as near the fire as we could. That afternoon, by dint of labor and labor, and yet more labor, we made Burned Rock, and there we camped for the night, utterly beaten out by about as hard a day's travel as a man would want to undertake.

The following day was even worse, for as the natural bed of the River narrowed, we found less and less footing and swifter and swifter water. The journey to Burned Rock had been a matter of dogged hard work; this was an affair of alertness, of taking advantage of every little eddy, of breathless suspense during long seconds while the question of supremacy between our strength and the stream's was being debated. And the thermometer must have registered well towards freezing. Three times we were forced to cross the River in order to get even precarious footing. Those were the really doubtful moments. We had to get in carefully, to sit craftily, and to paddle gingerly and firmly, without attempting to counteract the downward sweep of the current. All our energies and care were given to preventing those miserable curling little waves from overtopping our precious two inches, and that miserable little canoe from departing even by a hair's breadth from the exactly level keel. Where we were going did not matter. After an interminable interval the tail of our eyes would catch the sway of bushes near at hand.

"Now!" Billy would mutter abstractedly.

With one accord we would arise from six inches of wet and step swiftly into the River. The lightened canoe would strain back; we would brace our legs. The traverse was accomplished.

Being thus under the other bank, I would hold the canoe while Billy, astraddle the other end for the purpose of depressing the water to within reach of his hand, would bail away the consequences of our crossing. Then we would make up the quarter of a mile we had lost.

We quit at the Organ Pool about three o'clock of the afternoon. Not much was said that evening.

The day following we tied into it again. This time we put Dick and Deuce on an old Indian trail that promised a short cut, with instructions to wait at the end of it. In the joyous anticipation of another wet day we forgot they had never before followed an Indian trail. Let us now turn aside to the adventures of Dick and Deuce.

Be it premised here that Dick is a regular Indian of taciturnity when it becomes a question of his own experience, so that for a long time we knew of what follows but the single explanatory monosyllable which you shall read in due time. But Dick has a beloved uncle. In moments of expansion to this relative after his return he held forth as to the happenings of that morning.

Dick and the setter managed the Indian trail for about twenty rods. They thought they managed it for perhaps twice that distance. Then it became borne in on



DEUCE

From a Photograph taken by the Author.





THOMAS FORBES

"SOMETIMES I LOST MY FOOTING ENTIRELY AND TRAILED OUT BEHIND LIKE A STREAMER"

them that the bushes bent back, the faint knife-clippings, and the half weather-browned brush-cuttings that alone constitute an Indian trail had taken another direction, and that they had now their own way to make through the forest. Dick knew the direction well enough, so he broke ahead confidently. After a half-hour's walk he crossed a tiny streamlet. After another half-hour's walk he came to another. It was flowing the wrong way.

Dick did not understand this. He had never known of little streams flowing away from rivers and towards eight-hundred-foot hills. This might be a loop, of course. He resolved to follow it upstream far enough to settle the point. The following brought him in time to a soggy little thicket with three areas of moss-covered mud and two round, pellucid pools of water about a foot in diameter. As the little stream had wound and twisted, Dick had by now lost entirely his sense of direction. He fished out his compass and set it on a rock. The River flows nearly northeast to the Big Falls, and Dick knew himself to be somewhere east of the River. The compass appeared to be wrong. Dick was a youth of sense, so he did not quarrel with the compass; he merely became doubtful as to which was the north end of the needle—the white or the black. After a few moments' puzzling he was quite at sea, and could no more remember how he had been taught as to this than you can clinch the spelling of a doubtful word after you have tried on paper a dozen variations. But, being a youth of sense, he did not desert the streamlet.

After a short half-mile of stumbling the apparent wrong direction in the brook's bed, he came to the River. The River was also flowing the wrong way, and up hill. Dick sat down and covered his eyes with his hands, as I had told him to do in like instance, and so managed to swing the country around where it belonged.

Now here was the River—and Dick resolved to desert it for no more short cuts—but where was the canoe?

This point remained unsettled in Dick's mind, or rather it was alternately settled in two ways. Sometimes the boy concluded we must be still below him, so he would sit on a rock to wait. Then, after a few moments, inactivity would bring him

panic. The canoe must have passed this point long since, and every second he wasted stupidly sitting on that stone separated him farther from his friends and from food. Then he would tear madly through the forest. Deuce enjoyed this game, but Dick did not.

In time Dick found his further progress along the banks cut off by a hill. The hill ended abruptly at the water's edge in a sheer rock cliff thirty feet high. This was in reality the end of the Indian trail short-cut—the point where Dick was to meet us—but he did not know it. He happened for the moment to be obsessed by one of his canoe-up-stream panics, so he turned inland to a spot where the hill appeared climbable, and started in to surmount the obstruction.

This was comparatively easy at first. Then the shoulder of the cliff intervened. Dick mounted still a little higher up the hill, then higher, then still higher. Far down to his left, through the trees, broiled the River. The slope of the hill to it had become steeper than a roof, and at the edge of the eaves came a cliff drop of thirty feet. Dick picked his way gingerly over curving moss-beds, assisting his balance by a number of little cedar-trees. Then something happened.

Dick says the side of the hill slid out from under him. The fact of the matter is, probably, the skin-moss over loose rounded stones gave way. Dick sat down and began slowly to bump down the slant of the roof. He never really lost his equilibrium, nor until the last ten feet did he abandon the hope of checking his descent. Sometimes he did actually succeed in stopping himself for a moment; but on his attempting to follow up the advantage, the moss always slipped or the sapling let go a tenuous hold and he continued on down. At last the River flashed out below him. He saw the sheer drop. He saw the boiling eddies of the Half-way Pool, capable of sucking down a saw-log. Then, with a final rush of loose round stones, he shot the chutes feet first into space.

In the meantime Billy and I repeated our experience of the two previous days, with a few variations caused by the necessity of passing two exceptionally ugly rapids whose banks left little footing. We did this precariously, with a rope. The cold water was beginning to tell on our

vitality, so that twice we went ashore and made hot tea. Just below the Half-way Pool we began to do a little figuring ahead, which is a bad thing. The Half-way Pool meant much inevitable labor, with its two swift rapids and its swirling eddies, as sedulously to be avoided as so many steel bear-traps. Then there were a dozen others, and the three miles of riffles, and all the rest of it. At our present rate it would take us a week to make the Falls.

Below the Half-way Pool we looked for Dick. He was not to be seen. This made us cross. At the Half-way Pool we intended to unload for portage, and also to ferry over Dick and the setter in the lightened canoe. The tardiness of Dick delayed the game.

However, we drew ashore to the little clearing of the Half-way Camp, made the year before, and wearily discharged our cargo. Suddenly, upstream, and apparently up in the air, we heard distinctly the excited yap of a dog. Billy and I looked at each other. Then we looked upstream.

Close under the perpendicular wall of rock and fifty feet from the end of it, waist deep in water that swirled angrily about him, stood Dick.

I knew well enough what he was standing on—a little ledge of shale not over five or six feet in length and two feet wide—for in lower water I had often from its advantage cast a fly down below the big

boulder. But I knew it to be surrounded by water fifteen feet deep. It was impossible to wade to the spot; impossible to swim to it. And why in the name of all the woods gods should a man want to wade or swim to it if he could? The affair, to our cold-benumbed intellects, was simply incomprehensible.

Billy and I spoke no word. We silently, perhaps a little fearfully, launched the empty canoe. Then we went into a space of water whose treading proved us no angels. From the slack water under the cliff we took another look. It was indeed Dick. He carried a rod-case in one hand. His fish-creel lay against his hip. His broad hat sat accurately level on his head. His face was imperturbable. Above, Deuce agonized, afraid to leap into the stream, but convinced that his duty required him to do so.

We steadied the canoe while Dick climbed in. You would have thought he was embarking at the regularly appointed rendezvous. In silence we shot the rapids, and collected Deuce from the end of the trail, whither he followed us. In silence we worked our way across to where our duffel lay scattered. In silence we disembarked.

"In Heaven's name, Dick," I demanded at last, "how did you get *there*?"

"Fell," said he, succinctly. And that was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



## After Rain

By Annie Catharine Muirhead

The sky is heavy with cloud, and brown with gloom;

The sultry air is still, as if in dread

To watch the hot world smolder to its doom;

And lurid falls the light from overhead.

When, sudden, something stirs the murky air:

Then comes the welcome sound of rushing rain,

And very soon the sky grows blue and fair—

The world is cool and fresh and sweet again!

So when despair upon the heart grips tight

And clogs the brain—there seems no help at all!—

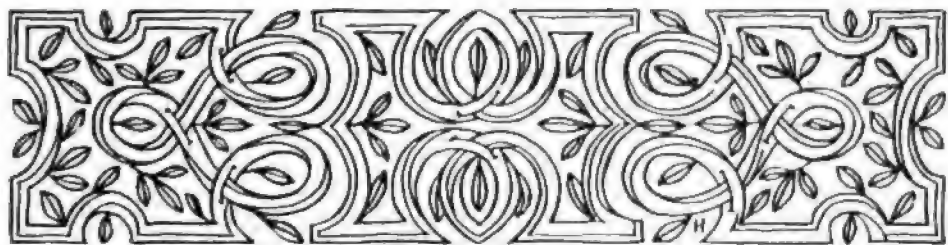
The pathos of a word, or thought, or sight,

Sets free the tears that clear the stagnant soul:

Hope colors the horizon as of yore,

And it is good to live and love once more!





## COROT'S MORNING AND EVENING

**W**HAT lover of art goes to that exquisite Paris suburb, Ville d'Avray, without in fancy seeing the boy Corot at his parents' modest summer home, the beautiful place where he first learned to love nature and where, later, he immortalized for us well-nigh every pool and lane and tree? Who goes to Barbizon without remembering that there, deep in Fontainebleau forest, Corot found food for the full flower of his genius, just as did Millet, Rousseau, and Troyon? And as we see the present scenes at Ville d'Avray and Barbizon, corresponding so exactly to the poetic power of the Corot canvases, it seems to us as if the man and the artist must be still alive. If so to us, how much more to Corot's hosts of friends who had to mourn his loss a quarter of a century ago! They tell us how kind, frank, generous, open-handed was his nature; it is no wonder that such a personality as well as such art influenced the painters of France. If, strangely enough, his works made their way to fame but slowly, Corot had the satisfaction before his death of knowing that he was not only one of the most popular of men but one of the most popular of painters. We fancy that a chief reason for this was because he put into his pictures a personality as rare and as enchanting as ever found expression in art.

Corot was also typical of the best Frenchmen. Whether in society or art, the classicalism and conventions upon which he and they turned their backs were largely importations. Wooden traditions

in politics, religion, art, and letters had become incrusting upon the Gallic nature—a nature which, as every one should know, is in its essence spontaneous, buoyant, vivacious, keen-sighted, normal. The life as well as the art of Corot represented to his friends and to the world at large immortal youth, a large outlook on life, a return to truth and nature, an intolerance of restraint and injustice, and even a greediness and hunger to display his poetic emotion and insight to other men. Corot's technique shows that his inspiration was native, was truly French, and that his knowledge of reality was as deep and genuine as his exposition of it was rich and notable.

Other painters have exceeded Corot both in variety of subjects and in extended range of vision and effect, but no painter, save perhaps Turner, ever exceeded him in a union of breadth and delicacy as rare as it is delightful. In the storm and stress period of the last century many other artists besides Corot were gladly giving their attention no longer to outworn creeds and formulas, but were endeavoring to interpret nature anew and spontaneously. For instance, Daubigny sought to give expression to his interpretation by means of almost harsh naturalism; Diaz, by a startling profusion of color. With another kind of penetration than that possessed by these distinguished painters, Corot discarded classicalism and conventions to plunge into a romanticism which never approached the unrestful, lurid, or eccentric. He entered upon his career at the very juncture when French land-

scape-painting was mined with decay. To-day French landscape art is aglow with freshness, novelty, completeness, introduced first of all by a man who, in the interpretation of nature, had a well-nigh feminine faculty of instinctive and apparently unerring intuition. His seems the truest poetic interpretation, his the real unity of effect, his the reproduction of actual atmosphere, for he painted, as Jules

Dupré said of him, with wings in his back. Thus, beyond any painter in any age, Corot succeeded in the delineation of those aspects of nature which we now often call "Corot effects," with vaporous pools and shimmering tree-tops, with misty morning and tender evening. The descriptions that accompany the Morning and Evening pictures here reproduced are from a letter written by Corot to a fellow-artist.

## I.—MORNING



NE rises early, at three in the morning, before the sun; one goes and seats one's self at the foot of a tree. One watches and waits. There is not much to be seen at first. Nature resembles a whitish canvas upon which the profiles of certain masses are vaguely sketched; all is fragrant, all thrills under the freshening breath of the dawn.

Bing! the sun is becoming clear—the sun has not yet rent the gauze behind which hide the meadow, the valley, the hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep like silvery tufts over the cold green grass. Bing! bing! a first ray of the sun! a second ray of the sun! The

tiny flowers seem to awake, joyous; each one has its drop of trembling dew; the leaves, sensitive to the cold, move to and fro in the morning air. Under the foliage the birds sing unseen. It seems as if it were the flowers saying their prayers. The loves, on wings of butterflies, descend upon the meadow and make the tall grasses sway to and fro. One sees nothing—everything is there—the landscape is all there behind the transparent gauze of the mist, which rises, rises, rises, inhaled by the sun, and discloses in rising the river scaled with silver, the meadows, the trees, the cottages, the vanishing distance. One distinguishes at last that which one divined at first.



FROM A CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

MORNING



FROM A CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

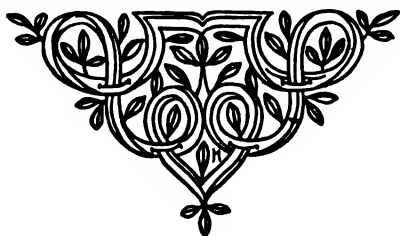
## EVENING

### II.—EVENING

**T**HE sun has disappeared. There remains in the softened sky only a vaporous tint of pale lemon, the last reflection of that charlatan of a sun which melts into the deep blue of night in passing through the greenest shades of pale turquoise, of a fineness unheard of, a delicacy fluid and intangible. The fields lose their color, the trees form only brown or gray masses, the darkened waters reflect the soft tones of the sky. One begins to see nothing more—one feels that everything is there. All is vague, confused. Nature is falling asleep. Yet the fresh air of the evening sighs among the leaves; the birds, those voices of the flowers, repeat the evening prayer. The dew strews with

pearls the velvet of the lawn. The nymphs flee, hide themselves, and desire to be seen.

Bing! a star of heaven plunges head foremost into the pond. Charming star, whose scintillation the trembling of the water increases; you are looking at me—you are smiling at me and winking too. Bing! a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Welcome, fresh and smiling stars. Bing! bing! bing! three, six, twenty stars, all the stars of heaven, have given each other a tryst in that blessed pond. All grows still darker. Only the pond scintillates. It is a swarming of stars. The illusion is produced. The sun having hidden itself, the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art, arises. *Bon!* There is my picture finished!





WATER FALL

THE OLD MILL

# *The Old Mill*

*By Laura Winnington*

*Stream that hastens from the hill,  
Tarry here to turn the mill.*

*Rainbow drops the seedlings knew  
In the shower and the dew,*

*Once again your magic lend,  
Life into the mill-wheel send.*

*Nature, the all-bounteous mother,  
Beast and bird, and man their brother,*

*Through the spring and summer weather  
Steadily have worked together.*

*E'en the earthworms in the soil  
Gave their share of patient toil.*

*Sturdy oxen drew the plow  
Where the stubble standeth now.*

*Horse and farmer reaped the grain  
From the sunned and watered plain.*

*Now upon the old mill's floor  
Lies the yellow harvest store,*

*Till the all-transforming wheel  
Turn the kernels into meal.*

*All have helped to give the bread  
Over which the grace is said.*



DRAWN BY JOSEPH W. GLEESON

"TWO LITTLE SPOTTED FAWNS WERE ALREADY CIRCLING ABOUT HER PLAYFULLY"

# Wild Animals at Home

By William J. Long

With Pictures by Joseph W. Gleeson and E. W. Deming

THE man who hunts with gun or camera has his reward. He has also his labors, vexations, and failures; and these are the price he pays for his success. The man who hunts without either gun or camera has, it seems to me, a much greater reward, and has it without price. Of him, more than any other Nimrod, may be said what a returned missionary from Africa said of his first congregation: "They are a contented folk, clothed with the sunlight and fed by gravitation." Hunting without a gun is, therefore, the sport of a peaceful man, a man who goes to the woods for rest and for letting his soul grow, and who, after a year of worry and work, is glad to get along without either for a little season. As he glides over the waterways in his canoe, or loafs leisurely along the trail, he carries no weight of gun or tripod or extra plates. Glad to be alive himself, he has no pleasure in the death of the wild things. Content just to see and hear and understand, he has no fret or sweat to get the sun just right and calculate his exact thirty-foot distance, and then to fume and swear, as I have heard good men do, because the game fidgets, or the clouds obscure the sun, or the plates are not quick enough, or—beginning of sorrows!—because he finds after the game has fled that the film he has just used on a bull moose had all its good qualities already pre-empted by a landscape and a passing canoe.

I have no desire to decry any kind of legitimate hunting, for I have tried them all, and the rewards are good. I simply like hunting without a gun or camera better than all other forms of hunting, for three good reasons: first, because it is lazy and satisfying, perfect for summer weather; second, because it has no troubles, no vexations, no disappointments, and so is good for a man who has wrestled long enough with these things; and, third, because it lets you into the life and individuality of the wild animals as no other hunting can possibly do, since

you approach them with a mind at ease, and, having no excitement about you, they dare to show themselves natural and unconcerned, and even a bit curious about you to know who you are and what you are doing. It has its thrills and excitements, too, as much or as little as you like. To creep up through the brush to where the bear and her cubs are gathering blueberries in their greedy, funny ways; to paddle silently upon a big moose while his head is under water and only his broad antlers show; to lie at ease beside the trail flecked with sunlight and shadow and have the squirrels scamper across your legs, or the wild bird perch inquisitively upon your toe, or—rarest sight in the woods in the early morning—to have a fisher twist by you in intense, weasel-like excitement, puzzling out the trail of the hare or grouse that passed you an hour ago; to steal along the waterways alone on a still, dark night, and open your jack silently upon ducks or moose or mother deer and her fawns—there is joy and tingle enough in all these things to satisfy any lover of the woods. There is also wisdom to be found, especially when you remember that these are individual animals that no human eyes have ever before looked upon, that they are different every one, and that at any moment they may reveal some queer trick or trait of animal life that no naturalist has ever before seen.

Last summer, just below my camp on Matagammon was a little beach between two points, surrounded by dense woods, that the deer seemed to love better than any other spot on the whole lake. When we first arrived, the deer were close about our camp. From the door we could sometimes see them on the lake shore, and every evening at twilight they would steal up shyly to eat the potato and apple parings. Gradually the noises of camp drove them far back on the ridges, though on stormy nights they would come back when the camp was still and all lights out. From my tent I would hear cautious

rustlings, or the crack of a twig above the drip and pour of raindrops on my tent-fly, and, stealing out in the darkness, would find two or three deer, generally a doe and her fawns, standing under the split-roof of our woodshed to escape the pelt-ing rain.

The little beach was farther away, across an arm of the lake and out of sight and sound of our camp, so the deer never deserted it, though we watched them there every day. Just why they liked it I could never discover. A score of beaches on the lake were larger and smoother, and a dozen at least offered better feeding; but the deer came here in greater numbers than anywhere else. Near by was a great wild meadow, with dense hiding-places on the slopes beyond, where deer were numerous. Before the evening feeding began in the wild meadow they would come out to this little beach and play for an hour or so; and I have no doubt the place was a regular playground, such as rabbits and foxes and crows, and indeed most wild animals, choose for their hours of fun.

Once, at early twilight, I lay in hiding among some old roots at the end of this little beach watching a curious game. Eight or ten deer, does and fawns and young spike bucks, had come out into the open and were now running rapidly in three circles, arranged in a line, so ○○○. In the middle was a big circle, some fifteen feet in diameter, and at opposite sides were two smaller circles, less than half the diameter of the first, as I found afterwards by measuring from the tracks. Around one of these small circles the deer ran from right to left invariably, around the other they ran from left to right, and around the big middle circle they ran either way, though when two or three were running this circle together, while the others bounded about the ends, they all ran the same way. As they played, all the rings were in use at once, the two small end rings being much more used than the big one. The individual deer passed rapidly from one ring to the others, but—and here is the queerest part of it all—I did not see a single deer, not even one of the fawns, cut across the big circle from one end ring to the other. After they were gone the rings showed clearly in the sand, but not a single track led across any of the circles.

The object of the play was simple enough. Aside from the fun, the young deer were being taught to twist and double quickly; but what the rules of the game were, and whether they ran in opposite circles to avoid getting dizzy, was more than I could discover, though the deer were never more than thirty yards away from me, and I could watch every move clearly without my field-glasses. That the game (and some definite way of playing it) was well understood by the deer, no one could doubt who watched this wonderful play for five minutes. Though they ran swiftly, with astonishing lightness and grace, there was no confusion. Every now and then one of the does would leap forward and head off one of her fawns as he headed into the big ring, when, like a flash, he would whirl in his tracks, and away with a *bl-r-r-t!* of triumph or dissatisfaction. Once a spike buck, and again a doe with two well-grown fawns, trotted out of the woods, and, after watching the dizzy play for a moment, leaped into it as if they understood perfectly what was expected. They played this game for only a few minutes at a time; then they would scatter, and move up and down the shore leisurely, and nose the water. Soon one or two would come back, and in a moment the game would be in full swing again, the others joining it swiftly as the little creatures whirled about the rings, exercising every muscle, and learning how to control their graceful bodies perfectly, though they had no idea that older heads had planned the game for them with a purpose.

Watching them thus at their play, the meaning of a curious bit of deer anatomy became clear. A deer's shoulder is not attached to the skeleton at all; it lies loosely inside the skin, with only a bit of delicate, elastic tissue joining it to the muscles of the body. When a deer was headed suddenly, and braced himself in his tracks, the body would lunge forward till the fore legs seemed hung almost in the middle of his belly. Again, when he kicked up his heels they would seem to be supporting his neck, far forward of where they properly belonged. This free action of the shoulder is what gives the wonderful flexibility and grace to a deer's movements, just as it takes and softens





"NOW THEY WERE ALL GATHERED ON A DRY MUD FLAT"

all the shock of falling in his high-jumping run among the rocks and over the endless windfalls of the wilderness.

In the midst of the play, and after I had watched it for a full half-hour, there was a swift rustle in the woods on my right, and I caught my breath sharply at sight of a magnificent buck standing half hid in the underbrush. There were two or three big bucks, with splendid antlers, that lived lazily on the slopes above this part of the lake, and that I had been watching and following for several weeks. Unlike the does and fawns and young bucks, they were wild as hawks and selfish as cats. They rarely showed themselves in the open, and if surprised there with other deer they bounded away at the first sight or sniff of danger. Does or little fawns, when they saw you, would instantly stamp and whistle to warn the other deer before they had taken the first step to save themselves or investigate the danger; but the big bucks would bound or glide away, according to the method of your approach, and, in saving their own skins, as they thought, would have absolutely no concern for the safety of the herd feeding near by. And that is the reason why, in a natural state, deer rarely allow the bucks and bulls to lead them.

The summer laziness was still upon those big bucks; the wild fall-running had not seized them. Once I saw a curious and canny bit of their laziness. I had gone off with a guide to try the trout at a distant lake. While I watched a porcupine and tried to win his confidence with sweet chocolate—a bad shot, by the way—the guide went on far ahead. As he climbed a ridge, busy with thoughts of the dim blazed trail he was following, I noticed a faint stir in some bushes on one side, and through my glass I made out the head of a big buck that was watching the guide keenly from his hiding. It was in the late forenoon, when deer are mostly resting, and the lazy buck was debating, probably, whether it were necessary to run or not. The guide passed rapidly; then, to my astonishment, the head disappeared as the buck lay down where he was. Keeping my eyes on the spot, I followed on the guide's trail. There was no sign of life in the thicket as I passed, though beyond a doubt the wary old buck was

watching my every motion keenly. When I had gone well past and still the thicket remained all quiet, I turned gradually and walked towards it. There was a slight rustle as the buck rose to his feet again. He had evidently planned for me to follow the steps of the other man, and had not thought it worth while to stand up. Another slow step or two on my part, then another rustle and a faint motion of underbrush—so faint that had there been a wind blowing my eye would scarcely have noticed it—told me where the buck had glided away silently to another covert, where he turned and stood to find out whether I had discovered him, or whether my change of direction had any other motive than the natural wandering of a man lost in the woods.

That was back on the ridges, where most of the big bucks loaf and hide, each one by himself, during the summer. Down at the lake, however, there were two or three that for some reason occasionally showed themselves with the other deer, but were so shy and wild that hunting them without a gun was almost impossible. It was one of these big fellows that now stood half hid in the underbrush within twenty yards of me, watching the deer's game impatiently.

A stamp of his foot and a low snort stopped the play instantly, and the big buck moved out on the shore in full view. He looked out over the lake, where he had so often seen the canoes of men moving; his nose tried the wind up shore; eyes and ears searched below, where I was lying; then he scanned the lake again keenly. Perhaps he had seen my canoe upturned among the water grasses far away; more probably it was the unknown sense or *feel* of an enemy, which they who hunt with or without a gun find so often among the larger wild animals, that made him restless and suspicious. While he watched and searched the lake and the shores, not a deer stirred from his tracks. Some command was in the air which I myself seemed to feel in my hiding. Suddenly the big buck turned and glided away into the woods, and every deer on the shore followed instantly, without question or hesitation. Even the little fawns, never so heedless as to miss a signal, felt something in the buck's attitude deeper than their play, something perhaps



DRAWN BY JOSEPH W. GLEEDON

#### A BEAR AND HER CUBS GATHERING BLUEBERRIES

in the air that was not noticed before, and trotted after their mothers, fading away at last like shadows into the darkening woods.

On another lake, years before, when hunting in the same way without a gun, I saw another curious bit of deer wisdom. It must be remembered that deer are born apparently without any fear of man. The

fawns when found very young in the woods are generally full of playfulness and curiosity. When they see you for the first time, no matter how old or young they are, they approach cautiously, if you do not terrify them by sudden motions, and in twenty pretty ways try to find out what you are. Like most wild animals that have a keen sense of smell, and

especially like the bear and caribou, they trust only their noses at first. When they scent man for the first time, they generally run away, not because they know what it means, but for precisely the opposite reason—namely, because there is in the air a strong scent that they do not know and that they have not been taught by their mothers how to meet. When in doubt, run away—that is the rule of nose which seems to be impressed by their mothers upon all timid wild things; though they act in almost the opposite way when sight or hearing is in question.

All this is well known to hunters; but now comes the curious exception. After I had been watching the deer for some weeks at one of their playgrounds, a guide came into camp with his wife and little child. They were on their way in to their own camp for the hunting season. To please the little one, who was fond of all animals, I took her with me to show her the deer playing. As they were running about on the shore, I sent her out of our hiding, in a sudden spirit of curiosity, to see what they would do. True to her instructions, the little one walked out very slowly into the midst of them. They started at first; two of the old deer circled down instantly to wind her; but even after getting her scent, the suspicious man-scent that most of them had been taught to fear, they approached fearlessly, their ears set forward and their expressive tails down without any of the nervous wiggling that is so manifest whenever their owners catch the first suspicious smell in the air. The child meanwhile sat on the shore, watching the pretty creatures with wide-eyed curiosity, but obeying my first whispered instructions like a little hero and keeping still as a hunted rabbit. Two little spotted fawns were already circling about her playfully, but the third went straight up to her, stretching his nose and ears forward to show his friendliness, and then drawing back to stamp his little fore foot prettily to make the silent child move or speak, and perhaps also to show her in deer-fashion that, though friendly, he was not at all afraid.

There was one buck in the group, a three-year-old with promising antlers. At first he was the only deer that showed any fear of the little visitor; and his fear seemed to me to be largely a matter of

suspicion, or of irritation that anything should take away the herd's attention from himself. The fall wildness was coming upon him, and he showed it by restless fidgeting, by frequent proddings of the does with his antlers, and by driving them about roughly and unreasonably. Now he approached the child with a shake of his antlers, not to threaten her, it seemed to me, but rather to show the other deer that he was still master, the Great Mogul who must be consulted upon all occasions. For the first time the little girl started nervously at the threatening motion. I called softly to her to keep still and not be afraid, at the same time rising up quietly from my hiding-place. Instantly the little comedy changed, as the deer whirled in my direction. They had seen men before, and knew what it meant. The white flags flew up over the startled backs, and the air fairly bristled with whistling *h-e-e-e-yu, h-e-u's*, as deer and fawns rose over the nearest windfalls like a flock of frightened partridges and plunged away into the shelter of the friendly woods.

There are those who claim that the life of an animal is a mere matter of blind instinct and habit. Here on the shore before my eyes was a scene that requires a somewhat different explanation.

Though deer are the most numerous and the most interesting animals to be hunted without a gun, they are by no means the only game to fill the hunter's heart full and make him glad that his game-bag is empty. Moose are to be found on the same waters; and in the summer season, if approached very slowly and quietly, especially in a canoe, they show little fear of man. Last summer, as I stole down the thoroughfare into Matagammon, a cow moose and her calf loomed up before me in the narrow stream. I watched her a while silently, noting her curious way of feeding—now pulling up a bite of lush water-grass, now stretching her neck and her great muffle to sweep off a hatful of water-maple leaves, first one, then the other, like a boy with two apples, while the calf nosed along the shore and paid no attention to the canoe, which he saw perfectly but which his mother did not see. After watching them a few minutes, I edged across to the opposite bank and

drifted down, to see if it were possible to pass without disturbing them. The calf was busy with something on the bank, the mother deep in the water-grass as I drifted by, sitting low in the canoe. She saw me when abreast of her, and, after watching me a moment in astonishment, turned again to her feeding. Then I turned the canoe slowly and lay to leeward of them, within ten yards, watching every significant motion. The calf was nearer to me now, and the mother by a silent command brought him back and put him on the side away from me; but the little fellow's curiosity was aroused by the prohibition, and he kept peeking under his mother's belly, or twisting his head around over her hocks, to see who I was and what I was doing. But there was no fear manifest, and I backed away slowly at last and left them feeding just where I had found them.

In curious contrast was the next meeting. It was on the little beaver stream below Hay Lake, a spot as wild as any dream of Doré, and a famous feeding-ground for moose and deer. I was fishing for trout, when a mother moose came up stream among the bilberry bushes. I had stopped casting and sat low in my canoe, and she did not see me until abreast of me within twenty feet. Then she swung her huge head in my direction carelessly, and went on as if I were of no more account than one of the beaver-houses on the shore. Ten steps behind her came a calf. The bushes had closed on her flanks when he put his head out of the leaves and came plump upon me. With a squeal and a jump like a startled deer, he plunged away through the bushes, and I heard the mother swing round in a crashing circle to find him and to know what had frightened him. Ten minutes later, as I sat very still in the same spot, a huge head was thrust out of the bushes where the calf had disappeared. Below it, pressing close against his mother's side, was the head of the little one, looking out again at the thing that had frightened him, and asking plainly, *What is it, mother? What is it?* though there was no sound uttered. Had he been close beside her at first, he would have done as she did and paid no attention to me; but having been alone and startled, he had run away promptly and was now bringing his mother back to

show her the thing-and find out all about it. And there they stayed for a full minute, while none of us moved a muscle, before they drew back silently and disappeared, leaving only a double line of waving, wiggling bush-tops, like the trail of a huge snake, to tell me where they had gone.

On the same stream I got the famous bull of the expedition. I was paddling along silently when I turned a bend, and a huge dark bulk loomed out of the water dead ahead of the canoe. In front of the dark bulk two great antlers, the biggest I ever saw in Maine, reached up and out. The rest of his head was under water groping for lily-roots, and my first exultant thought was that one might drive the canoe between the tips of those great antlers without touching them, so big and wide were they. Instead, I sent the canoe swiftly forward till his head began to come up, when I crouched low and watched him, so near that every changing expression of his huge face and keen little eyes was seen perfectly without my glasses. He saw me instantly and dropped the root he had pulled up, and his lower jaw remained hanging in his intense wonder. Not so much who I was, but how on earth I got there so silently, seemed to be the cause of his wonder. He took a slow step or two in my direction, his ears set forward stiffly and his eyes shining as he watched me keenly for the slightest motion. Then he waded out leisurely, climbed the bank, which was here steep, and disappeared in the woods. As he vanished, I followed him close behind and watched his way of carrying his huge antlers and lifting his legs with a high step, like a Shanghai rooster, over the windfalls. Of all the moose that I have ever followed, this was the only one whose head seemed too heavy for comfort. He carried it low, and nursed his wide antlers tenderly among the tree-trunks and alder-stems. They were still in the velvet, and no doubt the rude scraping of the rough branches made him wince unless he went softly. At last, finding that I was close at his heels, he turned for another look at me; but I slipped behind a friendly tree until I heard him move on, when I followed him again. Some suspicion of the thing that was on his trail, or it may be some faint eddy of air with the danger smell in it, reached him then; he laid his



"THE GRAY OUTLINES OF A GREAT BEAST STRETCHED OUT ON A LOG"

DRAWN BY E. W. UEBLING

great antlers back on his shoulders, moose fashion, and lunged away at a terrific pace through the woods. I could fancy his teeth gritting and his eyes at squint as some snapping branch whacked his sensitive antlers and made him grunt.

It was that same night, I think, that I had another bit of this hunting, which fills one's soul with peace and gives him a curious sense of understanding the thoughts and motives of the Wood Folk. I was gliding along in my canoe in the late twilight over still water, in the shadow of the wild, high meadow-grass, when a low quacking and talking of wild ducks came to my ears. I pushed the canoe silently into the first open bogan in the direction of the sounds, till I was so near that I dared not go another foot, when I rose up cautiously and peered over the grass tops. There were perhaps thirty or forty of the splendid birds—four or five broods at least, and each brood led by its mother. For two or three days I had noticed them flying about, exercising their wings in preparation for the long autumn flights. Now they were all gathered on a dry mud flat surrounded by tall grass, playing together and evidently getting acquainted. In the middle of the flat were two or three tussocks, on which the grass had been trampled and torn down. There was always a duck on each of these tussocks, and below him were four or five more that were plainly trying to get up; but the top was small and had room for but one, and there was a deal of quacking and good-natured scrambling for the place of vantage. Other birds scampered in pairs from one side of the flat to the other, and there was one curious procession, or race—five or six birds that started abreast, and very slowly, and ended with a rush and a headlong dive into the grasses of the opposite shore. Here and there about the edges of the playground an old mother bird sat on a tussock, and looked down on the wild, unconscious play, wiggling her tail in satisfaction and anon stretching her neck to look and listen watchfully. The voices of the playing birds were curiously low and subdued, reminding me strongly of some Indian children that I had once seen playing. At times the quacking had a faint, ventriloquous effect, seeming to come from far away; and again it ceased absolutely at a sign from

some watchful mother, though the play went steadily on, as if even in their play they must be mindful of the enemies that were watching and listening everywhere to catch them.

As I rose a bit higher to see some birds that were very near me but screened by the meadow-grass, my foot touched a paddle and rattled it slightly. A single quack, different from all others, followed instantly, and every bird stopped just where he was and stretched his neck high to listen. One mother bird saw me, though I could not tell which one it was until she slipped down from her bog and waddled bravely across in my direction. Then a curious thing happened, which I have often seen and wondered at among gregarious birds and animals. A signal was given, but without any sound that my ears could detect in the intense twilight stillness. It was as if a sudden impulse had been sent out like an electric shock to every bird in the large flock. At the same instant every duck crouched and sprang; the wings struck down sharply; the flock rose together as if flung up from a pigeon-trap, and disappeared with a rush of wings and a hoarse tumult of quacking that told every other bird on the great marsh that danger was afoot. Wings flapped loudly here and there; bitterns squawked; herons croaked; a spike buck whistled and jumped close at hand; a passing musquash went down with a slap of his tail and a plunge like a falling rock. Then silence settled over the marsh again, and there was not a sound to tell what Wood Folk were abroad in the still night, nor what business or pleasure occupied them.

Formerly caribou might be found on these same waterways, and they are the most curious and interesting game that can be hunted without a gun; but years ago a grub destroyed all the larches; on which the wandering woodland caribou depend largely for food. The deer, which are already as many as the country can support in winter, take care of the rest of the good browse, so that there was nothing left for the caribou but to cross over the line into New Brunswick, where larches are plenty and where there is an abundance of the barren-moss that can be dug up out of the snow. Better still, if one is after caribou, is the great wilderness of

northern Newfoundland, where the caribou spend the summer and where from a mountain top one may count hundreds of the splendid animals scattered over the country below in every direction. And hunting them so, with the object of finding out the secrets of their curious lives—why, for instance, each herd often chooses its own burying-ground, or why a bull caribou loves to pound a hollow stump for hours at a time—this is, to my mind, infinitely better sport than the hunt for a head.

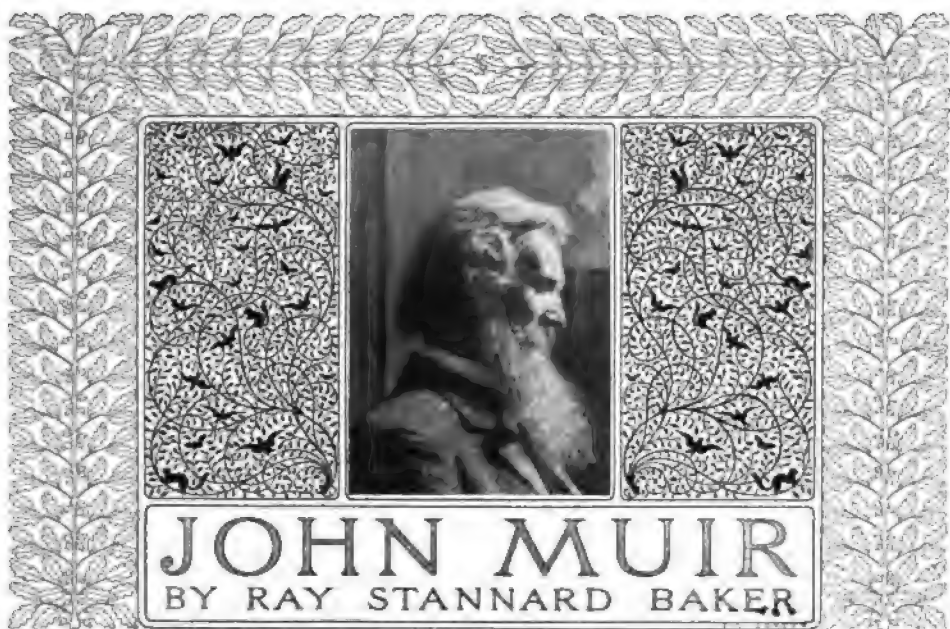
Once in a lifetime, perhaps, if you haunt the wildest spots in the northern forests, you may regret that you have no firearms with you, for a cold chill of fear in your back makes the cold chill of a rifle-barrel in your hand a very welcome sensation. There are those who say that the panther is extinct in the East, and who laugh at the idea of your meeting him; but once, in the Little Southwest in New Brunswick, I found where something had recently killed a caribou and dragged it away. Following the trail, I came upon a den and a mother panther with her kitten. Once also, when fishing on another very wild stream, I noticed a nervous movement among some logs on the shore just beyond where my fly had fallen. It was a tail, the tip end that cannot long be quiet, and from this nervous flipping and curling I made out suddenly the gray outlines of a great beast stretched out on a log watching me steadily with fierce eyes that seemed to look through and through me at my fishing. There was a swift moment when I longed for the rifle that was far away in camp; but the instant the creature knew he was discovered he vanished like a shadow of the woods. For the panther, if you ever do stumble upon one of the rare survivors in the deepest wilderness, has learned long ago that man is a creature to be let severely alone; and your rifle, like most of the medicines you carry, is not necessary at all except for the mental comfort of having it along.

To the hunter without a gun there is no close season on any game, and a doe and her fawns are better hunting than a ten-point buck. By land or water he is always ready; there are no labors for effects, except what he chooses to impose upon himself; no disappointments are possible, for whether his game be still or on the

jump, shy as a wilderness raven or full of curiosity as a blue jay, he always finds something to stow away on his heart in the place where he keeps things that he loves to remember. Now it is the water-spiders—skaters the boys call them—that play a curious game among the grass stems. Now it is an otter and her cubs playing on the surface, that sink when they see you and suddenly come up near your canoe, like a log shot up on end, and, with half their bodies out of water to see better, say *w-h-e-e-e-yew* / like a baby seal, to express their wonder at such a queer thing in the water. Now it is a mother loon taking her young on her back as they leave the eggs, and carrying them around the lake awhile to dry them thoroughly in the sun before she dives from under them and wets them for the first time; and you must follow a long while before you find out why. Now it is a bear and her cubs—I watched three of them for an hour or more, one afternoon, as they gathered blueberries. At first they champed them from the bushes, stems, leaves, and all, just as they grew. Again, when they found a good bush, a little one with lots of berries, they would bite it off close to the ground, or tear it up by the roots, and then, taking it by the stem with both paws, would pull it through their mouths from one side to the other, stripping off every berry and throwing the useless bush away. Again they would strike the bushes with their paws, knocking off a shower of the ripest berries, and then scrape them all together into a pile very carefully and gobble them down at a single mouthful. And whenever, in wandering about after a good bush, one of the cubs spied the other busy at an unusually good find, it gave one a curious remembrance of his own boyhood to see the little fellow rush up whimpering to get his share before all the bushes should be stripped clean by the other.

That was good hunting. It made one glad to let even this rare prowler of the woods go in peace. And that suggests the very best thing that can be said for the hunter without a gun—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him," for something of the gentle spirit of Saint Francis comes with him, and when he goes he leaves no pain nor death nor fear of man behind him.





"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."—JOHN MUIR.

**A** DICTIONARY of biography, in giving us John Muir, "geologist, botanist, and lover of Nature," illustrated the futility of attempting to define a man of genius with mere names. For when his various eminences have been set down one after another, fairly and exactly, we discover that the man, after all, is not there. Geologist John Muir certainly is, for no man is more eminently an authority than he on the work performed by glaciers in sculpturing the mountain landscape. One of the greatest of Alaskan glaciers, first explored by him, bears the name Muir Glacier; and no scientist is better informed than he on the geological wonders of the great valleys and mountains of Western North America—the "grand side of the continent," he calls it. Botanist he is, too, the recognized authority on the flora of the Sierras, especially the pines, to which he has devoted years of study. Two universities have attested with honorary degrees the value of his work in these branches of science. And, truly, John Muir is a lover of Nature. Emerson said of him, "He is more wonderful than Thoreau." Few men, indeed, have ever

given themselves to Nature so freely as John Muir.

Still other names might be added to those of the dictionary of biography. John Muir is also an author, who has written with rare literary and poetic charm of his mountains and glaciers and trees; he is a traveler, a "wanderer," he would call it, for he has explored the jungles of Cuba and Central America, the glaciers of Alaska, Siberia, Norway, and Switzerland, the deserts of Utah, the forests of Canada, and, best of all, he knows the valleys and peaks of his own Sierras; he is an inventor, having won his earliest successes in devising curious and ingenious mechanical devices; and, finally, he is a rancher, the master of a fruitful valley in central California, with wide-spreading vineyards and orchards and a house set on a hill.

But even these added names, though they indicate some of the diverse activities of a remarkable man, fail in giving us John Muir. We are interested, not so much in what John Muir has done, though he has done much, as in what he is—the man of rare personal charm, of ripe philosophy, of gentle humor, of deep, even mystical, appreciation of natural beauty, the friend of the wild things of the woods, the poet of trees and waterfalls.

John Muir's life appeals to us because



DRAWN BY RICHMOND IVANOWSKI AFTER A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. HARRIMAN

**THE MUIR GLACIER. DISCOVERED BY JOHN MUIR**

it is a complete expression of a deep human instinct which we have often felt, and throttled—the instinct which urges us to throw off our besieging restraints and complexities, to climb the hills and lie down under the trees, to be simple and natural. John Muir not only felt that impulse, but he really escaped. "Going to the mountains," he believed, "is going home." And the fact that he dared to follow his impulse, and that now, after a long life devoted with singular fidelity of purpose to winning the loving confidences of mountain and glacier, forest and flower, the ardor of the impulse is in no wise dimmed, gives us a sense of completeness, shows us in projection, worked out with joy, an instinct of our own. And we want to know more of John Muir, and to hear some of the new and strange things he must have to tell us.

John Muir's career may be said to have had its beginning on the day that he set forth, a raw country boy, to conquer the world, hope in his heart and an odd bundle of whittled wooden machinery on his shoulder. He had made a thermometer out of the end rod of his father's wagon, so fastening it to the side of the house that the expansion of the iron in varying degrees of heat was indicated on a large dial. He had invented and built an automatic sawmill, and several wooden clocks, one of them in the form of a scythe hung on a burr-oak sapling, representing the scythe of old Father Time—a good timekeeper, indicating the days of the week and month, and having attachments for other inventions—for lighting fires and lamps, a bedstead that set the sleeper on his feet at any desired time, and so on. He had also invented an automatic arrangement for feeding horses, a bathing-machine, barometer, pyrometer, hydrometer, safety locks, etc., all original, even the clocks, he never at that time having seen the works of any sort of timekeeper. For he had grown up on a backwoods farm in what was then the wilderness of Wisconsin, near Fox River, twelve miles from Fort Winnebago. His father was a sturdy, hard-working Scotchman of the old school, deeply and sincerely religious, with stern notions concerning the training of his boys and girls. Daniel Muir had been a grain merchant in Dunbar, on the Frith of Forth, Scotland,

where John was born (April 21, 1838) and spent the first eleven years of his life, and he had come to America that he might own land and make a place for himself in the world. It was pioneer work of the hardest kind—chopping trees, clearing land, and building barns—and the hours were long, so that when supper was eaten and the Bible read it was time for bed. But one of the boys of the Muir family was ambitious, often taking his mathematical problems with him to the fields and working them out on chips from the trees that he felled; and though he knew that his father's rules were like those of the Medes and Persians, never changeable, and that he could not hope for more time to read in the evening, he was finally told that he might get up as early as he liked in the morning. Though accustomed to sleep ten hours every night, he now broke off sharply to five hours by sheer force of will.

"It was winter," he said; "a boy sleeps soundly after chopping and fence-building all day in frosty air and snow; therefore I feared I would not be able to take any advantage of the granted permission. For I was always asleep at six o'clock when father called, the early-rising machine was not then made, and there was no one to awake me. Going to bed wondering whether I could compel myself to awake before the regular hour and determined to try, I was delighted next morning to find myself early called by will, the power of which over sleep I then for the first time discovered. Throwing myself out of bed and lighting a candle, eager to learn how much time had been gained, I found it was only one o'clock, leaving five hours all my own before the work of the farm began. At this same hour all winter long my will, like a good angel, awoke me, and never did time seem more gloriously precious and rich. Fire was not allowed, so to escape the frost I went down cellar, and there read some favorite book or marked out some invention that haunted me."

And in those long, quiet hours, robbed of sleep, he not only invented machines but he read many books—all he could buy or borrow from neighbors, the best of them, after the Bible and Shakespeare, being "Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives," Josephus, Milton, Burns's poems,

Hugh Miller's works, and Scott's novels. The novels were forbidden and most of the others frowned on as leading away from the Bible. Daniel Muir believed that the Bible and the Latin grammar should be the chief if not the only books in the library, and before he was eleven years old John had learned in the hard yet effectual school of the birch switch to recite from memory the entire New Testament and the greater part of the Old; and at that age he knew the Latin and French grammars almost as well. All this seemed hard training to a boy fond of the fields, but in later years it was a precious possession, for there is no school in literary style to equal King James's Bible. John Muir tells with delightful humor how his father frowned on these early risings, but that, having once given his word, Scotch-like, he would not go back on it, even though he felt that his permission had been interpreted quite too faithfully according to the letter. How he trembled lest his father should discover his inventions and deem it his duty to burn them up! After the spare hours and minutes of a year or more had been spent in secret on the construction of one of his curious clocks, his sister came to him whispering, "Feyther kens what yer doin', John." But, fortunately, Daniel Muir had not the heart to destroy the invention, satisfying his conscience by solemnly condemning the wicked waste of time on nonsense which should be given to study of God's Word. Nevertheless, when the great machine for getting up in the morning was finally completed and set to ticking in the parlor, Daniel Muir stepped in quietly, watch in hand, when he thought he was alone, to see if the wooden clock struck exactly on the second.

In 1860 John Muir's neighbors, who regarded him as a great genius, advised him to take some of the most portable of his inventions to a State fair about to be held in Madison, assuring him that they would enable him to enter any sort of machine-shop he liked. But surely, he objected, among such grand machinery as will be there nobody will look at my poor wooden things. Yes, they will, said his encouraging friends, because they are original; there's nothing like them. Go ahead and don't be afraid; a Marquette County farm is no place for you; you're

dead sure to get on in the world and be whatever you like.

Since coming to Wisconsin he seldom had been more than a dozen miles from his father's farm, and yet he started out with barely six dollars in his pocket, full of vague hope and innocent ignorance, never expecting that anything wonderful would be seen in any of his whittled machines, and he was greatly surprised to find that they opened all doors to him. When the train that was to carry him to Madison came in, the conductor showed so much interest in his curious bundle that he was emboldened to ask permission to ride on the engine, although he had not been on a railroad train since coming from Scotland. He did not know that it was against the rules; he was completely fascinated in the locomotive as a marvelous mechanism; and, astonishing as it may seem, a momentary glance at his strange bundle so interested the conductor and the engineer that he was actually allowed to ride on the tender, except when nearing stations, all the way to Madison. Next to a trip on a mountain avalanche, which he took quite involuntarily years later, he says it was the most exciting ride he ever had. When he reached the Fair grounds, he found the superintendent only too pleased at the prospect of exhibiting such marvels, and they soon occupied a prominent place in the fine arts hall, where young Muir, too shy to pose as the inventor, mingled with the crowd and heard the admiring comments of the spectators. Though suddenly finding himself a celebrity, he refused, quaintly enough, to read the accounts of his inventions which appeared in the newspapers, because his father had always warned him of the deadly poison of praise. After various adventures in Madison and Prairie du Chien, studying mathematics, drawing, pattern-making, etc., he learned from a student he chanced to meet that he could attend the State University at a cost of a dollar a week or even less; and for four years he was a student, supporting himself largely by working in the harvest-fields, by teaching school, and doing all manner of odd jobs. He was especially interested in mathematics, geology, chemistry, and botany, taking the same course in chemistry year after year, and spending much time besides in exper-



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

JOHN MUIR

iments, caring comparatively little for the languages, or for the usual rewards of a college career. At the end of his irregular four years' course he departed, without a diploma, though years later his Alma Mater felt honored in making him a doctor of laws and Harvard University conferred on him the degree of Master of Science.

Though he found himself becoming more and more interested in the natural sciences, he did not lose his enthusiasm as an inventor. His room at the University must have been a place of wonders.

Besides the getting-up machine, young Muir built a desk so operated by clock-work that it brought his books before him, each in its turn, and exactly at the time when he should begin its study. After the time-arangements had been made at the beginning of the term for each study, the machine continued to operate whether he was on hand or not. Another invention registered the growth of plant stems during each of the twenty-four hours. It is related that where he once taught school he fitted up a machine which lighted the fire for him every morning, so



JOHN MUIR'S CABIN IN THE YOSEMITE

that he did not have to reach the school-house so early.

It was during his college course that his deep love for wandering afield and studying out-of-door life first began to manifest itself in botanical rambles around the Madison lakes. After leaving the University he vanished in the northern wilderness about the Great Lakes to study the plants and rocks. When his bread-money was spent, he worked on a farm, and again in a mill on the Georgian Bay, where hand-rakes, broom and pitchfork handles were manufactured, and where he invented an entirely new set of automatic machinery, which saved about half the labor formerly involved; he spent all his spare hours in the adjacent woods. But he was not ready yet to give himself fully to outdoor scientific work, which, in those days especially, would not have yielded him bread, to say nothing of butter. Next he went to Indianapolis, where he found employment for a time in a carriage-material factory, and where an unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, accident deprived him for a time of the sight of one eye, and probably changed the course of his whole career. Writing of this accident to his friend Mrs. Carr, the wife of one of his professors at Madison, he said:

"I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone, that I should never look at a flower again." Escaping from his dark room, he set out on yet longer walks, determined to lay in as great a store as possible while light lasted.

In 1867 he started from Louisville, with a plant-press on his back, a small bag, and three books—the New Testament, Burns's poems, and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Thus free and glad, he made his way, afoot and alone, over a thousand miles to Florida, where he reveled for a time in the deep flowery swamps and jungles, crossing then to Cuba. During most of this journey he slept on the ground out-of-doors, both by preference and because he had no money to pay for other lodgings. He did not avoid human habitation, nor did he seek it, finding his deepest pleasure in winning the secrets of the woods. Even at this early day he revealed the rare sensitiveness toward what may be called the personality of trees and flowers, which finds such delicate and

poetic expression everywhere in his later writings. He writes to Mrs. Carr:

"The dear little conservative green mosses have elevated their smooth shining shafts and stand side by side, every cowl properly plaited and drawn down just far enough, every hood with its dainty slant, their fashions unchanging because perfect."

Though originally intending to explore the Amazon River from its highest source to the sea, Muir found himself so racked with fever contracted in the Florida swamps that he departed for California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. It is significant of his great love for the mountains that he should have remained just one day in San Francisco, though it must have been at that time, April, 1863, a most fascinating city, brilliant with the color of the new Western life. He set his face eastward, where the white Sierra, which he was soon to know so well, rose in the distance. In his accounts of this trip on foot through the wonderful San Joaquin valley, then in its virgin glory of plant and flower, mostly untouched as yet by plows and "hoofed locusts," one is conscious in every line of a fine note of exultation. He was free in a pure wilderness; he had escaped.

"Sauntering in any direction," he writes, "hundreds of these happy sun-plants brushed against my feet at every step, and closed over them as if I were wading in liquid gold. The air was sweet with fragrance, the larks sang their blessed songs, rising on the wing as I advanced, then sinking out of sight in the polleny sod, while myriads of wild bees stirred the lower air with their monotonous hum—monotonous, yet forever fresh and sweet as every-day sunshine. Hares and spermophiles showed themselves in considerable numbers in shallow places, and small bands of antelopes were almost constantly in sight, gazing curiously from some slight elevation and then bounding swiftly away with unrivaled grace of motion.

"The great yellow days circled by uncounted, while I drifted toward the north, observing the countless forms of life thronging about me, lying down almost anywhere at the approach of night. And what glorious botanical beds I had! Oftentimes on awakening I would find several new species leaning over me and



looking me full in the face, so that my studies would begin before rising."

A few months after leaving San Francisco Muir reached the Yosemite Valley, and there, in the midst of all that was glorious in nature, he decided to renounce all his inventions and devote his life to the study of the inventions of God. Though he could live on little enough—he has said fifty cents a week—that little was necessary, and one season he herded sheep, and then he made his mechanical knowledge serviceable in building a small sawmill in Yosemite, to be used for cutting fallen trees. The hotel-keeper who employed him was somewhat doubtful of his ability, for Muir had earned the title of "one of them botany fellers," but, business having called the owner away for a few months, he was glad on his return to find the mill running. Out over the water-wheel Muir built himself a little cubby of a den, hanging like a swallow's nest to the gable of the building, with one window opening to the grandeur of the valley. It was approached by a steep, narrow plank ladder, making it rather difficult of access to careless visitors. Here he kept his treasures, his collections of cones and plants, here he filled some of his voluminous note-books with sketches and closely written memoranda, and here he entertained Emerson, though he must have trembled when he saw the tall, angular, awkward form of the poet climbing his perilous ladder. Undoubtedly he showed Emerson his treasures with the same unconscious enthusiasm with which he exhibits them to-day. "Man," he says, with a quaint bit of Scotch in his voice, "but that's a grand tree," or, "Isn't that an awful queer muggins of a cone!" Anyway, we know that Emerson enjoyed Muir, and insisted on seeing much of him, and that when he returned he told Asa Gray about him, and when Gray visited the Sierras he searched Muir out and made a friend of him. Muir paid his highest compliment to Emerson by comparing him with the grandest of trees. "He is the Sequoia of the human race." Afterwards other botanists besides Asa Gray came to the Yosemite—the famous Torrey, Sir Joseph Hooker, and others—and they all sought out Muir, not only for his extraordinary knowledge of the plant-forms of his valley, but for himself,

his quaint philosophy, and his abundant humor. More than once Muir was tempted by his friends to quit his life in the mountains, which they looked upon as a hardship, but he with joy, and take up a professorship somewhere in the East; but he replied that there were plenty of professors in the colleges and few observers in the wilderness. Nothing, indeed, has ever tempted him far from the mountains.

In order to see something of the deserts and mountain ranges of the Great Basin, Muir joined the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in 1876 and worked for three years, mostly in Nevada and Utah. He tells with humor of his experiences with the Mormon pioneers of what was then an almost undiscovered country; for Muir, though most deeply interested in mountains, glaciers, and trees, was never a recluse, never unsociable; his sympathies were broad enough to include the human species, and his vision seems all the clearer for his having come to men fresh from the hills. His writings abound in nice bits of characterization of miners, pioneers, Indians, bee-hunters, and others of the wandering sort whom he met on his travels. Having completed his work with the Geodetic Survey, Muir set out for Alaska in 1879 to study the work of glaciers; and there he discovered Glacier Bay and the magnificent river of ice which has since borne his name—Muir Glacier. Indeed, he traversed vast stretches of the ice-country between the coast and the head-waters of the Yukon and McKenzie Rivers, nearly always alone or with a few Indians as his sole companions, braving dangers and difficulties and enduring hardships which to an ordinary man must seem wholly insuperable. In 1881, as a member of the Arctic relief expedition which sailed in the *Corwin* to search for De Long and the lost Jeannette, he was able to extend his study of glaciers far up in the Behring Sea and along the coast of Siberia. No scientist, indeed, was ever better informed on the world's glaciers than John Muir. After exploring the most notable ice-rivers of North America and the action of ancient glaciers about the coast of Behring Sea and the adjacent Arctic regions, Muir was able in 1893 to gratify a long-cherished scheme of visiting Norway and Switzerland and seeing for himself the



fiords and mountains already famous to science, so that he could compare them with those of western America that he knew most intimately, and draw with more certainty the great conclusions which his studies now suggested.

To Muir, a glacier, indeed, is almost a living and toiling presence, a mighty world-force which in the hand of God has fashioned the mountains, carved out the valleys and lake basins, and given us most of that which is beautiful in new mountain landscapes. He tells of going forth to "see God making landscapes," and explains how the "features of the mountains" were developed and polished into beauty by the patient action of the ice-river. Indeed, one who talks long with John Muir cannot help feeling the very personal presence of the mountains. He speaks of the "landscape countenance" and the "expressive outspokenness of the cañon rocks" as he might speak of the countenance or the voice of a friend. Before Muir's time science declared that the great valley of the Yosemite and other similar gorges were formed by terrific cataclysms of nature during which a portion of the earth sank in, leaving behind awful chasms and gulches; but Muir discovered that these glorious mountain temples and palaces were the result of the slow, orderly, grinding action of glaciers working through thousands of years on rocks of peculiar physical structure. He traced out the courses of scores of these ancient glaciers, and, what was more, he discovered no fewer than sixty-five small residual glaciers in the high Sierras, where some of the best-informed scientists asserted with confidence that no glaciers existed. So enthusiastic was he in his studies that he once braved the sublime and awful spectacle of an earthquake in Yosemite Valley, which shook down, with solemn thunder, from cliff and precipice, uncounted thousands of tons of rock, in order to assure himself that the talus or rocky refuse at the sides of that great valley was the result of earthquakes. It is significant of Muir's absorption of interest in these great natural wonders that when he first heard the rumblings of the earthquake, waking him from sleep, his scientific enthusiasm should instantly have risen uppermost, and that, instead of flying in terror for safety, he ran out

exclaiming, "A noble earthquake!" and sought the spot where he could best behold the awful spectacle of the falling rocks. Muir has himself written a graphic account of this extraordinary experience.

While John Muir's greatest interest has always been centered in glaciers, and it is on this subject that he has added most to the world's knowledge, he has lost no opportunity to study the trees, flowers, squirrels, and birds of his mountains, nor to take account of the varying rock formations, so that he has contributed to many departments of scientific knowledge. Without Muir the splendid Sierras would still be comparatively little known to the world.

John Muir's methods of exploration are characteristic of his peculiar genius. Had his interest in the mountains been merely the dry curiosity of the scientist in quest of facts, many of his most notable expeditions would never have been made. While he possessed a voracious appetite for everything of scientific significance, he was forever drawn and thrilled by the beauties and splendors of forest and chasm. He would climb as far for the magnificent spectacle of a wind-storm in the tops of a noble forest, or to behold a rare sunset, or a snow-storm, as he would to discover a new glacier. Indeed, it was always the poet who led and the scientist who followed. "A perfectly poetic appreciation of nature," says Walter Bagehot, "contains two elements—a knowledge of facts and a sensibility to charms. Everybody who may have to speak to some naturalists may be well aware how widely the two may be separated. He will have seen that a man may study butterflies and forget that they are beautiful, or be perfect in the 'lunar theory' without knowing what people mean by the moon." Both of these elements of poetic appreciation are united in John Muir, and he shows us nature "tinged by the prismatic rays of the human spirit."

So Muir has always gone forth seeking beauty as well as knowledge, and ordinarily he has gone alone, not only because this method best suited his purposes, but because few men could endure the hardship and fatigue which were his daily portion. A wiry man, of slight build, all muscle and sinew, he was able to traverse great distances on foot, climb precipices

and the walls of glaciers with steady nerves, subsist on the smallest possible allowances of food, and sleep where they found him, with no covering but the light clothing which he had worn during the heat of the day. His needs were of the smallest—a bag of bread, a little sack of tea, and a cup in which to steep it. That was the only outfit he carried, besides a note-book and his four scientific instruments—a thermometer, a barometer, a clinometer, and a watch. Since then, when he had nearly reached the top of a mountain and expected to return, he knew that he would leave his bag at base and trust to finding it on his return. No matter how wild and rough the weather, no matter how far he had gone, and how stormy the weather, he never lost a day, nor failed to find the route, or gauge among a thousand where the food-bag was hidden. Sometimes he went three or four days without a single morsel of meals without any inconvenience. And it was always something of a shame to him to be compelled when the bag was empty, to return down his heights to what he called the "land of live." He has himself described

comfort and danger. All his writings are singularly and charmingly free from any evidence of self-consciousness in the matter of hardships, though here and there a remark, dropped as if by accident, gives one a glimpse of the tremendous difficulties which he was constantly surmounting. It is a source of humorous mystery to him how one of his friends, a well-known Western explorer, could write so voluminously on his experiences.

"Why," he said, "he had one chapter on how he went up a mountain and another on how he came down again."

And yet it has fallen to the lot of few men to have had more thrilling, and often terrible, experiences than John Muir. At one time, owing to his desire to complete some important observations for the Government, he was caught in a tremendous wind and snow storm on the summit of Mount Shasta, where he lay for seventeen hours in his shirt-sleeves over the jets of sulphur steam from fissures beneath the ice and snow, with the thermometer below zero. Dry, mealy snow, driven by a fierce wind, hissed over him, sifting under his clothing, and yet he escaped from what must have been death to one less hardy than he with nothing more than a few frost-bites. At another time his endurance and will-power saved a surveying party which was traversing the great desert in Utah from perishing by thirst on the sand. Once he became exhausted in attempting to scale a fearful precipice, once he was carried down a mountain-side on an avalanche, and once—and it was one of the few times when he varied his rule of making solitary expeditions—a companion fell on a crumbling spire of a mountain summit, dislocating both arms, and it was only with the most fearful exertion that Muir was able to effect his rescue. But he has himself told the story of what was perhaps the most remarkable of all his experiences. With his little dog Stikeen he was caught one stormy evening on one of the great unexplored glaciers of Alaska, and in returning to camp he found it necessary to cross a crevasse on a narrow and dangerous bridge of ice. The account not only thrills with adventure, but it is one of the most charming of dog stories, showing Muir's rare insight into dog character.

To his own danger in those expeditions

The hardships, indeed the adventures, of his work seem to have left comparatively little impression upon him. Adventure, he says, is usually misadventure, and a skilled mountaineer is too careful to have many misadventures. Seemingly he becomes so absorbed in the wonders which he opens before his vision that he is unconscious of his own dis-

he never seemed to give a thought. Death he looked upon with calmness. "I never have had contempt of death," he writes, "though in the course of my explorations I oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a mountain, in a grand cañon, or in the heart of a crystal glacier, would be blessed as compared with death from disease, a mean accident in a street, or from a sniff of sewer gas."

Though his expeditions carried him constantly among the haunts of wild creatures, Muir was never a hunter, not even killing for food, nor does he believe in fishing.

"Hunting," he once said, "is a healthy natural instinct, but one should outgrow it."

He would almost as soon think of killing a friend as he would of killing the wild things of the woods. A visitor once asked him why he did not kill the butcher-birds around his home.

"Why should I kill them?" he asked. "They are not my birds."

Of snakes he says, "Poor creatures, loved only by their Maker." To him all the woods are full of friends. "How many hearts with warm red blood in them," he writes, "are beating under cover of the woods, and how many teeth and eyes are shining! A multitude of animal people, intimately related to us, but of whose lives we know almost nothing, are as busy about their own affairs as we are about ours. Beavers are building and mending dams and huts for winter, and storing them with food; bears are studying winter quarters as they stand thoughtful in open spaces, while the gentle breezes ruffle the long hair on their backs; elk and deer, assembling on the heights, are considering cold pastures where they will be farthest away from the wolves; squirrels and marmots are busily laying up provisions and lining their nests against coming frost and snow foreseen; and countless thousands of birds are forming parties and gathering their young about them for flight to the southlands; while butterflies and bees, apparently with no thought of hard times to come, are hovering above the late-blooming goldenrods, and, with countless other insect folk, are dancing and humming right merrily in the sunbeams and shaking all the air into music."

No more beautiful tribute was ever paid to a bird than his chapter on the "Water Ouzel," in the closing lines of which he suggests how clearly these birds of cataract and storm interpret, "throughout the whole of their beautiful lives," "all that we, in our unbelief, call terrible, in the utterances of torrents and storms, as only varied expressions of God's eternal love." Out of sheer joy of friendship we find him singing and whistling merrily to his friend the Douglas squirrel, which he calls "a bright chip of nature:"

"I sang or whistled 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Lass o' Gowrie,' 'O'er the Water to Charlie,' 'Bonnie Woods o' Craigie Lea,' etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglas sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me, until I ventured to give the 'Old Hundredth,' when he screamed his Indian name, Pillilloveet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, 'I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiny.'"

Though never a moralizer, John Muir is thus constantly teaching gentleness and sympathy. Indeed, he is by nature too sensitive to the personality of all living things to be less than friendly. He is a very poet for personifying. Coming once on a somewhat rare and bright-colored insect-devouring plant in the woods, he started back, exclaiming: "Hello, who are you? snake, I guess." Similarly, the familiar pepper-tree of California, with its green-yellow foliage, is to him a threatening and unpleasant personality, as the pines are noble or beautiful personalities.

Muir's attitude toward Nature is that of one who stands with bared head. Speaking of him who goes to Nature, Muir once said: "He must be humble and patient, and give his life for light; he must not try to force Nature to reveal her secrets, saying proudly, 'I'm a great man. Trot out your wonders; I'm in a hurry.' " Muir is not one of the scientists who first forms a theory, and then, falling in love with it, reads all nature as its proof, but, recording every detail of fact, storing it up, and "letting the blood circulate around it," he awaits the slow coming of

his conclusions. Scores of note-books filled with careful drawings and notes put down in the most painstaking manner indicate the thoroughness of his method. And yet he is no idolater of minute details, believing that science has a much wider sphere than the discovery and tabulation of isolated facts. "Dry words and dry facts," he says, "will not fire hearts. . . . In drying plants, botanists often dry themselves."

To him the details are the A B C's from which the great words and sentences of science are to be formed. Thus he is no believer in the painfully fine distinctions with which science sometimes dallies, much less in those controversies which have their rise in scientific jealousy over priority of discovery, nomenclature, and so on. Having so much beauty to see and so many sweet sounds to hear, the poet in him says we have not time here for controversies and jealousies. "While we are disagreeing over the final letter in a name," he said, "we are possibly forgetting that the tree is beautiful, and that it is here for us to enjoy."

At one time our conversation turned to the subject of evolution, particularly with reference to the views of Professor Haeckel, with whom I had recently been talking. His comment was, firmly: "Some scientists think that because they know how a thing is made, that therefore the Lord had nothing to do with making it. They have proved the chain of development, but the Lord made the chain and is making it." Speaking at another time, he said: "We sometimes hear the Lord spoken of as if He were a little, cranky, old-fashioned being, fastened and sealed in by well-established rules, and that the parsons are on confidential terms with him and know just what he intends." And yet, though brought up in the strict Scotch faith, he said: "I would go down on my knees and barefoot to learn something more about how the Lord works." All through Muir's writings, indeed, one feels the mood of reverence toward the great things of nature, the pervading presence of a powerful and loving Creator.

In the course of his long life John Muir has written much, mostly for the best American periodicals, and he has published two books, "The Mountains of" and "Our National Parks."

Authorship was not among the ambitions of his earlier years, his first published article being a letter which he wrote to a friend. Later, he conceived the idea of earning a little money to pay the small expenses of his expeditions, and he wrote a long series of letters for the San Francisco "Bulletin," including twenty-one articles during his trip to the Arctic in the ship *Corwin*. He also wrote for the "Overland Monthly," and for a time he edited and wrote extensively for "Picturesque California." He was always deeply interested in the preservation of the wild beauty of the West in parks and forest reservations, and through the influence of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of the "Century," who made an expedition with him in the Yosemite country, he began writing for the "Century," and some years later for the "Atlantic," on the need of governmental protection for our forests—a work of love which has borne rich fruit. "Wildness," he wrote, "is a necessity," and "soon we may have to go further than Nansen to find a good sound solitude;" and that this "wildness" is being preserved to the country by a wise Government is due in no small degree to Muir's efforts.

Muir writes with rare charm and simplicity, his descriptions of natural beauty abounding in delicate sentiment and poetic feeling. He will tell you that writing is the most difficult of his tasks. He composes slowly, often recasting his sentences, rewriting and polishing, seeking always to reach the height of his taste and yet never quite doing it to his own satisfaction. Indeed, he has always more than half begrudged the time spent in writing, feeling that while he was tied to his desk fine things were being done outdoors.

John Muir was married in 1879, the year of his first Alaskan trip, to the daughter of Dr. John Strentzel, of California, and for a time he devoted much of his energy to the management of an extensive vineyard and fruit ranch inherited by his wife. He has two daughters, who are his constant companions and friends. His home, a large, comfortable wooden house, set on a knoll, is in a beautiful valley among the Contra Costa hills, some thirty miles east of San Francisco. A station on the railroad a few hundred yards from

his house is named after him. Here, surrounded by his extensive vineyards and, nearer at hand, by some of the wild trees and flowers that he cherishes, he lives and works; and yet he will tell you, "This is a good place to be housed in during stormy weather, to write in, and to raise children in, but it is not my home. Up there is my home"—pointing toward the Sierras. He works in a little upper front room, surrounded by a busy litter of books, pictures, and botanical specimens, cones each of which has a history, twigs of pine yet fragrant of the forest, though dry and brown. Now past sixty-four years old, he is still full of vigor and enthusiasm, a fascinating talker and story-teller, interested in the great outside world of men and yet having no desire to touch it more closely. It is very rarely indeed that he is persuaded to leave his home, and he has an especial dread of attending any sort of "function" where he may be called upon to speak. He has been President since its organization of the Sierra Club, and in the summer of 1901

he went for a trip to the Yosemite with a party of its members. Of late years he has not done so much mountain-climbing, though he is still a great traveler; as a companion of the Forest Commission of the American Academy of Sciences, with Professor Sargent, of Harvard, and others, he traversed much of the mountain country of the coast and visited Yellowstone Park, and later, as a member of the Harriman exploring expedition of 1899, he returned once more to the scene of his discoveries in Alaska. And it was only a few years ago that he had the pleasure of visiting his old home in Scotland. It is now his purpose to give the world as much as possible of the results of his long years of exploration, drawing upon the riches of his note-books, and to that end he is confining himself much to his desk.

A rare man, poet and scientist, we have to be thankful that John Muir stands out, though almost alone in a world of money-makers, a quiet exemplar of the simpler life.

## The Age of Abel

By Alice Ward Bailey

"**K**I-YI-YI, wow-wow!" The yelp of anguish became a bark of defiance. Aunt Phebe hurriedly opened the front door. "If you touch my cat, Sandy Griswold—" she began indignantly, adding, "I should thought you'd known better than to ha' brought him, Lois."

"I didn't bring him," protested the small, bent old lady, in a mourning veil, who followed the dog and did her gentle best to restrain him. "He would come in spite of me."

"Well, if I couldn't manage a *dog*—" cried her sister, scornfully. "Come, Tom, he sha'n't touch ye." The large tiger cat, blown up to twice his natural size by fear and anger, stiffly allowed himself to be lifted to his mistress's shoulder, where he clung and glared at his enemy from a position of safety. "You'll have to shut him up in the woodshed chamber," persisted Phebe; "I won't have Tom tormented."

Lois agreed, but there was a tenseness

about her meek little mouth, as she stooped to pat her companion before locking him in, which did not relax while she removed her bonnet and shawl.

"I hear Silas an' his wife are goin' to spend the summer on the old place," suggested Phebe, dropping Tom and his quarrel, but Lois made no reply. "They say he's made consid'able money out West and is goin' to fix up the homestead for Eliza to be comfortable in the rest of her days," pursued Phebe.

"He's goin' to do more 'n that," exclaimed Lois, beguiled in spite of herself by this opening for the display of superior knowledge. "I was over to Eliza's yesterday."

"Did you see Silas?"

"That's what I went for. They come for me; they wanted to see me about something partic'ler."

It was Phebe's turn to be silent now, but her attitude was one of close attention.

"Silas is goin' to make over the meetin'-

house and put in an organ, and he is goin' to have a brass plate set into the wall in memory of his father an' mother"—here Lois hurried a little. "He knew I had the Family Bible, and he wanted to ask me how old Abel was when he died."

She did not lift her eyes from her knitting, but she knew that Phebe's dark orbs, bright still and piercing in spite of her seventy years, flashed a glance like the gleam of a sword in her direction.

"Do you mean to say," demanded the deep, determined voice which she feared more than anything else in the world yet always dared and defied, "do you mean to tell me that you would let a lie be nailed up in the house of God?"

"Tain't a lie," returned Lois, doggedly.

"It is, and you know it. Don't that Family Record say you're sixty and I know you're sixty-one? Wa'n't I there with old Mis' Drew till the doctor come? And she said I was handy as a woman, if I wa'n't but nine years old," finished Phebe, proudly.

"I didn't tell him nothin' about you nor me," returned Lois. "All he wanted to know was how old Abel was when he died."

"You've said enough," exclaimed Phebe, with the air of a judge dismissing a criminal. "If we hadn't had this thing over and over, and up and down, there'd be some excuse; but you know as well as I do that there ain't one word of truth in that old Family Record from beginning to end."

"Why, Phebe Allen," protested her sister in awestruck tones. "Your own mother's Bible!"

"I don't care if it was my grandmother's!" exclaimed Phebe. "I know how we come; me an' Nathan an' Abel a year an' a half apart—"

"Two years," corrected Lois.

"I said a year an' a half, an' I stand to it," cried Phebe, raising herself in her chair. Her long, bony fingers trembled as they grasped the wooden arms, her ample bosom rose and fell stormily under her black gown.

The little woman in the rocking-chair before her turned pale, and her downcast eyelids fluttered; but she did not falter in the defense of Authority against Tradition. Silence fell between them like a veil, and through it pierced and rang a cry like that of the fatal Banshee.

"I'll have to go," murmured Lois, moving towards her bonnet and shawl. "Sandy'll keep that up till I do."

"Ain't you goin' to stop to dinner?" queried her sister, feeling stirrings of hospitality.

"Not to-day," replied Lois, spearing her back hair with the pin which was to hold her bonnet on. "Shall you be over next week?" she inquired, politely.

"I dunno. I've been havin' rheumatism along back, I can't walk fur," returned Phebe, finding it as difficult as any prevaricator to apply her theories to the social problem.

"Well, come when you can," sighed Lois. "Good-day."

"Good-day," responded Phebe, and watched the bent little black figure unfasten the woodshed door and follow the obstreperous Sandy to the gate. "Lois grows old," she mused, and something twitched at her heartstrings. "I've half a mind to call her back—if it warn't for that great, gallopin' hound—no, I won't, neither!" She resolutely laid the table for one, and ate with an assumed relish the spice-cake and custards she had prepared for Lois.

It was some days before Silas and his wife called. Silas had been out of town, he said, but Phebe felt the lack of sympathy in his manner and hardened her heart anew against her younger sister. Silas's wife did her amicable best to smooth the situation, but it bristled with difficulties. "Why do you treat Aunt Phebe so?" she asked her husband as they drove homeward.

"I can't bear her domineering ways," he answered, impatiently flicking with his whip the grass by the roadside. "She fairly abuses Aunt Lois because Aunt Lois happens to have the Family Bible and some other treasures."

"I don't think it's that!" exclaimed his wife. "Excuse me, dear, but—Aunt Phebe seems so sure—and you haven't proved yet that those old records are correct."

He turned and looked at her. "Do you think for a moment that my pious ancestors would put anything between the leaves of that Book which they could not swear to?"

"They might."

"O you Western heretic! It is evident that you were brought up on the Stock

Exchange. You are in New England now. We may have cheated the Indians and burned the witches, but we are a God-fearing, truth telling—"

"I know you are, none of you more so than Aunt Phebe," interrupted his wife. "I wish you'd drive over to Hardwick and look up those town records."

"Perhaps I will," said Silas, carelessly. But he did not go.

Meanwhile the meeting-house went on accumulating stained-glass windows and a new pulpit, electric lights and pew-cushions, lifted a wing here to let in an organ and there to make room for a choir, until one would hardly recognize the place.

After all, Silas did not see it completed. He was called home by business complications and his wife went with him.

Every one else attended the memorial service. The small edifice was packed. When Aunt Phebe appeared, leaning heavily upon her cane, her own pew was filled and she was ushered to a seat far up in front, face to face with the tablet.

It was so near that she did not at first espy it. All at once it flashed upon her, full in the midday light. A mischief-making sunbeam waltzed roguishly across it and picked out, letter by letter, figure by figure, the line which stated Abel Allen's age at the time of his demise to have been sixty-seven years.

Her dark skin grew mahogany-color. She glanced about for Lois, the minister, some one, any one whom she could hold responsible for the affront. But Lois was hidden away among the Griswolds; the minister was thinking over the impressive words he meant to say. She stood up deliberately, and stretched out her long right arm, pointing a tremulous finger at the shining plate. "It's a *lie*," she said distinctly; then, gathering up her cane, her hymn-book, and her sprig of fennel, she hobbled out.

Deacon Tupper, who was helping the sexton seat the people that day, hurried after her. "What's the matter with ye, Miss Allen?" he whispered. "Be ye faint?"

"No, I ain't faint," she answered aloud. "But I've had all the *memorial* I want. I'm goin' home." And go she did, hearing behind her as she climbed the hill,

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,"

sung by choir and congregation, all standing.

Early the next morning the minister made his way to Phebe Allen's house. He was a young man and this was his first parish. He was small and spare, very much in earnest, very sure of his opinions. Aunt Phebe met him at the door and scanned him up and down. "Come in," she said briefly.

"I am deeply pained and surprised," he began, seating himself in the chair she placed for him.

He paused.

She waited for him to continue.

"Miss Allen," he began again, more earnestly, "how can you, now, when our little church for the first time sees prosperity before her, when for the first time she takes her stand among the largest and most respectable churches in this vicinity, how can you bring discord and unhappiness into our midst, merely because of one uncertain figure?"

"I guess you'd think one figger was consid'able, if anybody was owin' ye," returned Miss Phebe with acidity: "an' 'tain't uncertain; I know what it is, an' I keep a-tellin' 'em, but there won't nobody listen to me."

"I am convinced," the minister went on; "I have thought the matter over, and I am convinced that no one would put a false statement into a Family Bible Record."

"You believe the whale swallowed Jonah, don't ye?" returned Miss Phebe, irrelevantly. "Well, I don't."

For full thirty seconds neither spoke. Conversation was past recovery. The call came to an abrupt close.

Deacon Tupper was the next to try his hand at a reconciliation. "Oh, come now, Miss Allen, whether Abel was sixty-seven or sixty-eight, we've got to have peace an' harmony," he said, airily. "You act as if we'd been shortenin' his days while he had 'em; 'tain't goin' to hurt him now—allowin' that they be shortened."

Aunt Phebe fixed her great black eyes on his small, watery blue ones. "Ye think it's dretful funny, don't ye," she said with scorn, "to see an old woman like me all worked up over nothin'? Well, 'tain't nothin' to me; it's a good deal. An' I hain't ben treated right."

More than one of the neighbors said

that; they said Aunt Phebe ought to have been consulted as long as she was one of the family; "it was enough to mad anybody to be set aside that way."

But when they attempted to say this to Aunt Phebe herself, they were sent promptly about their business. She was not of those who discuss family troubles with outsiders. "I can manage my own quarrel," she told them. She could and did.

When the Griswolds came over, escorting Lois, she met them with an exasperating smile, and the elaborate manner in which she performed the rites of hospitality drove them precipitately home; nor did they appear again. Lois came once alone, having taken precautions to leave Sandy, yelping discomfiture, in the clutch of the Griswold children. She rapped timidly at the front door, but received no answer. She tried it; it was locked. Phebe had intrenched herself in the little gray house with her cat and her patchwork, and only the milkman and the butcher saw her after that.

Winter passed, and spring. Summer came, bringing Silas Allen back to the scene of his benefactions.

"How is everything, mother?" he inquired at the tea-table less than a half-hour after his arrival. "How's the little church?"

Eliza shook her head. "Phebe ain't set foot inside the door since the day of the memorial service," she said, sorrowfully. "What's more, she won't let none of us go near her, and I know there's times when she needs her own folks."

Silas gave a low whistle and looked at his wife. Her answering glance was too full of distress to find room for recrimination.

"What can I do?" he asked, helplessly, when they two were alone.

"Do?" she cried. "You can do just what I wanted you to do in the first place; you can go over to Hardwick and prove that tablet right or wrong."

"What if it's right?"

"Aunt Phebe will be the first to acknowledge a mistake."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Dear, let's go to-morrow."

"Will you go?"

"Of course."

They set off in the early morning, a

big lunch-basket before them and a bag of oats in behind for the horse. Before they were out of the yard Eliza came running after them.

"If I's you," she panted, "I'd see Phineas Fletcher—the old gentleman—Young Phineas is his son. He's a sort of second cousin of mine. He lives in Hardwick—or did—right on the Green. He knew your father, and used to visit Gran'pa and Gran'ma Allen. Ask him about the old Bible. He may know who wrote up the records. 'Twa'n't any of the Allens; they couldn't write that fine, copperplate hand."

"All right, mother. Anything more?" inquired Silas, gathering up the reins.

"No, I guess not. Hope you'll have a nice day." She ran back to the house, and the travelers drove on. A beautiful road lay before them, through fragrant pine forests, skirting lovely meadows, and over hills which afforded glimpses of distant mountain and valley between the clustering trees.

"Our errand seems very insignificant," sighed Elizabeth, "in the face of granite rocks and giant spruces"—

"But not in the face of Aunt Phebe," finished Silas, with a laugh. "I wonder what she'll say when we prove to her the correctness of those records."

Elizabeth gave him a quick glance. To her the problem was capable of another solution.

The first boy they met could tell them where Phineas Fletcher, "the old gentleman," lived, and it was "on the Green," as Eliza had said, in a large, square white house, with cornices over the front door and the windows. They tied the horse, and rang a loose-jointed bell, which rang crazily for several seconds after they pulled it.

The young girl who opened the door said "Gramper" hadn't been feeling well lately, but she guessed he'd be glad to see them.

He was. He shook hands vigorously first with one, then the other, and exclaimed with delight over Silas. "Abel Allen's boy, wal, I declare; it don't seem possible! I heard you's 'round, last summer, fixin' up the old meetin'-house. Fixed it up 'most too much for your Aunt Phebe, didn't ye? He-he-he!"

"That's why I'm here," rejoined Silas,



with equal heartiness. "My mother thinks you can help us out of this scrape. Do tell me if that record in the old Family Bible is correct—if you know."

"Know? I guess I do," chuckled Phineas. "Warn't I there? An' didn't I hear Uncle Joseph Morton explainin' his figgers to Mis' Allen?"

"Explaining his figures?" repeated Silas and Elizabeth in a breath.

"Ya-as," drawled Phineas, stroking his long gray beard, and enjoying to the full the sensation his words produced. "Tried to tell her how her children was born two years apart 'stead of a year an' a half, as she s'posed. Whether 'twas easier for him to figger that way, or he thought they looked better so, he's bound to have it they's born two years apart. I had to laugh when I heard what a row it had raised 'tween Phebe an' Lois."

"Then Aunt Phebe was right!" exclaimed Elizabeth, solemnly.

"Ya-as," repeated Phineas, still stroking his beard. "You'll find it on the books over to the town clerk's house."

"Where is the town clerk's house?" demanded Silas. He would not look at his wife.

"Jes' 'crosst the Green. You can see it, that yaller house, sets back from the street."

"Will you wait here?" asked Silas of Elizabeth, and still their eyes did not meet.

"Let her stay, let her stay," clamored Phineas. "An' you might's well put up your horse. Tea'll be ready soon's you get back—won't it, mother?"

He appealed to the chubby-cheeked old lady entering the door. She had delayed to put on her "t'other gown," and was flustered into a fine color by the haste with which she had "shifted." The young girl who met them at the door was close behind. The fragrance of fresh bread came in with her from the kitchen.

"Oh yes, tea'll be ready right away," chirped the old lady, and the young girl smiled hospitably.

Silas was gone but a few minutes. He entered without a word, and gravely hung his hat on a peg in the hall.

"Well?" exclaimed Elizabeth, interrogatively.

"Warn't it jest as I said?" inquired Phineas.

"Yes, it was just as you said," responded Silas, gloomily.

"You don't seem over an' above pleased," commented Phineas, jocosely.

"I'm not," was the laconic reply.

"What sort of a man was Uncle Joseph Morton?" put in Elizabeth, quickly.

"You saw them records?" returned Phineas. "Wal, they look just like him, proper an' pre-cise—an' *jus' as soon lie as not!*" The heat of an old grudge was in his words, but before he could say more "tea" was announced, and, confronted by its magnificent proportions, Uncle Joseph Morton's mendacity, with all the trouble it had wrought, became a matter of secondary importance.

Silas's gravity remained, however. His wife rallied him upon it, gayly, as they drove towards home, the next day. "I don't see why you are so down-hearted," she said, "now that everything is settled."

"Settled!" he cried, "settled! Everything is *un*-settled. I wish I had never touched that tablet!"

"I don't see why," she returned, obtusely.

"You don't?" he almost shouted. "Here I've got to go and haul down that tablet after it has been consecrated and memorialized and what-not and have it made over and stuck up again! I've got to tell Aunt Lois her Bible Records are full of lies—she'll think *that's* Infidelity and Higher Criticism!"

"Fudge!" cried Elizabeth. "You make too much of it. Just go there quietly and take the tablet down. Such a slight alteration can be made in no time. I'll attend to Aunt Lois."

"You don't know these people as well as I do," was all that Silas would say.

Nevertheless, he set off bravely as soon as he had let her out of the buggy, and returned an hour later with the tablet lying on the seat beside him, face down.

Elizabeth ran to meet him. "It wasn't so bad, after all, was it, now?" she demanded.

He smiled. "There was a special interposition of Providence," he said, light-heartedly. "The parson had 'gone to Conference,' and the parson's wife was entertaining callers in the parlor. Their youngest son showed me where the key to the church hung, on a nail in the hall, with instructions to 'put it back when I

was through with it.' He ran back to his game of 'Hi Spy,' and has forgotten all about the key, as long as I returned it. I borrowed a screw-driver of the heretics on the back street behind the church, who have never heard of the tablet, or, if they have, don't care."

Elizabeth clapped her hands. "Then we'll pack this off to New York by the first express," she said, "and after supper we'll settle the aunties. How you will sleep to-night!"

After supper she organized her expedition; the surrey with two horses, Eliza on the back seat, herself and Silas on the front seat. "To the Griswold Farm, first," she directed.

Lois came out, bareheaded, to greet them, followed by three of the Griswold children and the dog Sandy. "Get right out," she cried, hospitably. "I've been wonderin' all day if you wouldn't be over to-night."

"You get right *in*," responded Elizabeth, "as soon as you've put on your bonnet and shawl. Children, run and get Grandma's bonnet and shawl!" Away scampered the trio, with Sandy at their heels.

"We're going to take you for a little drive," explained Eliza. "It's such a nice evenin'."

"So 'tis," agreed Lois. "But I dunno; how 'm I goin' to dress, right here side the road?" She managed to get into the wrappings, however, when they came, and had clambered to her place beside Eliza before Silas could spring to her assistance.

"You're spry as a girl, Auntie," he exclaimed admiringly, and Lois drew up her bent little figure with a heroic effort to make it straight. She did not notice where they were going until the horses' hoofs rang out on the flinty road her feet had so often trod, over the hill to Phebe's. Then she clutched Eliza's arm. "Where be you takin' me?" she gasped.

"Over to see Aunt Phebe," called Silas over his shoulder, before his mother could reply. "Don't you want to go?"

"She don't wanter see me," faltered Lois. "I wish she did."

"How much would you give, Auntie?" asked Elizabeth, turning around and laying a caressing hand on Lois's knee.

"'Most anythin'," answered Lois, with emotion.

"Would you give the old Bible Records?" pursued Elizabeth.

"What d'ye mean, child?" ejaculated Lois.

"Tell her," said Elizabeth to her husband.

"Tell her yourself," he responded.

"Auntie," she exclaimed, giving the knee an affectionate squeeze, "we've been over to Hardwick to look at the town records, and, do you know, that old Bible Record isn't right! Aren't you glad? There was no other way to make up with Aunt Phebe, and you never did care as much as she did!"

Oh, wily Elizabeth! Before the horses trotted up to the little gray house where Phebe lived, Lois really believed she was as glad as Elizabeth said she was.

There was no sign of life about the place, but the front door was not locked, as when Lois last approached it. "I'm sca't," she muttered, her hand trembling on the latch. "She wouldn't be gone this time o' day!"

"Who's there?" called an imperious voice.

"Thank the Lord!" breathed Lois, and they hurried in.

"You'll have to wait on yourself," continued the voice. "I've turned my ankle. Why, Lois, 's that you? and Silas's folks! I declare, I ain't fit to see company—an' the kitchen fire's out—an' the breakfast dishes ain't done!"

No one replied. Lois was down on the floor beside her, removing shoe and stocking from the injured foot. "Bring me some cold water, s' long as there ain't any hot," she commanded.

"I'll have some hot in a minute," called Silas, making a rush for the kitchen. Eliza followed him. Elizabeth tucked a cushion between Aunt Phebe's back and the ribs of the chair, and drew her little shawl over her shoulders.

"How long you ben settin' here?" demanded Lois, sharply.

"Since eight o'clock this mornin'," was the reply.

Lois groaned.

"Go tell 'em to make her a cup o' tea," she said to Elizabeth, "an' cook her an egg on toast." Elizabeth flew.

"Bring me a basin of water as soon as it's het," Lois called after her, "an' make me a bandage—there's old linen in the

chist in the attic chamber. Sakes alive!" she murmured, "since eight o'clock!" Her bonnet with the mourning veil had tumbled off, her small, anxious face was a network of wrinkles, there was not a trace of her ordinary shrinking manner. She ordered Elizabeth about and hastened the movements of Silas and his mother. In an incredibly short time the ankle had been bathed and bandaged and the tea and the egg on toast were ready.

Phebe glanced from one to another of the four standing about her. "Can't ye find a place to set down, any of ye?" she inquired, humorously. "Anybody 'd s'pose I was of consid'able consequence. Makes me think"—she turned to Silas—"of the time your father spraint his ankle. You wouldn't remember it, Lois; you weren't but three. I was twelve an' Abel was nine." She paused, but no one challenged her figures. On the contrary, Silas, with a deference he had never shown this aunt before, drew a chair beside her and seated himself very near.

"You must remember just how he looked," he said, confidentially.

"Remember? I guess I do! Little freckle-face boy!" There was a wealth of tenderness in her tone.

Lois softly withdrew to the kitchen. Eliza went, too. Elizabeth hesitated a moment, then drew her chair to the other side of the big, motherly figure. "I know Silas wants you to tell about his father when he was a little boy," she said, caressingly, "and I'd like to hear it, too."

"'Tain't no great of a story," disclaimed Phebe. "'Cep' to those who are interested; 'course I like to go over it, here by myself, as I do, a great many times a day." With this prelude she began. Story after story fell from her lips; small, uneventful happenings, of consequence, as she had said, only to those who held their subject dear, tender trifles, whimsical personalities, until the form of the little lad stood before them distinct and real and living, from the torn brim of his straw hat where he "peeked through" to the soles of his bare brown feet.

The twilight fell and found them so, the listeners bending ever nearer, ever more absorbed and touched, the speaker gathering confidence as she proceeded.

Lois came in with the lamp, at last, and fidgeted about.

"Are we letting her talk too much?" inquired Elizabeth.

"We was sayin'," said Eliza, also returning from the kitchen, "that somebody ought to stay with her—"

"I shall stay," interrupted Lois, promptly.

"Oh yes, Lois'll stay," agreed Phebe, good-humoredly. "Silas, if you'll come over some day I'll show you those little things I spoke of. You'll have 'em when I'm gone, but I'll keep 'em for the present."

"I'll be over to-morrow," said Silas.

"We all will," said Elizabeth. And then they drove away and left the sisters together.

"Phebe," said Lois, timorously, "they've been over to Hardwick to the town clerk's house, an' our old Bible Records ain't right."

"Course not; never were," returned Phebe. "Lois, do you remember when Uncle 'Lisha pulled Abel's tooth—the first he ever had pulled? He led him out to the barn, and rolled open the big door. Then he moved all the carts and kerridges. Then he got a broom, an' swep' up clean, an' *then* he sat down in the middle of the floor, and took Abel's head atween his knees."

Phebe laughed softly to herself. "I've jus' been tellin' Silas about it."

"Should ha' thought 'twould ha' sca't Abel 'most to death!" exclaimed Lois.

"Not much!" returned Phebe. "He took it all in. He warn't nobody's fool, Abel warn't." She laughed again, and rubbed her hands.

Lois tiptoed gingerly about, straightening the familiar chairs and tables. Everything was unchanged since that last visit more than a year ago. She bethought herself of one thing which might be different. "Phebe," she asked, with sudden interest, "did you ever do any more on that shell-pattern quilt?"

"Got it done!" cried Phebe, triumphantly. "It's all laid out in the best chamber. Go and see how nice it looks."

Lois obeyed. The Old Family Bible Record was as if it had not been. The next Sunday the corrected tablet was in its place, and not many weeks afterwards Phebe was in hers.

# A Little Memory of a Swiss Adventure

By William Frederick Dix

RECENTLY, while standing on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, waiting for a downtown car, there happened to be a temporary lull in the street noises, a brief cessation of rumbling wagons, and as I became gradually conscious of the unusual stillness, suddenly a bewitching glimpse of Switzerland came into my mind. I seemed caught away from the sordid, unlovely New York street corner to the idyllic peace and beauty of the Rhone Valley. I saw the little paved square before the Hotel de la Post in the village of Brieg. The cream and russet walls of the houses surrounded me, the great six-horse diligence which had just come down from the Simplon Pass was beside me, and gray-clad, hobnail-booted hostlers were leading away the horses, while from the opposite side of the little square came a half-dozen sleek cows jangling their bells as they slowly stumbled along in the dusk to the stone watering-trough.

Jangling their bells! Ah! that was the fairy call that lured me so quickly off to Switzerland. Coming down Eighth Avenue was a ragman's cart, unpainted and creaking and with a string of discordant bells strung between two short posts at the back. They produced just the medley of sound of a drove of Swiss cattle! I shut my eyes, and, letting two downtown cars go by unheeded, was, as I listened, whisked back again to the little cobblestone square and the entrance of the Hotel de la Post.

All the way downtown I dreamed of Switzerland. I did not see the conductor as I mechanically paid my fare, and I forgot to ask for a transfer. I breathed the air of the Alps, and stamped into the Hotel de la Post demanding a hot supper and preparing for it in a dainty little bedroom *au deuxième*, with white tidies on the chairs. What a day it had been! The most adventurous of many. And here I was safe in Switzerland with my bicycle, and the diligence authorities outwitted!

The day before I had set out, with a light heart, on the last and more difficult

part of my bicycle trip. I had ridden from Florence across the Apennines to Bologna, thence up the smiling Lombardy plain to Milan and the Italian Lakes, and, leaving Pallanza, on Lake Maggiore, about mid-afternoon, I rode the twenty-five miles of level macadam road, reaching Domo Dossola, at the foot of the great mountain wall that separated me from Switzerland, at dusk. It was in early April, and as I looked across to the mountains, I noted how low the snow line was, and realized that I could not cross the pass on foot. Halting at the dismal hostelry opposite the diligence office, I secured a brick-paved, severely furnished room for the night and strolled across to the office.

To the man at the little window I made my request for a seat in the coupé.

"Perfectly, monsieur. What luggage have you?"

"Only a knapsack and a bicycle."

"Ah! a bicycle! I am sorry, monsieur, but the law does not allow us to take bicycles on the diligence."

"No bicycles!" I cried, aghast; "but I am traveling by bicycle! How can I get across?"

In reply, one of those detestable French shrugs by which one throws off all responsibility in the matter and leaves you helpless.

"I am living in the Rhone Valley at present," I explained, "and I have come from Florence on my bicycle. I must cross the Simplon to-morrow. How can I go, if not by the diligence?"

It was growing dark, and the post agent was anxious to close the business.

"Monsieur," he said, firmly and coldly, "many voyageurs have come hither *en bicyclette*, and they have all had to enter Switzerland by some other route. There are fifteen feet of snow on the pass at this season, and five hours of the journey are in open sledges. How, then, can a bicycle be transported? Besides," and he rose to close the window, "the law forbids. Good-night."

And I stood alone, looking blankly into the dark square across which were the

lights of the inn. I walked angrily back, summoned the landlord, and demanded that he come to my rescue. It began to rain, and the evening was chilly. I had been looking forward for days to my return to my beloved Switzerland, and here, at the very threshold, the door was suddenly shut in my face. To go to Lake Geneva by some other route meant by either the Mont Cenis tunnel via Turin and Geneva, or the St. Gothard via Lucerne, either route necessitating three or four additional days. My landlord stolidly verified the remarks of the agent, and said that frequently *messieurs les voyageurs* were thus disappointed.

"But," I persisted, "why cannot I go by extra post?"

A genial, full-bearded fellow-guest, a Dutch gentleman who had been listening to our conversation, here joined in, raising his hat with charming grace to me, in apology for the intrusion.

"Certainly," he said in excellent English, though we had been talking in French—a trick which most foreigners have when they recognize the American. "I and my two daughters go to-morrow by extra post; I should be glad to offer the fourth seat to monsieur, if—"

I was about to express my gratitude when mine host explained that the extra post was just as much under government control as the diligence, and "the law did not allow bicycles."

"Then," I exclaimed in desperation, "I will hire a private conveyance."

The landlord smiled. "Impossible," he said. "That would require a relay of horses, and relays are a government monopoly." As we three stared in silence for a moment at each other there in the damp little courtyard, suddenly an idea smote me.

"Landlord," I said, "have you any meal-bags?"

"Meal-bags, Monsieur?"

"Yes; four large, strong meal-bags. Send for them quickly." I crossed to my bicycle, unstrapped the knapsack from the handle-bars, took off the tool-bag and handle-bars, and, crouching down on the pavement, by the light of a lantern, removed the saddle, chain, and wheels. In a few moments the vehicle which had borne me stoutly over a thousand miles of rough Italian roads had resolved itself into its several parts. Then an elderly peasant

woman appeared with an armful of dusty burlap bags. The front wheel was popped into one, the rear one into another, the frame into the third, the handle-bars, chain, pedals, saddle, and sprocket into the fourth. The woman, quick to understand, was rapidly plying a large needle, and when I looked up from the completed work with flushed face and grimy hands, I heard a ripple of laughter, and there stood the bearded Dutch gentleman with his two daughters looking down on me from a little wooden balcony above.

We four had a merry supper together. I was again in high spirits, and we promised to sup together on the following night on the other side of the pass.

The next morning I was called at half-past five. It was dark, cold, and rainy. The brick floor of my bedroom was not comforting. I dressed rapidly and warmly, and soon presented myself at the window of the diligence office.

"Give me a ticket for a coupé seat in the diligence," I demanded, with some hauteur, of my acquaintance of the previous night. He thrust his head out of the little window, glared first at me, then at my luggage deposited at my side by the hotel porter. It consisted of one knapsack and four meal-bags, securely sewn up. For a moment there was a dramatic pause. Then he dropped the window, made out the ticket, and gave my luggage to the guard to be stored on top of the coach.

After a cheerful breakfast I took my place on the front seat of the great mediæval coach, and at seven o'clock the six horses started under a volley of whip-crackings, and the trip across the Simplon to Switzerland was commenced. And what a day of adventures! After climbing the rain-soaked roads for several hours we reached the snow-line, and changed from the coach to little wooden sledges, each drawn by one rope-harnessed horse, and carrying two passengers. I sat with a peasant man, and for five hours we toiled over the deep snow. Sometimes the horse would fall, and we would flounder out to help him up and warm our stiff limbs. Once we upset, and once, when the right trace broke, the rear part of the runners overhung a precipice. Several times, where the snow had avalanched across the road, workmen had dug tunnels, and through these treacher-

ous holes we had to go. At the summit was the hospice, where a kindly-faced old priest gave us warm things to drink. Clouds and snow-flurries buffeted us; the great mountain peaks rose, dimly discerned, on all sides; white drifts of clouds lay below us, shutting out the valleys, and the wind whirled around the corners where the narrow road turned, striking us from unexpected quarters. A vast silence encompassed us, broken only by the creak of the sledge and the bell on the horse. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we climbed, half frozen, from the wretched sledge into the shelter and comparative comfort of the diligence awaiting us at the level where the snow ceased. For two or three hours more we whirled down the zigzag road toward the green valleys of Switzerland, the storm passed, and at sunset, with a resounding clatter of hoofs, our diligence rolled into the little cobblestone square of Brieg, and the doorway of the dear little Hotel de la Post invited us in to warmth and good cheer.

I clambered, with infinite weariness but with infinite peace of mind, down

from my red-cushioned seat in the coupé. My meal-bags were being taken down from the top; the horses, unhitched from the coach, were led to their stable; and across the dusk-veiled square, toward the stone watering-trough, came the cows with their jangling bells.

The Dutch gentleman and his daughters appeared at an upper window.

"Welcome to Switzerland, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, jovially. "The supper is ordered, and will be ready in half an hour! What an emotional day it has been! Never again in April will I attempt the Simplon! Monsieur, we congratulate you on bringing the first bicycle across the Pass!"

As I entered the house I looked back at the dim form of the diligence, standing silent and deserted in the square, which had carried me safely down from the snowy summits as St. Christopher had carried the pilgrims on his back. St. Christopher!

The Eighth Avenue car had halted! Christopher Street! I blinked, rose hastily from my seat, got off, and, having no transfer, walked down to the ferry.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Adventurous Quest (An): A Story of Three Boys.** By Laura Scherer Copenhaver. The Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  in. 405 pages. \$1.25.

**Among Green Trees: A Guide to Pleasant and Profitable Acquaintance with Familiar Trees.** By Julia Ellen Rogers. Illustrated. A. W. Mumford, Chicago.  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 11$  in. 202 pages. \$3.

A thoroughly practical manual, sympathetically and interestingly written, and abundantly illustrated with half-tone and line engravings and photogravures. The latter full-page illustrations are especially fine.

**Annie Laurie Mine (The).** By David N. Beach. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

There are to be found in this story both spiritual fervor and earnest desire for social reform. The author sets out his purpose in a preparatory way in several strongly worded sentences selected from Ralph Waldo Emerson, W. D. Howells, Senator C. K. Davis, and Bishop Henry C. Potter. These bear forcibly on the incessant conflict between the material and the moral, the infinite cruelty of industrial slavery, the spirit of modern feudalism among capitalists, and the spirit of caste as evidenced

in modern social conditions. Perhaps there may be improbabilities in this fictitious history of a mine first ruined and oppressed by selfish capitalists and then conducted not only in a spirit of human helpfulness, but of literal Christian brotherhood. Perhaps, too, the dramatic situations and the religious fervor are a trifle exaggerated. Nevertheless, the story is in a true sense vital; its characters act and talk like living human beings; the situations are novel and interesting; and, above all, the purposes and feeling of the author are in a noteworthy degree helpful and inspiring.

**Art of Living Long (The).** By the Celebrated Venetian Centenarian Louis Cornaro. (A New and Improved English Version.) With Essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon, and Sir William Temple. William F. Butler, Milwaukee.  $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  in. 214 pages.

A new translation of a curious old Italian treatise, together with some account of its centenarian author, and extracts on the subject of longevity from the works of Addison, Bacon, Sir William Temple, and other famous writers of English poetry and prose. The book is illustrated with full-page portraits of all of the authors named.

**Autobiography of a Beggar (The).** By I. K. Friedman. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 350 pages.

The Autobiography of a Beggar is preceded by some hundred odd pages concerning the Beggars' Club. In both chronicles we find much that is amusing, but even the picturesque "hobo" in a continuous performance of humorous adventure grows fatiguing.

**Bass, Pike, Perch, and Others.** By James A. Henshall, M.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 410 pages. \$2, net.

No name otherwise the fisherman's interest in this part of the country as does that of the bass. This addition to the American Sportsman's Library—of the merits of which in typography, illustration, and thorough preparation we have already spoken more than once—deals with all, or nearly all, of the game fish of the United States east of the Rockies, with the exception of the salmon and trout and some of the larger varieties already described in other volumes. The number of varieties of the bass and pike families will surprise most readers. The book not only gives in convenient form scientific information about the fish themselves, but contains elaborate and expert advice about the kind of fishing-tackle and tools to be employed, the habitat of the different fish, and a great variety of other information which will be welcome to the sportsman and the naturalist alike.

**Beauce of Power.** By Ella Stryker Mapes. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Illustrated. 5x7½ in. 269 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Black Lion Inn (The).** By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5x7½ in. 381 pages.

Through a rather antiquated device, the author has put the tales of this volume into the mouths of certain storm-bound travelers, who enliven the period of their imprisonment at the Black Lion Inn with the cheerful art of story-telling. The tales themselves, however, are sufficiently breezy to blow quite away the somewhat musty odor that clings to the manner of their introduction. The "interludes" are equally refreshing, and the illustrations are—Remington's.

**Bridge Book (The): Practical Talks about Bridge.** E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 228 pages. \$1, net.

**Composition and Rhetoric: Based on Literary Models.** By Rose M. Kavana and Arthur Beatty. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 423 pages.

**English Garner (An): A Re-issue in 12 Volumes of Professor Arber's Ingatherings from English History and Literature.** Vol. IV. Voyages and Travels. (In 2 vols.) Edited by C. Raymond Beazley, F.R.G.S. Vol. V. Social England in the Seventeenth Century. With Introduction by Andrew Lang. Vol. VI. Critical Essays and Literary Fragments. Introduction by J. Churton Collins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. \$1.25 vol.

This reissue of Professor Arber's "Ingatherings from English History and Literature" constitutes a notable series for the careful and minute student of English life in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The

name of Professor Arber is, of course, a sufficient guarantee for the accurate collation of the text with the rare originals. The volumes already issued, as indicated above, comprise first a collection of voyages and travels mainly by Elizabethan Englishmen, next a collection of seventeenth-century tracts edited by Mr. Andrew Lang—who calls them "Ancient Journalism," for to-day they would be put forth as articles in newspapers and magazines; finally, an edition by Professor Churton Collins of essays and fragments which show especially the character and status of the clergy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the collection includes such notable publications as Eatchard's "Contempt of the Clergy" and Bickersteth's "Miseries of the Domestic Chaplain," and comes to a fit climax with Franklin's summary of the maxims in "Poor Richard's Almanack."

**Fur Traders of the Columbia River and the Rocky Mountains (The).** As Described by Washington Irving. (The Knickerbocker Literature Series. Edited by Frank Lincoln Olmsted.) Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 222 pages. 90c., net.

**Hereward the Wake, "Last of the English."**

In 2 vols. By Charles Kingsley. (Library Edition.) J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5½x8 in.

These are the first-issued volumes of a new edition of the works of Charles Kingsley, edited by his eldest son, Mr. Maurice Kingsley, who is to supply notes and introductions to the several volumes. The edition as to form is decidedly attractive, the type is clear, the illustrations are acceptable, and the binding is sensible and well adapted for library use. We shall comment on the edition when further volumes have been received.

**How to Keep Well: An Explanation of Modern Methods of Preventing Disease.** By Floyd M. Crandall, M.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 511 pages. \$1.50.

**How to Make School Gardens: A Manual for Teachers and Pupils.** By H. D. Hemenway, B.S. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 107 pages. \$1, net.

**Jesus Christ: His Origin and Character.** By Frank Ballard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½x8 in. 32 pages. 20c., net.

**Main Chance (The).** By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5x7½ in. 419 pages.

The incident of this story, aside from a little case of kidnapping thrown into the bargain, as it were, and a single not too bloody murder, has to do with the commercial life of a small city in the Middle West. The characters include a bank president, a cashier, a good bishop, a weak and purposeless young man (native), a strong and purposeful ditto (from the East, and the hero), and a sweet young girl (the heroine, and the bank president's daughter). They are generally well drawn, and the book is readable.

**Medical Missions, Teaching and Healing.** By Louise C. Purington, M.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 25 pages. 10c., net.

**Methods of Bible Study.** By W. H. Griffith Thomas, B.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 120 pages. 50c., net.

The author's method is determined by the end in view, which is purely devotional, and for spiritual rather than literary or critical satis-

faction in adherence to traditional modes of thought.

**Oldest Code of Laws in the World (The):**

The Code of Laws Promulgated by Hammurabi, King of Babylon, B.C. 2285-2242. Translated by C. H. W. Johns, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 88 pages. 75c., net.

The stone block on which this code was engraved nearly a thousand years before the time of Moses was recently discovered by French explorers at Susa (the "Shushan" of the book of Esther), whither it had been carried as a trophy from Babylonia. The King who published it, Hammurabi, is the "Amraphel king of Shinar" in Genesis xiv. 1. Not only is it the oldest code in the world, but it points back to the remote antiquity required for such a body of laws to grow up in judicial processes. In its modern covers it is a most interesting relic of judge-made law. In a fair comparison it is distinctly inferior to the Mosaic code, lacking the humanitarian note which this makes prominent.

**On the Trail of Moses: A Series of Revival Sermons.** By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 298 pages. \$1.20, net.

**Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens (The):** Collected and Edited with Bibliographical Notes. By F. G. Kitton. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½x8¼ in. 206 pages. \$2, net.

A rather handsomely made volume which includes the poems from his novels, several of which are well known, and songs and choruses from "The Village Coquette," a comic opera, written in 1836 for a friend, which was not a success. There are also verses from other publications. The volume includes everything in verse which Dickens wrote, and supplements the editions of his work heretofore published.

**Present-Day Evangelism.** By J. Wilbur Chapman. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 245 pages. 60c., net.

The author of this book is Secretary of the General Assembly Committee of Evangelistic Work for the Presbyterian Church. He brings to his subject wide experience both as evangelist and as pastor. Although the book is marred by the use of conventional phraseology, by some lapses from good taste, and by rhetorical errors, its defects are mainly superficial. It is characterized by breadth of mind and sanity. Dr. Chapman, as the title of his book indicates, believes that the present age, like past ages, requires a form of evangelism suited to its own needs. This he describes as in method largely individual, in terms largely ethical and social, though in substance unchanged. He insists that the squalor of the slums and the materialism of the rich cannot be ignored by those who would announce the words of life to men of this day.

**Redfields Succession (The).** By Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x7½ in. 318 pages. \$1.50.

A truthful and charming picture of present-day Virginia country life. Some of the *personae* that move in this scene are equally real and pleasing; others neither so commendable nor as convincing. The latter criticism is particularly applicable to the hero, Trueman Gault, whose quixotic renunciation of his

inheritance seems to us morally supererogatory and artistically untrue to the character so well drawn in the first half of the book.

**Studies of Familiar Hymns.** By Louis F. Benson, D.D. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 285 pages. \$1.50, net.

This book is a by-product, so to speak, of hymn-books which the author has edited. Twenty-five hymns, selected evidently because the author had interesting material on hand concerning them, are here given in their original or slightly modified text, the story of their composition is told, some account of their authors is given, and some points for discussion concerning them are suggested. The book is illustrated with portraits, facsimile reproductions of manuscripts, and the like. Although other books similar to this have been published, there is none of which we know that is more successful in giving the reader the sense of personal acquaintance with hymns. The treatment is marked by dignity, good taste, a respect for historical veracity, and human interest. The book is appropriately printed and bound.

**Sultan of Sulu (The): An Original Satire in Two Acts.** By George Ade. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5x7¼ in. 128 pages.

**Summer Songs in Idleness.** By Katherine H. McDonald Jackson, Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5x8 in. 71 pages. \$1.25.

**Truths to Live By: A Companion to "Every-day Christian Life."** By the Very Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4½x7 in. 372 pages. \$1.25.

Practical sermons by the late Dean of Canterbury. Fourteen are based on texts from the Gospel and the First Epistle of John, the remainder on texts from the Pauline Epistles. Like his other writings, these are vital, hopeful, suggestive. The volume also contains three of Dean Farrar's Christmas carols, the first of which is frequently sung in this country.

**Veil of Solana (The).** By Emma Mersereau Newton. The Frank F. Lovell Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 362 pages. \$1.25.

Doubtless this book's crude and cheap style and the "thrilling" adventures recorded in its pages will find admirers, but we cannot truthfully write ourselves down among them.

**Walks in New England.** By Charles Goodrich Whiting. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5½x8 in. 301 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Wars of Peace (The).** By A. F. Wilson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 392 pages. \$1.50.

A thoughtful and interesting novel. The scene is laid in a New England factory town, and the wars waged in this not altogether peaceful time are the grimly familiar struggles of labor and capital. The characters involved are vividly pictured, and the situations, always natural, become on occasion absorbingly dramatic.

**Wild Birds in City Parks: Being Hints on Identifying 100 Birds, Prepared Primarily for the Spring Migration in Lincoln Park, Chicago.** By Herbert Eugene Walter and Alice Hall Walter. (Revised Edition.) A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 4¼x5½ in. 45 pages. 25c.



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# The Outlook

*Saturday, June 13, 1903*

Forced Labor in West Virginia

By Gino C. Speranza

The Efficiency of Unions

By an Employer

The Coming of Cervera's Fleet

By Ex-Secretary John D. Long

The Forest: The Hills

By Stewart Edward White

Negro Suffrage in the South

An Examination of the Facts

Would You Rest?  
 Would You Put On Flesh?  
 Would You Get Rid of Dyspepsia?  
 Would You Be Unconscious of Your Nerves?

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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

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No. 7

## Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals

The bold reversal of English policy recently proposed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, has done more than merely to stimulate heated discussion in England between Free Traders—the majority—and the many so-called Fair Traders; or between Free Traders and the few declared Protectionists. Mr. Chamberlain's definition of his policy is puzzling. He adopts Cobden's definition of free trade, "to bring about a free interchange of commodities at their natural prices," and assures the country that he is proposing precisely that in endeavoring to put a protective preferential tax on the foodstuffs consumed by Englishmen, so that the colonies might receive the benefit. By this means, he declares, the colonies would become genuinely attached to the mother country. On the other hand, if such consolidation is not insured, Mr. Chamberlain warns his hearers that the British Empire may disintegrate. He does all this with such clever political eloquence as to induce many at home and abroad to believe that the colonies will reciprocate in time if only they are afforded some system of preferential fiscal treatment. Mr. Chamberlain still calls himself a free-trader, because, as he says,

Mr. Cobden did not hesitate to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with France, and Mr. Bright did not hesitate to approve his action. I cannot believe, if they had been present among us now, and knew what this new situation was, that they would have hesitated to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with our own children. Well, you see the point. You want an empire. Do you think it better to cultivate the trade with your own people, or to let that go in order that you may keep the trade of those who, rightly enough, are your competitors and rivals?

Mr. Chamberlain was quickly corrected as to his illustration by Mr. Leonard

Courtney, who showed that in the French treaty no preference was given to French goods as such and no certificates of French origin demanded. Lord Rosebery's rejoinder was also noteworthy. As a militant Imperialist, he declared that, first of all, there was the burden of Imperial defense, borne wholly and cheerfully by the mother country, but, "even if additional defense were to be obtained from the colonies, would any system of reciprocal tariffs really bind the mother country more closely to them than at present?" Lord Rosebery admitted that free trade did not benefit all branches of industry, least of all the landed interest; but he concluded:

If we quarreled with, or separated materially from, the customers who gave us at least two-thirds and possibly three-quarters of our trade, to oblige a customer who gave us a quarter or a third, we should not be doing a wise thing in our own interests or even in that of our colonial customer.

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**The Liberal Opportunity** More strenuous still, as might be expected, was the objection from that veteran radical Liberal statesman, Sir William Harcourt. He spoke of his own recollections of "the miserable conditions of agricultural laborers and industrial artisans when food was taxed and every manufacturer protected." He declared that—

The pretense of colonial preferences is only a shallow mask to cover the restoration of the whole doctrine of protection, and thus to restate the injustice of a system by which the burden of indirect taxation was imposed upon the mass of the people to relieve the wealthier classes from their due contribution to the expenditure of the State. . . . The system of colonial preferences, far from uniting the Empire, will be a fruitful cause of dispute between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies as to the equivalents which each is to receive, and their relative demands will be impossible to reconcile in practice. They will deprive the United Kingdom of

that absolute freedom in dealing with its own finance according to the needs of our people at home, which is more than ever indispensable in the crushing weight of the present inordinate expenditure.

It was to be expected that the Liberals would make capital out of the opportunity which Mr. Chamberlain has given to them. Whether they can come together on a platform of opposition to the present Government's fiscal, military, and educational policy, however, is quite another question. If they do, they may be in a considerable degree aided by the strong opposition in Liberal-Unionist and in Conservative circles which Mr. Chamberlain's proposition has excited. The London's "Spectator," while heartily admiring the great services which Mr. Chamberlain has already rendered to his country, emphatically opposes the preferential system, not only from a free-trade but from an Imperialist standpoint. It says:

If free trade is a counsel of economic perfection, the Imperial union is, in our view, vital to the race. . . . We hold that protection in any form and under any alias is always economic waste, and that free trade always represents the conservation of economic and material energy. . . . If we thought the Empire would really benefit, we would cheerfully endure the economic waste and injury involved in Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

The opposing forces among the Conservatives seem now united, and it is hinted that their action may precipitate marked political changes. This storm of opposition in England is a reasonable one. Not only would Mr. Chamberlain's scheme induce the colonists to hope for that which cannot be satisfied without injuring Englishmen, but it might induce retaliatory tariffs from many countries and thus precipitate a general commercial disaster. In the words of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, we do not rate loyalty to the British Empire so low as to believe such bonds necessary to maintain it.



**The Food Tax** As offsetting this, Mr. Chamberlain indulges in the somewhat socialistic proposal: "The working class would pay three-quarters of the food tax, and we would be prepared to devote, not the three-quarters, but the whole, to social and domestic reforms—to old-age pensions, or to some corresponding objects

of a national character." The prospect of an old-age pension to be won by protracted hunger or by paying high prices for food, so that distant colonial agriculturists might thereby be helped, had an immediate effect upon the fifteen hundred delegates of the co-operative societies of the United Kingdom at their annual meeting last week. They represent two millions of the best class of workers. With but three dissenting votes, they adopted a resolution vigorously protesting against any "tampering with the free-trade policy of this country by preferential tariffs." Not even in the colonies has the feeling been exultant, although, since the Canadians hope one day to provide the great granary for the mother country, more satisfaction has been expressed in Canada than elsewhere. In Australia, however, Sir William McMillan has already declared himself to be "absolutely opposed to a preferential tariff which would hamper the trading relations of Australia with foreign countries." The "South Australian Register" adds: "Preferential trade, with the added obligation of a special colonial contribution to Imperial defense, would work out badly for the producer, whose outlets would be restricted, while British manufacturers would enjoy a monopoly in the colonies." Referring to these and other criticisms, Mr. Chamberlain declares that he does not accept them as in any way conclusive; he adds, however, that unless he is warmly supported by the colonies he may feel justified in abandoning the struggle. Mr. Chamberlain already sees that in the colonies he may have a far from united support, while at home there is the weight of the opposition from political leaders irrespective of party, and of the trades-union leaders. He has now published a letter in which he says:

I do not attach excessive importance to the opinions of trades-union leaders, because they are, almost without exception, strong Radical partisans; . . . for instance, I may mention that in Birmingham the members of the Trades Council, almost to a man, opposed me politically, notwithstanding which my majority at the last election in a purely working-class district was 4,500. . . . Even if the price of food is raised, the rate of wages will certainly rise in greater proportion. This has been the case both in the United States and Germany. In America the available balance left to the worker after he has paid for necessities is much larger than here. These are

facts we must bring to the notice of workmen generally. There is another side of the question which requires discussion. At present we enter into negotiations with foreign countries empty-handed. If we were able to bargain on equal terms, I believe the duties now imposed on our products would be generally reduced. There would be competition among foreign nations for our markets, which would bring us nearer to real free trade than we have ever been.

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#### Peonage in the South

The Federal Grand Jury at Montgomery, Alabama, last week handed up twenty-two more indictments for the crime of holding negroes in peonage. This appears to make a total of thirty-five such indictments at this term of the court. Five of the reported indictments have been against Robert N. Franklin, the kidnapping constable whose crimes were reported in last week's issue, and one is against J. W. Pace, the manager of the convict camp to whom Franklin took his friendless victims. The Montgomery "Advertiser" of May 31 contains the report of an interview with Pace, which gives the buyer's side of the infamous transaction described last week. In substance the report is as follows:

Without any hesitation Pace said that he had bought the negro from Constable Franklin, paying \$70 for him. The negro [unable to read] had signed a contract to work for him for sixteen months. Pace did not know what justice of the peace had tried the negro and did not ask. . . . Asked if he did not think sixteen months a severe sentence from a justice's court, Pace said he did not ask about it. He denied that a large number of negroes had been bought by him. He said that he had bought about five from Coosa County constables during the past year. He had received two from the City Marshal of Goodwater, Coosa County, and had paid \$70 each for them. Pace said the laborers he secured from constables were not desirable and in each instance he thought he was accommodating the negroes. He said he frequently lost money by negroes escaping, and declared that he had not treated them brutally.

Of course such a defense merely verifies the worst features of the charge. The planter's claim that he had paid the seventy dollars each for the negroes with the thought that he was accommodating them is simply preposterous, and the claim that he did not treat brutally the negroes guarded with bloodhounds in his convict camps is merely further evidence of his own insensibility to his victims' wrongs.

So far as Pace and the Coosa County constables and marshal are concerned the peonage system carried on was an inhuman form of slave catching and slave holding. It is not, however, just to herald these crimes as a restoration of slavery to Alabama. Under slavery all negroes, without any alleged offense, were compelled to work without wages for life, with the approval of Church and State. Under the peonage system disclosed, a few negroes for alleged offenses, are compelled to work without wages for definite terms, to men regarded as criminals by nearly all the elements of Southern society. It is true, as the Montgomery "Advertiser" admits, that "such a system as seems to be practiced . . . can only be possible through the indifference or fear of a considerable part of the white men in the community." But the condemnation which the crime receives from such papers as the "Advertiser," and the prosecution to which it is being subjected by the Southern Judge who presides in the Federal Court in Montgomery, are evidence of the vast advance since slavery times.—The peonage to which negroes have been reduced in the convict camps of Alabama is only a little more revolting than the peonage to which Italians have been reduced in the labor camps of West Virginia, described by Mr. Speranza in this issue of The Outlook. It is a condition to which the friendless poor of any race may be brought in the absence of a vigilant and humane public sentiment.

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In the "Congregationalist" of May 30 there appeared an article by the Rev. T. Nelson Baker, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, entitled "A Negro's View of the Race Problem." Of the author we know only that he is the pastor of a small church in that Massachusetts city; he therefore may be supposed to be speaking as a Northern rather than as a Southern negro; but what he says comes with somewhat stronger force for that reason, inasmuch as he defends certain conditions which exist at the South and do not exist at the North. He denies, first, that separate schools for the whites and blacks are a wrong against the negro; and asserts, on the contrary, that they did not originate

malice toward the negro, but in genuine interest for the good of both races; that they have resulted in giving to the negro children a wholesome school environment wother than the abnormal one which would have existed in mixed schools where the presence of white children would have kept fresh in the minds of the colored children their feeling of inferiority; and that they have made possible the existence of colored teachers who are becoming respected by members of their own race, whereas in mixed schools there could have been no colored teachers and therefore no such impulse as they supply for racial self-respect. The author adds that he hopes to see more rather than less separation. In this he is but saying what many intelligent negroes have said less publicly, that separation between the races, in street-cars for instance, is a mode of protection for the colored people. He denies, in the second place, that disfranchisement of the negro as embodied in recent Southern constitutions is a wrong against the negro; he declares it is rather a wrong against the white man, and believes that the raising of the standard of citizenship which is involved in the movement should be welcomed. In the third place, he denies strongly and with evident feeling that the supposed advantage of the existence of white blood in the veins of colored people is any compensation for the disgrace brought upon the women of their race. He agrees with Mr. Alfred H. Stone, who has written on the subject in the "Atlantic Monthly," that it is the mulatto, with his dual racial nature, who occasions the most difficult elements in the race problem. In closing, he expresses his approval of the conditions in the South, which, by keeping the negro race separate from the white, give to it a social unity, and "make it impossible for the educated negro to separate himself from the uneducated," by whom he is needed, and for whose uplifting he has been destined. Such an article as this shows that differences of opinion on questions involved in the race problem are not identical with differences of race, and that friends of the negro may disagree on such matters as negro suffrage, separate schools, and negro education, without altering in the least their earnest desire and effort for his welfare.

#### Industrial War and Peace

Last week the country was alarmed by the threat of a renewal of the anthracite coal miners' strike. The men selected to represent the operators on the board of conciliation refused to confer with the district presidents selected to represent the miners, on the ground that they had merely been appointed by the miners' organization instead of being elected by the whole body of miners, non-union as well as union. Inasmuch as the board of conciliation to settle new disputes was one of the most essential features of the Strike Commission's award, and inasmuch as several questions for settlement had already arisen, a breakdown in the formation of this board seemed to involve the collapse of the whole great plan. The public almost angrily demanded to know which party was in the wrong, and when, on reference to the Commissioners' report, it was found that nothing was said about the "election" of the labor members of the board of conciliation, but that, on the contrary, distinct provision was made for their appointment by the miners' organization, the fact was recognized that the operators had indefensibly put themselves in the wrong. However wise it might have been for the Commission to have provided that the miners' representatives should be elected by all the miners, they clearly had not done so, and even so persistent an opponent of the unions as the New York "Sun" had to admit that in this instance the union was merely standing upon its rights. Fortunately, the correspondence between the operators and the union had not been conducted in a belligerent vein, and the way was easily opened for the operators to abandon their untenable position. In the iron trade a substantial peace victory was achieved in the speedy agreement reached between the organizations of the employers and employed fixing wages, hours, and other conditions until June 1 of next year. In the cotton trade the Lowell mills were able to effect a partial resumption of work without concessions to the mill workers' unions. The extraordinarily high price of raw cotton, as explained in Mr. Kennan's recent article in The Outlook, combined with the relatively small advance in the price of manufactured cottons, had plainly reduced the margin of profit to the mills, and



most of the workmen concluded that the demanded advance could not be obtained. In the woolen trade the fifty or more thousand operatives on strike for a fifty-five-hour week made an offer to Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia—which is the center of the strike district—to accept arbitration. The Mayor congratulated the strikers upon the good order they had preserved, and expressed his readiness to aid them. In the building trades the one hundred and ten thousand men who have been idle in New York for over a month showed their restiveness last week, and the central labor organizations tried ineffectively to force a settlement upon the recently organized building material drivers' union, chiefly responsible for the conflict. The employers' organization, on its side, proposed a plan for the future arbitration of all disputes in the building trades. In most respects the plan was admirable, but, as Mr. Emerson McMillan, the Chairman of the Conciliation Committee of the New York Civic Federation, pointed out, it contained the vital defect of providing that the business agents or walking delegates of the unions could not act as arbitrators. Said Mr. McMillan: "The Board of Governors of the Building Trades Employers' Association is a board of delegates or business agents. How can it refuse to recognize a board of workmen of the same kind?" Upon this very ground the unions seem disposed to reject the employers' plan, though confessedly anxious for peace. In Chicago one of the unions last week refused to accord the employers' organization the rights it claimed for itself. The hotel waiters ordered sudden and exasperating strikes at certain selected hotels to demonstrate their power, and refused to deal with the employers' organization. This attitude brought down upon them the condemnation of all classes, including their own. Equal rights is plainly the only basis for friendly relations.



**Ohio Politics** All was harmony in the Ohio Republican Convention last week. Senator Hanna had previously acceded to Senator Foraker's demand that President Roosevelt be indorsed as the party's candidate in 1904, and, having made this concession, he was able to guide the Convention as he wished. His speech

containing the watchword "hands off" as the expression of the party's attitude toward tariff revision was received as the "keynote" of the Convention. His candidate, Mr. Myron Herrick, a Cleveland banker of fine reputation, was nominated for Governor, and the platform was acceptable to him, even in the detail of damning with faint praise the "possible" benefits of reciprocity. On National issues the only declaration of importance was a vigorous demand for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, requiring the reduction of the representation of States which abridge the suffrage. On State issues the platform declared in favor of pending constitutional amendments giving the Governor of the State a veto power and removing the present provision making the stockholders in Ohio corporations liable to assessment for the debts thereof up to the par value of their stock. In the Democratic ranks there is less harmony, but Mayor Johnson is establishing a leadership more commanding than that of Senator Hanna. His most recent exploit has been his fulfillment of his promise to drive out of public life every one of the Democratic legislators who voted in support of the fifty-year franchise for Cincinnati street railroads, in disregard of the municipal ownership and referendum planks in the party platform. Six of the eight Democratic legislators who had voted for the Cincinnati monopoly did not attempt to secure re-nomination, and the other two were defeated; Mayor Johnson made a three days' campaign in the one county where the pro-monopoly legislator seemed likely to be returned. By this aggressive course Mayor Johnson has placed himself in entire accord with Mr. Bryan's position that the Democratic party can gain nothing by compromise, but has only to stand true to its anti-monopoly declarations in order to win the support of Republicans in sympathy therewith, and secure a real victory when economic conditions no longer counsel the people to "let well enough alone."



**President Roosevelt's Journey** The journey through the West just completed by President Roosevelt without the slightest misadventure or accident was in many respects

remarkable. The President's party traveled in all more than fourteen thousand miles on railroads—not to speak of several hundreds of miles traversed by stages, carriages, or on horseback. The party passed through at least twenty-four States, and was absent from Washington, we believe, sixty-five days. During this period the newspapers report that President Roosevelt made not fewer than two hundred and sixty-five speeches. The welcome accorded Mr. Roosevelt was universally cordial and enthusiastic, and it is a noteworthy fact that in many places Democratic officials and citizens seemed to vie with Republicans in respect and regard. In this journey the President has followed the example set by President McKinley, and one which we hope to see followed by other Presidents, and on a smaller scale by Governors of States. The political peril of a four years' continuous residence in Washington is very considerable. He who lives always in the District of Columbia tends, in the first place, to become provincial; further, getting his contact with the country chiefly through the official class, he misreads and misinterprets public sentiment. Washington has a distinct atmosphere—not agricultural, nor industrial, nor commercial, nor academic, but political. Its society, its thought-currents, its life, are created by officialdom. It is of the first value to the country that the President should at times get out of this atmosphere and into direct contact with representatives of the agricultural, industrial, commercial, and academic thought of the country; that he should learn at first hand how farmers and manufacturers, workingmen and merchants, and the various classes of professional men are thinking on National problems; and that they should also meet the President and make their own direct personal measure of the man, from seeing and hearing him. And the same advantage would be derived in a lesser measure from similar journeys by Governors through their respective States. An analogue to this Presidential journey, but on a larger scale, is furnished by the modern method of interchanging international visits by European sovereigns. In each case the same result is obtained; the public official is enabled to see through his own eyes, not those of another; and

the people are able to see through their own eyes, not through those of the newspaper press.

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Non-Partisan Voting  
vs.  
Non-Partisan Nominations

One of the most significant features of the recent mayoralty campaign in Chicago was that the reform element in both parties demanded a return to party nominations of candidates for the judiciary. The reason for this demand was the conviction born of experience that the custom of presenting a "non-partisan" ticket agreed upon by both parties gave to the party machines the arbitrary power to appoint their own creatures to the bench without giving the voters the opportunity to reject. To some extent both party machines were likely to be influenced by the same outside financial interests in making these appointments, and to some extent both machines were likely to agree together to divide the nominations among their respective thick-and-thin supporters. In this way, as has often happened before, bi-partisan nominations may result in the very opposite of non-partisan nominees. For these and perhaps other reasons, it was determined that this year each party should put in the field a full judicial ticket and permit the voters to choose. The Republican ticket, largely because of the renomination of Judge Hanecy, incurred the odium of having been named by "Boss" Lorimer, while the Democratic ticket commanded unusual support among the members of the Chicago bar, regardless of party affiliations. As the Republican party has usually been the stronger in Chicago for the past ten years, the Republican organization hoped to the end that its ticket would be successful; but when the judicial elections were held on Monday of last week, it proved that the voters were singularly little influenced by party affiliations. Of the fourteen circuit court judges chosen the Democrats secured twelve and the Republicans two—the nominally Democratic vote ranging from approximately 102,000 for Judges Dunne and Tuley to only 62,000 for one of the defeated candidates, and the Republican vote ranging from 78,000 for Judge Tuthill down to 53,000 for the nominee most unsatisfactory to the voters. In short, it was a day of

non-partisan voting—a thing vastly preferable to non-partisan nominating.



**The Lake Mohonk  
Arbitration Conference**

The development of an appreciation of expert service, which has helped on civil service reform, and which shows itself in the business and commercial world in the arbitration clauses affixed to all important contracts (because in case of difference of opinion recourse to experts is better than recourse to courts ignorant of details), has made possible the application of this principle to national and international interests. It is not strange, therefore, that men who have been applying this method of administering business should claim that it is not the Lake Mohonk Conference which is compelling international arbitration, but it is the spirit of arbitration which is in the air that has made the Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference possible. Whichever way it comes about, it is a matter for congratulation that literally hundreds of the leading men of the country—lawyers, judges, lawmakers, divines, teachers, and business experts of all kinds—should meet for three busy days and nights to plan how they may stand shoulder to shoulder to press this great reform along, under the genial generalship of the host of the occasion, Mr. Albert K. Smiley, the apostle of peace. The clergy were summoned to preach the doctrine of arbitration to their people; the college presidents, professors, and teachers to incorporate the subject more closely in the curriculum of the schools; the women to use their influence in the home that a spirit of peace might be inculcated. As in many countries women have held hundreds of peace meetings during the last few years in connection with the International Council of Women, they will gladly continue to lend their aid in this direction. The business men who took part in the discussion were as inspiring in their determination to forward the blessed outcome of peace and arbitration as any bishop could be. One admirable method already in operation by several business men in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia is the distribution of literature pertaining to the subject, either free or at cost price. In that way reports of peace and arbitration conferences, and

of Emerson's and Channing's writings on war and kindred themes, are made accessible to the multitude.



**The Armed Allies  
of Arbitration**

A significant note in the Conference was the frank recognition of the aid that has been given by the army and navy of the United States in bringing about such civilizing conditions as may eventually lead to the settlement of all international disagreements by peaceful methods. The work of the army in Porto Rico in matters of health, of education, and of civic reform was cited as an illustration of what is possible. Rear-Admiral Barker's brief address brought out so vividly the attitude of the navy toward peace that we reproduce it in full:

As the senior naval officer in this Conference, I have been asked to say a few words on the subject under consideration. For my part, I am not surprised at the rapid advance which arbitration has made during the last few years. Christianity has been preached for nineteen centuries, and it would be strange indeed if such results did not follow; for to me, a layman, it seems axiomatic that just in proportion as individuals and nations are guided by the principles of the Golden Rule war will disappear. But, sir, I would not stand here to-night if I did not know that many in this audience honestly believe that officers of the United States navy not only are opposed to arbitration, but that they desire war upon the least provocation, in order that they may be promoted thereby. Indeed, an Englishman on this very spot last night asserted it in so many words in regard to his own countrymen; and a few months ago I was told, by one who ought to know, that it was the prevailing opinion among the intelligent people of the United States that we (the officers of the navy) wanted the war with Spain. Why such an opinion should prevail I cannot imagine. I believe that there are no people in the United States to-day—and I do not except the Society of Friends or the educated clergy—who would so gladly welcome arbitration in settling disputes between nations as the officers of the United States navy.

And now tell me, What is there in the history of the navy from its very beginning until now to give you such a contemptible opinion of us? [Laughter.] Was Commodore Preble governed by unworthy motives when he taught the pirates of the Mediterranean to respect our flag, and rescued Christian captives from Moorish dungeons? Did Commodore Perry want war when, through courtesy and kindness and diplomacy, he introduced Japan to the civilized Western world [applause], and made Japan a friend of ours forever? [Applause.] Did Admiral Farragut, when with sad, breaking heart he left kindred and friends to fight

for the preservation of the Union? Mr. Chairman, since we have been here we have heard a great deal said, and justly said, of the honest, straightforward, and brilliant diplomacy of the State Department in regard to affairs in China: but, sir, I have heard not one word said in commendation of Admiral Kempf, who commanded our ships in Chinese waters, and, without instructions from his Government, but on his own responsibility, resisted the appeals of all the other admirals of the foreign services, and declared that he would not fire on the Tapu forts and thus make war upon a nation with whom we were at peace! [Applause.] I tell you, sir, that the naval officers do not want war, but they do desire peace. But, as honestly as they desire peace, they know, at least they believe, that to maintain peace a strong navy is necessary. [Applause.] In Madagascar, the French army has been helping on the agricultural life of the people. While army and navy must exist, if only for the policing of the nation, they may well turn their efforts toward making war impossible. If that may not be for the world at large, then it must be for the English-speaking part of it, and a determined effort is to be put forth to secure a treaty between Great Britain and the United States which shall keep the peace forever. The cases which have already been brought before the Hague Court of Arbitration, though of great value in showing what can be done, also prove to some minds that the creation of the Court is not enough without the passage of a treaty making resort to that high Court mandatory for the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples who stand in such close relations.



#### Ritualists in Council

The semi-annual meeting of the Clerical Union for the Maintenance and Defense of Catholic Principles in the Episcopal Church, held at St. Ignatius Church in New York City last week, was picturesque, but its importance may easily be overestimated. The Union is composed of clergymen of the most advanced ritualistic faith and practice, who call themselves the Catholic party in the Church. The Union has branches throughout the country, the largest being in Boston, Milwaukee, and Cleveland. About one hundred clergymen attended the meeting last week began with a celebration of the communion which it would be difficult to distinguish in any particular from a mass. The altar was covered with candles; the

procession of the clergy included acolytes bearing candles; the usual eucharistic vestments had elaborate and striking additions; there was constant use of the sign of the cross, incensing of the altar and of the celebrant and of his assistants. When the prayer of consecration was said, additional candles were lighted, the altar was incensed, the bell sounded, and the wafer was held up for the adoration of the congregation. It is reported that the only difference between the service at St. Ignatius and the Roman Catholic mass was that English was used. The rector of the Russian Church of this city was present in the chancel, as was also a priest of the Russian Catholic Church, both expressing the hope and making the prophecy that the union of all Catholics is an event of the near future. The discussions of the session related largely to details of the ritual, and are not of interest or of significance. According to the reports presented, decided progress along the lines of action marked out by the Union were evident in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. This ultra-ritualistic movement is not numerically strong as compared with the High Church and Broad Church wings of the Episcopal Church; but its principles are clearly defined, it has a definite policy, and it is led with skill, although not always with large ability. There is no doubt that many people, both here and in England, have gone into the movement as a reaction against the extreme materialism of the time, finding an elaborate symbolism a more adequate language for the expression of devotion; others, especially clergymen, are drawn to it by the natural love of ceremony and ritual, by the instinctive gravitation from the emphasis of religion on character to the emphasis of religion on form and authority; others still have been led to it by its exaltation of the priestly function and office. Five years ago the movement seemed to be gaining strength rapidly; it has relatively lost ground in the Episcopal Church since that time.



The most significant feature of the seventy-seventh annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, which was held at

The Congregational Home Missionary Society

Providence, Rhode Island, last week, was the provision made for young people. Under the direction of Mr. Don O. Shelton, the new Associate Secretary, the sessions of Tuesday afternoon and evening were devoted to them. The practical education of the young people of the Congregational churches on the subject of Missions has lately been undertaken with special energy by secretaries of the leading Congregational Societies, and the movement has received a strong impetus from the attention which it received at Providence. There was an unusually large audience at all the sessions of this annual meeting, which were held in the old Beneficent Church at Providence, of which for fifteen years the Rev. A. H. Clapp, D.D., formerly Secretary and later Treasurer for many years of the Home Missionary Society, was the honored pastor. The annual sermon was preached by the President, the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and was a strikingly eloquent presentation of what has already been achieved by the Home Missionary Society and the work which presses immediately upon it. In this address by Dr. Hillis, in another by the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, and in two or three others of the addresses, the increasing interest felt in the negro problem at the South received special attention. Mr. Puddefoot pointed out that the Congregational churches have a deep responsibility resting upon them for co-operating in Christian work with the white people of the South, to the end that the principles of the Gospel in their relation to the race question may grow into the consciousness of the people.



#### The Society's Finances and Officers

The annual business meeting of the Society occurred on Thursday morning, and was the first meeting to be held under the amended constitution, which makes the Society specifically representative of the churches. The report presented by Secretary Washington Choate was an encouraging review of the work of the year, and of the successive steps which have been taken by the Executive Committee of the Society in conformity with the recommendations made from time to time by the National Council.

A further statement along the same line was made by Mr. Edwin H. Baker, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, in which it was pointed out that, of eight recommendations which had been made by the Council, seven had been already put into operation, and one had been, after the fullest conference with other interested societies, laid aside as for the present undesirable. The Treasurer reported that for the first time since 1893 the Society had closed the year free from debt and with a cash balance in the treasury. The receipts of the year were \$317,669.83; the expenditures of the year for missionary labor and operating expenses were \$304,167.04; the debt at the beginning of the year was \$9,912.49, and the free balance at the close of the year was \$3,590.30. The State Auxiliary Societies received and expended on their own fields during the year \$265,567.43. Cyrus Northrup, LL.D., President of the University of Minnesota, was elected President for the ensuing year. The new names added to the list of Vice-Presidents were the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of Chicago, President Dan F. Bradley, of Iowa College, and the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., of Detroit; and six new members were elected to the Executive Committee. The Rev. T. O. Douglass, D.D., Secretary of the Iowa Home Missionary Society, presented a message from the churches of Des Moines, inviting the Society to hold its next annual meeting there, simultaneously with the meeting of the National Council in October of next year. Notwithstanding the fact that this date is four months later than the usual annual meeting, the advantage of bringing the two meetings together was so heartily appreciated by those present that the invitation was unanimously accepted, and the Executive Committee authorized to arrange for the meeting. It is hoped by very many that this may be the beginning of a united annual meeting for all the missionary societies of the Congregational churches, together with an annual session of the National Council.



#### Other Anniversaries

The centennial year of the Rhode Island Home Missionary Society was commemorated at the same meeting, the Rev. T. Calvin

McClelland, of Newport, giving the historical address. This brought out the fact that home missionary work had been carried on in Rhode Island for thirty years before the date of its formal organization. The semi-centennial year of the Congregational Church Building Society was likewise commemorated in an address by the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D., recently of Philadelphia, the new Secretary of the Society. Organized at first under the name of the "Congregational Union" to promote fellowship and practical fraternity, and then "permitted," against stout opposition, to raise money to aid needy churches in building, it had been the precursor of all such undertakings in this country. Three-fifths of all American Congregational churches, nearly half of the seventy-nine in Chicago, had been aided by it, some of whom, now grown strong, had in turn contributed to its work many times more than they had received—in one instance thirty-two-fold. Its business methods command the hearty approval of business men. At present it is aiding to build the average number of two churches and one parsonage every week. The importance of the work which such societies of various denominations are doing appears from Dr. Richards's statement that some seventeen million dollars' worth of church property has been secured through the aid rendered by this one Society.



#### College Events

The Commencement season has begun, and college events of interest are being reported from all parts of the country. On Thursday of last week the Commencement exercises at Bryn Mawr were made notable by the laying of the corner-stone of the new and magnificent library which is to cost nearly \$250,000 and will take rank among the most commodious and impressive college libraries in the country. The day was beautiful, the exercises admirably arranged, and the address by the eminent scholar, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, full of quality and individuality. The corner-stone was laid by President Thomas; the Commencement address was delivered by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. On Friday the Hotchkiss School, at Lakeville, Connecticut, celebrated its tenth anniversary

under unusually interesting circumstances. It is not often that a school makes such an extraordinary showing of intellectual and material progress in a decade as this well-established and thoroughly organized preparatory school. The report of the Head Master, Mr. Coy, made a notable showing of work done for so brief a period. The school is in a beautiful country, with noble scenery all about it, is handsomely and commodiously housed, and its students have made a marked impression by their all-around ability and character. They have been especially conspicuous at Yale, and the celebration had a distinct flavor of Yale association. Ex-President Dwight presided, and President Hadley made a characteristically clear and admirable speech. At Princeton on Sunday Dr. van Dyke preached a vigorous and inspiring Baccalaureate sermon; the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, on the same day spoke to the graduating class at Columbia University in this city, presenting ideals of the Christian life as illustrated in the personality of Christ which were at once commanding and persuasive; Dr. Taylor preached to the graduating class at Wellesley. The inauguration of Dr. Finley as President of the College of the City of New York is announced for October 1st.



#### Floods, Fires, and Drought

Last week was truly remarkable for the diversity of devastation wrought by the elements in different sections of the country. In the Eastern States there closed with the grateful rains of last Sunday an almost unexampled period of drought—lasting in New York and New Jersey for fifty-two days, and interrupted only by one or two light and local showers. Fruit has been greatly injured, other crops retarded but happily not destroyed altogether; but the saddest outcome of the drought has been the sweeping forest fires, started usually through carelessness or thoughtlessness; in Maine, in the Adirondacks, and elsewhere, these fires have seized upon the dry underbrush, have gained tremendous volume and power, and have left many square miles of blackened stumps where once were beautiful and valuable forests. Life, too, has been lost in these forest fires, but not

to as great an extent as might be feared. Strenuous efforts of bands of fire-fighters, aided at last by the rainfall, have saved great tracts that in the middle of the week seemed doomed. The suffering and loss in the South and West came from exactly opposite weather causes. Repeated storms and cloudbursts caused sudden swellings of the great rivers; the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, in particular, passed all former marks and records of floods, and so suddenly that there was distressing loss of life, the destruction of hundreds of homes, serious injury to the crops of the section involved, and strange shiftings of river boundaries. In East Topeka nearly a hundred lives were lost; in Kansas City (Kansas) there was some loss of life and much loss of property; even in St. Louis, as late as Sunday of this week, trains and street-cars were being abandoned, and near-by places on the river with a population of perhaps 20,000 were endangered or flooded. Levees have broken, submerging a large acreage of crops, but the expert opinion seems, as we write, to hold that the total loss is not heavy enough to affect seriously the general crop situation. The South also has had its own disastrous incidents. On Monday of last week the city of Gainesville and the vicinity were struck by a tornado; the Gainesville Cotton-Mills were in part demolished, and the number of persons, mostly operatives, who were killed was at first reported as a hundred; almost exactly a week later mill villages in Spartanburg, South Carolina, were swept by flood; scores of men, women, and children were drowned; mills, railway bridges, warehouses, stores, and houses were destroyed; current news reports declare that the money loss in Spartanburg County may reach three or four million dollars.



**The Famine in China** Last month Mr. Clemente, the British official sent into the Province of Kuangsi in the southern part of China to investigate reported famine conditions there, announced that about 150,000 inhabitants were in immediate want of the necessities of life, besides a large number who were in straitened circumstances. Mr. Clemente said that he found the men of Tsamchau, in the vicinity of Wuchau, enduring terrible sufferings. They had

sold their entire possessions, including their farm implements and the water-buffaloes with which they had been accustomed to plow; they had disposed of the tiles from their houses, and, finally, they had sold their daughters, sons, and wives. The farmsteads were simply bare walls, and were empty of everything except a little straw for beds. The official added that the destitution must increase until the next rice harvest, at the end of July. The destitution has increased alarmingly, if we may judge by the appeal last week from the Viceroy of the Province. He puts the number of starving natives at one million. He appeals for help from American charity, the distribution to be made through American missionaries.



## Negro Suffrage in the South

In undertaking to solve any problem it is of the first importance that we know what are the facts out of which the problem arises. If the people of the North are to form any intelligent judgment as to their duty respecting negro suffrage in the South, they ought first to know what has been done respecting negro suffrage in the South. There seems to us to be a widespread misapprehension as to what the Southern States have done in respect to negro suffrage by their recent constitutional action. We desire in this article to tell our readers, first, what they have done, and, secondly, to consider the constitutional and ethical aspects of their action.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." This clause seems to us to be absolutely right. Democracy does not demand that every man in the community shall vote; it does not involve unconditional suffrage. But it does demand that men shall not be excluded from participation in the government by the accident of birth, race, or color. It does not demand that every man shall participate in the government; but it does demand that every class shall be represented in the government. It

does not demand that the suffrage shall be given to the ignorant, the idle, the vicious, and the incompetent; but it does demand that the conditions of suffrage shall be such that men of intelligence, probity, industry, men who have proved their competence by the management of their own affairs to take part in the administration of the community's affairs, shall not be excluded from such participation by conventional, racial, or artificial barriers. It is not right, and certainly it is not American, that the interests of any one hereditary class in the community shall be intrusted solely to the keeping of another class. It is not right, it is not American, and the history of the world has shown that it is not safe. The affirmation of the Fifteenth Amendment that negroes shall not be excluded from representation in the government simply because they are negroes does not imply any distrust of the Southern whites; it simply implies faith in the universal principle, equally applicable in North and in South, in domestic and in foreign policy, that no race or class of persons in the community can be safely left without any voice in the government under which they live. Have the Southern States violated this principle? Have they passed laws which exclude the negroes from the suffrage *because they are negroes?*

The conditions for registration in the amended Constitutions of the Southern States are substantially as follows, and in all of them registration is a prerequisite to voting:

*Mississippi:* Only those can register who have paid their poll tax of not less than two nor more than three dollars, and who can read, *or* understand when read to them, any clause in the Constitution.

*Alabama:* All honorable soldiers and their descendants, and "all persons who are of good character and who understand the duties and obligations of citizens under a republican form of government," can register prior to 1903. Thereafter those and only those can register: (1) who can read and write the English language, and are regularly employed in some lawful occupation; (2) or who own real or personal property assessed for three hundred dollars or more, and who have paid the taxes thereon.

*South Carolina:* To register prior to

January 1, 1898, the voter must be able to read a clause in the Constitution, *or* understand or explain it when read to him. All who register subsequently to the first of January, 1898, must be able to both read and write, *or* else show ownership of property assessed at three hundred dollars or more, and the payment of taxes thereon.

*Louisiana:* To register, the voter must be able to read and write, *or* must be the owner of property assessed at a valuation of not less than three hundred dollars. If such property be personal only, the taxes on it must have been paid. But in Louisiana and also in North Carolina no male person who was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, and no descendant of such person, is deprived of the suffrage, provided he registers within the time-limit of the terms of the Constitution, which in Louisiana was about six months and has already passed; in North Carolina it is about five years from the present date.

*North Carolina:* To register, the voter must have paid his poll tax, not exceeding two dollars, and must be able to read *and* write; there is no property qualification.

*Virginia:* Any soldier or son of a soldier, any owner of property of value liable to one dollar of State taxes—that is, about three hundred dollars' worth—and any person able to read any section of the Constitution, *and* to give a reasonable explanation of the same, or to understand and explain it when read to him, can register prior to January, 1904. After January 1, 1904, any male citizen who has paid his poll taxes for the three years preceding *and* who is able to make his application for registration in his own handwriting, without aid, suggestion, or memorandum, can vote. But if he has served as a soldier in the army or navy of either the United States or the Confederate States, or any of them, he is not required to pay his poll tax as a requisite to the right to register.

In addition to these clauses are some general ones common to all States in the Union, disqualifying idiots, insane persons, paupers, criminals, and the like.

We believe that we have here given, with as substantial accuracy as the necessities of brevity permit, the qualifications respecting the suffrage adopted by the



Southern States. No one of them makes color and race, *per se*, a disqualification for suffrage. No one of them, *in terms*, violates the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. In all of them alike the negro as well as the white man who complies with the conditions is entitled to be registered. This is the first and evident fact which ought to be understood and recognized by all. Whatever may be the *effect* of these provisions, whatever may have been the *object* with which they have been framed, they do not, in words, exclude the negro from the ballot because he is a negro.

How far do they exclude him in point of fact? In answering this question the reader must note that in three of the States, Alabama, South Carolina, and Virginia, a negro who possesses property amounting in value to three hundred dollars and has paid his taxes may vote. He may not be able to read and write, he may not be able to understand the Constitution when it is read to him. But if he has had the industry, the sobriety, the thrift which have enabled him to accumulate taxable property to the amount of three hundred dollars, he has the ballot. How many negroes there are in the South who under this provision are admitted to the ballot we have no means of knowing. It has been estimated that the total ownings of negroes in the Southern States mount up to three hundred million dollars' worth of personal and real estate. It is officially reported that in Virginia they own one-twenty-sixth of all the land in the State. These facts would seem to indicate that a not inconsiderable number of negroes are admitted to the ballot in the Southern States under the property qualification. On the other hand, a considerable white population has been disfranchised under this property qualification clause. We are informed by a Southern correspondent, whose means of acquaintance justify our placing some confidence in his statement, that in Alabama fully fifty thousand white men, under the practical operation of the Constitution, by non-payment of poll taxes or other clauses, have been disfranchised.

Under some of these Constitutions those who do not possess taxable property are entitled to register and vote, provided they are soldiers or the sons of soldiers.

This provision is, however, temporary, not permanent, and it is in terms equally applicable to blacks and to whites. In fact, it admits many more whites to the ballot than blacks, because in the wars of the United States and of the seceding States there have been many more white soldiers than colored soldiers. Still, it ought to be recognized that this clause operates to admit some colored voters. As the registrars keep no record of the color of the applicants for registration, we are not able to state how many colored men have registered under what is known as the veteran clause. In some sections, however, a considerable number of such registrations have taken place. "I should think it safe to say," writes a Virginia gentleman to us, "that from one-fourth to one-third of the negroes in the two counties [of Accomack and Northampton] registered under this clause." But no doubt this is a large proportion even for the State of Virginia, and the number of registrations under this clause in the Gulf States would probably be very small.

There are two provisions in the Southern Constitutions to which there are serious objections, which, it is only just to say, were vigorously opposed by leading and influential citizens in the Southern States. One of these is the "grandfather clause," the other the "understanding clause." The "grandfather clause," which allows all persons who could vote in 1867 and their descendants to register prior to a certain fixed date, was evidently designed to admit white and exclude negro voters, although it is true that it admits a few free negroes and their descendants, and excludes a few white immigrants and their descendants. Two things are to be said in excuse, if not in justification, of this clause. First, in order to secure the necessary number of white votes to a Constitution requiring an educational or property qualification for suffrage, it was supposed to be politically necessary to allow the suffrage to be retained by those white voters who already possessed it, or were just coming into the possession of it. Second, this "grandfather clause" has already expired in Louisiana, and will expire in North Carolina in five years, after which time no one can register who does not possess qualifications equally applicable to black and

to white. But it must also be remembered that, though the clause ceases to be operative, its effects do not cease. For all who have registered under this clause will continue to vote.

The "understanding clause" seems to us more seriously objectionable. It allows the registrars to exclude from the suffrage the applicant who, in their opinion, does not understand the Constitution when he reads it or when it is read to him. If such a clause existed in New York State, we are very sure that there would be Democratic registrars who would exclude a Republican for thinking that the Constitution forbade an income tax, and Republican registrars who would exclude a Democrat for thinking that it allowed an income tax. No such perilous discretion should be allowed to registrars as is allowed by the amended Constitutions of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia. We cannot doubt that the object of this clause was to enable registrars to exclude negroes and admit white persons; from information we have received, we cannot doubt that it has been freely used for this purpose. It is true that the disfranchised negro has the right of appeal to the courts, but it is also true that the courts would be very loth to interfere with the discretion of the registrars, unless the case were so clear as to give unmistakable indication of fraudulent intent. The only thing that can be said on behalf of the "understanding clause" is that in the State of Virginia it expires by its own limitation in 1904. It does not so expire in Mississippi. We cannot better express our condemnation of this "understanding clause" than in the words of the Hon. John B. Knox, of Alabama: "But to this plan the objection has been urged with force that it perpetuates the very form of abuse which we are seeking to escape; that elections by managers, or registrars, is not what we want. Our aim should be for a correction of all evils which threaten the purity of the ballot and the morals of the people."

To sum all up in a paragraph: In all of the Southern States any negro who possesses a limited amount of taxable property, about three hundred dollars' worth, assessable value, and can read and write the English language, can vote; in three of the Southern States any negro who

can read and write the English language, and has paid his poll tax, can vote, although he may not be the owner of taxable property; and in three of them he can vote if he owns taxable property, even though he cannot read or write. In none of the Southern States is a negro legally disqualified from voting because he is a negro; in none of the Southern States is he disqualified if he possesses three hundred dollars' worth of property and gives evidence of his ability to use intelligently the English language.

It may and will be said that the negro has been so long accustomed to find himself excluded from the polls by violence, or his ballots not counted when they are cast, that he has grown discouraged and will no longer attempt to register and vote. There are sections in the South in which this is true. Whatever excuse ever existed for these revolutionary methods is taken away by the amended Constitutions. Something could be said for lawless methods of excluding ignorant and incompetent voters; nothing can be said for lawless methods of excluding intelligent and competent voters. If these methods continue to be pursued when the only excuse for them has been taken away, it will be time enough to consider what steps can be taken to prevent their continuance. Here we consider only the *laws* concerning suffrage, their nature and effect. In our judgment, whatever injustice there is in the Southern suffrage laws lies in their provisions for admitting to the suffrage white men who are not competent to exercise it, not in excluding negroes who are competent to exercise it, and these provisions are temporary, not permanent, in their operation, though not in their effects. If we have stated the facts here correctly, no negro showing evidences of competence, by his possession of a very limited amount of property, and by ability to read and write the English language, is permanently excluded from the suffrage in any of the Southern States. Before Northern reformers consider the question what they ought to do to rectify the wrong supposed to have been perpetrated on the negro race by the Southern Constitutional Conventions, they certainly should understand carefully what the wrong is, and how far time and education and the establishment of kindly relations between

black and white in the South will have the effect to correct it.

### Mr. Chamberlain's Plan

Mr. Chamberlain's plan for reciprocal trade of England with her colonies aims to seek a valuable end by perilous means. The end is a consolidation of the colonies with the mother country; the means is special trade legislation, giving to the colonies preferences in trade by a tariff on importations from other countries.

All Mr. Chamberlain's special pleading will not suffice to satisfy Englishmen that preferential trade arrangements are *free* trade. His plan for buying the labor vote to favor higher breadstuffs by agreeing beforehand to pay the result over to the laborers in old-age pensions indicates less respect for the laborer than the laborer is entitled to. Years ago Carlyle said that the workingman demands not charity but justice. That is to-day much more true, as an interpretation of workingmen, than it was when Carlyle said it. The proposition to tax the workingman for his food products and pay him back the taxes in old-age pensions is a proposition to give him charity and deny him justice, to coddle him in his old age in return for impoverishing him in his manhood. It is more direct and therefore more easily seen through than the American plan to tax all the people on their purchases and pay the proceeds back to some of the people in their wages. America will have no reason to complain if she should find her food products excluded from the English market in exchange for her exclusion of English manufactures from the American market. But neither the English nor the American people can be fooled into the belief that such a policy will not both raise the price of food in England and create a new and serious hindrance to the cordial though unofficial alliance that is growing up between England and America.

If the Liberals had a great statesman to set against Mr. Chamberlain, who is a shrewd politician, they would recognize the value of the *end* which he seeks to accomplish, and would propose to accomplish it by different *means*. It can hardly be doubted that either England must draw her colonies to her more closely or they

will tend to become more and more independent of her. Their ultimate and complete independence would mean the fall of Great Britain from a first-rate to a third or fourth rate power. But there are other methods of uniting the colonies to the mother country than the method of a preferential tariff and the abandonment of free trade. One such method, which strikes the American as natural because it is in accordance with our traditions, would be some scheme of colonial representation in the Imperial Government. Participation of Australia and Canada in the government of Great Britain would do far more to bind them to one another and to England, far more to make a true imperial unity out of the now dissevered portions of the loosely knitted colonial system, than any mere treaties of reciprocity. If the Englishman has to choose between a commercial imperialism and a "little England," we are inclined to think that he will choose the former. If England had a Liberal statesman wise enough to show a method by which the Greater Britain could be made really one Empire, and the freedom of trade on which her past greatness has been based could still be preserved, we cannot doubt that England would follow the statesman, not the politician, and would choose a genuine national unity rather than a mere British zollverein.

### A Text from Luther

Luther, who at his best had command of that kind of speech which combines clearness of statement, beauty of imagination, and warmth of heart, whose words, as Carlyle has said, were "half battles," has left an exhortation to fraternal love and sacrifice which is a noble sermon compacted into a paragraph: "Every Christian should be unto his fellow-man a willing servant, willing to help and aid his neighbor, even as God acts towards us through Christ. Thus all of God's gifts must flow from one into the other and be common to all, flowing from Christ to us, from us to our neighbor, who stands in need thereof." These words might be taken as a description of the fundamental office of the Christian Church, which is not only to bear testimony to the Christ who lived and died nineteen hundred

years ago, but to share with all men that truth which he communicated, to divide with all men the love of which his life was the supreme expression, and to include all men in the universal care of God.

For the individual man or woman who is trying to repeat the life of Christ these words have the most searching significance. Over the portal of every day's life they ought to be written; for unless the truth which they contain is practiced, there is no real religion. The final evidence of religion is always the fruit it bears. No conformity to creed, no rigidity of observation of ritual, no devotion to any church as an organization, no ritualistic act or service, can be the final test of the love of Christ in a man's heart. The final test of the presence of that love is always the disposition to treat others as Christ treats us, to do unto others as Christ has done unto us, and to illustrate in our relations with others the charity, kindness, and sacrificial spirit which gave the life of Christ and his death their beautiful and supreme significance. In the clamor of contending interpretations of the Christian life, in the tumult of antagonistic claims of authority from this church or from that, in all the uncertainty of thought, of practice, or of organization which prevails throughout the world to-day, the spirit of Christ manifested in our relations with our fellows is the definite and fixed thing which any man or woman may learn and which every man and woman ought to practice. Better a thousand times heterodoxy of opinion than heterodoxy of spirit; better a thousand times imperfect ritual than the selfish heart. It is best to think right and to worship God wisely and nobly; but if the Bible teaches anything definitely, it teaches the great fundamental fact that what the Infinite cares for supremely is not correctness of opinion or of ritual, but the right spirit, not only towards man, but towards every creature He has made. This is the test to which the Old Testament, through its great teachers, was constantly bringing the Jewish people; and it is one of the awful tragedies of the race that those who were highest in the Church, most orthodox in opinion, most scrupulous in ritual, failed most completely to interpret and practice the spirit of Christ. No man is

saved by his orthodoxy, but any man may be saved by his life; no man is saved by his churchmanship, but any man may be saved by his character.

Men are not likely to undervalue the importance of correct opinion and proper ritual, but they have shown a constant tendency to undervalue and obscure the supreme importance of the right relations toward their fellows; and Luther's words, spoken in the sixteenth century, are as applicable to the twentieth century as if they had been written by a contemporary prophet or teacher. In the exact degree in which God's gifts in our keeping are made common to all, in which the spirit of Christ received by us is illustrated in our lives, in which the love of God, accepted by us, is not only passed on, but interpreted by our own attitude toward others in thought, word, and deed, have we a right to consider ourselves followers of Christ.



## The Spectator

Not very long ago the head of the English Department in one of our first colleges received from his President a letter asking in substance, "Is there nothing we can do to prevent this?" Inclosed with this appeal was a note received by the President from a senior of the college accepting an invitation to a formal dinner in three differing persons. This historic note is, the Spectator believes, now read (without the signature) to each graduating class as an awful warning; but that this is any more efficient as a cure than a formal lesson in English grammar, the Spectator seriously doubts. After the bad habit of poor English is once firmly established in the mouth, the Spectator is convinced that such polite efforts are but as "squirting rose-water at a house afire."



There must be an amazing power of resistance in a bad habit so fixedly formed that it can protect its possessor from the serried ranks of grammars which lead up to his Alma Mater and from assimilation of the well-spoken English by which every college-bred man is surrounded during the years of his progress through the Alma Mater itself. The fact is, to teach a lad pure English so that he uses it instinct-

ively, you should "catch him in the velvet." Thus his English may be, as it were, born with him. Failing this, it must be otherwise gotten under his skin, and with any process less thorough you may depend upon his departing from correct usage in his moments of ease; and in his moments of excitement—the less said of them the better.

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The Spectator is of the opinion, if he may modestly express his views from a layman's standpoint, that teachers of young children do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of training the *ear* of the pupil to detect the difference in sound between pure and impure English. If, as a daily exercise, a scholar who speaks carelessly is forced to repeat phrases over and over, first correctly and then incorrectly, for comparison, the ear catches the tune—if it may be so termed—of the pure speech and learns to mark the difference. In this way a better speech may be acquired—if not the perfect language.

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But the Spectator has no idea of meddling with pedagogics. Far be it from his path! He is thinking rather of those who wish to teach themselves than of those to be taught of others. To those unfortunates who have education in plenty, and are conscious that they speak without that stamp of education given by pure English, the Spectator would like to hold out the examples of some he has known who have suffered likewise—and conquered. What man has done man can do—when his heart is in the effort. But this introducing pure English under the epidermis of an adult is a serious operation, and one not to be performed under anæsthetics either, for the patient must not only be conscious but must be the operator himself. How is an adult to be almost born again—as he must be—to become receptive to a new, pure language? He must be born again of *the spirit*, of course, and be willing to labor earnestly for his own redemption. Then his redemption is possible, if difficult. Time, effort, and constant watchfulness are the price. But is not the gain worth the expenditure?

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The Spectator is not now speaking of what is called cultivated English. We all

know that that is an elusive quality, and granted only to the elect. It has no grammar, no law. It is learned by long and intimate fellowship with the great English speakers of the earth—dead and alive—and cannot be learned at all save by one who has been born with the most sensitive ear. The Spectator is speaking of something much less ideal than this—namely, a mere grammatical English. This seems a slender ambition, and yet we have to face the fact that not even a college education, with all its fitting-school requirements back of it, can insure grammatical English. It is a depressing outlook for those who have learned so much and still lack that essential stamp of education. Many feel that it should have come to them somehow as a *right* after the years and the money spent on education. And it does seem that there is something wrong when this deficit can occur—but that is not for the Spectator to settle. He is only humanly interested in the disappointed ones, not in the defects of the process. Depressing their case is, but by no means desperate. Poor English we know is as catching as the measles, but so is good English contagious. The question, then, for the patient to consider is how to protect himself from the first disease, and how to catch the contrary contagion. The charm of an English grammar worn, camphor-bag fashion, about the neck is no true protector. Indeed, the Spectator knows but one sure charm against the infection of bad English, and that is the training of the ear by good English. As a matter of course, this is not so easily won by the adult as by the child. An instinctive shrinking from the wrong word is the imperative need, and this instinctive shrinking is to be acquired only by the constant hearing of the right sound. A painstaking use of pure English, a patient listening with open ears for correct English, are the only charms the Spectator knows of against the contagion of poor English.

⊙

The Spectator once read a very interesting prescription for the acquisition of style. This plan suggested a wide reading and the marking by the student of every sentence which by captivating quality lifted the phrase above the ordinary

"the whole town," not excluding certain sworn officers of the law, seeing that the prisoners still refused to march back to camp, the contractor hitched the rope by which they were tied to a mule, urging it on. The squire who had issued the warrant of arrest fortunately appeared then and cut the men free. Praise be to him for this act! But why did he urge these men to go back, as he did, with that brute of a contractor, and why did he, instead of trying the prisoners then and there according to law, go back to camp with them and help to induce them to "work out" their "board" and transportation? Why did he not take action against the contractor caught *in flagrante*? Why was there no entry made in his official docket of the disposition of this case till months after? Why did not the Prosecuting Officer at Beckley, who knew of this barbarity, take any action until two months after the event, when a society six hundred miles away submitted to him evidence which he could have gathered fifty yards from his office; and even then why did he merely promise to submit "this small matter" to the next Grand Jury?

Of the twenty-two of the men who worked out their "debts," one escaped and cannot be traced; eleven walked practically all the way from Charleston, West Virginia, to Washington, District of Columbia; two I found in a Washington hospital; the others had money enough to return to New York.

I have given this case at length, not because it is an example of exceptional cruelty and lawlessness, but because it is an uncommonly well substantiated and corroborated case of the system of intimidation in force in some labor camps of West Virginia, ranging from the silent intimidation of armed guards to an active terrorism of blows and abuse, of which the general public knows nothing.

It was in the latter part of April, 1903, that I was sent by the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants of New York to investigate a large number of complaints of alleged maltreatment suffered by Italians in certain counties of West Virginia. That State is developing her splendid resources of coal and lumber, and this necessitates the building of railroads for the transportation of such prod-

ucts. The demand for labor is tremendous and the supply totally inadequate. If it is true that too many immigrants come to our shores, it hardly holds good for West Virginia. There capital is in danger of becoming paralyzed from lack of the labor supply. To supply the feverish demand, laborers of all conditions and classes have been literally dumped into that State by the brokers in human flesh in the cities—not only men unfit for the hard work required, but a lawless and criminal element as well. The problem for the contractor does not end with the getting of the men to West Virginia; an even harder task is to keep them there, for the isolation of the camps, the absence of human intercourse, and the hardships of life create a feeling of discontent among the laborers almost from the first day. It is not strange, under these circumstances, therefore, that contractors should resort to methods both to get and to keep laborers which are in defiance of law and repugnant to the moral sense. The temptation to illegitimate practices is further strengthened by the method employed of advancing transportation for the men. Thus, two hundred laborers at \$10 each means an investment of \$2,000; if the men become dissatisfied and leave, it means a clear loss to the contractor. Yet, however strong the temptation, it cannot justify acts of restraint which in practice amount to white slavery. The use of armed guards around the camps is notorious. Worse yet, the evidence seems to show that the men are charged for the expense of such unlawful surveillance.

Cases of brutality are frequent and inexcusable. One may find some palliation for the unlawful restraint exercised over men who wish to escape before they have "worked out" their transportation. But what can be said in extenuation of such acts of brutality as those of men felled with blows from iron bars or gun butts, or marched at the point of rifles and cursed and beaten if unable to keep up with the pace of the mounted overseers? I have before me the sworn declaration of one Girardi—a bright young Piedmontese, who had been employed by Boxley & Co. near Kayford. He was ordered to lift a heavy stone, and asked a negro co-laborer to help him. His was not, evidently, a permissible request, as his foreman,

on hearing it, called him a vile name and thrust a revolver in his face. Thereupon Girardi lifted the stone, at the cost of a very bad rupture. That man to this day has had no redress.

"Tired of abuse," reads the sworn statement of another laborer, "we decided to escape from the camp; we had proceeded but a short distance when we were overtaken by several men armed with rifles and revolvers, who drove us back. One of the pursuing band took from me an iron rod which I held over my shoulder, over which I had slung my valise, and with it repeatedly struck several of my companions." Another, a splendid type of hardy Calabrian, described under oath the following picture: "My attention was drawn to the other side of the creek, where an Italian was shouting for help—appealing to us as fellow-countrymen to aid him. He had been felled by a blow of a heavy stick dealt him by one of the guards. Cervi, my friend, and I tried to cross over to help him, but were prevented by our boss, who drove us back at the point of a pistol; all I dared do was to shout to him not to resist or he would be killed, and to go back; the man who had struck him lifted him bodily by his coat and pushed him on, striking him every time he stumbled or fell from exhaustion."

These are a few of a number of well-substantiated cases. It will be hard for many of us to believe these facts; it will seem impossible that such barbarities should be allowed in a civilized community. Perhaps they would not be allowed if they were known. Publicity is the great hope for reform; a wide publicity that will, on the one hand, arouse public sentiment and react on the local authorities, and, on the other hand, that will further cut off the supply of laborers, thereby forcing the contractors to reform.

Little, if anything, can be hoped from the local officials. The Chief Executive of West Virginia admitted to me that it was practically impossible to obtain convictions through the local courts, and, however good his intentions, his powers seem very limited. In a recent letter the Governor of that State writes: "I am willing to do anything I can to bring about a better condition of affairs and to co-operate as I have the power in bringing to justice those guilty of the acts com-

plained of, but you see my limitations. . . . The executive in West Virginia has practically no power in controlling the administration of justice in our courts. . . . The Legislature refused last winter to give me the necessary powers asked for in as grave a matter as lynching."

It is a reasonable presumption that contractors do not engage men with the express purpose of maltreating them, for it is a plain business principle that dissatisfied men make poor workers. I believe, therefore, that, with some few exceptions, these abuses are to a great extent due to that lack of mutual confidence and more especially of mutual understanding which is the basis of much of the unrest and spirit of reprisal in the labor situation. This lack of mutual understanding is especially evident in the relations between American employers and Italian laborers. It is not merely ignorance of the language, it is rather a lack of clear-sightedness and perception as regards what counts with these foreign laborers. Employers of Italian labor too often forget that their employees are proverbially sensitive, but are also susceptible to kind treatment. Courtesy and kindness will hold these men even in distant and isolated camps much better than curses and forcible threats. As a purely business proposition, the employment of a capable and honest interpreter or confidential secretary who knows both Italian and American ways, to whom laborers could go, would be a better and cheaper investment for contractors than the maintenance of armed guards or brutal foremen. As it is, not only in West Virginia but wherever Italian labor is employed the Italian is at the mercy of the middleman, without any right of appeal. Whether it be the fraud of his own countryman, the banker-agent who sells his labor under false pretenses, or the extortion of his countryman, the camp storekeeper to whom the contractor lets the commissary privileges, whether it be the "rake-off" of the foreman or the peculations of the paymaster, whether it be the brutality of the boss or the unlawful order of the gang-foreman—no matter what the injustice may be, the laborer has no opportunity to appeal to his employer, either because the employer recognizes the decision of his middleman as final or because he will not

"bother with details." While this system, popularly called the "padrone system," is tolerated by contractors, abuses will continue. Much, however, can be done to lessen its evils by institutions like the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants, a society administered by Americans, which aims to destroy the padrone system by competing with padrones, using legitimate methods in supplying laborers and safeguarding their rights.

The responsibility, in the last instance, however, rests on the employers. Their duty to the men should not cease with the

payment of agreed wages; without a careful, businesslike, and humane supervision, workmen are very likely to be abused by the middlemen. Especially is this true of the foreign workman, whose helplessness in the face of unlawful and brutal treatment such as that in West Virginia would almost justify an extra-judicial reprisal. Certainly it is of vital importance that these numberless foreign laborers who come to us should learn, as a first step towards assimilation, that Americanism means honesty, regard for law, fair play, and plain dealing.

## The Efficiency of Unions From an Employer's Standpoint

**T**HE Outlook has a well-earned reputation for discussing the relations of capital and labor in so broad and catholic a spirit that many of its readers have hoped that in its columns would appear some reply, from the employers' standpoint, to the symposium of the representatives of certain unions which was published some weeks since under the head of "The Efficiency of Union Labor."

The subject of labor organizations is too large a one to deal with in the compass of a short paper, and it is proposed here only to touch, very briefly, upon the statements contained in the article already referred to and so often urged by the officers of the unions in various departments of manufacture.

The present writer approaches the whole subject of labor organization from the employers' point of view, with an experience of many years in managing a business employing several hundred hands. It should be distinctly stated, however, that the study of these years has shown him that it is only the very narrow and bigoted employer who sweepingly condemns all labor organizations as meretricious and as an injury to the community at large. On the contrary, it is his conviction that "organized labor" has brought about many desirable reforms, and that it has had the tendency to advance the condition of the workman, and by so doing benefit the community.

But it should, assuredly, be the aim of those who would approach this subject fairly, to eliminate from their minds the prejudices and the narrowness which unfortunately are so apt to appear in these labor discussions, whether coming from employers or the representatives of the unions. When, therefore, such statements are made by the latter as have recently appeared in your columns, it is in order to inquire whether they are entirely trustworthy, and, if not, whether "labor" is benefited by their use.

The present writer merely proposes to take up, very briefly, that department of manufacturing included in the business of printing and binding, with which he claims some familiarity; and he has no hesitation in saying that if all the aims and the methods of the unions were as fair, virtuous, and beneficent as is claimed by their officers, they should, in their entirety and in all their details, receive the unqualified support of every fair-minded man.

But we venture to think that an employer may have a very full appreciation of the laudable aims of the proper organization of labor without being entirely oblivious to the fact that many of the methods of the unions are not only unfair, but that they are a distinct injury to the very men they are supposed to benefit. We must not lose sight of the fact that the government of many of the unions is in the hands of very fallible and, not infrequently, of very shortsighted and self-



seeking men, whose proceedings by no means always "make for righteousness."

In taking up the consideration of the labor organizations connected with the printing business, it must be borne in mind that the membership of these special unions contain a far more intelligent body of men than is often found in other similar organizations. It is fair, therefore, to consider their shortcomings, if such exist, upon a somewhat different basis than would be the case if we were examining the actions, say, of the hod-carriers' or the blacksmiths' unions.

One of the writers in the article already referred to, in speaking of the stereotypers' union, claims that "all the members of his organization know as much about the business as the man in charge," and, further, that "the best men are always anxious to get into the union."

Now, let us analyze for a moment two such sweeping statements. If the first means anything, it is that all the members of the stereotypers' union are thorough experts in all branches of their business. Such a statement would convey to the average reader a somewhat exalted view of the educational capacity of this organization, if it is not pointed out that in the manufacture of electrotype and stereotype plates there are a number of different operations, none of which are interchangeable as far as the individual workman is concerned. The "molder" knows nothing of the work of "finishing," and the "backer-up" would produce sad results if placed in the position of the "battery man." Each one of these men may be an expert in his own specialty, but none of them would be competent to supervise the whole department. The disingenuousness of the statement is further shown by the fact that the union rules will not permit one man to take another man's position in even the temporary absence of the latter.

Further than this, it is equally absurd to claim, as has been done, that *all* union men must necessarily be able workmen, even in their own special branch. While it is doubtless true that the majority of good men are members of the unions (not always, however, from choice, but from necessity), it is nevertheless the fact—well known to every employing electrotypist in New York—that there are a large number

of union members inefficient or totally incompetent. It is these men who are sent from the unions to fill positions during a busy season, which positions they occupy for but a short time, and, wandering thus from office to office, they make up the radical contingent which is always striving to stir up trouble in the meetings of the unions.

Without any qualifications, the claim is made that "all the good men are anxious to get into the unions." But a moment's thought will show the peculiar nature of this statement. Before the stereotypers' union became as strong as it at present is in New York, there were many of the best workmen entirely ready to do without union support. And this was simply because they were always sure of employment and of their ability to earn more than the union scale, and there was absolutely nothing for them to gain in joining the union. *But they were forced to join.* It was the poorer grade of workman, who, without outside pressure, could not command a position or what he thought proper wages, who was "anxious to join the union," hoping that its assistance would make up for his own deficiencies.

One of the great troubles in union management is the extremely shortsighted and narrow policy pursued by its officers if they are aiming at the *permanent benefit* of their members. It is certainly entirely in order for the managers of such organizations to demand the highest wages which they can secure for their work, and in all such demands the sensible employer is always ready to discuss the questions at issue fully and frankly, and he certainly should be prepared to accord to labor its full share of the earnings of the business. The trouble is, however, that in these days of easy communication between distant points the employer is compelled to keep steadily in view the close competition in his business of neighboring cities, while the unions—or rather its officers—are extremely apt to give their thought and their attention merely to the question, "Can we *force* the trade of New York to pay a higher scale?" and if it is believed that this result can be secured, no thought is considered necessary as to the permanent effect of any such movement. Indeed, the history of the many discussions

between employers and the printing unions of late years shows an extraordinary obtuseness upon the part of the latter which is as strange as it is discouraging; and no argument presented showing that the constant advance in wages is year by year not only handicapping business, but clearly driving work away from New York to competing points with more moderate wages—no such argument appears to produce the slightest effect upon the representatives of labor. The law of supply and demand is often quoted in a brutal manner by both "capital" and "labor:" by the former in its declination to pay the poor Italian laborers more than \$1.35 a day in the present time of high cost of living, because there are "plenty more to take his place if he is not satisfied;" in the latter, when a compact union forces an exorbitant price upon the manufacturers of one locality because the stoppage of work means disaster and bankruptcy to the employer. Neither can properly represent the wider view of "supply and demand," because the ignorant excavator is entitled to "a living wage," while the acceptance by the employer of an exorbitant demand by a union does not by any means carry with it the justice of this demand, but, on the other hand, often leads to disaster to the local industry so affected—a disaster from which the wage-earner eventually suffers quite as much as the capitalist.

It should be noted that the wage scale for all labor connected with printing and bookbinding is very much higher in New York than anywhere else in the country. This condition is steadily driving work away from this locality to points where the union demands are materially less. The representative of the stereotypers' union says in *The Outlook*, in connection with the recent demand for an increase in wages from \$24 to \$27 per week: "We felt that the employers were getting more for their work, and we wanted our share." This statement is logically correct if based upon facts. The truth is, however, that the only advance the New York employers have secured in recent years was a slight increase in prices to meet the extra cost of output when they were forced to reduce the working day to nine hours. No increased rate had been made or contemplated by the master printers of New

York when last November they were given twenty-four hours to accept an advance of from \$24 to \$27 a week. And it must be remembered that this figure now paid represents, as a rule, steady work by the year, and not, as with the carpenters and masons, employment only during good weather. Further, it is quite susceptible of proof that never in recent years have the margins of profits in the printing business of New York been as small as they are at present, this condition being due (1) to high rates of wages, (2) to the nine-hour scale, (3) to the fact that a very large and growing amount of work is being sent to competing points where the unions are less stringent in their methods.

Now, this action upon the part of the stereotypers' and electrotypers' unions, and similar demands in the composing-room, are slowly but steadily driving this class of work to other manufacturing centers, or, in the case of book-plates, to small towns and villages where non-union electrotypers and printers can do the work; and assuredly, sooner or later, this loss will be locally felt by organized labor, as it already is by the printing interest, controlled by the shortsighted unions in New York and the vicinity.

The representatives of the union in the article referred to state very specifically that no rules exist in their respective organizations limiting the output of the members; and the present writer is quite ready to accept this statement. This does not at all do away with the certainty that the influence—or shall we say the moral suasion?—of the majority of unions is directed towards keeping down the amount of work done by the individual. And this is certainly consistent with the often expressed aim of union officials that as many men as possible should be employed, provided that not less than the union scale is paid for their work.

If such be not the case, why is it one of the most strenuous aims of the unions to do away with piece-work and insist upon a time scale, when the inferior workman (of course always in the large majority) shall set the pace, beyond which his more able fellow shall go only at his peril?

It is invariably the desire of the unions to "level down" to a point where the individuality and capacity of the workman are

lost, and never to "level up" to the standard of the better class of workers; and it is quite easy to see why this should be the case when we remember that, in the nature of things, the unions cannot, by any chance, be controlled by the better class of workman, who must ever be in the minority.

The writer already quoted (Mr. Boulton, of the stereotypers' union) says that the very strenuous rules limiting apprentices are for the purpose of avoiding "too great a surplus of labor in the market." This seems reasonable, but so little judgment is exercised that apparently no consideration is given to the future and to the natural growth of the business. The officers of the unions apparently care for nothing but in providing, for the present, high wages, and, for the future, a stringency of workmen. This will show the *raison d'être* of their existence, and the future of the trade does not, apparently, interest them.

We are told that in the management of an electrotype office "the chairman represents the union, and the foreman represents the management;" and it should be noted that the "chairman" is placed first as of by far the greater importance. But the reader is not told that if the foreman touches his hand to any work the union insists that he shall join their organization! By so doing he ceases to "represent the management" in the proper sense of the word, but is bound by his oath to carry out the commands of the union or suffer the consequences.

Now let us look at a single instance of the actions of the stereotypers' union. In a certain office known to the writer, one of the finishers (salary \$27) was laid off sick, and it seemed likely that it might be some weeks before he could again take up his work. The manager might have felt entirely justified in considering his place vacant and filling it with a new hand, but this particular finisher had held the position for many years, and it seemed nothing more than fair to hold the post open for him.

A "helper" (wages \$18) was put at his bench in the interim to try and clear up a part of the unfinished work, this helper being quite incompetent permanently to take the position of the absent finisher. At once the "chairman" of the office

notified the foreman that this helper could not be allowed to use a tool unless he received the scale of \$27. This "chairman," by the way, was a thoroughly able workman who had been employed in the office for many years, and he ventured to say to the foreman that he thought this rule, under the circumstances, rather a severe one, but if he failed to insist upon it he would lay himself open to a heavy fine from the union.

This is but one instance of many which might be cited of the arbitrary and tyrannical methods of the union—methods to which the better class of workmen are always opposed, tending to irritation between employer and workman without any possible advantage to the latter. Such regulations are made by the union's officers because of their dread of any freedom of action being allowed to members, and of the fear that its arch-enemy, the employer, "may take advantage" if the rules are not made very strict and inflexible.

The situation between the several unions controlling the printing business and the employers may be briefly summarized as follows:

I. No reasonable employer objects to unions *per se*, fully recognizing that the workmen have the same legal and moral right as the employer to form organizations with the aim of bettering the condition of their members. It should, therefore, be the attempt of all such employers to strive by all reasonable methods to minimize the many difficulties and frictions incident to the present relations between employer and workman, to the end that the former may help to show the absurdity of the alleged existence of a natural antagonism between capital and labor.

II. Contrary to the view so often expressed by the officers of the unions, who are not workmen, but whose salaries are produced by the dues of the laborer, there are, as every employer fully realizes, many of the best workmen in the printing business who have been forced into the union strongly against their own better judgment as to its efficacy. These men, realizing that they can always command the highest wages, would prefer personal freedom of action and the saving of their union dues for their families.

III. The meetings of the unions are

by no means controlled by the better class of workmen. And here is the same danger in union methods as exists in the workings of the political primaries. The best workmen remain away from the first, and "the intelligent citizen" shuns the second, to the far-reaching injury of the industry affected and of the community at large. Almost every employer in the printing business has heard again and again from old and tried workmen remarks like the following: "There is no use in attending the meetings of the union and trying to prevent too radical actions. We are always in the minority, while the riffraff—the poor workmen—who can never long retain their positions, and the dyed-in-the-wool radicals, always outvote us, because they feel that troubles and strikes can do them no harm, while they may prove of some temporary advantage. Our influence and our vote against such odds are of no avail." Now, it must be remembered that this majority, made up as it is, represents the power which elects the officers of the union, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at that these officials feel that they can best carry out the wishes of their constituents by "showing their power" and submitting radical demands and regulations to employers.

IV. It is manifestly the aim of the union to place all its members upon the same footing—to stifle individual effort and to produce, as near as may be, absolute uniformity in work and wages. To best serve the purpose of the *officers* of a union, each workman should be like a cog in a wheel, doing precisely the work of its fellow cog, with no incentive to better his position by his superior ability or by more energetic work. Let any one cog be larger and of greater capacity than its neighbor, and the working of the union machinery begins to show friction.

V. When, however, as sometimes happens, the officers of a union are fair and broad minded men, with the aim in view of bettering the *permanent condition* of its members (as is apparently the case with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers), then such an organization may be made of great value, not only to its members, but to the industry thus organized and to the community at large. But no lasting benefit will ever accrue to organized labor until its officers feel more

clearly the responsibility of their positions, until the walking delegate is abolished or at least deprived of his arrogant anxiety at all times "to show his power," and last, but by no means least, until the unions feel sufficient confidence in the integrity of their motives to incorporate, and thus accept the full responsibility for their actions.

VI. But we must not lose sight of one of the marked characteristics of present labor conditions. The old and often friendly and cordial relations formerly existing between employer and employee seem to be things of the past, no matter how long these pleasant personal associations may have existed between the two. It is, sadly enough, quite impossible to feel the old regard for the personality and the good will of a man who may have been in your employ for twenty years when union affiliations compel him to consider as paramount his allegiance to his organization. At the mandate of a "walking delegate" he is forced, by his oath, to drop his tools and leave his work, utterly unmindful of the damage he is doing to a business from which for so many years he has made his living. He may often be an intelligent and self-respecting man, and yet, because he has no alternative but to obey the union's orders, he is the victim of tyranny. Frequently he may have to act in this manner without any knowledge of the alleged cause for this action. He has simply to obey orders, or lay himself open to expulsion from the union and have all his opportunities for work in his trade permanently cut off.

Formerly, when differences arose as to wages, time, or amount of work, these differences were adjusted by direct conferences between those individually interested. Now the officers of the unions say, in effect: "These men, whom you have heretofore considered as intelligent beings, some of whom may have been holding their present positions for many years, are totally incompetent to look after their own interests. We cannot permit them any freedom in their relations with their employers, and we must insist that all such matters be placed in our hands for adjustment. It is a matter of perfect indifference to us whether or not your employers feel themselves wrongly treated. If some

other concern is 'unfair,' it is incumbent upon us, if we think we can gain by so doing, to order your men to injure your business as much as possible, upon the principle that an injury to one is an injury to all."

# THE FOREST'

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

## Chapter XIII.—The Hills

WE explained carefully to Dick that he had lit on the only spot in the Half-way Pool where the water was at once deep enough to break his fall and not too deep to stand in. We also pointed out that he had escaped being telescoped or drowned by the merest hair's breadth. From this we drew moral conclusions. It did us good, but undoubtedly Dick knew it already.

Now we gave our attention to the wetness of garments, for we were chilled blue. A big fire and a clothes-rack of forked sticks and a sapling, an open-air change, a lunch of hot tea and trout and cold galette and beans, a pipe—and then the inevitable summing up.

We had in two and a half days made the easier half of the distance to the Falls. At this rate we would consume a week or more in reaching the starting-point of our explorations. It was a question whether we could stand a week of ice-water and the heavy labor combined. Ordinarily we might be able to abandon the canoe and push on afoot, as we were accustomed to do when trout-fishing, but that involved fording the river three times—a feat manifestly impossible in present freshet conditions.

"I t'ink we quit heem," said Billy.

But then I was seized with an inspiration. Judging by the configuration of the hills, the River bent sharply above the Falls. Why would it not be possible to cut loose entirely at this point, to strike across through the forest, and so to come out on the upper reaches? Remained only the probability of our being able, encumbered by a pack, to scale the mountains.

"Billy," said I, "have you ever been over in those hills?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know anything about the country? Are there any trails?"

"Dat countree is belong Tawabinisáy. He know heem. I don' know heem. I t'ink he is have many hills, some lak'."

"Do you think we can climb those hills with packs?"

Billy cast a doubtful glance on Dick. Then his eye lit up.

"Tawabinisáy is tell me 'bout dat Lak' Kawágama. P'rhaps we fine heem."

In so saying Billy decided the attempt. What angler on the River has not discussed—again idly, again academically—that mysterious Lake alive with the burnished copper trout—lying hidden and wonderful in the high hills, clear as crystal, bottomed with gravel like a fountain, shaped like a great crescent whose curves were haunted of forest trees grim and awesome with the solemnity of the primeval? That its exact location was known to Tawabinisáy alone, that the trail to it was purposely blinded and muddled with the crossing of many little ponds, that the route was laborious—all those things, along with the minor details so dear to winter fire chats, were matters of notoriety. Probably more expeditions to Kawágama have been planned—in February—than would fill a volume with an account of anticipated adventures. Only, none of them ever came off. We were accustomed to gaze at the forbidding cliff ramparts of the hills, to think of the Idiot's Delight, and the Half-way Pool, and the Organ Pool, and the Burned Rock Pool, and the Rolling Stone Pool, and all the rest of them even up to the Big Falls—and so we

would quietly allow our February planings to lapse. One man Tawabinisáy had honored. But this man, named Clement, a banker from Peoria, had proved unworthy. Tawabinisáy told how he caught trout, many, many trout, and piled them on the shores of Kawágama to defile the air. Subsequently this same "sportsman" buried another big catch on the beach of Superior. These and other exploits finally earned him his exclusion from the delectable land. I give his name because I have personally talked with his guides, and heard their circumstantial accounts of his performances. Unless three or four woodsmen are fearful liars, I do Mr. Clement no injustice. Since then Tawabinisáy had hidden himself behind his impenetrable grin.

So you can easily see that the discovery of Kawágama would be a feat worthy even high hills.

That afternoon we rested and made our *cache*. A cache in the forest country is simply a heavily constructed rustic platform on which provisions and clothing are laid and wrapped completely about in sheets of canoe bark tied firmly with strips of cedar bark, or withes made from a bush whose appearance I know well, but whose name I cannot say. In this receptacle we left all our canned goods, our extra clothing, and our Dutch oven. We retained for transportation some pork, flour, rice, baking-powder, oatmeal, sugar, and tea; cooking utensils, blankets, the tent, fishing tackle, and the little pistol. As we were about to go into the high country where presumably both game and fish might lack, we were forced to take a full supply for four—counting Deuce as one—to last ten days. The packs counted up about one hundred and fifteen pounds of grub, twenty pounds of blankets, ten of tent, say eight or ten of hardware including the ax, about twenty of duffel. This was further increased by the idiosyncrasy of Billy. He, like most woodsmen, was wedded to a single utterly foolish article of personal belonging, which he worshiped as a fetish, and without which he was unhappy. In his case it was a huge winter overcoat that must have weighed fifteen pounds. The total amounted to about one hundred and ninety pounds. We gave Dick twenty, I took seventy-six, and Billy shouldered the rest.

The carrying we did with the universal tump-line. This is usually described as a strap passed about a pack and across the forehead of the bearer. The description is incorrect. It passes across the top of the head. The weight should rest on the small of the back just above the hips, not on the broad of the back as most beginners place it. Then the chin should be dropped, the body slanted sharply forward—and you may be able to stagger forty rods at your first attempt.

Use soon accustoms you to carrying, however. The first time I ever did any packing I had a hard time stumbling a few hundred feet over a hill portage with just fifty pounds on my back. By the end of that same trip I could carry a hundred pounds and a lot of miscellaneous traps, like canoe poles and guns, without serious inconvenience and over a long portage. This quickly gained power comes partly from a strengthening of the muscles of the neck, but more from a mastery of balance. A pack can twist you as suddenly and expertly on your back as the best of wrestlers. It has a head lock on you, and you have to go or break your neck. After a time you adjust your movements, just as after a time you can travel on snow-shoes through heavy down timber without taking conscious thought as to the placing of your feet.

But at first packing is as near infernal punishment as nearly mundane conditions can compass. Sixteen brand-new muscles ache, at first dully, then sharply, then intolerably, until it seems you cannot bear it another second. You are unable to keep your feet. A stagger means an effort at recovery, and an effort at recovery means that you trip when you place your feet, and that means, if you are lucky enough not to be thrown, an extra tweak for every one of the sixteen new muscles. At first you rest every time you feel tired. Then you begin to feel very tired every fifty feet. Then you have to do the best you can, and prove the pluck that is in you.

Mr. Tom Friant, an old woodsman of wide experience, has often told me with relish of his first try at carrying. He had about sixty pounds, and his companion double that amount. Mr. Friant stood it a few centuries and then sat down. He couldn't have moved another step if a gun had been at his ear.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion.

"Del," said Friant, "I'm all in. I can't navigate. Here's where I quit."

"Can't you carry her any farther?"

"Not an inch."

"Well, pile her on. I'll carry her for you."

Friant looked at him a moment in silent amazement.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to carry your pack and mine too?"

"That's what I mean to say. I'll do it if I have to."

Friant drew a long breath.

"Well," said he at last, "if a little sawed-off cuss like you can wiggle under a hundred and eighty, I guess I can make it under sixty."

"That's right," said Del, imperturbably.

*"If you think you can, you can."*

"And I did," ends Friant with a chuckle.

Therein lies the whole secret. The work is irksome, sometimes even painful, but if you think you can do it, you can, for though great is the protest of the human frame against what it considers abuse, greater is the power of a man's grit.

We carried the canoe above the larger eddies, where we embarked ourselves and our packs for traverse, leaving Deuce under strict command to await a second trip. Deuce disregarded the strict command. From disobedience came great peril, for when he attempted to swim across after us he was carried down stream, involved in a whirlpool, sucked under, and nearly drowned. We could do nothing but watch. When finally the River spewed out a frightened and bedraggled dog, we drew a breath of very genuine relief, for Deuce was dear to us through much association.

The canoe we turned bottom up and left in the bushes, and so we set off through the forest.

At the end of fifteen minutes we began to mount a gentle ascent. The gentle ascent speedily became a sharp slope, the sharp slope an abrupt hill, and the latter finally an almost sheer face of rock and thin soil. We laid hold doggedly of little cedars; we dug our fingers into little crevices, and felt for the same with our toes; we perspired in streams and breathed in gasps; we held the strained muscles of

our necks rigid, for the twisting of a pack meant here a dangerous fall; we flattened ourselves against the face of the mountain with always the heavy, ceaseless pull of the tump-line attempting to tear us backward from our holds. And so at last, when the muscles of our thighs refused to straighten our legs for the ascent of another foot, we would turn our backs to the slant and sink gratefully into the only real luxury in the world.

For be it known that real luxury cannot be bought; it must be worked for. I refer to luxury as the exquisite savor of a pleasant sensation. The keenest sense-impressions are undoubtedly those of contrast. In looking back over a variety of experience, I have no hesitation at all in selecting as the moment in which I have experienced the liveliest physical pleasure one hot afternoon in July. The thermometer might have stood anywhere. We would have placed childlike trust in any of its statements, even three figures great. Our way had led through unbroken forest oppressed by low brush and an underfooting of brakes. There had been hills. Our clothes were wringing wet, to the last stitch; even the leather of the tump-line was saturated. The hot air we gulped down did not seem to satisfy our craving for oxygen any more than lukewarm water ever seems to cut a real thirst. The woods were literally like an oven in their hot dryness. Finally we skirted a little hill, and at the base of that hill a great tree had fallen, and through the aperture thus made in the forest a tiny current of cool air flowed like a stream. It was not a great current, nor a wide; if we moved three feet in any direction, we were out of it. But we sat us down directly across its flow. And never have dinners or wines or men or women or talks or books or scenery or adventure or sport or the softest, daintiest refinements of man's invention given me the half of luxury I drank in from that little breeze. So the commonest things—a dash of cool water on the wrists, a gulp of hot tea, a warm dry blanket, a whiff of tobacco, a ray of sunshine—are more really the luxuries than all the comforts and sybaritisms we buy. Undoubtedly the latter would also rise to the higher category if we were to work for their essence instead of merely signing club checks or paying party calls for them.

Which means that when we three would rest our packs against the side of that hill, and drop our head-straps below our chins, we were not at all to be pitied, even though the forest growth denied us the encouragement of knowing how much farther we had to go.

Before us the trees dropped away rapidly so that twenty feet out in a straight line we were looking directly into their tops. There, quite on an equality with their own airy estate, we could watch the fly-catchers and warblers conducting their small affairs of the chase. It lent us the illusion of imponderability; we felt that we too might be able to rest securely on graceful gossamer twigs. And sometimes, through a chance opening, we could see down over billows of waving leaves to a single little spot of blue, like a turquoise sunk in folds of green velvet, which meant that the River was dropping below us. This, in the mercy of the Red Gods, was meant as encouragement.

The time came, however, when the ram-parts we scaled rose sheer and bare in impregnability. Nothing could be done on the straight line, so we turned sharp to the north. The way was difficult, for it lay over great fragments of rock stricken from the cliff by winter, and further rendered treacherous by the moss and wet of a thousand trickles of water. At the end of one hour we found what might be called a ravine if you happened not to be particular, or a steep cleft in the precipice if you were. Here we deserted the open air for piled-up brushy tangles, many sharp-cornered rock fragments, and a choked streamlet. Finally the whole outfit abruptly ceased. We climbed ten feet of crevices and stood on the ridge.

The forest trees shut us in our own little area, so that we were for the moment unable to look abroad over the country.

The descent, abrupt where we had mounted, stretched away gently toward the north and west. And on that slope, protected as it was from the severer storms that sweep up the open valleys in winter, stood the most magnificent primeval forest it has ever been my fortune to behold. The huge maple, beech, and birch trees lifted column-like straight up to a lucent green canopy, always twinkling and shifting in the wind and the sunlight. Below grew a thin screen of underbrush, through

which we had no difficulty at all in pushing, but which threw about us face-high a tender green partition. The effect was that of a pew in an old-fashioned church, so that, though we shared the upper stillnesses, a certain delightful privacy of our own seemed assured us. This privacy we knew to be assured also to many creatures besides ourselves. On the other side of the screen of broad leaves we sensed the presence of life. It did not intrude on us, nor were we permitted to intrude on it. But it was there. We heard it rustling, pattering, scrambling, whispering, scurrying with a rush of wings. More subtly we felt it, as one knows of a presence in a darkened room. By the exercise of imagination and experience we identified it in its manifestations—the squirrel, the partridge, the weasel, the spruce hens, once or twice the deer. We knew it saw us perfectly, although we could not see it, and that gave us an impression of companionship, so the forest was not lonely.

Next to this double sense of isolation and company was the feeling of transparent shadow. The forest was thick and cool. Only rarely did the sun find an orifice in the roof through which to pour a splash of liquid gold. All the rest was in shadow. But the shadow was that of the bottom of the sea—cool, green, and above all transparent. We saw into the depth of it, but dimly, as we would see into the green recesses of a tropic ocean. It possessed the same liquid quality. Finally the illusion overcame us completely. We bathed in the shadows as though they were palpable, and from that came great refreshment.

Under foot the soil was springy with the mold of numberless autumns. The ax had never hurried slow old servant decay. Once in a while we came across a prostrate trunk lying in the trough of destruction its fall had occasioned. But the rest of the time we trod a carpet to the making of which centuries of dead forest warriors had wrapped themselves in mold and soft moss and gentle dissolution. Sometimes a faint rounded shell of former fair proportion swelled above the level, to crumble to punkwood at the lightest touch of our feet. Or, again, the simulacrum of a tree-trunk would bravely oppose our path, only to melt away into nothing, like the opposing phantoms of Æneas, when



we placed a knee against it for the surmounting.

If the pine woods be characterized by cathedral solemnity, and the cedars and tamaracks by certain horrid gloom, and the popples by a silvery sunshine, and the berry-clearings by grateful heat and the homely manner of familiar birds, then the great hardwood must be known as the dwelling-place of transparent shadows, of cool green lucence, and the repository of immemorial cheerful forest tradition which the traveler can hear of but which he is never permitted actually to know.

In this lovable mystery we journeyed all the rest of that morning. The packs were heavy with the first day's weight, and we were tired from our climb; but the deep physical joy of going on and ever on into unknown valleys, down a long, gentle slope that must lead somewhere, through things animate and things of an almost animate life, opening silently before us to give us passage, and closing as silently behind us after we had passed—these made us forget our aches and fatigues for the moment.

At noon we boiled tea near a little spring of clear, cold water. As yet we had no opportunity of seeing farther than the

[TO BE CONTINUED]

closing in of many trees. We were, as far as external appearances went, no more advanced than our first resting-place after surmounting the ridge. This effect is constant in the great forests. You are in a treadmill—though a pleasant one withal. Your camp of to-day differs only in non-essentials from that of yesterday, and your camp of to-morrow will probably be almost exactly like to-day's. Only when you reach your objective point do you come to a full realization that you have not been the Sisyphus of the Red Gods.

Deuce returning from exploration brought indubitable evidence of porcupines. We picked the barbed little weapons from his face and nose and tongue with much difficulty for ourselves and much pain for Deuce. We offered consolation by voicing for his dumbness his undoubted intention to avoid all future porcupines. Then we took up the afternoon tramp.

Now at last through the trees appeared the gleam of water. Tawabimisáy had said that Kawágama was the only lake in its district. We therefore became quite excited at this sapphire promise. Our packs were thrown aside, and like school-boys we raced down the declivity to the shore.

## The New American Navy: The Coming of Cervera's Fleet'

By John D. Long

Secretary of the Navy from 1897 to 1902

SPAIN'S naval division, under the command of Admiral Cervera, arrived off the island of Martinique on May 11, 1898. Thirty-six hours later, information of its appearance there reached Washington. Vital as was this intelligence, there was natural irritation because of the time lost in its transmission, and there was some disposition to attribute the delay to the pro-Spanish sympathies of the inhabitants of the French island. If so, redress was out of the question and

recrimination was useless. The Department, therefore, centered its attention upon Cervera's fleet. With it afloat there was constant menace to our blockade and to our coast; with it destroyed or shut up in port, our blockade and coast were absolutely safe, Spain's defeat was assured, and Cuba would fall, a ripe apple, into our mailed hand.

There was no fear that Cervera would escape ultimate annihilation; rather was there an uneasy feeling that, in the game of strategy which had begun, he might evade us at first and thus postpone the inevitable. The men who studied the war board at midnight of May 12-13, when news of Cervera's appearance reached

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them, were confident, however, that the dispositions arranged were such as to insure his apprehension within a reasonable time. Notification that he had been sighted was at once transmitted by cable and scout to Rear-Admiral Sampson, then returning to Key West from his arduous trip to San Juan. Commodore Schley, at Hampton Roads, was preliminarily instructed to get ready for sea, and a few hours later was directed to proceed to Charleston, South Carolina, where he would be in a better geographical position to reinforce Sampson or to protect the naval base at Key West. The news of Cervera's presence was telegraphed to Commodore George C. Remey, the efficient commandant of the naval base at Key West, and twenty-four hours later he was ordered to remove all but the smallest blockading vessel from Cienfuegos and to advise the ships off the Cuban coast to be prepared in case of the appearance of the enemy.

These orders were intended to improve the strategic position of the units into which our fleet was divided; they were certainly in the direction of concentration, that illuminating principle which had lighted our way from the outset of the war. When Schley was directed to sail for Charleston, the intention existed to make this merely a port of call. To Key West he was now ordered, and proceeded at 6 P.M., May 15. Sampson, in the meantime, had arrived off Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, from which point he cabled to the Department in regard to a press report that Cervera had returned to Cadiz, Spain, and to Commodore Remey, directing him to send the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* to San Juan, provided the Spanish division had been sighted in Peninsular waters. Freed from concern in regard to Cervera, Sampson proposed to return and capture the capital of Porto Rico, the weakness of which he had developed by a bombardment. To him, however, as it had to the Department, the situation changed when he received despatches from Washington, the first of which announced the appearance of Cervera off Martinique, and the second his arrival on May 14 at Curaçao. The later message directed Sampson to hasten to Key West.

When Cervera flashed like a comet across the narrow horizon at Martinique,

he added a new feature to the problem of search which we had been attempting to solve. At the time he sailed from the Cape Verde Islands, his objective was clouded by the comparatively numerous points to which he might proceed; his arrival off Martinique established the fact that either Cuba or Porto Rico was his destination. The coast of the United States was out of the question at the moment, because he had necessarily burned the greater part of his coal, and he must replenish his supply before he could undertake any distant and offensive movement. It may be interpolated here, as characteristic of human nature, that with the appearance of Cervera in American waters, and the departure of Schley from Hampton Roads, there was practically immediate cessation of demands from our ports for protection. On the day Cervera lay off Martinique, Sampson bombarded San Juan, Porto Rico, and, while we did not know it then, this fact, which Cervera learned through the commander of his torpedo-boat flotilla, as well as the information that he could not obtain coal at Fort de France, determined him to seek refuge elsewhere. Three days before Cervera's arrival, the Department had been advised that colliers would probably meet him off the north coast of Venezuela. When he was reported at Curaçao, therefore, it seemed likely that this information was correct, and in the light of it the Naval War Board and the Department studied the possibilities of the situation. The four ports, one of which must be his ultimate destination, were San Juan, Santiago de Cuba, Cienfuegos, and Havana. The last named seemed out of the question, because to enter it he would have to encounter a superior force, and once in it he could not hope to escape the fleet which we were certain to assemble before it, and which would be able to operate from the base of Key West, only ninety miles away. Cienfuegos appeared the most probable in view of the report that he was carrying munitions essential to the defense of Havana, with which Cienfuegos had railroad connection; but it was also probable that he might make Santiago de Cuba, and, after coaling, attempt a dash into the Gulf of Mexico—a campaign which, however, would have had little justification when there existed

but two means of exit, each of which would be promptly guarded by a squadron superior to his own.

This speculation is interesting in showing the way in which the Department reasoned with respect to anticipated developments. How nearly it conformed to the views of the Spaniards themselves may be seen by a quotation from a book written by Captain Victor M. Concas y Palau, who served as commander of the Infanta Maria Teresa and Cervera's Chief of Staff. "The only harbors which we could enter," Captain Concas wrote, "were: First, San Juan, which we had to discard altogether, because, as the United States Admiral has said, with good reason, he could have taken it whenever he pleased. Second, Havana, which we supposed to be well guarded, and it was indeed, since the Americans have since said that it was considered highly improbable that we should attempt to enter Havana, and it must be understood that it was better guarded by the squadrons at a distance than those near by, because, in spite of the blockade, it would have been difficult to prevent ships, whether injured or not, from placing themselves under the protection of the batteries of the city, while an encounter at a distance from Havana meant the total destruction of our squadron. Third, Cienfuegos, which we also supposed guarded, especially since, our squadron having been sighted from the southward, it was from here that our passage to Havana could be most effectually cut off; moreover, this harbor, situated at the head of Cazones Bay, is a veritable rat-trap, very easy to blockade, and from which escape is more difficult than from any other harbor of the island. We knew there were torpedoes there, but no fortifications to amount to anything, and, moreover, the entrance is very difficult to defend against a serious attack from the sea.

"On the other hand, we were twelve hundred and fifty miles distant from the latter harbor, while from Havana, or Dry Tortugas and Key West, the enemy's base of operations, they had to make a run of only five hundred miles to cut us off. For this reason, Cienfuegos Harbor was not seriously considered by us at that time. Later, when starvation stared us in the face at Santiago de Cuba,

the former harbor was thought of as a possible solution, but not on the day of our arrival at Martinique.

"There remained as the only solution going to Santiago de Cuba, the second capital of the island, which we had to suppose, and did suppose, well supplied with provisions and artillery in view of the favorable conditions of the harbor entrance. Moreover, the southern coast of the island offered chances of sortie on stormy days and an open sea for operations, after we had refitted and made repairs. But as we also supposed that the fortifications there were not sufficient to afford us much support in the sortie, it was not at that time decided to go to said harbor in the hopes of a solution which would permit us to force our way into Havana harbor. The distance from Martinique to Santiago is about nine hundred and fifty miles, so that the hostile squadron, which was at San Juan, could easily have arrived there ahead of us. But we never believed that it would do so, thinking that Admiral Sampson—though it has since come to light that he did not know of our arrival—would do what he actually did, namely, cover the remotest possibility, the entrance to the only fortified point, Havana."

We knew nothing, of course, of the conditions under which Cervera was acting; but strategical and geographical considerations determined our plan of campaign. The moment the Department learned of the enemy's presence in the Caribbean Sea, it turned the eyes of the navy—its scouts—in his direction. The Minneapolis was directed to proceed at her utmost speed to Caicos Bank, Bahamas, and cruise between that point and Monte Cristi, Hayti, and keep a sharp watch for the Spanish division. The St. Paul was ordered to cruise between Morant Point, Jamaica, and the west coast of Hayti. By means of these two vessels, the Department believed it would prevent the unperceived passage of Cervera around the eastern end of Cuba. As an indication of how quickly the situation changed, the St. Paul, which was coaling at Hampton Roads, and had not carried out her original orders, was, a few hours later, on May 14, directed to proceed to Key West, there to coal to her full capacity and await further instructions. The modifica-

tion of the orders to the St. Paul was the result of the arrival of the Spanish division at Curaçao. Cervera's failure to proceed directly to Cuba, which was his objective, could only be attributed to his expectation of obtaining coal in the vicinity of Curaçao, and this inference was supported by the report of the impending arrival of colliers in the Gulf of Venezuela. The colliers did not arrive, and the armored cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya took on four hundred tons of coal at Willemstadt. At Key West the St. Paul would be strategically in a central position—not much farther from the Windward Passage, to which she had first been ordered, than the Spanish division, and only two hundred miles from the Yucatan Passage, which the enemy might use in order to enter the Gulf of Mexico or to reach Havana, and available for service in any direction in which developments in the situation might require the presence of a fast scout. While the St. Paul was covering the distance of a thousand miles between Hampton Roads and Key West in four days, the Department decided again to modify her orders. It was planned to dog the movements of Cervera—to send three of our fast cruisers, one of which should be the St. Paul, the second the Minneapolis, and the third the Harvard, to the Gulf of Venezuela, there to get and keep in touch with him. Thus, wherever he should go, he would be preceded or followed by a vessel of superior speed, which, upon approach at a near-by cable station, would drop out of the race for a short time to communicate with the Department or the commander-in-chief. The St. Paul was due at Key West, the Minneapolis was cruising in accordance with the orders given between Caicos Bank and Monte Cristi Island, and the Harvard was at St. Pierre, in which it at first had been believed she was blockaded by a Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer. It subsequently developed that the enemy's vessel, the Terror, had been compelled to enter Fort de France to make repairs. The Terror later crept to San Juan, where she was badly injured in an engagement with the St. Paul.

The plan to keep in touch with the Spanish squadron was not put into execution, because of the enemy's departure from Curaçao, and Rear-Admiral Sampson

suggested a different disposition of the scouts. His instructions contemplated that the Yale and St. Paul should cruise between Morant Point, Jamaica, and Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, and Cuba, and the Harvard across the Mona Passage, which separates Santo Domingo and Porto Rico, and along the northern coast of the latter island. The Department modified these orders so as to have the St. Paul and Yale proceed to Cape Haytien, Hayti, and there await further orders. The Yucatan Passage was patrolled by the Cincinnati and Vesuvius.

The orders and movements of the scouts have been given in detail because of the dependence placed on these ships by the Department. Captain Concas has not, apparently, a high opinion of this class of vessels. "A question arises here, which has since been discussed," he says in his book, "but which at the time seemed very clear to us, namely, that it would be the telegraph rather than the hostile scouts that would betray us, and as a matter of fact that is what happened." But Captain Concas, when writing this passage, perhaps lost sight of the fact that it was essential to the United States to keep close track of Cervera's squadron wherever it should go, and that physical impossibilities prevented our consular or other agents from keeping constant touch with it. Had Cervera succeeded in leaving Santiago de Cuba before May 26, he would have been followed by one of five vessels, all fast and most of which were of greater coal endurance than any of the ships of his own command. To one of these scouts, indeed, is due the credit of capturing the cargo of coal which in his possession would have enabled departure from Santiago.

In order to aid the reader it may be desirable now to state the position of the fighting ships of the opposing squadrons. Admiral Cervera was last reported as preparing to sail from Curaçao at 6 P.M. of May 15. Rear-Admiral Sampson received this information off Cape Haytien at 12:30 A.M., May 16. His squadron, which was pushing on as much as possible, was in a position at noon of May 17 to prevent the enemy from reaching Havana, via the Bahama Channel, without a conflict. Believing his personal presence more desirable at Key West, where he could

get into communication with the Department, he authorized Captain Robley D. Evans to take command of the squadron, and himself, in the New York, proceeded with all despatch to that naval base. The Flying Squadron left Charleston for Key West at the same hour Cervera was reported as having left Curaçao, and, steaming at twelve knots, arrived at its destination at 12:30 A.M., May 18. The New York reached Key West at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Instructions from the Department and Rear-Admiral Sampson had caused arrangements to be made at Key West for promptly coaling all the ships that might apply for fuel. Assured that Sampson's division was in a position to prevent Cervera's use of the Bahama Channel to reach Havana, the Department determined to send the Flying Squadron to Cienfuegos. In selecting Cienfuegos as the station of this squadron, the Department was actuated by the information that the Spanish vessels were carrying munitions of war necessary to the defense of Havana, and that the orders were imperative to reach either that or some other point in railroad communication with Havana. Cienfuegos appeared to be the only port fulfilling these conditions. Besides, it was necessary that the blockade there should be defended, and that the Yucatan Channel should be covered. Moreover, with Sampson before Havana and Schley at Cienfuegos, the armored vessels of the United States would be in a position from which they could strike either for the defense of our own blockade and coast, or engage in an offensive movement, combined or separate, against the enemy's squadron. We had learned from our Consul at Curaçao that the Spanish ships were short of coal. With the meager coaling appliances at the Spanish ports not covered by our ships, some days would have to be occupied by Cervera in refilling the bunkers of his vessels. If he sought refuge in San Juan, the plans adopted by the Department would have resulted in his being promptly reported by a scout off that port. The receipt of this information would have been followed by instructions to Sampson and to Schley to proceed at full speed to Porto Rico. These instructions could have reached Sampson within six hours, and Schley within eighteen hours,

the Department having determined to hold fast cruisers at Key West for the special purpose of conveying them. It was calculated that in five days there would be before San Juan a force of such strength that Cervera could not leave without annihilation. But if Cervera had succeeded in obtaining coal in such time that it might have been thought inadvisable to have ordered our armored ships before San Juan, then he would have been followed by scouts, just as it was intended he should be followed by the vessels stationed off Santiago. With our armored divisions off Havana and Cienfuegos, he would not have dared to proceed to either of those points, and had he attempted a demonstration against our Atlantic coast, Sampson would have started in pursuit and Schley would have been ordered to Havana to maintain the blockade of that harbor. These movements would have restored the conditions existing prior to Cervera's appearance off Martinique. A dash to the north by the Spanish division would have been disadvantageous in one sense to Sampson, but disadvantageous also to Cervera, who would have been compelled to act on exterior lines—that is, follow a curve, while Sampson would have steamed along a straight line. Deprived of the Iowa, which had joined Schley, the mobility of Sampson's division was sensibly diminished, and it was not until May 28, when the Oregon, which had reached Key West, had coaled, that it became tactically equal to the task of fighting and destroying such a swift foe as we believed Cervera's ships to be. But between May 19 and May 28 the only vessels under Sampson's command which were capable of maintaining a running fight with the Spanish division were his flagship, the New York, and the Indiana. The sluggish monitors could not hope to keep within range of the enemy, unless, as Cervera steamed by, they succeeded in disabling some of his vessels. The plans of battle issued by Sampson were calculated to keep the Spaniards within fighting range of the monitors as long as possible. From what we know now of the condition of the hostile fleet, it is not unlikely that the New York and the Indiana could, without assistance, have destroyed or seriously crippled the Spanish squadron; and the same result could perhaps have been

achieved by the Oregon alone. But the estimate of efficiency which we placed upon the Spanish cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers made questionable the ability of the Oregon or of the Indiana and New York to annihilate them.

Sampson placed his squadron in the Bahama Channel so as to intercept Cervera in case he eluded Schley and attempted to make Havana via the Windward Passage; and he subsequently endeavored to obey the Department's instruction to cover that port from the westward also, in order to bring the Spaniards to action should they pass Schley off Cienfuegos and steam through the Yucatan Channel. No one better than Sampson understood the difficulties and perplexities of the commander of the squadron directed to remain off Havana. Yet he generously chose that station, though he had been authorized by the Department to proceed to Cienfuegos, where it was believed the enemy would seek refuge.

Promptness had been displayed by Rear-Admiral Schley in making the voyage to Key West, and there was equal promptness in the coaling of his vessels upon arrival—both auguries of what should have been his future swiftness of movement in order to insure the early overtaking of Cervera.

Upon his arrival, Schley had been instructed, through the Commandant of the naval base, to sail for Havana to support the blockade until the appearance of the naval force attached to Sampson's command. Before this order could be observed, Rear-Admiral Sampson now directed him to "proceed with despatch (utmost) off Cienfuegos." Rear-Admiral Sampson also directed him to establish, "with the least possible delay," a blockade "as close as possible." The Flying Squadron sailed at eight o'clock on the morning of May 19, and arrived at and established a blockade off Cienfuegos at seven o'clock on the morning of May 22, requiring almost three days to cover this distance. The Iowa and the Dupont sailed in company from Key West at 11:20 of the morning of May 20, twenty-seven hours after the departure of the Flying Squadron, and proceeded via Havana. The Dupont arrived at Cienfuegos early in the morning, and the Iowa at 1:30 P.M. of May 22. The battle-ship thus made the voyage in

two hours over two days, and reached its destination only six and a half hours after Schley. This absence of despatch on the part of Schley was certainly contrary to his instructions, and might have had unfortunate results. Had Cervera at Cuaçao selected Cienfuegos as his destination, he could, proceeding with the same speed he employed to reach Santiago, have entered the former port some hours before Schley arrived.

Thirty miles from Key West, the Flying Squadron sighted the Marblehead and Eagle, which formed a division under the command of Captain Bowman H. McCalla. Schley knew that McCalla had been at Cienfuegos, but did not attempt to communicate with him, and McCalla, believing the Flying Squadron bound for the Caribbean Sea, did not, except through the Eagle, seek to acquaint the Commodore with the situation at the Cuban port. All this was to have decidedly serious consequences, which might, under certain circumstances, have proven disastrous. That the failure to stop the Marblehead was not because of any desire to proceed "with despatch (utmost)" is shown by the fact that when the Commodore subsequently spoke the Cincinnati, he stopped his squadron, and called Captain Colby M. Chester, commanding the cruiser, on board his flagship, though the latter had no information of special importance to communicate.

Between thirty and forty-five miles from Cienfuegos Schley reports, and he is corroborated by one of the officers of the Brooklyn, that he heard guns fired with the cadence of a salute. As Cienfuegos had been reported as the destination of the enemy's division, Schley regarded the guns as the welcome of Spanish forts and ships to the incoming Spanish men-of-war, and this impression was strengthened when he subsequently sighted smoke in the harbor.

At dawn of May 19 the Spanish squadron entered Santiago de Cuba. "By a miracle," to again quote Captain Concas, "it arrived there intact, and there was nothing to be done but to suffer the consequences of its departure (from Cape Verde)." Through spies in Havana the efficient chief signal officer of the army, Brigadier-General A. W. Greely, learned on the same day that the Spanish division

was "probably" at Santiago. The Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Harvard, and Yale were at once instructed by cable to proceed off Santiago, to watch carefully and to keep in communication with the Spanish division, reporting as often as possible to the Department. These orders were received by all the ships except the St. Louis, Captain

Goodrich commanding, the whereabouts of which was unknown, and the failure to reach her was doubly annoying in view of the fact that she had only recently come from Santiago and Guantánamo, where she had done very gallant service in cutting cables, and was consequently familiar with conditions at both those ports.

## Every Day

By Roy Rolfe Gilson

**L**OVE? I can tell by the way you talk of it that you read the newspapers. So do I, every evening. How otherwise could I keep abreast of the world's affairs? But in the matter of love I remember always that the press deals mostly with fashionable brides and domestic infelicities. I am not one of those who scoff at marriage in this money age. I believe there are happy love stories elsewhere than in books. How can I believe otherwise, I who have been married happily these twenty years? It is true that I am a grocer; that I sell cabbages, yes—but with my head I sell them, not with my heart.

"John," I say, "a pound of butter for this little boy."

I say that with my head.

"And how old are you, my little man?"

I say that with my heart. For I too had a little boy once, so that all little boys who come to buy butter from me make me forget that I am a grocer. I remember only that I am a man; that I was a father for a little while.

They write us love stories, these young authors of ours, pretty tales sometimes—love stories of the rich, on yachts, in palaces; love stories of the poor. We of the middle class—tradesfolk they call us across the sea—we also have our love stories. But we are neither elegant nor dirty enough, it seems, to put in books. We do not talk French, we do not talk dialect. Yet—strange, is it not?—we love our wives and our children, and, what is more, we are true to them.

Yes, we are true to them. You do not hear of us—of our contented marriages. We are not in the court-rooms; we are not in the press. You will find us day-

times in our stores; evenings in our homes. Your grocer does not ask, Is marriage a failure? He goes on selling cabbages and raising sons.

When I say Love, I do not mean trading coronets for bright new gold. I do not mean bartering women, here in this free land of ours, for money; there, on the other side, for an empty name. Neither do I mean the gamboling of school-children, which is harmless and sweet enough; nor the passion for other men's wives, which is vile.

I mean the love which is not brilliant when written down. Sometimes, twittingly, they call it the old-fashioned kind—just as they smile at hollyhocks and praise the rose, the rose, always the rose, the rose, big as one of my cabbages, which grows under glass. Hollyhocks grow in the open air and the naked sun. They may not be the prettier for that. I am only saying that the love I mean blooms humbly but lasts—lasts all summer, in God's own air.

I will tell you of such a love. You need not smile. I shall not tell you of a wooing. It is not for you or any other man, how I won Kate. You ought to know how honest wives are won. Besides, though they make the most of it in story-books, to me wooing is the least of love.

Kate married me—that is enough for you. I was young then, and a grocer's clerk, a boy just out of school. It was the time—you know that time—when you like poetry, and gather arbutus in the spring. I called her Little Flower. It was Burns put that into my head. There, it has slipped out, that foolish little name, though it seems a sacrilege to breathe those words. Dear and sacred they are to me—yes, to me, the grocer!—green-

grocer if you like!—those two little words of poetry.

She gave a boy to me. Children are burdens, I hear it said. Well, it is only the lazy, the selfish people who tell you that—the women who fondle lap-dogs, who dress and idle their days away; the men who have no thought save of money and their own sweet will. They are the ones who measure—measure as I do coffee—the trouble of rearing and loving a little child. Five years we kept that little son of ours; and of all my life, I tell you, those were the years I would choose to be judged by on the Judgment Day.

Now, when my work is done, to find that little boy again lying in wait for me behind my door, to see his eyes shine and hear his cry—what would I not give God for that? There never was worry—and you see for yourself my hair is gray—never was worry I could not forget in the doorway, when that little boy smiled.

We, we three together, lived the life of our little town. What that means every one knows—a little house in a little yard, with lilacs and geraniums and a plot of grass which I mowed myself. On Sunday we went to church. We took home some one to dinner—one of her folks or mine. Then we drove, perhaps, through the country, praising the farms. Work mostly—work and a little play. You live simply. You do not go in for show. You rear your children. You teach them a thing or two. You see them married, and settled down—presently with children of their own to dandle on your knee. Then they save a place for you on the hillside. But they miss you when you're gone.

Day after day we sit at our table, Kate by the coffee, I by the meat. Day after day we talk of the store, of the weather, of the doings and sayings of our little town—never a word of our love for each other, if you mean the love-words they put in books. Pretty enough when we used to read Burns together and pick the arbutus, they would only sound foolish now. They are for young folks, I'm

thinking. They are light and airy like a boy's love. They are made for a boy's lips. We have weighed them, somehow, and found them wanting now that our hair is gray. So, when the old mood comes to us to say some fond, sweet word, we talk of our little son. He is our love story.

Lilacs—you should smell our yard in May. There is a bush by the porch where we sit evenings. We take the blossoms, great scented bunches of them filling Kate's arms and mine. We go up to that hillside. We lay the flowers on the green grass—the grass that little boys love to play in. It grows as softly there above them as it grew once beneath their bare little feet. We go home with empty arms—empty they have been, empty now they will always be; but it is that, *that*, I tell you, that emptiness, that sorrow, the sharing of it through the days and years, which makes our love like the sky, like the sea.

You see me among my flour-barrels. You hear me bargaining for cabbages. You see me living the same old workaday life, day after day.

"What a humdrum fellow!" you cry.

Why, if I had a son, he would never dream of being some day like me. He would not wish to be like his father. Well, I know that. I, I too, expected to be a hero when I was a little boy.

And so you see me, yet do not see me. You see the grocer. You do not see the man. You see Kate, but you do not see *my* Kate. To live together while we are here, to live together Somewhere over There—maybe to have our arms full again—that now is our dream, our dream of happiness.

Yet poetry, they say, is dead. It is not true, I tell you—I, the grocer, tell you that. It lives where love is, in the hearts of men. If it is dead to you, then your heart is dead. I know, for my heart is living. A poem is there, though I cannot write it. I am a grocer, I cannot rhyme. It is for you, you poets, to find the words for it; to talk less about roses and sing more—sing of such love as mine.



## Felix Adler's Moral Faith<sup>1</sup>

NO one can read Dr. Adler's "Life and Destiny" without being impressed with the strength of his faith. The thoughts lovingly collected in this volume by some of his disciples are not the thoughts of an agnostic, but of a man who has a sustaining belief in the vital truths lying at the root of all religion. Not only does he think these truths, but he feels them—a far deeper perception and one infinitely more quickening to those who read his words. Again and again we are forced to recall Tennyson's lines:

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

The beliefs here expressed are not borrowed beliefs, which really belong to others and might be swept away in times of crisis, but beliefs that have grown out of Dr. Adler's own experience, and have become a part of the very fiber of his being. There is almost a Methodist insistence that faith, to have a saving quality, must be based upon personal spiritual experience. "It is a mistake," he writes, "to approach the subject of religion from the point of view of philosophy. All really religious persons declare that religion is primarily a matter of experience. We must get a certain kind of experience, and then philosophic thinking will be of use to us in explicating what is implicated in that experience. But we must get the experience first. . . . The experience of religion is not reserved for the initiated and elect; it is accessible to every one who chooses to have it. The experience to which I refer is essentially moral experience. It may be described as a sense of subjection to imperious impulses which urge our finite nature toward infinite issues; a sense of propulsions which we can resist, but not disown; a sense of a power greater than ourselves with which, nevertheless, in essence we are one; a sense, in times of moral stress, of channels, opened by persistent effort, which let in a flood of rejuvenating energy, and put us in command of unsuspected moral resources; a sense, finally, of complicity of

our life with the life of others, of living in them, in no merely metaphorical signification of the word; of unity with all spiritual being whatsoever."

This is the language of the schools and not of the experience meeting, but the appeal is not the less distinctively to the "witness within ourselves." This witness not only reveals to us that we are a part of the Infinite Spirit, but also that we are parts of one another. "Others" to Dr. Adler means simply "other selves," and if his sense of union with God is less vital than that of most Christian teachers, his sense of union with his fellow-men is more vital. Distinctively Christian is his attitude toward others—the reverence which he teaches being not the worldly reverence for those who are exalted, but the Christlike reverence for "every man, however humble." Should Dr. Adler write a book upon Christian truths which Christian pulpits ignore, he would apparently find himself troubled by the number of texts on which he might wish to preach.

But the chapter which will be read with the most surprise by those who have thought of Dr. Adler as a mere teacher of unbelief is that upon immortality. Here again his faith rests entirely upon the inward witness, and it is less clear, perhaps, than his faith in the omnipresence of God and the divineness of man. Nevertheless, it has in it a sustaining power. Here, in part, is what he writes:

The conservation of moral energy is in a certain sense as true as the conservation of mechanical energy. We are not dust merely, that returns to dust. . . . Our moral ideal is destined to be realized, though we may not know *how* it will be realized.

Vast possibilities suggest themselves to us of an order of existence wholly different from all that we have ever known; a gleam reaches the eye, as it were, from a far celestial land, and the crimson dawn of a Sun of Truth appears, to which the splendors of our earthly mornings are as obscurity.

As for myself, I admit that I do not so much desire immortality as that I do not see how I can escape it. If I, as an individual, am actually under obligation to achieve perfection, if the command "Be ye therefore perfect" is addressed, not only to the human race in general, but to every single member of it (and it is thus that I must interpret the moral imperative), then, on moral grounds, I

<sup>1</sup>*Life and Destiny; or, Thoughts from the Ethical Lectures of Felix Adler.* McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

do not see how my being can stop short of the attainment marked out for it, of the goal set up for it.

What may be the nature of that other life it is impossible to know and it is useless to speculate. Such terms as consciousness, individuality, even personality, are but finite screens which give no adequate clew to the infinite for which they stand. Only this I feel warranted in holding fast to—that the root of my selfhood, the best that is in me, my true and only being, cannot perish. In regard to that the notion of death seems to me to be irrelevant.

From his moral experience, from his faithful following of the light within, Dr. Adler has had revealed to him the kind of faith which, as he truly says, comes to all those who obediently subject themselves to their higher natures. "Act the Good," he writes, "and you will believe in it. . . . The conviction that the world is moving toward great ends of progress will come surely to him who is himself engaged in the work of progress." Not only faith, but also joy, has come to him from his obedience to the moral law. "To those,

he writes, "who take part with all their heart and all their might in the struggle, there comes at last a great peace, a purified gladness." He belongs not to the "moral bondmen . . . who see the satisfactions of which morality deprives them, and the pains which it imposes, but fail to see the superior satisfaction to which obedience opens the way, and the ineffable peace that comes after the pain." He belongs to the class of "moral free-men" to whom obedience to duty is "a source of exaltation." Yet it is at this very point that his experience and faith fall short of those upon which the world's transforming religious movements have been based. "Life," he writes, "has ever seemed to me a task. It has its interludes of joy, but, on the whole, it is an arduous, often a desperately arduous, task." The completeness of the new birth, the creation within us of a new heart, which delights to do the will of our Father, is as yet untaught by the spiritual leader of the Society of Ethical Culture.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Aaron Burr Conspiracy (The): A History Largely from Original and Hitherto Unused Sources.** By Walter Flavius McCaleb, A.M., Ph.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 377 pages. \$2.50, net. (Postage, 18c.)

Mr. McCaleb might, without effrontery, have called his book "The True Aaron Burr." After wide research in Texan and Mexican archives not accessible to Mr. Henry Adams, and after wide and thorough study of the documents more familiar to the now classic historian of the epoch covered, Mr. McCaleb has written an account of the Burr conspiracy strikingly different from that conventionally accepted, but strikingly in harmony with itself at all points, and strikingly in harmony with the spirit of the Western frontier communities in which the conspiracy threatened to command popular support. It was not, in these communities, Mr. McCaleb maintains, the spirit of disloyalty to the Union that Burr appealed to, but an aggressive and perhaps flamboyant patriotism which demanded Anglo-Saxon expansion toward the Southwest and the emancipation of Mexican provinces from Spanish rule. Burr's apparently treasonable correspondence with the British and Spanish Ministers is explained as certainly a piece of strategy employed to secure funds for the expedition against Mexico. To the very end : author points out, Burr's deep-

est enthusiasm was for the emancipation of the Spanish colonies. In his extreme old age, when the Texans began their struggle for independence, Burr exclaimed, upon reading some account of it, "There! you see, I was right! I was only thirty years too soon. What was treason in me thirty years ago is patriotism now."

**Adventurous Quest (An): A Story of Three Boys.** By Laura Scherer Copenhaver. The Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 405 pages. \$1.25.

**American Heroes and Heroism.** By William A. Mowry, A.M., Ph.D., and Arthur May Mowry, A.M. (America's Great Men and Their Deeds.) Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 223 pages. 60c.

**Aphorisms.** By Ivan Panin. Alfred Bartlett, Boston. 3×6 in. 86 pages. 50c.

**Bible Class Primers.** Edited by Principal Salmond, D.D. Jeremiah, the Prophet. By the Rev. John Robson, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×5¼ in. 115 pages. 20c.

**Buckeye Doctor (The): A Tale for Physicians and for Physicians' Patients.** By William W. Pennell, M.D. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 345 pages. \$1.50.

**Child Housekeeper (The): Simple Lessons, with Songs, Stories, and Games.** By Elizabeth Colson and Anna Gansevoort Chittenden. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 187 pages. \$1.50, net.

**Creation of Matter or Material Elements, Evolution, and Creation.** By Rev. W. Prefeit, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 176 pages. \$1, net.

This can hardly be pronounced a satisfactory treatise. Its conception of the cosmos and of animated nature suggests the idea of a machine rather than of an organism, and its conception of mind and matter is too dualistic, while its idea of God seems to be more deistic than theistic. That life was generated by chemical action is quite too much to affirm.

**Divinity and Man.** By W. K. Roberts. (Revised Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½x8 in. 330 pages. \$1.75.

The theosophical scheme expounded by Mr. Roberts is of great antiquity. Latin, Greek, and Oriental thinkers have left little new to add, except in ethical counsels, in which, as in this volume, the principles and practices enjoined by Christianity contribute an element that lends attractiveness to what has little else to recommend it. The radical error of this theosophy is very ancient—the essentially evil nature of "matter," a notion which modern science, by its reduction of the material to the immaterial, tends to extirpate. Human souls of divine origin, in "an endless chain of cycles of individual consciousness," go through the process of contracting taint from contact with earth, and of purifying from this to be reincarnated again after a period in "ultimate Heaven." Science smiles at the notion that every solar orb has its "allotment of base and inherently inert matter adapted to the construction of planetary satellites."

**Drama of the Apocalypse in Relation to the Literary and Political Circumstances of Its Time.** By Frederic Palmer. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in.

Mr. Palmer regards the Book of Revelation as a drama, different from but comparable to the Book of Job and the Song of Songs. It is historico-prophetic; deals with and portrays the events of the author's own time; borrows its scenery from current events, and is so far historical; but it anticipates and portrays the immediate coming of the Lord, the immediate overthrow of Rome, mother of harlots and modern Babylon, and the immediate advent of the kingdom of God in the temple of Jerusalem to be enthroned as the world capital and the mistress of a redeemed and renovated mankind. It is thus a representation, the last and also the fullest, of that political conception of a Messianic principle and a Messianic reign which Jesus Christ and, in his later Epistles, Paul disowned and which history has disproved. It is truly prophetic in that it encouraged and sustained hope in a time of darkness and despair, and foretold truly the overthrow of the physical power embodied in and typified by Rome, and the victory of the spiritual power represented in and typified by Israel; but erroneously in that it did not perceive the difference in the kinds of power, and anticipated a physical and immediate triumph for the spiritual forces of the New Jerusalem. The author did not and could not understand that Israel was to be more than conqueror; that she was to conquer by converting. Mr. Palmer draws clearly the distinction, often

ignored by teachers, between images and symbols, and shows clearly that the Book of Revelation is symbolical, *not* imaginative. He does not seem to us to recognize sufficiently what we may call the dreamlike character of the book. We would classify it with dream literature, and would characterize it in a word as a dream-drama. But he makes intelligible a book which to most readers is unintelligible, and his volume, as an illustration of modern criticism, its methods and its value, deserves to stand with Professor Genung's "Epic of the Inner Life" (Book of Job) and Dr. Griggs's "Lily Among Thorns" (The Song of Songs).

**English Verse: Specimens Illustrating its Principles and History.** Chosen and Edited by Raymond MacDonald Alden, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½x6½ in. 459 pages. \$1.25.

**Esperanto (The Universal Language).** The Student's Complete Text Book. Compiled by J. C. O'Connor, B.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 175 pages. 60c., net.

This little volume may be of use to those who believe in the possibility of a universal language; it certainly contains entertainment for those who do not.

**Fighting Chance (The): The Romance of an Ingénue.** By Gertrude Lynch. Illustrated. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 219 pages.

**General History of Commerce (A).** By William Clarence Webster, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 526 pages. \$1.40.

This book supplies a distinct lack. So far as we know, its information is contained in no other single volume. It gives a general survey of the world's commercial development from the earliest times to our own, but it does much more; it attempts to interpret the history of civilization from the commercial point of view. Its most interesting chapters are naturally those which have to do with latter-day developments—such as the strides of the new German Empire in over-sea traffic, the place occupied by the British Colonies in the world's trade, and, above all, the place which expanded America is occupying. In connection with our own country, we are glad to note that the author impressively points out the possibilities of South American commerce. The work is equipped with a wealth of maps and other illustrative material, and is in every way admirably adapted either as a text-book for higher schools and colleges or as an instructive companion for the general reader.

**Geography and Geology of Minnesota.** By Christopher Webber Hall. Illustrated. The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis. 5x7½ in. 299 pages.

**Georgia and State Rights.** By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, A.M., Ph.D. Printed by the American Historical Association. Copies may be had of Ulrich B. Phillips, Madison, Wisconsin. 6x9 in. 224 pages.

**God's Children: A Modern Allegory.** By James Allman. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in. 113 pages. 50c.

**Grace of Life (The): A Series of Short Papers on Practical Religion for Busy People.** By Robert Laurence Ottley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7 in. 229 pages. \$1, net.

The author, an Anglican clergyman already favorably known in this country by his previous publications, has collected under the

above title a series of short papers on the Christian life originally contributed to the "Churchman." They cover the whole round of private and public opportunity and duty so fully and well that their one omission is the more noticeable. The fact that the Church is commissioned to carry its Gospel through the world is briefly referred to, but the individual Christian's privilege and obligation to promote Christian missions fails to receive any adequate recognition. This is a serious defect in so good a book, and should be repaired by an additional chapter.

**Hero Stories from American History: For Elementary Schools.** By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 259 pages. 50c. (Postage, 10c.)

Well adapted to the purpose, set forth in the preface, of serving as supplementary historical reader for public school or other pupils from twelve to fifteen years of age.

**His Daughter First.** By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 8$  in. 349 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Historical and Critical Discussion of College Admission Requirements (A).** By Edwin Cornelius Broome, Ph.D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) The Macmillan Co., New York.  $6 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  in. 158 pages. \$1. net.

**Historic Highways of America. Vol. 5. The Old Glade (Forbes's) Road.** By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. In 16 vols. Sold only in sets.

The latest volume in Mr. Hulbert's welcome series, "The Historic Highways of America," has to do with the "Old Glade" or "Forbes" Road through the "Glades" of Pennsylvania. By means of the building of this road Fort Pitt was relieved, and the highway became a distinct factor in the expansive movement which followed the Revolution.

**History of the Deaconess Movement in the Christian Church.** By Rev. C. Golder, Ph.D. Illustrated. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  in. 614 pages. \$1.75.

The modern revival in the last century of the female diaconate of the primitive church has attained such proportions as to make this history of its development a timely work. It began in 1836 at Kaiserswerth, Germany, and in 1849 at Pittsburg, Pa. Now there are in the United States alone a hundred and forty deaconess institutions, besides branch Homes. The Lutheran Church led in their first founding; the Methodist Church has now the largest number—ninety. The present work not only outlines the history of the movement in Continental Europe, Great Britain, and America, but goes into many details of method and management.

**How to Make School Gardens: A Manual for Teachers and Pupils.** By H. D. Hemenway, B.S. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 107 pages.

**In the Guardianship of God.** By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 357 pages. \$1.50.

This is another collection of short stories of Indian life of the type which Mrs. Steel has already made familiar to most readers of the *Outlook*. They vary decidedly in merit; that

which gives the title to the book being, in our judgment, far the best. No one—not even Mr. Kipling—knows certain phases of Indian life better than does Mrs. Steel. Her literary method of expression is not always quite as clear as one could wish, but these tales, like her other short stories and novels, bring out into relief many characteristics and traits of the people of India in a dramatic way.

**Introduction to the Study of Textile Design (An).** By Alfred F. Barker. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$  in. 211 pages. \$2.50, net.

An English work which gives with lucid illustration the main points of information which a student of textile design should master in the first two years of textile school study. Examination papers are added.

**Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, 1474-1539: A Study of the Renaissance.** By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Illustrated. In 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$  in. 392 pages. \$7.50, net.

Mrs. Ady's "Life of Beatrice d'Este" is perhaps her most graphic and readable book. She now gives us the story of the life of Isabella, the sister of Beatrice and wife of the Marquis of Mantua. Isabella's personality was hardly less interesting than that of her more famous sister, and the story of her life as told here is a brilliant picture of the Renaissance in Italy. At a later date we shall speak more fully of this work.

**Kempton-Wace Letters (The).** The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 256 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Land of Joy (The).** By Ralph Henry Barbour. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.  $5 \times 8$  in. 416 pages. \$1.50.

This is a readable tale of Harvard College life, with a pretty bit (two bits, in fact) of sentiment thrown in. The characters are real and likable, and both Cambridge and the old Virginia plantation are faithfully and affectionately drawn.

**Law of Mental Medicine (The).** By Thomson Jay Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 281 pages. \$1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Lomai of Lenakel: A Hero of the New Hebrides.** By Frank H. L. Paton, B.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  in. 336 pages. \$1.50, net.

The conflict of Christianity with heathenism in the New Hebrides has been invested with dramatic interest by the narrative of the veteran John G. Paton. The story is continued in this volume by his son, and exhibits the same courage and patience of the missionary, and the same power of his Gospel to humanize the lowest savage life.

**Love of Monsieur (The).** By George Gibbs. Harper & Bros., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 297 pages. \$1.50.

Here we have a book with a hero of the good old swashbuckler type. A polished courtier, the familiar friend of Charles of England and Louis of France, Monsieur Mornay, Vicomte de Brasac, can yet turn buccaneer, and, as Bras-de-Fer of the Saucy Sally, piratically sweep the Spanish Main. Mistress Barbara

Clerke is a heroine worthy of such a hero, But the reader must find out for himself what the love of Monsieur was like, and the stirring adventures on land and sea that befell this strenuous pair.

**Maimonides.** By David Yellin and Israel Abrahams. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 239 pages.

The subject of this memoir well deserves to head the contemplated series of biographies of Jewish worthies. A Spanish Jew of the twelfth century, Maimonides was the great codifier of Jewish law and custom—the second Moses of his people. As the foremost Jewish metaphysician of the Middle Age, he exercised no small influence on Christian thinkers. In fact, he is one of the world's historic characters.

**Man Called Jesus (The).** By John P. Kingsland. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7½ in. 330 pages. \$1.40, net.

This work by a devout Churchman reflects the present evidently transitional stage of thought concerning the person and work of Christ as the Saviour of men. Tennyson's lines,

"Thou seemest human and divine;  
The highest, holiest manhood Thou,"

closely express the writer's view. It presents the character of Christ and construes his sonship to God in entirely ethical terms. At the same time it recognizes the strict unity of life, whether divine or human, and the immanence of God in man. The pre-existence of Christ as an eternal individual being is held to be incompatible with the truth of his proper humanity. The popular conception of his pre-existence is pronounced "not so much untrue to fact as a partial and inadequate statement and conception of fact." Few of the events of the life of Christ are touched upon. Two-thirds of the work is devoted to his last days, and includes a long exposition of the significance of his death, illustrating the conception of his vicarious sacrifice as a truly human experience. But it is a mistake to represent the death of Jesus as demanded by the Jewish people, or any of them but the rabble incited by Sadducean leaders. However far Mr. Kingsland deviates from traditional ideas, he is solicitous for their substance as distinct from their form, and refuses to break with it in his advance from the old toward the new.

**Next Step in Evolution (The).** By I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¼x6¼ in. 107 pages. 50c., net.

This was recently published as Preface to a new edition of Croly's story, "Salathiel," based on the legend of the Wandering Jew, and is fitly reissued in this separate form. The "next step" is the evolution from the natural man of the spiritual man whose type is seen in the Christ. This evolution is "the essential coming of Christ," on the plane of spiritual comprehension, as his first coming was on the plane of the senses.

**Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church.** By John Edgar McFadyen, M.A., Professor of Old Testament Literature, etc., in Knox College, Toronto. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x8 in. 376 pages. \$1.50, net.

This volume is to be classed with Introductions to the Study of the Bible. It is judicial

in temper, Christian in spirit, and scholarly in its equipment. The author neither sneers at old opinions nor vituperates new opinions. His book "has in view the man whose faith has been perplexed by current criticism, or by the rumors and representations of it. It tries to show him what that criticism is, and how it not only in no way imperils his faith, but even helps him to bridge the gulf between faith and reason." These sentences from the preface indicate the avowed purpose of the author; the volume itself carries out that purpose admirably. In general it may be said to embody the views of Professor Briggs or Professor Driver in the spirit of Professor George Adam Smith. It is constructive in its aim, cautious in its conclusions, tender in its sympathy for the anxious and the troubled. It recognizes the contradictory hypotheses of the modern school, or what the author calls "the confusions of criticism;" but it tabulates very well certain results "most surely believed by the critics:" the composite character of the historical books; the three legal codes; the enormous intellectual and spiritual significance of the exile; the value of the post-exilic period; the late date of some notable Old Testament books, e.g., Jonah, Daniel, Ecclesiastes, and many of the Psalms; and the progressive nature of revelation—the truth that "God took men where they were in order to lift them *progressively* to Himself." It does not, however, to any great extent, give the results of criticism. It is a book about criticism, not a critical book about the Bible. It thus differs in its character from such volumes as Dr. Gladden's "Who Wrote the Bible?" and Lyman Abbott's "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews." It believes in the necessity of criticism; regards it as an essential product of Protestantism; shows its relation to personal faith in Christ, and to theological belief in the supernatural and in inspiration; indicates the limits and methods of legitimate criticism; and exemplifies the spirit in which it should be employed. We recommend this volume to Bible students, Bible-class teachers, Young Men's Christian Association workers, and young ministers, both for the information it furnishes and for the example it affords of the spirit in which the Bible should be studied and the problems presented by modern criticism concerning the date, authorship, etc., of the different books should be investigated.

**Papers of Pastor Felix (The).** By Arthur John Lockhart. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5x8 in. 386 pages. \$1.25.

**Pauline Epistles (The): Introductory and Expository Studies.** By Rev. R. D. Shaw, M.A., B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x9 in. 508 pages. \$3.50, net.

Mr. Shaw's work is not a commentary, as one might suppose, but a series of introductions, giving a comprehensive view of the conditions existing in the young Christian churches to which the Apostle wrote, and outlining his dealing with them, severally. The genuineness of all his letters is strongly maintained, even of the Pastorals. The new views of the Dutch school, to which the "Encyclopædia Biblica" has given currency, in denial of the Pauline authorship of the four great epistles are

sharply controverted. Large space is given to the brief letter to Philemon, as showing more than any other the secret of Paul's missionary successes, and the method by which the moral conquests of Christianity were achieved. In points of historical criticism the work is strongly conservative, but with protests against seeking to ground the unity of the Church either in creeds or in ecclesiastical polity. In the latter point the author joins issue sharply with Bishop Gore.

**Perkins, the Fakcer.** By Edward S. Van Zile. Illustrated. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 377 pages. \$1, net.

Three cleverly extravagant performances on the kindred themes, psychic transposition and metempsychosis. An amusing and original book.

**Perverved Proverbs: A Manual of Immorals for the Many.** By Col. D. Streamer. R. H. Russell, New York. 4½x7¼ in. 47 pages. \$1.

**Power of God unto Salvation.** (The Presbyterian Pulpit.) By Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D. The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work. 5x7½ in. 234 pages. 75c., net.

The eight sermons in this volume were preached in the chapel of Princeton Theological Seminary. After twice reading the two which deal with the most vital themes, "The Saving Christ" and "The Leading of the Spirit," we are compelled to say that they are not sermons which theological students should adopt as models. Deeply marked, indeed, with a religious spirit, and phrased in choice language, they move in the region of the abstract to the neglect of the concrete, dealing wholly with generalities, without grip on the needs and problems of real life.

**Primer on Teaching: With Special Reference to Sunday-School Work.** By John Adams, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3½x5¼ in. 129 pages. 20c.

**Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing-Dish Dainties.** By Janet McKenzie Hill. Illustrated. (New Edition, with Additional Recipes.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 230 pages. \$1.50.

**Samaritans (The): A Tale of To-Day.** By John Alexander Steuart. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 405 pages. \$1.50.

This story of the London slums is hardly cheerful reading; but it is an interesting and well-written book, despite the fact that the earnestness of the author's purpose at times overbalances the writer's art.

**Science and Key of Life: Planetary Influences.** By Alvidas. Vol. III. The Astro Publishing Co., Detroit. 6x9 in. 261 pages.

**Sciences (The): A Reading Book for Children.** By Edward S. Holden. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½x7½ in. 224 pages. 50c.

**Soul Winning Stories.** By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 5x7½ in. 223 pages. \$1.

**Spanish in the Southwest (The).** By Rosa V. Winterburn. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 224 pages.

**Temptation of Jesus (The): A Study of Our Lord's Trial in the Wilderness.** By A. Morris Stewart, M.A. Andrew Melrose, London. 5½x8 in. 230 pages.

One is not quite prepared for a Scottish

thinker who takes the line of thought here followed, that Satan personally confronted Jesus in his introductory temptations. Modern thought generally regards the narrative as symbolical of his mental conflict. But Mr. Stewart ventures the surprising hypothesis of a "fourth dimension" to account for a sudden bodily transportation of Jesus by Satan to the pinnacle of the temple. Aside from this reversal to ancient literalism, the practical and homiletical applications of the story of the great conflict are instructive.

**Trapper "Jim."** By Edwyn Sandys. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 441 pages. \$1.50, net.

It would be hard to find any boy fond of outdoor life who would not rejoice to have this book. Mr. Sandys in at least one other volume has shown his intimate knowledge of hunting and natural history. Now he accomplishes a quite unusual feat—that of combining a cheerful, lively, amusing story about boys and for boys with full instruction in such subjects as trapping, fishing, shooting, camping, paddling, taxidermy, and kindred matters. Throughout he writes with such evident enjoyment of his subject that his pleasure is contagious. The book is illustrated by many pictures and diagrams. Apart from the information it gives and the story it tells, it is pervaded with a fine love of nature and particularly of animal life.

**True Abraham Lincoln (The)** By William Eleroy Curtis. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 409 pages. \$2, net.

As interesting as an interesting subject can be made by a trained journalist and popular biographer, but not sufficiently original or penetrating to warrant the arrogant title. Washington and the American Revolution had been so systematically lifted out of the sphere of reality by successive eulogists that there was need of a "True George Washington" and a "True History of the American Revolution," but the strong lines of Lincoln's character have not been so effaced by other biographers as to justify any one in calling a new biography "The True Abraham Lincoln."

**Truth and a Woman.** By Anna Robeson Brown. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in. 206 pages.

**Victim's Triumph (The).** By Josephine Zeman. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 241 pages. \$1.25.

**Vulgarians (The).** By Edgar Fawcett. Illustrated. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 213 pages. \$1.

The Vulgarians are three young Westerners, two sisters and a brother, heirs to a fabulous fortune, who come East, where, after a brief and disconcerting standstill, they find themselves directed along a royal road to the inner circle of New York and Newport society. This enviable journey is accomplished through the trio's acquisition of an unerring social guide and mentor in the person of a charming young widowed member of the Four Hundred, who (for a consideration) attaches herself to their interests. What she does for them and how she does it make the burden of the novel.

# Correspondence

## Pennsylvania's Child Labor Laws

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Mr. Durland's well-written article in *The Outlook* for May 9 so states a fact as unintentionally to mislead. It is a fact, as he says, that the maximum legal day's work of a child in Pennsylvania is twelve hours; but the maximum in any week must not exceed sixty. Thus it is seen that the average is ten hours per day for six days; or, where the full daily maximum is exacted, the child may be required to work but five days out of seven. So that the child who labors in the mill is, in respect to "days off," on a footing with the child who slaves at school, except that the latter has a long vacation during the heated term.

Strength to you in your agitation for the emancipation of the child from overwork, whether in the mine, mill, or school!

The Department of Factory Inspection of Pennsylvania has the Factory Laws printed in English, Italian, Hungarian, Slavonian, and Hebrew. We have had no call for them in any other languages, but we are ready to respond should such a call come.

C. V. HARTZELL.

## Southern Representation

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I am a reader of your magazine and usually approve of the position you take on public affairs, but I cannot agree with the opinion you express in your issue of May 9, in which you discuss the "Alabama Case" and take the position that Alabama's representation in Congress (and in the Electoral College) should not be reduced to conform to section two, article fourteen, of our Constitution. In a recent election it took about 47,000 votes to elect a Congressman in Minnesota, and only 7,000 in Louisiana; in other words, the vote of one man in Louisiana offsets the vote of seven men in Minnesota. This is more power than the Southern gentlemen ever dreamed of, for in 1787 they agreed that it should take five slaves to offset the vote of one man in the North; but now it takes my vote and the vote of six of my friends to equal one of the most ignorant voters in Louisiana. Do you think that a voter in the latter State

should have seven times more influence in Congressional and Presidential elections than a voter in Minnesota? If so, you must ask that the minority rule and not the majority. I do not claim that we in Minnesota are any better than the men in Louisiana, but I do claim that we are just as good, and I see no reason or justice in allowing six-sevenths of our voters to be counted out in National elections. I believe that ignorant men, white or black, should not be allowed to vote, but the provisions of our Constitution should be enforced without regard to State or section.

D. D. S.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

## Breathing-Places for the People

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Very soon the hot, sultry weather will be here, with all its exhausting effects, and, as is the case every year, the suffering and anguish that will have to be endured by thousands of those who are compelled to live in the crowded and congested parts of the cities will be very great. In the onward march of civilization and pressing business in all our large cities block after block, with apartment and tenement-houses, is built up with a rapidity which is almost startling, and in many cases very few spaces are left for breathing and recreation grounds. Doubtless in the poorer and congested parts of the cities there are many vacant lots that might be utilized as breathing and recreation grounds. I sincerely hope and trust that the citizens will do all in their power to urge and aid this noble cause, and by so doing much misery and suffering will be avoided. Last year the city of Chicago opened several additional small parks in various densely crowded districts, and this was much appreciated by the people.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A. M.

## The Roman Ritual

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

It seems to me, a Congregational Protestant, to be regretted that Protestants in general have so vague a notion of the significance of the Roman ritual—the order of its parts, its religious contents, its symbolism, ceremonies, and vestments.

I am sure it would be a favor to your readers, especially as the season is at hand for the visit of summer travelers to Europe, to recommend to them as an addition to their guide and reference books the "Guide in a Catholic Church for Non-Catholic Visitors," by W. L. Fox, a pocket edition published by Robert Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, and purchasable in Florence and other Italian cities, I presume. Something of the sort is nearly indispensable to Protestants who have no special preparation for intelligent observation in Catholic churches.

M.

#### Prohibition and Drugs

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In different issues of your paper within the past few weeks there have been printed communications which assume to show that prohibition in Vermont has greatly fostered the use of drugs and patent medicines. Two of these letters have been favored with an editorial indorsement of their claims in the heading under which they were printed.

But in proving a given effect to be due to an assumed cause, it is at least necessary to show that the effect varies as the assumed cause varies. Nothing of this sort has been even attempted in these articles, and one of the writers declares that he "knows of no present statistics anywhere showing how it may be"—i.e., the comparative consumption of drugs in prohibition and license States.

Yet with the Vermont statistics alone, which we are assured have been very fully and carefully gathered, something may be shown. The prohibitory law has been very unequally enforced in that State. It has been more effective in the country than in the cities, and more effective in some cities than in others. If the claim advanced is well founded, a comparison of these different cities with one another and with the country districts ought to show that where alcoholic stimulants were more easily obtained the use of drugs was proportionately less.

It is possible that patent medicines are more used in the country than in the city under any law. People sick and ailing, living at a distance from the doctor, and with scanty incomes, may, for these reasons, be more ready to try the patent cures. The term patent medicines may also be

used to cover veterinary remedies, which are, of course, largely used in the country. The effect of the law on the use of these medicines should be learned by a comparison of sales in the country districts of a prohibition State with those in an adjoining license State.

But with drugs the case is different. If their use has been greatly stimulated by prohibition, the comparisons suggested ought to show it.

Since *The Outlook* and its correspondents have given widespread publicity to a claim which is exceedingly important if true, and very pernicious if it is not true, is it too much to ask that the comparisons here indicated should be prepared and published? If the claim proves to be well founded, it bears against local as truly as against State prohibition, and against both in proportion to their effectiveness.

ARTHUR SMITH.

Piermont, New Hampshire.

#### Organized Labor and Good Government

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Things are as they are, and theorizing as to what should be does not change them. Sympathy with a cause does not transform vicious into legitimate methods, nor minimize the peril they involve, if they are perilous. What might be an organization worthy of generous sympathy may be deserving only of practical annihilation.

I am not an employer of labor, and am entering into no defense of employers; but I am an American citizen, with what I conceive to be a true American's love for his country and its laws, and it is borne in upon me with great force that the day is fast approaching when the labor union will have to be "smitten, hip and thigh;" not because it is a labor union, but because of what it has in reality come to be—a teacher of defiance to law, and a practical abettor of crime, even to murder; with force and terrorism as cardinal principles of its system.

This is strong language, but is it not true? Does organized labor recognize any law that conflicts with its wishes? Does it not invariably resist, by physical violence if need be, and too often by actual murder, all attempts to replace striking workmen? Does it not daily grow more aggressive and contemptuous



of lawful restraint, and constantly trample under foot the right of personal liberty, that most sacred of all rights, which is the very foundation of our institutions and has always been our proudest boast? Its war on the militia alone stamps it what it is, an enemy of the State—for the forces of law and order are the State.

The individual workman is by nature a law-abiding citizen, but the union, under misguided leadership, is, in practice, a criminal conspiracy. The conditions grow worse year by year, and it is only a question of time—perhaps a very short time—when they will have to be met with whatever force is necessary to abate the evil and teach the lesson that the people—the whole people—through the powers of government, are still supreme.

You will say, perhaps, that I argue from exceptional cases; but the exceptions, if in the past they have been such, are becoming too numerous to be so rated now, and it is to be remembered that behind all the so-called peaceful settlements is the menace of disorder, ready to be called into existence if the demands are not satisfied.

If there has ever been a strike, where resistance was offered, which was wholly unaccompanied by disorder, or one in which the leaders made active efforts to suppress it, I have yet to hear of it. "Strike" and "terrorism," in the vocabulary of labor, are synonymous terms. Some organizations are slow to use extreme measures, and others are malignant beyond words, but from the highest to the lowest, the unwritten law, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job," is enforced by fair means or foul. The heaven is in them all.

In your desire to be just, you have been most generous to labor, hoping, no doubt, as we have all hoped, that it would in time see the right and do it; but the day for that attitude, as I read the conditions, has gone by; to me there is a question of morals, and of public safety, which will make it essential for all patriotic men and publications to make a stand against the present form and methods of what might be a useful organization, but *is* a dangerous one.

Unionism, we all believe, will survive, but let us hope that from the wreck which is sure to come an organization will arise,

based on the rights of man, which, under wise leadership, will prove a blessing and not a curse to the Nation.

ARTHUR W. ALLEN.

#### "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics"

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

The above classification of unbelievers is to be found in one of the Good Friday collects of the Book of Common Prayer; also in the first prayer-book of Edward the Sixth, from which it was taken—that missal having adopted it from ancient liturgies. "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics"—words inseparable to all good churchmen from the Good Friday service; as is also the claim of those using the prayer, that they alone are "the remnant of the true Israelites"—the "one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics." Strange that the classification escaped the severe pruning given to the Book of Common Prayer of "the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America" a few years ago. Stranger still that revolt against that classification of Jews with Turks and all the rest has only recently shown itself; the convictions of some of the younger clergy of the Episcopal Church compel them to omit it altogether, and they are willing to take the consequences, which in some dioceses means episcopal censure at least.

The third of the three collects to be used on Good Friday is as follows:

O merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor desirest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics; and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and may be made one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

"No, I did not omit that prayer by mistake," said a clergyman last Good Friday when asked why it had not been offered. He is the rector of a strong parish in a large city—a man of broad catholicity, wide scholarship—too big a man for holding fast in any paddock of sectarianism, or for restraining from eating with publicans

and sinners. "I shall never use it again. . . . Think of it—our classifying the Jews, his chosen people, with Turks, infidels, and heretics! Think of the Jews in this community alone; of all they do for the public good; their high ideal of citizenship; their loyalty to their religious convictions and their charity for ours; of all they are doing for our hospitals and for all our good works; and then, if you can, after asserting that they are not of the true Israel and accusing them of "ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of his holy word," classify them with Turks and the rest! In the day that prayer was written "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics" stood for what the anarchist, the thug, the most pestilential classes of any community, are in this. Why not include the Mormons, Christian Scientists, Seventh-Day Adventists, all who do not believe just as we do? Rabbi — [giving the name of the leading Rabbi of the city] and I are close friends. I honor his high ideals, reverence his spirituality and the sincerity of his conviction that the faith of his fathers is the true faith. With him in my mind, and many others of his people, can I repeat that classification as a prayer? . . . I sat in his congregation not long since, uplifted my prayers with his, and heard nothing like a classification of Christians with Turks, infidels, and heretics. I am not sure" (this was before the Kishinev massacre) "but that that prayer has been a promoter of racial antagonism."

"But you do not omit on Good Friday the offertory for the conversion of the Jews?" I asked.

"Not yet," he replied; then, after a pause, more slowly and softly—"no, not yet."

CHURCHMAN.

#### Salvini Again

#### To the Editors of The Outlook:

I fear your contributor, Mr. Crellin, in his article about Signor Salvini in the April Magazine Number of The Outlook, gave a little too much credence to unreliable hearsay in two or three instances. In the first column of page 817 he tells a story about an actress playing Emilia in "Othello," and represents her in a situation which cannot occur in the play. I have played

Iago frequently with Signor Salvini, and am sure that such an incident is quite improbable. In the second column of the same page he makes the late Edwin Booth a victim to the Gorgon power of the Italian tragedian. Surely Mr. Crellin could not have been a witness of the accident to which he refers in such unwarrantably exaggerated terms. If so, as he professes love and respect for Mr. Booth, he should not have insulted the memory of that gentle player by printing a story invented only to ridicule. Such tales belong to the repertory of the camp-followers of the drama, who invent reminiscences upon the spurs of over-festive moments.

As a knight-commander in two orders of merit, one Italian, the other Portuguese, Salvini was sometimes addressed by those who spoke Italian as *Commendatore*, but the title has no military significance. See any Italian dictionary. I lament, in common with my serious-minded comrades, the disposition of writers to overrate the actor both as to his ability and as to his faults.

JOHN MALONE.

The Players, New York City.

#### In reply Mr. Crellin writes us:

The incidents and assertions to which Mr. Malone takes exception will no doubt find friendly echo from my old friend John Lane, who was the Iago in the cast at the time. Salvini did or had just issued from behind the portières after the smothering of Desdemona, and did, as I said, frighten the lines of Emilia out of the consciousness of Mrs. Augusta Foster, who was playing the part. "Issued forth, licking his chops like a human tiger" is not, and was not, any stretch of metaphoric allusion. Emilia is not on the stage when Othello thrusts his head through the curtains, but she is and always has been the first one admitted to him after the murder. I loved the late and surely lamented Edwin Booth, and probably had as good cause as most other actors. Not only is my story of his apprehension of danger from the unconscious rage of Othello true, but what I, out of love, omitted could be borne out by the added witness of one who has, unhappily for my contention, passed to the same side of the stream with the noted actor himself. That Salvini was called "Il Commendatore," and had fought under Garibaldi during the Italian Revolution, history may not bear me out, but I have the confirmation from his manager, Chizzola, his interpreter and valet, and his son Alessandro, a dear friend of mine, since dead.

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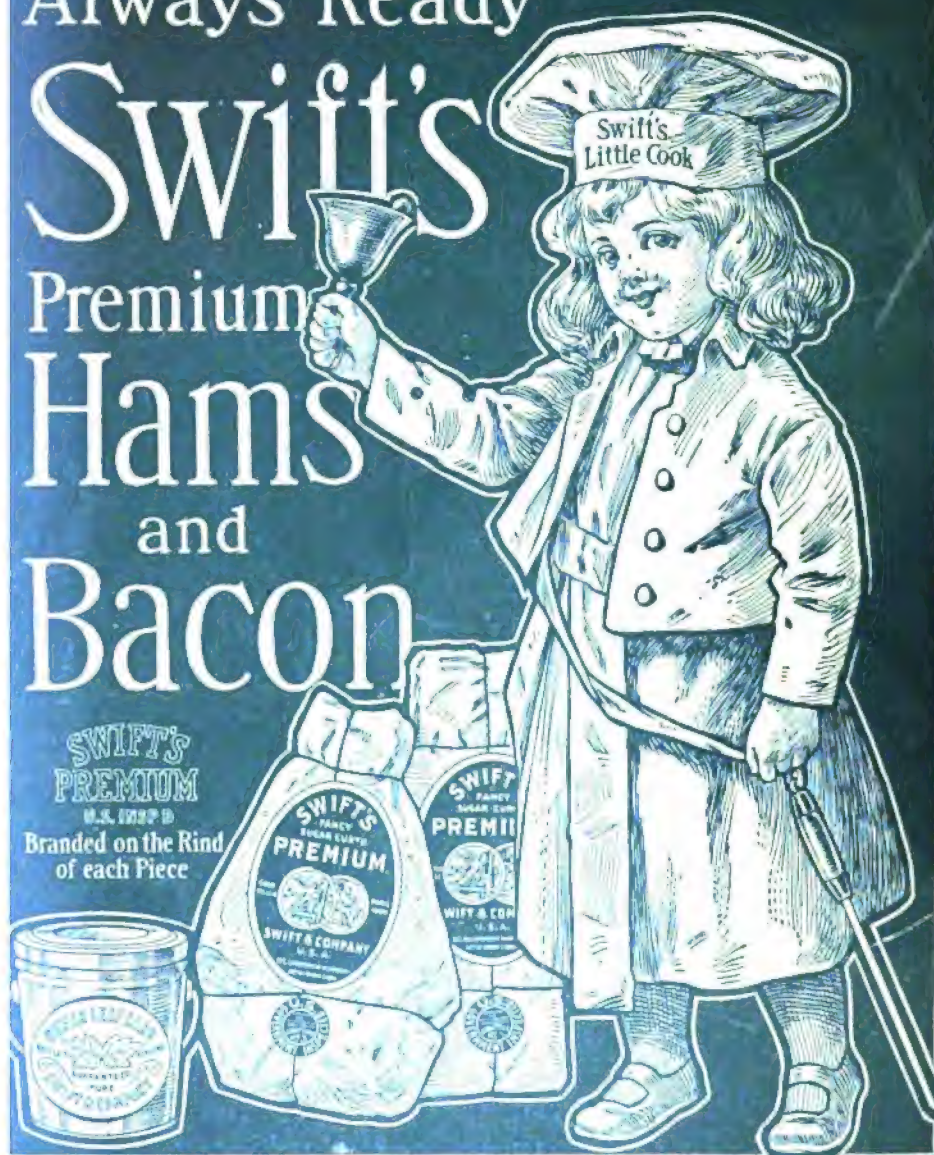
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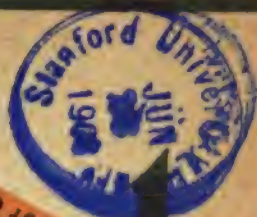
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*Saturday, June 20, 1903*



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*By Cheesman A. Herrick*

*On Walking Through the Woods*

*By Stewart Edward White*

*Schley's Movement to Santiago*

*By Ex-Secretary John D. Long*





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# The Outlook

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## The Servian Slaughter

Last week the King and Queen of Servia, Nikodem and Nikola Maschin (the Queen's brothers), Zingar Markovic (the Premier), two Cabinet Ministers, and several other persons, were slain by army officers at Belgrade, the capital. As these murders occurred simultaneously and in several different places, a carefully arranged plot for the destruction of the government was revealed; later events would indicate that it had the secret co-operation, or at least the consent, of almost the entire corps of officers. At midnight on Wednesday, June 10, a battalion of infantry marched out of its barracks and silently occupied every approach to the royal palace. The guard inside the building had been corrupted, and when the forty officers selected to commit the murder pressed forward, the gates were flung open. Yet even under the guidance of the traitor Naumovic, the King's aide-de-camp, the task of finding the King and Queen was not easy, since the latter had been aroused by the shooting of a servant who remained faithful to his trust, and had taken refuge in a closet behind a barred door. According to some accounts, Naumovic demanded that Alexander abdicate and proclaim his Queen an unworthy woman. Alexander's reply was to shoot Naumovic on the spot. Then the assassins shot the King and Queen, mutilated their bodies with sword-thrusts, and threw them into the courtyard. The slaughter scene in Sardou's "Theodora" was thus strikingly paralleled, save for the anachronism of the occurrence of the recent event in a modern, twentieth-century city, and not in the Byzantium of the sixth century. At the same time in other places the other murders were being accomplished. This wholesale policy of "thorough" has hardly been equaled in modern times. While the expulsion of the Obren-

ovic family by the people might have been accepted as a welcome sign of national self-respect, the horrible slaughter perpetrated by trusted army officers will be rightly interpreted as significant of a barbarism which indicates that the people in whose name it has been perpetrated are unworthy to possess and are unable to maintain an independent national life.

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## The Reigning Families

Ever since 1804, when Servia emerged from Turkish tyranny, two families, now one, now the other, have held supreme power. The brigand and swine-raiser Kara (black) George was the founder of Servian autonomy. Having led a successful revolt against the Turkish janissaries, he was made Prince of Servia under the Sultan's sovereignty. Kara George pleased the democratic folk by allowing his daughter to carry water from the public well like any other peasant girl, even though her peasant father had become Prince. He made, however, one capital mistake in fleeing to Austrian territory during the next war with Turkey. This was the opportunity of Milos Obrenovic, another swine-raiser. He stayed behind, and led the people so strenuously that the Sultan was constrained to recognize him as Prince of Servia, supplanting the renegade Black George. When the latter returned to Servia, Milos had him assassinated. After two Obrenovic generations, a revolution placed Alexander Karageorgevic, son of Black George, on the throne (1842). He reigned seventeen years, during which time, by the Treaty of Paris (1856), Servia was taken under the protection of the Powers. When the Servians deposed Alexander, they reinstated the Obrenovic dynasty. Ten years later the murder of Black George was avenged by the assassination of Milos's son, Michael. The connection of the Karageorgevic

family with this event was so evident that the Servian legislative body declared them barred from the succession. Then, as now, the plan was to have Prince Peter Karageorgevic obtain the supreme power, but the plot failed, and Michael's nephew, Milan, became prince and later king. He was in every respect a degenerate. Though he succeeded in persuading a beautiful Russian, Natalie Keschko, to marry him, her influence was not sufficient to keep the Servians from compelling Milan to abdicate (1889) in favor of his only legitimate son, Alexander, thirteen years old. Thenceforth Milan lived a disreputable life in Paris, where the Jockey Club finally expelled for cheating at cards the Servian who had not exposed himself under fire when commanding his army against the Bulgarians (1885). Milan died recently, unpitied and unmourned. His later career would have furnished Daudet with new material for "Les Rois en Exil." Alexander proved as great a profligate as his father had been, but on a lower scale of boorishness; and he sought in vain for a bride among the eligible princesses of Europe. Finally, like his father, he married a woman not of noble birth, Draga Maschin, nine years his senior. Childless, and foiled in her effort to pass off a spurious child as her own, she has latterly endeavored to obtain the succession for her brother, Nikodem, a man apparently known chiefly for his vicious stupidity. According to the despatches, the draft of a bill with marginal notes written by the late King was found in the palace. It provided the proclamation of Nikodem Maschin as heir to the throne. This discovery is held by the assassins as complete justification for their action. After the assassination of Alexander and his wife and supporters, a provisional Government, formed in the interest of the Karageorgevic dynasty, issued a proclamation that the Skuptshina, or Parliament, would meet June 15 to elect a monarch. Everywhere in and about the capital troops were posted and field guns placed in position to deal quickly with any opposition to the new Government's will. The Skuptshina met according to this proclamation, and, after first passing a resolution of general amnesty, unanimously elected Prince Peter Karageorgevic King of Servia.

#### The Debate in the House of Commons

Last week, in the House of Commons, occurred one of the most notable debates in recent years. The Chamber was packed with members, peers, and spectators, as it has not been since the day of Home Rule. The debate was precipitated by Mr. Chamberlain's plan of preferential tariffs for the colonies' benefit, but, as the Speaker ruled any discussion on this out of order, the speeches were restricted as much as possible to an amendment offered by Mr. Chaplin, an avowed protectionist, which declared that the remission of the corn tax involves a needless and injurious disturbance of trade and a serious loss in revenue. The most striking speeches in regard to this amendment were made by Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who defended his action; by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, ex-Chancellor, who reminded the House that he might still be standing in the governmental ranks had his protests against the growth of expenditure been received with greater sympathy by his colleagues; by Mr. Arthur Elliot, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who strove to commit the Government unreservedly to a policy of free trade; by Mr. Asquith, the Liberal leader, who proclaimed that the abandonment of the corn tax was an insoluble mystery if the consumer did not pay the tax, and yet, as Mr. Chamberlain maintained he did not, the speaker asked if this were "a magnificent piece of international attachment whereby Great Britain would make an annual present of \$12,500,000 to the United States;" finally, by the Radical leader, Sir Charles Dilke, who, admitting that America and Germany were reaping much prosperity, showed that Great Britain's foreign exports were equal to the combined exports of the United States, Germany, and France; further, he pointed out Mr. Chamberlain's error in attributing the abounding prosperity in the United States to the policy of protection, since, "with their enormous resources and great energy, the American people ought long since to have taken the first place in international commerce."

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**Mr. Balfour's Reply** By a dexterous but not, as has been claimed by some, an evasive speech, Mr. Balfour summed up the case for the Government



after the two days' debate. So brilliant and large-minded was this speech that not only did he "give Chamberlain enough rope to hang himself on," as an irreverent English journal puts it, but also solidified the case for Great Britain's time-honored policy so as to make a presumably large vote for it still larger. Mr. Chaplin's amendment was defeated by the crushing division of 424 to 28. The 28 votes, therefore, may be taken as representing the protectionist party in the House of Commons, although it must be added that a not inconsiderable number of members are perhaps waiting to be convinced of the desirability of a certain measure of protection as a means of holding the colonies more closely to the mother country. Mr. Balfour defended the imposition of the corn duty in 1902 and its withdrawal in 1903, declaring that it was an entirely legitimate war tax; that it had not had any materially protective effect—yet in the next breath he admitted that he did not realize how great the tax would be on the raw material used by the farmer. Answering those who asked, "If the tax is desirable, why is it removed?" Mr. Balfour said, "We put it on because we wanted the money, and took it off because we ceased to want money." Replying to the Liberal taunts that it was intolerable to have Cabinet Ministers proclaiming irreconcilable views on a matter more vital than any other to imperial unity, Mr. Balfour's tone was one of unusual vehemence as he instanced important divisions of opinion in the Liberal Cabinets of 1885, 1892, and 1894, and quoted his old friend and political opponent, Mr. Gladstone, "in rightly holding that the differences shown in the speeches of his colleagues did not matter as long as there was common action." Mr. Balfour added: "That is true, sound, constitutional doctrine, and you will not improve constitutional conditions if you endeavor to draw a Minister into the bonds of mere discipline; certainly I am not going to exercise an authority over my colleagues which I would never have submitted to myself." As to the charge that he had not made a specific declaration on certain great fiscal, colonial, and international problems raised in recent speeches, Mr. Balfour declared that, though a believer in free trade, he did not regard it as a fetich; that he had

absolutely an open mind regarding the necessity for any alterations in a system which was founded to suit conditions fifty years ago. In maintaining an open mind and the liberty of individual judgment, Mr. Balfour will have the sympathy and support of men everywhere; what his country needs, however, at this juncture, is the sturdy firmness either of Mr. Chamberlain in attacking free trade by a system of colonial preferential treatment or the equally sturdy firmness of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in defending Great Britain's time-honored fiscal policy.



The International  
Anti-Alcohol Congress  
in Bremen

The ninth international Congress to oppose alcoholism, recently held in Bremen, Germany, was a striking demonstration of the advance of the temperance movement in Continental Europe. To begin with, the city in which it met was remarkably sympathetic in its attitude toward the great throng of delegates who assembled, the Mayor of the city welcoming them in a speech which indorsed not only the movement but also the public activity of women in its behalf, while the Senate of the city entertained four hundred prominent members of the Congress at a costly banquet in the City Hall. Nor was the city's welcome merely official, as over two thousand of its citizens were members of the Good Templar and Blue Cross Societies, while a great many others were enrolled in a Moderation Society which has been doing active work in combating all use of spirits. The German Government showed its sense of the present gravity of the alcohol question by contributing ten thousand marks to the organizing committee of the Congress, and nearly all the nations of northern Europe sent representatives—Germany sending her Secretary of the Interior. The Congress was held during the Easter vacation, when the greatest number of teachers could be present, and the first session was on Easter Monday, when the laborers have a holiday. On this day the delegates of different laborers' total abstinence societies held an all-day conference at the headquarters of the Social Democrats, and in the evening a social entertainment was held in the same building. A later meet-

ing of the whole Congress was under the management of the Laborers' Total Abstinence League, and singularly encouraging reports were given as to the attitude of organized labor toward liquor-drinking. Fortunately, when the time came for general discussion, the Austrian Socialist, Dr. Froelich, who has been the indefatigable organizer of laborers' total abstinence societies, was called upon to defend his agitation against the attack of a local editor of a labor paper, and this impromptu debate disclosed the strength of the appeal he was making to workmen to stop drinking for the sake of advancing the interests of their cause and their class. Another of the evening meetings was under the management of the Good Templars, and this was enlivened by musical, dramatic, and athletic entertainments given by members of the order. The scientific discussions which have formed the chief feature of each of the international congresses were taken part in by distinguished educators and medical authorities from nearly all over Europe. There were differing sentiments as to how far individuals need to go in throwing their influence against the drink evil, but there was no difference as to the direction in which the influence of all thoughtful men should be thrown.



#### Opium Traffic in the Philippines

The papers report that the Philippine Commission has prepared a bill for the regulation of the opium traffic in the islands, under which a monopoly of the business will be put up for competitive bidding and sold to the highest bidder, as was done under Spanish rule. The revenue derived from the monopoly the Commission propose to employ in sending young Filipinos to this country to be educated, building additional school-houses in the islands, and increasing the pay of the local teachers. All opium imported will be recorded, all sales will be recorded by the owner of the monopoly, with the name and address of the purchaser, and all sale will be prohibited except to full-blooded Chinamen. It is said that this is substantially the method which the English and the Japanese have adopted. The revenue to the Government under the Spanish system

was \$650,000 a year, but it is anticipated that under the regulations proposed by the Commission the sales will be less and the Government income accordingly less. Details of legislation must necessarily be left largely to the Philippine Commission until an efficient system of self-government is organized, and then it must be left to the self-governing body, subject to a certain measure of control by the Commission. We have great confidence in the moral judgment of the Philippine Commission; but there seem to us to be serious objections to this plan, as it is reported in the daily press. (1) It is said that prohibition is impracticable. It appears to us that it would be easier to maintain absolute prohibition than a prohibition discriminating along race lines, allowing opium-smoking to Chinamen and making it a penal offense if indulged in by Filipinos or Americans. (2) All monopolies are seriously objectionable. Monopoly granted and guaranteed by government is doubly objectionable. Monopoly in a vice granted and guaranteed by government is trebly objectionable. There is practically no difference of opinion among intelligent men that opium-smoking is a vice. It is condemned by all medical authorities, and is strongly protested against by the best class of Chinamen, the race for whose indulgence the proposed license of opium traffic in the Philippines is to be established. (3) When a representative legislature is elected in the Philippines, and is intrusted with authority to declare what is the will of the people of those islands, if it desires to admit opium under certain restrictions, there would be much to be said in favor of leaving to it the decision of the question. At present, however, the government in the Philippine Islands is purely a paternal government. So long as such a government is maintained, the American people are responsible for determining whether opium-smoking shall be allowed, and under what conditions. There is, therefore, in this case no such question of home rule as is raised in the United States by the issue presented between local option and State prohibition of the liquor traffic. (4) If any sale of opium is to be allowed at all, except for medicinal purposes, it appears to us that the sale should be conducted by

the Government, through salaried agents. No man should be allowed to make a profit out of the sale; for whenever there is such a profit, there is an incentive not only to evade the prohibition but also to stimulate to the largest possible degree the sale within the prohibited lines. For these reasons, if the proposed opium regulations are correctly reported by the press, we hope that they will be overruled by the Administration at Washington, even if the whole question has to be left in a somewhat unsettled condition until a local self-government is organized in the islands. Until that time the National policy should be one of prohibition.



The "Hawaiian Case." A recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States has reaffirmed the principle involved in the Insular Cases, that the United States may own territory which is not an integral part of the United States, though subject to it, and may govern peoples who are not citizens of the United States, though amenable to its authority. One Mankichi was tried and convicted of manslaughter in the Hawaiian courts, under the law of Hawaii, without having been indicted by a grand jury, which these laws did not require. His conviction took place after the islands had been annexed to the United States under a resolution which provided that "the municipal legislation of the Hawaiian Islands . . . not contrary to the Constitution of the United States nor to any existing treaty of the United States shall remain in force until the Congress of the United States shall otherwise determine." The Constitution of the United States provides that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury." Mankichi demanded release from imprisonment on the ground that he had not been so indicted, and the Court refused the demand. The refusal was based on the grounds: (1) That the islands were by annexation made subject to the sovereignty of the United States, expressed through Federal legislation; (2) that in interpreting the clause "not contrary to the Constitution of the United States," regard must be had by the Court to the

plain meaning of the legislators, and it cannot be believed that it was their intention to abolish the provisions of law already existing in Hawaii, while nothing was put in their stead. The resolution of annexation was adopted July 7, 1898; not until April 30, 1900, was Hawaii organized as a Territory of the United States, and the laws of the United States extended over the islands. The Court holds that no legislation inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, adopted by Hawaii *after* annexation, would have been valid; but that the resolution did not operate to make void legislation of Hawaii prior to annexation, if the effect of overlooking such legislation would be "the destruction of existing provisions conducive to the peace and good order of the community." The same judges who dissented from the decision of the Court in the previous Insular Cases dissented in this case; but the decision of the Court is reinforced by the coinciding opinions of Judges Holmes and Day, who have been appointed to the Supreme Court Bench since those cases were decided. The Hawaiian case thus emphasizes and reinforces the doctrine, which must now be regarded as established constitutional law, that the United States may acquire territory, and that, not only may Congress legislate for such territory as being outside the provisions of the United States Constitution, but that the Court will hold that these provisions do not apply if their application will "result in the destruction of existing provisions conducive to the peace and good order of the community." We think that Mr. Justice Harlan in his dissenting opinion correctly interprets its significance in his declaration that "it assumes the possession by Congress of power quite as omnipotent as that possessed by the English Parliament"—that is, power over territories acquired and peoples brought under our sovereignty, but not incorporated in the National organization



The Postal Scandals. The results of the investigation so far carried on of the various charges made against officials in the Post-Office Department show at least grave irregularities. We have already noted the arrest of Mr.

Machen and Mr. Miller on the charges of receiving bribes from manufacturers who sold certain articles to the Department, and the resignation or suspension of several other officials in connection with the same matter. These charges will now, of course, be passed upon by the courts, and it can only be said that the evidence presented against these men by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Bristow, shows a strong *prima facie* case. This matter has no doubt led the Department to give more serious attention to the charges made by Mr. Tulloch of political favoritism and irregularities in appointments and promotions. While the Postmaster-General at first showed some disposition to minimize and ridicule these charges, it must be added that he also gave orders for their careful investigation, and it must be noted also that these irregularities did not take place during Mr. Payne's incumbency. Most of them appear to be charged, as regards ultimate responsibility, to Mr. Perry S. Heath, formerly First Assistant Postmaster-General. A report has just been made by Mr. Procter, the Civil Service Commissioner, detailing the results of the evidence heard by him at the request of Postmaster-General Payne. This evidence related to the conduct of the post-office in Washington, but Commissioner Procter's report states very positively and very significantly that the irregularities discovered "were directed by the Department or requested or suggested by high Department officials, and in every case came to the Postmaster with all the force of a direction." Mr. Procter's report indicates that it was a common custom, at least when Mr. Heath was in office, to have appointments made to the Washington post-office (and apparently also to many other local post-offices) where new employees were not at all needed, and with the express intent of taking advantage by promoting them to positions in the Department without passing them through the classification required by the Civil Service rules. Mr. Procter says that the astonishing number of three hundred and eighty employees thus entered the service upon considerations other than fitness as ascertained by the competitive examinations. Mr. Procter in part exonerates the Washington Postmaster, Mr. Merritt, on the express

ground that appointments of this kind were forced upon him by his superiors at times even over his protest. Mr. Procter says of these acts:

They show a wide departure in policy from a strict regard for the public interest, and afford indications that the Department used the Washington post-office for political and personal purposes to an extent which left the authority of the postmaster in transfers and appointments of this sort but little more than nominal, and placed the office in many respects in the relation of a bureau to the Department.

The investigation seems to show clearly that most of the irregularities herein set forth were directed by the Department or requested or suggested by high departmental officials, and in either case came to the postmaster with all the force of direction.

The arrest of Machen and his associates on charges of receiving bribes, the disclosures concerning the Washington post-office, the allegations that improper promotions have been made in the New York post-office, and the assertion that the confidential clerk of the Postmaster-General, Mr. H. H. Rand, and other post-office officials have allowed their names to be used by swindling "get-rich-quick" concerns, whose transactions were properly a subject for suspicion by the Post-Office Department itself—all these things show that there is need for a thorough investigation of the workings of the Department. President Roosevelt, it is understood, has directed that this shall be made, that it shall be exhaustive, and that it shall cover all possible sorts of wrong-doing or corruption.



#### Further Gains for Direct Legislation

Next to direct primaries the democratic movement now making the greatest headway in this country is direct legislation. Each new issue of the "Direct Legislation Record" (Newark, New Jersey) contains the account of some further legislative advance for the movement, and a legislative advance for this movement which aims to abridge the power of Legislatures is always indicative of a still greater advance among the general public. Most of the signal victories have been in the Central and Western States, but in Massachusetts the Legislature has this year given favorable consideration to the proposed constitutional amendment permitting the voters themselves, by widely

signed petitions, to secure the submission of future amendments. In the South also the movement is making some headway, particularly in Texas. The strength of the movement, however, lies in what used to be called the West. Illinois, as we have previously reported, already has a "Public Opinion" law, under which the judgment of the voters may be learned upon particular propositions, and under which they have indorsed the entire direct legislation programme by a majority of six to one. In South Dakota, Utah, and Oregon direct legislation constitutional amendments have already been adopted, and in Missouri, Colorado, California, and Washington two-thirds of the present Legislatures were pledged before their election to support such amendments. The work of pledging legislators is being prosecuted with great vigor by a non-partisan "Federation for Majority Rule," with headquarters at Washington. This association, the work of which Mr. George H. Shibley is aiding and promoting, has even undertaken to apply the principle of direct legislation to National affairs by pledging Congressmen to support a plan by which the people may instruct their representatives. Nine of the sixteen Congressmen from Missouri have given their adherence to this plan. In the Missouri campaign preceding the election of the present Legislature the Democratic party indorsed direct legislation, while the Republican party remained neutral; but the referendum amendment submitted by the Democratic Legislature is now being sharply arraigned by the Republicans because of its conservatism. The Republicans charge that the Democratic majority in the Legislature has attempted to maintain partisan control by making the promised referendum to the voters needlessly difficult. In Oregon, where the radical constitutional amendment was adopted, by a vote of eleven to one, year before last, the recent Legislature adopted an act providing that the text of all laws submitted to the people, together with arguments for and against them furnished without cost to the State by responsible organizations favoring and opposing them, shall be sent by the Secretary of State to each voter in advance of the election, in order that he may be informed as to the exact nature and merits of the proposal.

In Oregon, as in Switzerland, direct legislation is to be utilized to the full as a means of popular education upon public affairs. This movement, as a whole, whatever may be thought of details, is an application of the motto, "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy."



#### Anthracite Combination Wins Suit

The action before the Inter-State Commerce Commission begun by William R. Hearst, the proprietor of the New York "American," charging the anthracite coal roads with maintaining unreasonable rates by means of an illegal combination, has resulted for the time being in a victory for the roads. The interesting testimony brought before the Commission, it will be recalled, was interrupted by the refusal of the roads to produce certain contracts, by which the complainant's attorney offered to prove the illegality of the conduct of the combination. One of these contracts related to the purchase of the Temple Iron Company at an exorbitant figure to bribe its owners not to build a competing railroad, and others to contracts with shippers giving them for their coal a certain percentage of the price it brought at tide-water. The Inter-State Commerce Commission ordered that these contracts be produced, and when the roads refused, the matter was brought before Judge Lacombe, of the United States Circuit Court. Judge Lacombe's decision sustains the roads in all important points—even attaching "great force" to a minor contention that Mr. Hearst had no right to prosecute a case before the Commission, as he was merely a consumer of coal and not a shipper. This is rather an alarming suggestion, for if consumers have no right to bring complaints of unreasonable freight rates, then the chief sufferers from such rates are often without a remedy under the Inter-State Commerce Law. Upon the chief points at issue between the roads and the Commission the Court decided that the contracts giving the mining companies a certain percentage of the average price of coal at tide-water were not inter-State contracts regulating freight rates, but local contracts for the purchase of coal, and that the contract with the Temple Iron

Company to prevent the building of a new coal road had no relation to the forms of pooling forbidden by the Inter-State Commerce Law. Upon the latter point, however, the Court's decision indicates that another course of action is open to the complainant. It says :

The contracts in question are parts of the machinery by which this combination prevented the building of the new road. If the defendants were being prosecuted under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act for having entered into a combination or contract in restraint of trade, the contracts would be relevant. This, however, is not a prosecution under the Anti-Trust Act, nor is the Inter-State Commerce Commission the forum before whom such a prosecution is conducted.

The Commission is naturally disappointed in the decision, and proposes to appeal to the higher court. The decision seems to emphasize the need of legislation conferring greater powers of control over inter-State commerce by the Commission.



#### Child Labor Restriction

The restriction of child labor at the South accomplished by the now famous Alabama Committee is hardly greater than the restriction of child labor in New York accomplished by the New York Committee organized a year ago. Former agitations had made the time ripe for action, and the Committee, by effectively marshaling the forces supporting its reform bills, convinced reluctant legislators that the general public demanded their enactment. With but few modifications, the entire programme of the Committee was accepted, and the following far-reaching changes made in the laws protecting the freedom of childhood :

First. The perjury of parents regarding the ages of their children made difficult by requiring the transcript of church, school, or other public record establishing the accuracy of their statements.

Second. Vacation work in cities prohibited for children under fourteen (instead of twelve as heretofore).

Third. A nine-hour limit substituted for a ten-hour limit upon the store and factory work of children under sixteen.

Fourth. The employment of messenger, delivery, and office boys under fourteen forbidden.

Fifth. The work of newsboys in New York and Buffalo prohibited absolutely for children under ten years of age, and restricted to wholesome hours by a license system for children between ten and fourteen.

Sixth. The compulsory education law made

to support the child labor law, by requiring school attendance up to the age of fourteen, instead of twelve as heretofore.

The Committee, of which Mr. Robert Hunter, of the University Settlement, is Chairman, realize that advances so far-going invite a counter attack on the part of those wishing to secure a profit from the labor of uneducated and undeveloped children. They therefore propose to continue their activities during the coming year, not only to guard the legislative gains already made, but also to see that laws secured are honestly enforced, and to ascertain to what extent the injurious forms of labor prohibited in the factories are maintained in the tenement-houses. The work is almost of National importance, for in New York City, the port of entry for nearly all our immigrants, and the stopping place for so large a portion of the poorest, there is especial danger of the development of a class of servile laborers inconsistent with American ideals. The work of the Committee is necessarily costly, and deserves the support of all believers in an educated citizenship.



#### Corrupt Labor Representatives

The two most interesting strikes in the country last week were each

affected by the evidence of corruption brought against certain of the labor leaders. In New York Samuel J. Parks, the walking delegate of the Housesmiths', Bridgemen's, and Structural Iron Workers' Union, was arrested upon the charge of extortion, and in Chicago President G. W. Walton, of the Restaurant-Keepers' Association, was deposed from his position for attempting to act as mediator between the leaders of the Waiters' Union and his own association, by getting the latter to bribe the former to settle the strike. The New York case was of exceptional importance by reason of the clearness of the evidence upon which the arrest of the walking delegate was made. This contained among other things a check for two thousand dollars given to Parks to call off a strike in the Hecla Iron Works, and cashed for him at the office of the Fuller Construction Company. This check, according to the testimony submitted, was, at Parks's request, not originally made out to him but to a subordinate officer of

one of the construction companies, and by him made over to Parks, whose indorsement is on the back of the check. In his defense Parks claims that he took the money for his union, and some of its members have shown a desire to shield him; but the judgment of the public has not been influenced by these defenses. Other charges of extortion from other firms have since been brought against Parks, and the evidence against him indicates that he has made large sums of money by selling his influence with his union to employers willing to buy it—sometimes creating difficulties in order to be bought off. The worst of the situation, however, is the evidence indicating that such bribing of walking delegates is of frequent occurrence, and that some of the largest construction companies paid these bribes as a matter of business policy. In such cases as these the labor leaders who demand the bribes are far more guilty than the employers who pay them to prevent losses, but the latter are also participants in the crime, whose consenting to it makes it more difficult for other employers to stand out against it. The evidence presented against Parks has materially aided the Building Trades Employers' Association in pressing its demand for the acceptance of a plan of arbitration in which walking delegates are denied a right to represent their unions. Nearly half of the building trades unions have seceded from the general association because the latter refused to promote a settlement. The seceding unions represent, as a rule, the more skilled mechanics. In Chicago the Waiters' Union tied up nearly all the important hotels on Friday of last week, arbitrarily refusing to arbitrate with the employers' association—organized labor declaring that it would treat only with individual employers. This semi-humorous reversal of the conditions presented by the not infrequent refusal of organized capital to treat with other than individual employees aroused public indignation, and the refusal of other unions to support the waiters made it easy for the employers to engage new help.



**A People's Forum** The recent completing of the season's work of the People's Institute of New York City offers a suitable occasion for a brief

review of the really remarkable scope of that season's activities. As our readers know, the People's Institute has been carried on for about six years under the management of Professor Charles Sprague Smith. Its main intention is to afford a People's Forum for the discussion of questions affecting the people's interests and to afford an opportunity to hear ethical addresses. The underlying principle of the work is that of the brotherhood of mankind and the unity of the interests of the whole people. In the six months of the last season one hundred and twenty lectures were delivered, with an average attendance of between five and six thousand people; classes in political science, ethics, literature, and language were carried on through a club now controlled by the Institute; a Harlem branch provided for fifty lectures, with an average weekly attendance of five hundred. These figures give only in a statistical way—and one by no means representative—the amount of work done. What the influence of the discussions may be is shown by the fact that among the votes taken at the close of the discussions and sent to Albany, as an expression of the people's feeling, was one against the proposed weakening of the tenement-house law, which stood 1,700 to 1, and one in favor of legislation about child labor, which stood 1,400 to nothing. Perhaps the scope of the Institute work may be indicated by the titles of a few of the topics taken up in the Sunday night programmes: Political Corruption (Dr. S. S. Wise); Brotherhood (Dr. A. H. Bradford); Our Philippine Problem (Dr. J. G. Schurman); The Moral Certainty of Jesus (Rev. T. R. Slicer); Christian Socialism (Dr. George Hodges); The Church and the Workingman (Rev. Merle Wright); The Art of Making a Living (Mr. L. F. Post); Arbitration (Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Jr.); The Salvation Army (Commander Booth Tucker); Abraham Lincoln (Dr. S. P. Cadman); What is Religion? (Lyman Abbott). The programme for other evenings of the week (carried on in co-operation with the Cooper Union) dealt with natural science, history, evolution, municipal administration, Shakespeare, Italian art, and many other topics, and included also excellent musical concerts. The power of such an institute,

carried on, as it largely is, through the people rather than for the people, can hardly be overestimated. It is now proposed to provide a home for the various organizations that have been engaged in this people's movement. Of the names suggested for this home, that most commonly used—the People's Palace—seems to us the least descriptive and satisfactory; the People's Forum might be better; but we fail to see why the building as well as the movement might not be properly and without confusion called the People's Institute. It is particularly pleasing to record the fact that the people who attend the meeting will themselves be called upon to assist as their opportunities allow in raising the funds, and that one appeal directly to the audience resulted in trebling the usual voluntary contributions and in eliciting single gifts from workmen which represent to them a larger proportion of their actual capital than the gift of enormous sums does to a millionaire. If this project is carried to a successful outcome, it will provide for an audience of from four to eight thousand; will have a stage suitable for the presenting of plays; will contain an organ, so that great choral works may be given; and, in short, serve as a People's Church (undenominational, creedless, and non-proselyting); a People's Forum, where men eminent in public life may render an account of their trust and all questions of real public interest may be discussed; a People's Theater; and a school of literature, art, and science.



#### The Commencement Season

Many important Commencements were held last week, foremost among them those at Columbia and at Princeton. Columbia graduated eight hundred and fifty-four students, and President Butler announced gifts amounting to half a million dollars, \$300,000 of which is to be devoted to a dormitory of the best order, \$100,000 to be used for the law school, and \$100,000 for the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The announcement was also made that South Field would be acquired by the University on October 1; and an appeal was made on behalf of the trustees for further contributions to this object. President

Wilson, speaking at the one hundred and fifty-sixth annual Commencement at Princeton, announced that he had no statement of recent gifts to make, but that the time was ripe and that during the coming year the University would reap a harvest from the beneficence of its friends. At Columbia the most important honorary degrees conferred were those of Doctor of Science on Peter Cooper Hewitt, a very promising scientist of this city; on Professor Thomson, of the University of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, minister of the Old South Church, Boston, received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology; M. Jules Jusserand, Ambassador of France at Washington, received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and Governor Odell that of Doctor of Laws. At Princeton Professor Sloane was honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and Professors Corson and Crane, of Cornell University, with the degree of Doctor of Letters. The announcement that Professor Henry B. Fine has been appointed Dean of the Faculty at Princeton was received with profound satisfaction by the students and by all who know Professor Fine's unusual combination of scholarship, broad sympathies, and sound judgment. He has many of the qualities which have identified the position of Dean with the late Professor Murray in the minds of hundreds of Princeton men.



**The International Missionary Union** During the first week of June the twentieth annual meeting of the Union brought together at Clifton Springs, New York, over a hundred and fifty representatives of the missions of American and European societies in foreign lands. Among matters of public interest that came up, the present conditions in the Congo Free State were denounced as "Christian cannibalism," and a letter of protest against their continuance was addressed to the King of the Belgians. First-hand testimony to the atrocities there perpetrated under Belgian rule was presented from members of the Union now in Africa and from others present at the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Nassau, from the west coast of Africa, affirms that the recent barbarities, for



which the syndicate engaged in collecting rubber is responsible, exceed the worst features of the worst days of slave-hunting. The activity of Protestant missionaries in exposing these horrors is resented by a vindictive policy of the Belgian authorities in Africa, in excluding them from land essential to their work. American Presbyterians have been threatened with forcible eviction unless they vacate their station on the Kasai River, and other missionaries have been expelled from Juapa. British Baptists have rendered much service to the Congo Free State by contributions of charts and surveys on the upper Congo, but they are now refused the land privileges necessary for the extension of their work. The letter addressed to King Leopold remonstrates against this obstructive policy, as well as against the cruelties whose exposure is thus resented. The Czar's recent proclamation of religious liberty was also discussed. The English translations of it are not free from all uncertainty. It is regarded as conceding personal liberty in worship, but no opportunity for missionary effort. The opening of industrial schools in connection with other missionary work, which has been a recent subject of discussion, was presented in a large number of papers and addresses, and received hearty indorsement. The papers and addresses which occupied an entire session with the topic "Twenty Years Ago and Now" exhibited the encouragement given by political, social, and religious changes during that period. Among the speakers were Dr. Goodrich, of Peking, who preached the annual sermon, Miss Ellen Stone, and the Rev. J. H. House, of Salonika, who was so efficient in freeing Miss Stone from captivity. Dr. House's account of the complications in Turkey, where he has resided thirty years, will merit attention when published.



**Liturgical Revision** The topic most discussed in the meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church was the revision of its liturgy, particularly in the sacramental parts. It was proposed in the form for infant baptism to omit the words "conceived and born in sin." In the form for the communion service, instead of specifying classes of evil-doers

that are warned not to partake—"thieves, liars, drunkards, adulterers," etc.—it was proposed to warn in general terms those "who are continuing in open and unrepented sin." In the marriage service it was proposed to omit the word "obey." The result was that the two forms, old and new, will be submitted to the Classes for final action upon the question. Whatever their decision, individual ministers will probably exercise, as they do now, some liberty of variation. The annual reports show a gain of about two per cent. in membership during the year. The evangelistic movement, whose specific aim is to quicken the religious life of the Church, was reported as being strongly promoted, especially by the Western churches. Consideration of a stringent rule concerning the remarriage of a divorced person was laid over till another year.



**Congregational  
Education Society**

An advance of twenty per cent. in the receipts of a single year is an unusual thing to report, but none too much for the needs of the important educational field worked by this old Society. The Christian school, academy, and college have an influential part in the moral development of the rural regions of the far West and Southwest, by giving permanence to the results of the home missionary's work. In Utah, in New Mexico, they are indispensable in coping with degrading superstitions. One of the twenty-two academies on the Society's list was founded at Carrier, Oklahoma, when the people there were living in sod huts. Thus the primitive New England tradition is followed. The new Theological Seminary opened at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1901 is proving its peculiar adaptation to the need of the Southern field for an educated ministry. While its "Correspondence Course" reaches pastors unable to attend in person, it secures the attendance of younger men with some measure of training. Five women, all wives of ministers, have been among its students the past year. The four colleges aided by the Society all report largely increased attendance, and some students turned away for lack of room. It is strange to hear of a place in this country where, a few years ago, no Protestant could live. At that

place, however, the Congregational Education Society has recently established a school, which now contains more than three-fourths of the children of school age.



**Religious and Educational Work  
in the Turkish Empire**

The political  
unrest now  
existing in the

Balkans calls renewed attention, it would seem, to the religious and educational work chiefly accomplished there by Americans. The American Board (Congregational) has no less than 130 organized native churches throughout the Turkish Empire and Bulgaria, twenty-five of which are self-supporting. The Board has built no church in Constantinople, although it has an organization extending to several parts of the city. It owns sites in Pera and Stambul, but a firman, or permission, to build in these sections of Constantinople has been persistently refused. Even the large congregations of Armenian and Greek Protestants, who have purchased lots to build houses of worship and have funds ready for that purpose, are prohibited from doing so by the officials. The churches already standing in Constantinople have been erected under the patronage of the various foreign embassies. The most noteworthy and significant accomplishment of the various missionary boards in Turkey has been educational rather than religious. They maintain a number of colleges of a high grade and schools of all grades. Taking the Turkish Empire as a whole, their colleges are now educating about 3,000 students and the schools about 20,000. In his recently published volume, Mr. W. E. Curtis shows Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, to have been a decided reactionary even for a Turk. Between the time of the Crimean War and the present reign, says this author, religious liberty prevailed throughout Turkey; and the Government actually encouraged Mohammedans to enter the mission schools. They came in large numbers. Abdul Hamid's policy, however, has been to restrict education. "He would keep his people in ignorance; and he has created such a condition that no Mohammedan can attend a Protestant school without rendering himself and his family the objects of suspicion and persecution of all sorts." For instance, the father may be arrested upon false charges,

sent to prison, and his property confiscated; or, as Mr. Curtis informs us, the son may be accused of "discontent" (a prevalent crime!), and be sent to prison for years; or some member of the family may be charged with membership in the "Young Turkey party"—an offense punishable by death or banishment. Mr. Curtis adds his testimony to that of others to the effect that a Christianized Mohammedan cannot live in Turkey. He is compelled to leave the country, for as soon as the fact is known he is either assassinated or thrown into prison; hence Mohammedans who will accept Christianity are very few. There is, nevertheless, a good deal of missionary work done by Protestants among the Mohammedans. One indication of this is that about five thousand copies of the Bible are sold in the Ottoman Empire every year. This would indicate a genuine interest, even if the purchasers dare not reveal their names, owing to fear of the Mohammedan priests and government officials.



**General  
Alexander McCook**

By the death last week of General Alexander McDowell McCook, there was removed one of the few remaining really great figures of the Civil War. The son of a soldier who himself was killed in the Civil War, he was one of a family of seven brothers, all of whom fought in the war, and three of whom were killed, while four attained the rank of general. The list of engagements in which General McCook took part and in which he rendered conspicuous service to his country is a long one, and includes Indian fights dating back as far as 1854, while in the Civil War he was present at the first battle of Bull Run, at the battle of Shiloh, in the siege of Corinth, and in the campaigns which included the fight at Perryville, the relief and capture of Nashville, the march to Murfreesboro', the battle of Stone River, and that of Chickamauga. He left West Point as a lieutenant in 1852, entered the Civil War as a captain, and was rapidly promoted until the end of the war, when he held the brevet rank of Major-General. After the war he was prominent in the investigation of Indian affairs as a representative of the army, was one of the delegates

sent by this country to the coronation of the Czar of Russia, and served as a member of a special committee for the investigation of affairs in the War Department after the war with Spain. His military rank in the regular army was that of Major-General.



## The Situation in Serbia

The tyrannical autocracy of the youthful Alexander of Serbia had long given sufficient justification for his deposition, though never for his assassination. A year before he reached his legal majority (eighteen) at a banquet to the Regents and Ministers, he suddenly put them all under arrest, and, declaring their duties terminated, immediately assumed control of the government. Passing over a number of lesser affronts to the people, last April he abrogated the national constitution for five minutes. He decreed the constitution's repeal, and then, as absolute monarch, annulled certain progressive laws passed under it—measures providing for freedom of meeting and of the press, above all the communal electoral law by which greater popular control of the Skuptshina or Parliament was obtained—for the *zadruga*, or family community, still obtains in Serbia; the tribes, often a hundred strong, live in a long succession of connected dwellings and are presided over patriarchally by the head of the family. Alexander further deposed the judges *en bloc*, and then restored the constitution to validity! By such acts, resulting in the disgrace and retirement of a number of his ablest counselors, Ministers, and legislators, he insulted his independently inclined people; at all events, he did enough to cause the majority to sigh for Karageorgiev rule again. Indeed, Prince Peter Karageorgiev was quite justified in saying, as he did a year ago, "Why should I have agents to incite revolt and to work in the interests of my dynasty when King Alexander is performing this task better than any one else?"

Whether Prince Peter, now elected King by the Skuptshina, will be an improvement on his predecessor remains to be seen. In the eyes of Russia he will be; he has long been a vigorous Russophile; his marriage with Princess Zorka of Montenegro was arranged by the Czar, and

their two sons have been trained at the Russian military academy. In the eyes of the rest of the world, however, despite the Prince's professed shock at the horrible deed just perpetrated, he will, if elected, occupy a blood-stained throne, gained through regicide, even though he be personally innocent. His first duty should be to insist on the condign punishment of Alexander's murderers. If King Peter does not do this spontaneously, the sovereigns of Europe ought to compel him to do so, if only as a means of self-preservation and the protection of legitimism in government. It is to be hoped that this reported statement from the Prince will be confirmed: "The nation must avenge the crime. It is imperative under a civilized constitution. A King who could overlook it or receive a crown at the hands of assassins would be their accomplice."

Will Serbia be better off nationally and internationally under the new rule? Nationally, the land could hardly have been worse off than it was under the young autocrat whose stroke-of-state last April constitutes his most prominent claim to governmental remembrance. Internationally, the status of Serbia cannot be greatly changed, although in the murder of the anti-Russian Premier, Zingar Markovic, the country has lost a notable statesman, one who stood in some such relation to Serbia as did the anti-Russian Bulgarian Premier, Stambulov, likewise foully assassinated, to his own country. The new Prime Minister, the pro-Russian Jovan Avakumovic, was at the head of a Liberal Cabinet eleven years ago, and is said to be the best-known jurist in Serbia. He will have a hard task to provide payment for the army and the civil servants. It is not so sure that he will steer a middle course between Russian and Austrian agents, each willing to aid Serbia for the present in return for an option on the future. Meanwhile, a population of 2,500,000 supports an army of 30,000, which probably consumes more time and treasure in proportion to the popular resources than does the army of any other nation. Dissatisfaction with the lack of pay gave the final impulse to the long-planned overturn of the Obrenovic dynasty. Fortunately, Serbia's standing with the Powers is not affected by this financial stringency. As with China and

Turkey, the creditors of Servia have long since imposed a Commission, which, sitting at Belgrade, without reference to the Government, receives and administers for the benefit of these creditors the net earnings of the State railways, the customs duties, the liquor licenses, the tobacco, salt, and petroleum monopolies.

If such accounts only have been permitted to go out as suit those who now have control of the Servian government, the wholesale butchery of last week calls attention, as nothing else has done, to the thin veneer of civilization in the Balkans. Indeed, coming close upon the heels of the Kishenev horror and the work of the Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand revolutionists, we are reminded that all southeast Europe—Russia on one side and Turkey on the other side of the Balkans—is still in a primitive social condition. The last doubters among the Teutonic family of nations may now feel disposed to believe that the Slavs, while energetic and patriotic, are, as a division of the human family, excitable, easily blinded by bigotry or passion, and prone to violence.

As a member of the Slav group of nations, Servia has fallen to a still lower level than that established by the army in its campaign of 1885. Disastrous as that campaign was in its revelations of a lack of fiber, the Servian army has now indulged in something worse—conspiracy, treason, and murder, not only of men but of defenseless women. King Charles of Rumania, who has been an honorary colonel in the Servian army, immediately severed his connection with an organization which, he declared, "has given such horrible proof of the lack of military honor." Still more disheartening were the illumination of the capital the night after the murder, the hasty burial of the dead, the absence of any ecclesiastical dignitaries at that service, above all, the official proclamation of the death of Colonel Naumovic, who had grossly insulted the Queen, as "an officer who died on the field of honor for the fatherland!" It would seem as if the one heroic thing in the whole revolting tale was the instant shooting of Naumovic by the young King.

Finally, allowing for the fact that the despatches are revised by the now ruling party, the Servian people seem to be singularly unmoved by the manner of

getting rid of a detested dynasty. Materially prosperous as the peasant farmers are in Servia, constituting seven eighths of the population, and ambitious as all Servians are to make their country great, there is little hope for a nation which views with apathetic indifference, if not with a silence which gives consent, so brutal a series of assassinations as this has been.



## Reading in the Home

The Department of Agriculture of Cornell University is doing practical and valuable work in endeavoring to aid farmers' families in the matter of reading; and Professor Bailey, who has not only wide knowledge of his subject but skill in popular presentation, has recently issued a little note in regard to home reading which is worth considering, not only by farmers' wives, but by wives and mothers in households of every kind. Home reading is one of the simplest and most easily worked means of education; but it is a means which is often neglected, because people do not give it thought and do not realize what can be done by a little thought. Professor Bailey, who has in mind the children of the farmer's household, emphasizes by illustration the importance of putting the best reading in their hands, and notes the fact that if a boy likes good things to look at and good things to read, it is because he has been accustomed to things of good quality on the walls and on the book-shelves of his own home. The training of the eye and the training of the mind ought to be part of the education of every home; not in a didactic fashion, nor in such a way as to tax the attention of the boy or girl, or to impose a fresh burden on father or mother, but by the much more effective way of having the best pictures on the walls and the best books on the shelves. This does not mean any additional outlay of money; it is possible to-day to secure reproductions of the best works of art in simple and excellent forms at a very moderate cost, and books were never so cheap in the whole history of literature.

The reading habit in a child ought to be formed early, and ought to be formed at home. It is not only the habit which educates, but it is also the habit which

protects. The boy who has become interested in good books is much more likely to be at home in the evening than the boy who lacks that resource. The best way to keep a boy out of temptation and to carry him safely through the dangerous period of youth is to surround him with things at home that are more attractive to him than things he finds abroad. A wise mother discovered not long ago that her boys were absent every evening, and, upon investigation, she found that they were playing whist with the men in the stable. Instead of expostulating with them, she learned to play whist herself, and to play it well, though she disliked all kinds of games. When she had mastered the game, she quietly proposed to her sons one evening to play whist with her, and it followed, as a matter of course, without any consciousness on their part, that the scene of their amusement was transferred from the stable to the library.

It is a capital suggestion of Professor Bailey's to establish the habit of reading aloud in the family. This means a distribution of the work of reading, so far as there is any work involved. It means the unity of the family circle in a common interest and occupation, and it is a capital way of evoking the freshness of thought and suggestiveness in the different members of the family. Reading aloud ought to be a universal accomplishment; as a matter of fact, it is extraordinarily rare, not because it is difficult to learn, but because so few people have ever had any practice. The habit of reading aloud in a family, once formed, trains every member to a certain excellence of expression, adds a new resource to the family life, and knits a new bond between the members of the family. When this habit has been established, it is very easy to carry out. The further suggestion of setting aside one evening in each week for family reading, if it is wisely selected with reference to other interests and engagements, is good. The evening is looked forward to after a time, and nothing of ordinary importance is allowed to interfere with it. Out of such informal readings groups of readers are often organized and neighborhoods interested, and the atmosphere of secluded communities is freshened and vivified.

These hints concern the mechanism of home education; it is assuming that only

the best material for that education will be used. Good books, to put them on the lowest possible basis, are quite as interesting as inferior books. No boy need be relegated to cheap novels because he is fond of fiction; the libraries are full of stories of adventure and achievement told in the best possible way; and it is as easy to interest a boy by putting Stevenson in his hands as to give him some writer who has no sense of form, no excellence of style, no dignity of aim. It is never necessary to read trashy books for the sake of securing the interest of an untrained or immature mind. Nothing but the best ought ever to be read in a family. It costs no more than the worst, it is far more interesting, and it is the only kind of reading that conveys any moral uplifting, or opens the imagination.



## The Ethical Significance of Money

The institution of private property has been potent for moral development up to a certain point. It has wonderfully developed the economic virtues, industry, frugality, prudence. These, however, have been developed mainly on their self-regarding side, and the morality they have fostered has been merely "embryonic." Such is the character, as Professor Bowne has observed, of the current morality of our present industrial and economic order, which stands now at the parting of the ways, where a choice is urgent between moral advance or moral degeneration. The germinant idea of the moral advance now imperatively necessary is an ethical conception of money.

That money is power no one needs to be told. Every one assents to Carlyle's saying: "Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all to the extent of that sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him to the extent of that sixpence." This, however, is a non-ethical conception. Mere consciousness of power is the spring of tyranny. It must be moralized into consciousness of power as a trust. This moral advance has already taken place in the political world. The most despotic rulers of civilized States regard their power as held, not for their

Servia, and Hungary affording a charming and constantly changing panorama on each side.



The palace at Belgrade, where last week's tragedy took place, the Spectator saw just as evening was coming on. As he went down the gang-plank from the boat and suffered his passport to be rigorously scrutinized, the chief of police addressed him in English, saying he had once lived in America. He was very friendly, and ordered a special policeman to show the Spectator about the city. It is a clear, compactly built, German-like town, with cobblestone-paved streets, and a public square, at one side of which stands the massive stone palace whose courtyard so recently was filled with the blood-mad rabble of assassins. Near by are a cathedral, a theater, several attractive shops and busy little cafés; and the pleasant air of peacefulness and comfort was in sharp contrast to the tumultuous times of a few days later when the Queen was forced to fly.



There are few large towns on the Danube trip, though one has several opportunities to go ashore at quaint villages, and the Spectator remembers with special pleasure an hour spent in the late afternoon at Mohacs, an almost ideally pastoral village with grass-grown streets, trim peasants' cottages, a pretty little church, a common, and bright little flower gardens. It was on this side of the Carpathian Hills. The palms and minarets of the East had disappeared, the Oriental costumes had given place to equally picturesque but more European ones, and the brilliant sunlight caused the colors to glisten and the dark trees to stand out against the sunset sky. Great boat-loads of homecoming farmers were being ferried across the river, and stalwart, tanned, light-haired women were coming down to their cottage gates to meet them, and their toil-marked faces grew tender as the children trooped about them. It was an idyllic picture, and seemed to bestow a new and unexpected grace upon one's idea of these semi-savage, half-Oriental countries. And when one shudders at the outrages at the capitals, of murdered rulers, corrupt ministers, and plotting officers of state, a little memory of the innocent peace and

pastoral simplicity of this village, shining aureoled in the sunset light, seems to soften the scene and leaven it with a savor of good.



Another charming little incident on this peaceful Danube trip was during an evening ashore in a tiny Servian village. A throng of peasants were clustered about a travel-stained circus tent where an exhibition was just commencing. Paying about seven cents each for the best seats, we saw a modest little performance enacted evidently by one family only. The ring-master and chief acrobat was the father, his wife and daughter rode the one horse in the usual "daring feats," his two boys did some acrobatics, juggling, and trapeze acts, and his daughter danced with pretty grace and ingenuousness. It was all so simply and conscientiously done, the audience being most enthusiastic, that it was quite touching, and the Spectator felt a sudden sympathy for this hard-working family who journeyed from village to village earning their arduous living, and the little tent, with its flaring oil lamps and sawdust ring and the circle of eager spectators, formed a picture not soon to be forgotten.



After all, it is among people of this class that we find the truest phases of human nature. They know not of politics and statecraft, of intrigues and savage plotting. And the tragedy of Belgrade is perhaps but little understood and appreciated in these little Servian villages along the river Danube. The people till their fields and sell their milk and guard their flocks and pay their taxes, and one king in Belgrade is, to them, very like another. The river boats pass up and down before them, laden with foreign passengers and perhaps a group of soldiers, and carry their wool and grain and embroidered cotton to distant markets, but the river is always the same, the fields are sown and reaped, and so life passes. And the Spectator, as he sees, in memory, the figure of the boy king hastening down the station platform at Zurich to greet his exiled father, thinks of the far-reaching consequences of that meeting, and the trip up the Danube takes on a new interest to him.

# Reclaiming a Commonwealth

By Cheesman A. Herrick

**N**ORTH CAROLINA has been the very citadel of illiteracy and educational inefficiency; in a recent scientific study of education she was placed with the lowest expenditure per capita for schools, and the lowest productive power per capita. The Governor of the State has been proclaiming to his people, from the tide-water regions to the mountain fastnesses, that theirs is the poorest State in the Union in dollars and cents, and the most illiterate save one.

Knowledge of the North State's part in the Civil War is necessary to understand her subsequent educational history. Attendance upon a recent State reunion of Confederate Veterans at Greensboro' taught a little of how great had been her sacrifice, how complete her subjugation. Broken and aged men, the shadow of their former selves and of the armies in which they served, wore in their hats a "brag feather" of the "Tar Heels Brigade" which recited: "First at Bethel, Foremost at Gettysburg, Furthest at Chickamauga, and Last at Appomattox." North Carolina, it further said, furnished largely in excess of her proportion of the Confederate army; from a war population of 141,000 she sent to the field 127,000, and of these 40,000 were lost. But the loss of men was not all; infinitely greater were the wasted wealth and crushed spirits of a people proud and brave. When the war was over, the special fund for the support of schools was gone, and the school-houses were deserted. The work of Calvin Wiley, former State Superintendent of Schools, closed with Sherman's occupation of Raleigh. To Sherman war meant hell; to North Carolina it meant illiteracy.

When the war closed, the University of North Carolina was without occupation. School organization and school support had disappeared. Hopeless indeed was the outlook; material needs were considered first. It was ten years before the State University reopened her doors, but at once she began to work mightily for the educational renaissance of the State.

In the first three classes were the present Governor, Charles B. Aycock, on fire with educational enthusiasm; the present progressive State Superintendent of Public Instruction, James Y. Joyner; and the recent President of the University, Edwin A. Alderman, whose addresses always present education as the supremest need of a democracy. To these should be added the not less important work of another alumnus, Charles D. McIver, in the establishment of industrial training and as Secretary of the Southern Education Board. University of North Carolina men were leaders in the summer institute movement, and have assumed the superintendencies in one-half of the graded schools of the State. One-fifth of the present county superintendents of schools are also from the State University. Any institution of the world might well be proud of the work of the younger as well as the older alumni of the University of North Carolina. Let it be said to her credit that with her University North Carolina is working out her own educational salvation.

The educational condition from which this State has arisen is shown by the testimony of the Hon. John C. Scarborough, who became State Superintendent of Schools in 1877. There were then no institution for the training of teachers, no provisions for teachers' institutes, and the Legislature, lest the Board of Education should exercise its general powers, had by law prohibited it from securing a clerk for the State Superintendent, or allowing him any money for traveling expenses.

Down to 1900 the progress was slight. A new qualification for electors was to be fixed in that year, and the man for the occasion was the standard-bearer of the majority party, Charles B. Aycock. "Intelligence" was the watchword of the campaign; a provision before the people was that no one, white or black, coming of age after 1908, should be allowed to vote unless he could read and write. "Adopt this provision," said Aycock, "and if I am elected Governor, it will be my chief aim to give every child in North Carolina

the opportunities for an education." The wisdom of universal education was most convincingly presented, and partisan issues were largely ignored. "If you do not want more attention to education," said the frank and fearless candidate, "don't vote for me." Aycock himself made one hundred and eight speeches in that campaign, and his work was supplemented by others who took the keynote from their leader. The pledges of the candidate were widely printed in the press, but he was not content with this, and had his platform struck off in circulars and then distributed. As might have been expected, Aycock was chosen by a handsome majority, and, best of all, he was as good as his word. "Redeeming the pledges," he terms his action. In season and out he is preaching the gospel of a new educational dispensation. The State levy for educational purposes has been largely increased, and the Governor has worked directly and indirectly for additional local taxation. Marked progress has been made in the following directions: improvement in the character of the schools, the introduction of the graded school system into smaller cities and villages, and the subdivision of larger districts so that the schools will be within reach of all.

Governor Aycock loses no opportunity to speak to his people on his chosen theme, and he is most skillful in suiting his message to special occasions. One of his speeches at the county seat of a remote mountain county may be regarded as typical. Waynesville recently unveiled a memorial tablet to the founder of the town. Announcements of this had the statement that the Governor would be present and deliver an address. It was to the whole region a day of unusual interest. The inhabitants for many miles thronged the streets. As the gathering was typical of the "mountain whites," one might well be curious to see how the educational Governor would be received.

The exercises were held in the courthouse, where all available space was early occupied. One anxious visitor who happened to be a little late spent fifteen minutes in trying to get within hearing distance, and failed. The address and its effect were nothing less than wonderful. From first to last, the words were of a man who knew his subject and believed in it,

who knew his auditors and believed in them. The response showed that the hearers were convinced.

The speaker began by reference to his former appearance on that platform, and to the promise then made, that if he were elected there would be furnished the best possible education for every boy and girl in North Carolina. "My election," he continued, "made my pledge that of the people of the State, and we became co-laborers in a great work." With true art, the belief was expressed that every man in the assemblage had voted for him, or if there was one who did not, he was already sorry for it. "I come to you, then," he said, "to give an account of my stewardship, and to ask that you keep faith with me by doing your part in this stupendous work."

The occasion was made to teach its lesson; the founder of Waynesville had been a Revolutionary soldier, and the part of North Carolina in the Revolution, from the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence to the campaigns of Greene, had a brilliant setting. Local pride was appealed to; it was west North Carolina that saved the "State of Franklin" to the Union, and Waynesville played an important part in that work. The marksmanship of Carolina riflemen received its meed of praise for service in the Second War with Great Britain, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. In courage and heroic endeavor the Governor declared his people to be second to none; "indeed," he asserted, "North Carolinians are the best people in the world when they are doing the things they have been trained to do and know how to do." The greatest shame to a North Carolinian was to be a coward, and the greatest disgrace to turn his back.

North Carolina was then boldly declared to be the poorest State in the Union, and the most illiterate save one. "God bless South Carolina!" said the speaker; "she has got us into a good deal of trouble, but she saves us the ignominy of being the most illiterate of States." Next the question was asked, "Why are you poor? Is it because you are lazy? Yes, you are lazy. Is it because you are thriftless? Yes, you are thriftless. Is it because you are lawless? Yes, you are lawless; but you are neither



more lazy nor more lawless than your neighbors. North Carolina is poor because she is illiterate. Massachusetts is rich, so rich that it sounds like a dream; but Massachusetts has furnished splendid educational opportunities. The trouble with North Carolina has been that we have too long depended upon the education of the few. In our widely separated communities it has been and is difficult to bring education within the reach of all; but the future welfare of the State depends upon this being done."

The speaker devoted himself to the proposition that the strength of a State can be adequately measured by the average intelligence of its people, dwelling on this as it affects both political and industrial life. His illustrations were most pointed and convincing. "When you buy manufactured articles," said he, "you buy them from Massachusetts, and you pay for labor worth four dollars a day; but you pay in the products of your own labor, which is worth fifty cents a day. Now, what does this mean? Why, that you must give eight days of your labor for one day of that of the men in Massachusetts. This is because Massachusetts has taught her people to work, and North Carolina has not." "Not that I urge a mere increase in wages," he continued; "doubling the wages of the people of North Carolina would not double our wealth; what we need is an increase in the efficiency of our workers. We need the application of intelligence to our work. In the Patent Office at Washington there is one patent for every 900 citizens in the United States at large, but there is but one for every 24,000 in North Carolina." Education was found to be *knowing* and *doing* something, and the man who knows and does the things that the times demand was declared to *be* something.

After disposing of universal education as a general proposition and showing the folly and shortsightedness of educating the few, the Governor came to the education of negroes. The one criticism urged against Charles B. Aycock is that he favors taxing white people to educate the blacks; but he declares that his plea for universal education in 1900 meant the education of blacks, and, further, that when he said intelligence should rule, he

did not mean to exclude the intelligent black man. Haywood County, in which the Governor was speaking, has about six hundred negroes in a total population of over sixteen thousand, and the sentiment was strong against the white support of black schools. The discussion of the matter before that audience was like handling fire over a powder magazine.

After the orator was thoroughly *en rapport* with his audience, and his sentiments had been again and again applauded, he concluded a brilliant period with the statement, "Yes, and I believe in the education of niggers!" This was uttered with measured deliberation and intense feeling. The audience was awed. The speaker paused for the effect of what he had said, and, noting disapproval, he added: "I perceive that I have created a gulf between myself and my audience; but, my fellow-citizens, you believe in the education of niggers!" The mountaineer admires courage, and probably nothing but the Governor's fearlessness saved him from being hissed.

One could but admire the skill with which Governor Aycock had captured the strongholds of ignorance and illiteracy; but when he rode full tilt at the fortifications of race prejudice, the seeming self-interest of his audience, and the traditions of over two hundred years, it was too much; one feared for the outcome. But the speaker was equal to the task. He began: "You believe in the education of a mule; he isn't worth much until you break him; he must be educated to work; he will bring no return and be a source of expense until he is trained. You take your setter pup or your foxhound and school him; he would do more harm than good until he is educated. Now," added the Governor, "I think more of a nigger than I do of a mule or a dog, and the reasons for educating a mule or a dog hold to a greater degree for educating a nigger. Intelligence and trained skill of our black men are necessary," he continued, "for the material welfare and political security of our State." This was supplemented by a discussion of true and false education, illumining and convincing. A powerful plea was entered for education of hand and mind, of white and black. The education that North Carolina needs, it was said, is that which shall train

men to keep contracts inviolate, and which shall lead them into, not away from, work.

The rest of the speech was given to removing the prejudice against local taxation for schools, and to inducing the people to make use of the educational facilities offered. The conclusion was reached, and presented with power, that "the best money spent by any community is that spent for schools," and those from the local communities were urged to go home, call a meeting, and petition the proper officials for authority to place an extra levy for school purposes. The Governor said that the compelling power of public opinion must get and keep the children in school, that the State had no compulsory education law, and could not enforce one if it did have it. A burden of responsibility was laid upon teachers to get children to school; the whole community was commissioned a vigilance committee to see that the youth did not grow up in ignorance. Withering was the arraignment of the man who whittles a white pine stick at the crossroads while his wife and children are making a living for themselves and him. "No man who respects himself," it was said, "ought to speak with such a one; tell him to go to work; to get his wife into the home and his children into the school, and then to come back and you will talk with him." The speaker hoped that he should yet see the men of North Carolina at work, the women in the homes, and the children in the schools. The conclusion of this appeal was: "Oh, I wish there wasn't a white pine stick in the universe; we have spent fifty thousand years in North Carolina whittling white pine sticks!" The

speaker also paid his respects to the man who keeps his children from school because he says it will injure them to walk a mile or two to attend, but who compels them to carry corn for three miles to mill.

The conclusion was a call for self-sacrifice and labor. "This is our business," said the Governor; "education that we do not work for will do us little good. I would not accept schools as a free gift from a millionaire; I want the people of North Carolina to pay the price of education and then they will appreciate what it means." While the call was to a difficult task, the speaker said he knew his people, and felt sure that they would not be found wanting. He had confidence in the unmixed and uncontaminated white race of North Carolina. As Governor he bade his hearers join him in placing a school within the reach of every child of the State.

The logic of the speech was convincing, the earnestness of the speaker was irresistible, the response of the audience was spontaneous. Charles B. Aycock and those he modestly represents are rehabilitating a State; they are building the broad foundations of universal education for the superstructure of North Carolina's political and economic future. Progress in recent years has been marked; already North Carolina can give a new account of herself. The per capita expenditure on education increased from sixteen cents in 1870 to fifty-one cents in 1900, while the average earning power of the people more than doubled in the decade ending 1900; but this is only the beginning. North Carolina's achievement is a light to lighten other States, as well as her own glory.

## The Hour and the Man

By Priscilla Leonard

No man can choose what coming hours may bring  
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;  
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour  
To meet its challenge—this is in his power.

# THE FOREST<sup>1</sup>

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

## XIV.—On Walking Through the Woods

WE found ourselves peering through the thicket at a little reed and grass grown body of water a few acres in extent. A short detour to the right led us to an outlet—a brook of a width and dash that convinced us that the little pond was only a stopping-place in the stream, and not a headwaters as we had at first imagined. Then a nearer approach led us past pointed tree-stumps exquisitely chiseled with the marks of teeth, so we knew that we looked, not on a natural pond, but on the work of beavers.

I examined the dam more closely. It was a marvel of engineering skill in the accuracy with which the big trees had been felled exactly along the most effective lines, the efficiency of the filling in, and the just estimate of the waste water to be allowed. We named the place obviously Beaver Pond, resumed our packs, and pushed on.

Now I must be permitted to celebrate by a little the pluck of Dick. He was quite unused to the tump-line; comparatively inexperienced in woods-walking; and weighed but one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Yet not once in the course of that trip did he bewail his fate. Towards the close of this first afternoon I dropped behind to see how he was making it. The boy had his head down, his lips shut tight together, his legs well straddled apart. As I watched he stumbled badly over the merest twig.

"Dick," said I, "are you tired?"

"Yes," he confessed, frankly.

"Can you make it another half-hour?"

"I guess so; I'll try."

At the end of the half-hour we dropped our packs. Dick had manifested no impatience—not once had he even asked how nearly time was up—but now he breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I thought you were never going to stop," said he, simply.

From Dick those words meant a great deal. For woods-walking differs as widely from ordinary walking as trap shooting from field shooting. A good pedestrian may tire very quickly in the forest. No two successive steps are of the same length; no two successive steps fall on the same quality of footing; no two successive steps are on the same level. Those three are the major elements of fatigue. Add further the facts that your way is continually obstructed both by real difficulties—such as trees, trunks, and rocks—and lesser annoyances, such as branches, bushes, and even spider-webs. These things all combine against endurance. The inexperienced does not know how to meet them with a minimum of effort. The tenderfoot is in a constant state of muscular and mental rigidity against a fall or a stumble or a cut across the face from some one of the infinitely numerous woods scourges. This rigidity speedily exhausts the vital force.

So much for the philosophy of it. Its practical side might be infinitely extended. Woodsmen are tough and enduring and in good condition; but no more so than the average college athlete. Time and again I have seen men of the latter class walked to a standstill. I mean exactly that. They knew and were justly proud of their physical condition, and they hated to acknowledge, even to themselves, that the rest of us were more enduring. As a consequence, they played on their nerve, beyond their physical powers. When the collapse came, it was complete. I remember very well a crew of men turning out from a lumber camp on the Sturgeon River to bring in on a litter a young fellow who had given out while attempting to follow Bethel Bristol through a hard day. Bristol said he dropped finally as though he had been struck on the head. The woodsman had thereupon built him a little fire, made him as comfortable as

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

possible with both coats, and hiked for assistance. I once went into the woods with a prominent college athlete. We walked rather hard over a rough country until noon. Then the athlete lay on his back for the rest of the day, while I finished alone the business we had come on.

Now, these instances do not imply that Bristol, and certainly not myself, were any stronger physically, or possessed more nervous force, than the men we had tired out. Either of them on a road could have trailed us, step for step, and as long as we pleased. But we knew the game.

It comes at the last to be entirely a matter of experience. Any man can walk in the woods all day at some gait. But his speed will depend on his skill. It is exactly like making your way through heavy, dry sand. As long as you restrain yourself to a certain leisurely plodding, you get along without extraordinary effort, while even a slight increase of speed drags fiercely at your feet. So it is with the woods. As long as you walk slowly enough so that you can pick your footing, and lift aside easily the branches that menace your face, you will expend little nervous energy. But the slightest pressing, the slightest inclination to go beyond what may be called your physical foresight, lands you immediately in difficulties. You stumble, you break through the brush, you shut your eyes to avoid sharp switchings. The reservoir of your energy is open full cock. In about an hour you feel very, very tired.

This principle holds rigidly true of every one, from the softest tenderfoot to the expertest forest runner. For each there exists a normal rate of travel, beyond which are penalties. Only, the forest runner, by long use, has raised the exponent of his powers. Perhaps as a working hypothesis the following might be recommended: *One good step is worth six stumbling steps; go only fast enough to assure that good one.*

You will learn besides a number of things practically which memory cannot summon to order for instance here. "Brush slanted across your path is easier lifted over your head and dropped behind you than pushed aside," will do as an example.

A good woods walker progresses without apparent hurry. I have followed the

disappearing back of Tawabinisáy when, as my companion elegantly expressed it, "if you stopped to spit you got lost." Tawabinisáy wandered through the forest, his hands in his pockets, humming a little Indian hymn. And we were breaking madly along behind him with the crashing of many timbers.

Of your discoveries probably one of the most impressive will be that in the bright lexicon of woodcraft the word "mile" has been entirely left out. To count by miles is a useless and ornamental elegance of civilization. Some of us once worked hard all one day only to camp three miles down-stream from our resting-place of the night before. And the following day we ran nearly sixty with the current. The space of measured country known as a mile may hold you five minutes or five hours from your destination. The Indian counts by time; and after a little you will follow his example. "Four miles to Kettle Portage" means nothing. "Two hours to Kettle Portage" does. Only, when an Indian tells you two hours, you would do well to count it as four.

Well, our trip practically amounted to seven days to nowhere; or perhaps seven days to everywhere would be more accurate. It was all in the high hills until the last day and a half, and generally in the hardwood forests. Twice we intersected and followed for short distances Indian trails, neither of which apparently had been traveled since the original party that had made them. They led across country for greater or lesser distances in the direction we wished to travel, and then turned aside. Three times we blundered on little meadows of moose-grass. Invariably these were tramped muddy like a cattle-yard, where the great animals had stood as lately as the night before. Caribou were not uncommon. There were a few deer, but not many, for the most of the deer country lies to the south of this our district. Partridges, as we had anticipated, lacked in such high country.

In the course of the five days and a half we were in the hills we discovered six lakes of various sizes. The smallest was a mere pond. The largest would measure some three or four miles in diameter. We came upon that very late one

afternoon. A brook of some size crossed our way, so, as was our habit, we promptly turned up-stream to discover its source. In the high country the headwaters are never more than a few miles distant; and at the same time the magnitude of this indicated a lake rather than a spring as the supply. The lake might be Kawágama.

Our packs had grown to be very heavy, for they had already the weight of nine hours piled on top. And the stream was exceedingly difficult to follow. It flowed in one of those aggravating little ravines whose banks are too high and steep and uneven for good footing, and whose beds are choked with a too abundant growth. In addition, there had fallen many trees over which one had to climb. We kept at it for perhaps an hour. The brook continued of the same size, and the country of the same character. Dick for the first time suggested that it might be well to camp.

"We've got good water here," he argued quite justly, "and we can push on to-morrow just as well as to-night."

We balanced our packs against a prostrate tree-trunk. Billy contributed his indirect share to the argument.

"I lak' to have the job mak' heem this countree all over," he sighed. "I mak' heem more level."

"All right," I agreed; "you fellows sit here and rest a minute, and I'll take a whirl a little ways ahead."

I slipped my tump-line, and started on light. After carrying a heavy pack so long, I seemed to tread on air. The thicket, before so formidable, amounted to nothing at all. Perhaps the consciousness that the day's work was in reality over lent a little factitious energy to my tired legs. At any rate, the projected two hundred feet of my investigations stretched to a good quarter-mile. At the end of that space I debouched on a widening of the ravine. The hardwood ran off into cedars. I pushed through the stiff rods and yielding fans of the latter, and all at once found myself leaning out over the waters of the lake.

It was almost an exact oval, and lay in a cup of hills. Three wooded islands, swimming like ducks in the placid evening waters, added a touch of diversity. A huge white rock balanced the composition to the left, and a single white

sea-gull, like a snowflake against pines, brooded on its top.

I looked abroad to where the perfect reflection of the hills confused the shore line. I looked down through five feet of crystal water to where pebbles shimmered in refraction. I noted the low rocks jutting from the wood's shelter whereon one might stand to cast a fly. Then I turned and yelled and yelled and yelled again at the forest.

Billy came through the brush, crashing in his haste. He looked long and comprehendingly. Without further speech, we turned back to where Dick was guarding the packs.

That youth we found profoundly indifferent.

"Kawágama," we cried, "a quarter-mile ahead."

He turned on us a lackluster eye.

"You going to camp here?" he inquired, dully.

"Course not! We'll go on and camp at the lake."

"All right," he replied.

We resumed our packs, a little stiffly and reluctantly, for we had tasted of woods travel without them. At the lake we rested.

"Going to camp here?" inquired Dick.

We looked about, but noted that the ground under the cedars was hummocky, and that the hardwood grew on a slope. Besides, we wanted to camp as near the shore as possible. Probably a trifle farther along there would be a point of high land and delightful little paper-birches.

"No," we answered, cheerfully, "this isn't much good. Suppose we push along a ways and find something better."

"All right," Dick replied.

We walked perhaps a half-mile more to the westward before we discovered what we wanted, stopping from time to time to discuss the merits of this or that place. Billy and I were feeling pretty good. After such a week, Kawágama was a tonic. Finally we agreed.

"This'll do," said we.

"Thank God!" said Dick, unexpectedly; and dropped his pack to the ground with a thud, and sat on it.

I looked at him closely. Then I undid my own pack.

"Billy," said I, "start in on grub. Never mind the tent just now."

"A' right," grinned Billy. He had been making his o'wn observations.

"Dick," said I, "let's go down and sit on the rock over the water. We might fish a little."

"All right," Dick replied.

He stumbled dully after me to the shore.

"Dick," I continued, "you're a kid, and you have high principles, and your mother wouldn't like it, but I'm going to prescribe for you, and I'm going to insist on your following the prescription. This flask does not contain fly dope; that's in the other flask. It contains whisky. I have had it in my pack since we started, and it has not been opened. I don't believe in whisky in the woods, not because I am temperance, but because a man can't travel on it. But here is where you break your heaven-born principles. Drink."

Dick hesitated, then he drank. By the time grub was ready his vitality had come to normal, and so he was able to digest his food and get some good out of it. Otherwise he could not have done so. Thus he furnished an admirable example of the only real use for whisky in woods travel. Also it was the nearest Dick ever came to being completely played out.

That evening was delightful. We sat on the rock and watched the long north-country twilight steal up like a gray cloud from the east. Two loons called to each other, now in the shrill maniac laughter, now with the long, mournful cry. It needed just that one touch to finish the picture. We were looking, had we but known it, on a lake no white man had ever visited before. Clement alone had seen Kawágama, so in our ignorance we attained much the same mental attitude. For I may as well let you into the secret; this was not the fabled lake after all. We found that out later from Tawabinisáy. But it was beautiful enough, and wild enough, and strange enough in its splendid wilderness isolation to fill the heart of the explorer with a great content.

Having thus, as we thought, attained the primary object of our explorations, we determined on trying now for the second—that is, the investigation of the upper reaches of the River. Trout we had not accomplished at this lake, but the existence of fish of some sort was attested by the presence of the two loons and the

gull, so we laid our non-success to fisherman's luck. After two false starts we managed to strike into a good country near enough our direction. The travel was much the same as before. The second day, however, we came to a surveyor's base-line cut through the woods. Then we followed that as a matter of convenience. The base-line, cut the fall before, was the only evidence of man we saw in the high country. It meant nothing in itself, but was intended as a starting-point for the township surveys, whenever the country should become civilized enough to warrant them. That condition of affairs might not occur for years to come. Therefore the line was cut out clear for a width of twenty feet.

We continued along it as along a trail until we discovered our last lake—a body of water possessing many radiating arms. This was the nearest we came to the real Kawágama. If we had skirted the lake, mounted the ridge, followed a creek bed, mounted another ridge, and descended a slope, we should have made our discovery. Later we did just that, under the guidance of Tawabinisáy himself. Floating in the birch canoe we carried with us, we looked back at the very spot on which we stood this morning.

But we turned sharp to the left, and so missed our chance. However, we were in a happy frame of mind, for we imagined we had really made the desired discovery.

Nothing of moment happened until we reached the valley of the River. Then we found we were treed. We had been traveling all the time among hills and valleys, to be sure, but on a high elevation. Even the bottom-lands, in which lay the lakes, were several hundred feet above Superior. Now we emerged from the forest to find ourselves on bold mountains at least seven or eight hundred feet above the main valley. And in the main valley we could make out the River.

It was rather dizzy work. Three or four times we ventured over the rounded crest of the hill, only to return after forty or fifty feet because the slope had become too abrupt. This grew to be monotonous and aggravating. It looked as though we might have to parallel the River's course, like scouts watching an army, on the top of the hill. Finally a little ravine gave

us hope. We scrambled down it; ended in a very steep slant, and finished at a sheer tangle of cedar-roots. The latter we attempted. Billy went on ahead. I let the packs down to him by means of a tump-line. He balanced them on roots until I had climbed below him. And so on. It was exactly like letting a bucket down a well. If one of the packs had slipped off the cedar-roots, it would have dropped like a plummet to the valley, and landed on Heaven knows what. The same might be said of ourselves. We did this because we were angry all through.

Then we came to the end of the cedar roots. Right and left offered nothing; below was a sheer, bare drop. Absolutely nothing remained but to climb back, heavy packs and all, to the top of the mountain. False hopes had wasted a good half day and innumerable foot-pounds. Billy and I saw red. We bowed our heads and snaked those packs to the top of the mountain at a gait that ordinarily would have tired us out in fifty feet. Dick did not attempt to keep up. When we reached the top we sat down to wait for him. After a while he appeared, climbing leisurely. He gazed on us from behind the mask of his Indian imperturbability. Then he grinned. That did us good, for we all three laughed aloud, and buckled down to business in a better frame of mind.

That day we discovered a most beautiful waterfall. A stream about twenty feet in width, and with a good volume of water, dropped some three hundred feet or more into the River. It was across the valley from us, so we had a good view of its beauties. Our estimates of its height were carefully made on the basis of some standing pine that grew near its foot.

And then we entered a steep little ravine, and descended it with misgivings to a cañon, and walked easily down the cañon to a slope that took us by barely sensible gradations to a wooded plain. At six o'clock we stood on the banks of the River, and the hills were behind us.

Of our downstream travel there is little

really to be said. We established a number of facts—that the River dashes most scenically from rapid to rapid, so that the stagnant-pool theory is henceforth untenable; that the hills get higher and wilder the farther you penetrate to the interior, and their cliffs and rock-precipices bolder and more naked; that there are trout in the upper reaches, but not so large as in the lower pools; and, above all, that travel is not a joy forever.

For we could not ford the River above the Falls—it is too deep and swift. As a consequence, we had often to climb, often to break through the narrowest thicket strips, and once to feel our way cautiously along a sunken ledge under a sheer rock cliff. That was Billy's idea. We came to the sheer rock cliff after a pretty hard scramble, and we were most loth to do the necessary climbing. Billy suggested that we might be able to wade. As the pool below the cliff was black water and of indeterminate depth, we scouted the idea. Billy, however, poked around with a stick, and, as I have said, discovered a little ledge about a foot and a half wide and about two feet and a half below the surface. This was spectacular, but we did it. A slip meant a swim and the loss of the pack. We did not happen to slip. Shortly after we came to the Big Falls, and so, after further painful experiment, descended joyfully into known country.

The freshet had gone down, the weather had warmed, the sun shone, we caught trout for lunch below the Big Falls; everything was lovely. By three o'clock, after thrice wading the stream, we regained our canoe—now at least forty feet from the water. We paddled across. Deuce followed easily, where a week before he had been sucked down and nearly drowned. We opened the *cache* and changed our very travel-stained garments. We cooked ourselves a luxurious meal. We built a friendship-fire. And at last we stretched our tired bodies full length on balsam a foot thick, and gazed drowsily at the canvas-blurred moon before sinking to a dreamless sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# The New American Navy: Schley's Movement to Santiago'

By John D. Long

Secretary of the Navy from 1897 to 1902

**W**HILE the information received in Washington concerning Cervera's presence in Santiago was not absolutely trustworthy, it was sufficiently reliable to justify the taking of risk, and it was determined to order Schley to Santiago. There were some disposed to criticise this decision, but a choice had to be made between Cienfuegos and Santiago, and, regrettable as would have been the entrance of the Spanish ships into the former port, it was believed that Schley would be able to move swiftly and engage the enemy's fleet if it tried to make Cienfuegos from Santiago, or to blockade it in the latter harbor in case of its failure to escape from it before our ships arrived. Rear-Admiral Sampson was therefore informed that the report of Cervera's arrival at Santiago "might very well be correct," and he was strongly advised "to send word immediately by the Iowa to Schley to proceed at once off Santiago de Cuba with his whole command, leaving one small vessel off Cienfuegos." Sampson received this message early in the morning of May 20, and at once prepared instructions to Schley. Sampson also sent by the Iowa a memorandum from Commander McCalla, describing a good landing-place for troops at Savanilla Point, a short distance from Cienfuegos. This memorandum stated that the Cubans had perfect knowledge of what was going on inside the city, and gave information of the Spanish fortifications defending the place.

These despatches were delivered to Commodore Schley immediately after the arrival of the Iowa and Dupont. Casting, as they did, a doubt upon the presence of the Spanish ships in Cienfuegos, his efforts should have been redoubled to settle beyond question whether the enemy

were in that port. On May 22 he stood in toward the entrance of the harbor, and by means of glasses attempted to ascertain whether the Spanish ships were inside. He also sent a lookout aloft. But the harbor of Cienfuegos is so formed that it is impossible to examine it thoroughly from the sea, and he gained no information of value.

Sampson received corroboration of the report of Cervera's presence in Santiago, and at three o'clock on the morning of May 21 prepared new instructions to Schley, which were sent by the Marblehead. In this communication Schley was informed that the Spanish squadron was probably at Santiago de Cuba. "If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos," Sampson wrote, "proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba, and, if the enemy is there, blockade him in port." Concerned about the early delivery of the orders sent by the Marblehead, Sampson ordered the gunboat Hawk to convey a duplicate to Schley, and accompanied it by a memorandum which left no doubt of the presence of Cervera at Santiago. "It is thought that the inclosed instructions will reach you by 2 o'clock A.M., May 23," Sampson said. "This will enable you to leave before daylight (regarded very important), so that your direction may not be noticed and be at Santiago A.M. May 24."

It is now necessary to shift the scene to Schley at Cienfuegos. On the night of May 22 he noticed lights on shore, arranged in line and having the appearance of signals. These lights appeared again on the night of May 23. They were noticed by other officers of his command, and caused considerable speculation. Nothing was done to ascertain what they were, and no attempt was made to send a boat to the shore to communicate with the insurgents, who, as the McCalla memorandum stated, were in the vicinity of Cienfuegos. In view of this

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This is the ninth of a series of papers appearing in The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China.



memorandum, it is surprising that Commodore Schley, in official communications, should have stated that he "had no knowledge that there were any insurgents about Cienfuegos who were friendly to us until the Marblehead arrived on the 24th." Schley claims that he did not receive the McCalla memorandum by the Iowa or Dupont, though he admits it reached him at 8:15 A.M., May 23, by the Hawk. The Hawk delivered her despatches before the Marblehead arrived. In order to save time, Sampson accompanied the Hawk some eighteen miles from Key West, writing, as his flagship and the despatch-boat sped along, the instruction urgently directing Schley to hasten to Santiago. Imperative as was this instruction, the only thing done on May 23 to ascertain whether the Spanish ships were within the harbor of Cienfuegos was to permit the entrance of the British steamer Adula, which carried authenticated papers from a United States Consul authorizing her to receive as passengers any persons who desired to leave Cienfuegos. Her commander informed Schley that he had passed the lights of seven ships, which he took to be Spanish, near Jamaica, on May 18, and that a war bulletin published at Kingston announced the arrival of Cervera's fleet at Santiago on May 19, and its departure from that point on the following day. From the refugees on board when the Adula came out, Schley expected to get information as to whether or not the Spanish ships were in the harbor, but she was not permitted to leave while he was in sight.

The Marblehead, accompanied by the auxiliary gunboats Vixen and Eagle, reached Cienfuegos on May 24 and delivered despatches, and Captain McCalla, of the Marblehead, told Commodore Schley that the Spanish force was reported at Santiago. McCalla asked Schley if he had seen any lights on shore, to which Schley replied in the affirmative, and McCalla then stated that they were signals which he had arranged with the insurgents before his departure from Cienfuegos. The mistake of Schley in failing to speak McCalla thirty miles from Key West, when he knew that that officer had been off Cienfuegos, must have been apparent to him then. Receiving permission from Schley, McCalla, in the Marblehead and accompanied

by the Eagle, went to Savanilla Point. He promptly learned from insurgents there that Cervera was not in the harbor of Cienfuegos, and he sent the Eagle post-haste to convey this information to the Commodore.

Schley received the report of Commander McCalla between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of May 24. He immediately prepared despatches, which were forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief and to the Commandant of the naval base at Key West. In his message to the Department he stated that he had ascertained from insurgents that the Spanish fleet was not in Cienfuegos, and added that, as it was not practicable to coal the Texas from the collier at Cienfuegos on account of the swell, he would "proceed to-morrow for Santiago de Cuba." This delay was hardly in accord with the demands of the situation, or with the instructions he had received by the Hawk on the 23d and the Marblehead on the 24th. "Spanish squadron probably Santiago de Cuba," the despatch by the Marblehead read. ". . . If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba, and, if the enemy is there, blockade him in port." The instruction by the Hawk was explicit, imperative. Schley, however, reconsidered his determination to wait until the morrow. He left for Santiago about 7:45 in the evening of May 24.

Such was the course of events at Cienfuegos. We know it now, when all the facts have come to light through the investigation made by the now famous Schley Court of Inquiry in 1901. We did not know it then. Then the delay was inexplicable, and the failure to ascertain without loss of time whether Cervera was at Cienfuegos was a matter of the keenest anxiety in Washington. Each day's information, after the first report that Cervera was probably at Santiago, increased the probability of his presence there, and the certainty that, if not already coaled and ready to sail, he was straining every nerve to get in condition to leave his port of refuge before we could assemble an overwhelming force before it. For us, in the Department, it was a time of nervousness, but of hope, allied with apprehension. Cervera's escape would have been a distinct blow to our prestige. We

would have overhauled him in the end, but his first move would have been successful, and Europe would have hailed it as an American defeat.

This was the condition of mind of the Department on May 25, when it received a despatch from Schley, filed at the cable station at Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, on the same day. This message had been brought by the Harvard, to which it had been given by the Scorpion, which had been sent by Schley in obedience to Sampson's instructions to communicate with the scouts off Santiago. Schley's despatch contained information of events of May 21 and 22. He was unable to state whether the Spanish fleet was in Cienfuegos or not, and he anticipated difficulty in coaling his ships from the collier Merrimac, laden with 4,500 tons of coal, which had been sent to him by Sampson. Commodore Remey at Key West received on May 26, and immediately transmitted to the Department, Schley's message of May 24, stating that he had learned that the Spanish fleet was not at Cienfuegos and that he would move eastward on May 25. "On account of want of coal," Schley added, "I cannot blockade."

The Department was decidedly puzzled by this second despatch. Why had Schley not obeyed the instruction sent to him by Sampson under date of May 21 to proceed to Santiago? Why, after having learned that the enemy was not in Cienfuegos, did he not move immediately upon Santiago instead of waiting until the morrow? Effort was made, but it was impossible to obtain additional information of Schley's purpose. Besides the despatches to the Department, Schley had cabled to Sampson a duplicate of his message sent by the Harvard to the Secretary of the Navy, and, on May 26, the Commander-in-Chief received from him two letters dated May 23. In one of his letters Schley stated, "Am not satisfied that the Spanish squadron is not at Cienfuegos. The large amount of smoke seen in the harbor would indicate the presence of a number of vessels, and under such circumstances it would seem to be extremely unwise to chase up a probability at Santiago de Cuba reported via Havana no doubt as a ruse. I shall therefore remain off this port with this squadron, availing myself of every oppor-

tunity for coaling and keeping it ready for any emergency." The second letter from Schley closed: "I think I have them here almost to a certainty." Commodore Schley's belief was not that of his subordinates. Lieutenant John Hood, commanding the Hawk, who brought these communications from him, advised the Commander-in-Chief that a good number of officers "do not believe the Spaniards are there at all, although they can only surmise." It was at 1 P.M. of May 27 that Sampson, who was in St. Nicholas Channel, received Schley's despatch of May 24 in regard to the establishment of the fact that the Spaniards were not in Cienfuegos and of his purpose to sail on May 25 for Santiago.

These despatches caused anxiety to the Department and Sampson. Immediately after the receipt of the message brought by the Harvard, the Department cabled to the commanding officer of that vessel, under date of May 25, directing him to proceed at once and inform Schley and also the senior officer of the scouts off Santiago that the information at hand indicated that the Spanish division was still at Santiago. Schley was to be informed that the Department looked to him "to ascertain facts and that the enemy, if therein, does not leave without a decisive action." He was advised that Cubans reported landing-places five or six miles west from the mouth of the harbor, at which insurgents would probably be found, and that from the heights surrounding the harbor every vessel in port could be seen. To relieve his anxiety concerning coal, he was informed that a fresh supply would be sent to Mole St. Nicholas, and it was suggested that his squadron and the Harvard could coal from the collier Merrimac to the leeward of Cape Cruz, in Gonaives Channel, or at Mole St. Nicholas. Sampson, ignorant of what the Department had done, also acted. On the morning of May 27 he sent the Wasp, via Cape San Antonio, to Cienfuegos, with instructions to inform Schley that "every report, and particularly daily confidential reports, received from Havana, up until May 25, state that the Spanish squadron had been at Santiago since May 19." The Flying Squadron was ordered to proceed with all possible despatch to Santiago and estab-

lish a blockade, unless upon arrival positive information were obtained of the departure of the Spanish ships, in which event it was to follow in pursuit. This despatch by the *Wasp* did not reach Schley at Cienfuegos.

Had Schley been at Cienfuegos at the time the *Wasp* arrived, he could have reached Santiago before Sampson could have done so; the latter, therefore, retained his squadron in St. Nicholas Channel. Sampson determined personally to proceed to Key West, coal, and, with the authority of the Department, sail for Santiago. Before his arrival at the naval base he communicated to Captain W. M. Folger, commanding the cruiser *New Orleans*, an instruction to convoy the collier *Sterling* through the Bahama Channel, and then, leaving her, to go with all despatch to Santiago. "You will communicate with Commodore Schley," Captain Folger was instructed, "and direct him to remain on the blockade of Santiago at all hazards, assuming that the Spanish vessels are in that port." It was suggested to Schley that, to prevent the escape of the enemy's division, the *Sterling* should be sunk across the narrowest part of the channel leading into the harbor. "Inform Commodore Schley," Sampson added, "that the details of this plan are left to his judgment. In the meantime he must exercise the utmost care that none of the vessels already in port are allowed to escape, and say to the Commodore that I have the utmost confidence in his ability to carry this plan to a successful conclusion, and earnestly wish him good luck." The idea of sinking a vessel across the entrance of Santiago de Cuba had been considered by the Naval War Board and had received its approval. With the mouth of the harbor closed, the escape of Cervera would have been impossible, and the capture of his ships could have been effected by the army, a division of which the War Department was at the time preparing to embark.

The Navy Department believed with Sampson that on May 24 the Flying Squadron had arrived off Santiago. But on May 26 we learned that not until May 24, three days after May 21, the date reported by Schley as that of his arrival off Cienfuegos, though May 22 was the

date upon which he established a blockade, had the Commodore finally and definitely ascertained that the Spanish division was not in that port, and this notwithstanding the receipt of information from Washington and the Commander-in-Chief indicating that it was at Santiago. And when satisfied that Cervera was not at Cienfuegos, he cabled that he would sail for Santiago, not immediately, as his instructions required, but the next day, and that, on account of the short coal supply of his ships, he could not blockade Santiago! There was no fast scout available, but on the chance of one soon touching at Mole St. Nicholas, the Department cabled on May 27 to that point for delivery to the next American man-of-war to arrive:

Proceed immediately and deliver following to Schley: The most absolutely urgent thing now is to know positively whether the Spanish division is in Santiago de Cuba harbor, as, if so, immediate movement against it and the town will be made by the navy and division of about 10,000 United States troops, which are ready to embark. You must surmount difficulty regarding coaling by your own ingenuity and perseverance. This is a crucial time, and the Department relies upon you to give quickly information as to Cervera's presence, and to be all ready for concerted action with the army. Two colliers have been ordered to St. Nicholas Mole, and your ships might coal singly there, or in Gonaives Channel, or to leeward of Cape Cruz. Sampson will convoy the army transports, probably coming around by the Windward Passage. Yankee will join you and the *Minneapolis* will go north. Cervera must not be allowed to escape.

LONG.

That the apprehension of the Navy Department and the Commander-in-Chief regarding the prospective flight of the Spanish division from Santiago de Cuba was well founded is demonstrated by the official despatches of Admiral Cervera, which were published after the war. On May 23 he was advised that twelve hostile ships were off Cienfuegos and that the *Indiana*, *New York*, and other vessels had gone from Havana to the windward, leaving only four gunboats on the blockade of that port. Later in the same day Cervera received secret information of the positions of our ships. He determined to sail from Santiago at daybreak the following morning for San Juan, Porto Rico, but it was decided at a subsequent meeting of the Commander-in-Chief and his captains that,

"owing to the location of the hostile forces and their number and strength, it is considered impossible to carry out said plan." Contributory to this decision was the fact that four American ships lay off the harbor, the strength of which Cervera did not know, but which we knew to be simply vulnerable scouts. Having defective instruments and inadequate resources, Cervera lost heart, and on May 25 he cabled to Madrid that his division was blockaded. Yet Schley had not arrived. Cervera felt, however, that he could hope to gain little by leaving Santiago. "If another opportunity presents itself," he wrote on May 25, "I intend to try and take advantage of it, but as I cannot hope with these scant forces to attempt any definite operations, it will only be a matter of changing this harbor for another where we would also be blockaded." On May 26 Cervera again convened his captains, and it was unanimously decided that the squadron should sail in the afternoon for San Juan. In the meantime three hostile ships were sighted, and a pilot expressed the opinion that in going out the Colon might sustain injury on account of her draft by striking a flat rock in the channel. Five of Cervera's captains voted against departure; two urged that they should immediately sail. Cervera approved the opinion of the majority, because he did not consider the circumstances so extreme as to make it necessary to risk the loss of one of his ships.

Cervera's hesitation was unknown to the Department and to our officers. We believed him feverishly working to repair and coal his ships, as indeed he was. The coal supply of our scouts off Santiago was running low. If Schley arrived off that port and failed to stay, there was danger, it was believed, that the United States would be without a single vessel in its vicinity to make report of Cervera's departure. Consequently we would be absolutely in ignorance as to the direction he had taken, and the problem of search would have to be worked out all over again.

It is advisable now to follow Schley again. He had been instructed by order of May 21 to "proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba." On the same day Sampson had advised him to leave Cienfuegos before daylight May

23, so that he could arrive at Santiago on the morning of May 24. Leaving the gunboat Castine to maintain the blockade at Cienfuegos, Schley sailed from that point about 8 P.M. of May 24, his heavy ships in column of vessels, with the lighter ships on his flanks. Heavy rolling caused the forward compartment of the gunboat Eagle to fill with water, causing reduction of her speed, and the weather on the following day, May 25, was bad. In a battle with the Spanish division the little Eagle would have been of no value, and Commodore Schley, in view of the paramount necessity of getting in contact with the Spanish fleet, should have left her to take care of herself and have gone on with his fighting ships. Instead, he reduced the speed of the squadron in order to permit the Eagle to keep up with it. On the following day, when the weather had moderated, and the Eagle's compartments had been freed of water, he ordered her to Jamaica.

The orders of Schley were to go to Santiago de Cuba. He failed to obey them promptly. At 5:30 P.M. of May 26 he was twenty-two miles to the southward of the port named in his instructions. The distance Sampson expected Schley to cover within thirty hours actually occupied more than forty-five hours, and even then the Flying Squadron was not at Santiago. The scouts Minneapolis, Yale, and St. Paul joined Schley at this time, and a few minutes later the Commodore was informed that an accident had occurred to a part of the engine of the collier Merrimac. Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, who commanded the St. Paul, informed Schley that the scouts knew nothing positively or absolutely about the movements of the Spanish fleet, but he says he recited certain events to show that there was a probability that Cervera was in Santiago at the time. Whether unnecessarily uneasy about the coal supply of his vessels or because of the accident sustained by the Merrimac, which increased the difficulty of coaling, though the conditions of wind, sea, and weather were sufficiently favorable for this operation, or for what inexplicable reason, Schley, at 7:45 P.M. May 26, signaled to his squadron: "Destination, Key West, via south side of Cuba and Yucatan Channel, as soon as collier is ready; speed nine knots." The Yale took the

Merrimac in tow, and the squadron actually turned back from its almost reached goal and proceeded westward until 11:15 P.M., when, the tow-lines having parted, it stopped and drifted until 3:40 P.M. of May 27. While the squadron was lying at the drift of wind and current, the Harvard arrived at 9:30 A.M. of May 27, and delivered the Department's despatch above quoted, stating that all indications pointed to the presence of the Spanish ships in Santiago de Cuba, which he was directed to confirm. Schley answered this message three hours later by a cablegram which caused consternation when it reached the Department on May 28. This message may be classed as one of the most infelicitous in history, and it is worth quoting:

"Merrimac's engine is disabled, and she is helpless; am obliged to have her towed to Key West. Have been absolutely unable to coal the Texas, Marblehead, Vixen, and Brooklyn from collier, owing to very rough seas and boisterous weather since leaving Key West. Brooklyn is only one in squadron having more than sufficient coal to reach Key West. Impossible to remain off Santiago in present state of coal account of the squadron. Not possible to coal to leeward of Cape Cruz in summer owing to southwest winds. Harvard just reports to me she has only coal enough to reach Jamaica, and she will proceed to Port Royal. Also reports only small vessels could coal at Gonaives or Mole, Haiti. Minneapolis has only coal enough to reach Key West, and same of Yale, which will tow Merrimac. It is to be regretted that the Department's orders cannot be obeyed, earnestly as we have all striven to that end. I am forced to return to Key West, via Yucatan Passage, for coal. Can ascertain nothing certain concerning enemy. Was obliged to send Eagle to Port Antonio, Jamaica, yesterday, as she had only twenty-seven tons of coal on board. Will leave St. Paul here. Will require 9,500 tons of coal at Key West."

I remember well the receipt of this despatch. I was with President McKinley at the army review at Camp Alger. His face fell when I showed it to him. It was incomprehensible—the first flinching of the campaign. It was the darkest day of the war. It was the lack, not of personal courage, but of that unswerving

steadiness of purpose and nerve which is the essence of supreme command, and of which Farragut is an example. Undoubtedly it is a fair criticism on the Department that Schley was not relieved at once and an inquiry ordered. But it was not then known just what his situation was, and it was taken for granted that the Commander-in-Chief, Sampson, who was near at hand, would take proper action, as, had he been senior in service, he would probably have done.

The situation of his command appeared at the Schley Court of Inquiry in 1901 not to have been as Schley reported it. At noon on May 27 his vessels had coal enough to have remained on blockade duty off Santiago de Cuba—the Brooklyn for 26 days, the Iowa for 16 days, the Massachusetts for 20 days, the Texas for 10 days, the Marblehead for 5 days, and the Vixen for 23 days, and then they would have had sufficient fuel to reach Gonaives or Cape Cruz, where they could have refilled their bunkers from the Merrimac, which contained 4,350 tons of coal. The amount of coal required to have completely supplied these ships was 2,750 tons. Schley must have known when he sent his despatch that the Iowa, Castine, and Dupont had coaled at Cienfuegos on May 23, and the Massachusetts and Castine on May 24. Permission had been asked by the Texas on May 23 to coal, but she was refused, and ordered to coal on the following day. This order was subsequently revoked. Indeed, the Texas and Marblehead did actually coal from the Merrimac at sea off Santiago on the evening of May 27 and the morning of May 28; and the Massachusetts and Vixen on May 29, the Brooklyn and Iowa on May 30, and the Brooklyn, Texas, and Marblehead on May 31. Thus there were but two days—the 25th and the 26th—when no coal was transferred from the collier to the men-of-war, and the failure to take fuel on these days was not due wholly to rough seas and boisterous weather or to the helplessness of the Merrimac, but to the fact that the squadron was under way. Captain McCalla, when at Cienfuegos, had informed Commodore Schley that coaling operations could be conducted in the vicinity of Cape Cruz, and that no difficulty would be experienced in coaling on the south

side of the northern promontory of Hayti. Yet, in spite of the fact that there was ample coal in the bunkers of his fighting ships, that attached to his command was a collier carrying an abundant supply of fuel, that the weather was not too rough for coaling his vessels, and, finally, that near by there were points sheltered from the wind at which coaling could be conducted with safety, Schley cabled the Department: "It is to be regretted that the Department's orders cannot be obeyed, earnestly as we have all striven to that end." Another phase of Schley's action which seriously concerned the Department was his statement that the Harvard would proceed to Port Royal, the Minneapolis to Key West, and that the Yale would accompany him, leaving only the St. Paul, with a depleted coal supply, off Santiago. We did not know until later that for nearly twenty-four hours—that is, from 6 P.M. May 26 to 5 P.M. May 27—not a single scout was off the harbor of Santiago. But we did know that the St. Paul could not keep touch with the Spanish fleet if it attempted to escape, and make frequent reports to the Department, and our plan of constantly following Cervera was in danger of being frustrated by the orders of the Commander of the Flying Squadron.

Schley had been instructed that the Department was looking to him to ascertain whether the Spanish division was at Santiago. He excuses his action in deliberately turning his ships away from that port and starting back for Key West on the ground that Captain Sigsbee told him he had not seen the enemy, and that a pilot, whom Captain Sigsbee and Schley himself did not at first fully trust, expressed the opinion that the Spanish ships could not enter the harbor because of their length. Captain Sigsbee told Schley that he had captured a collier bound for Santiago with coal for Cervera, and this certainly indicated that, if the Spanish division were not at Santiago, that port was its destination. Whatever the opinions expressed by the commander of the scout and by the pilot, however, they were based upon negative information, and Schley's first duty was to have established beyond the shadow of a doubt whether Cervera was in the harbor.

The squadron, again, strange to say,

resumed its retrograde westward course at 3:40 P.M. of May 27, and steamed thirty-three miles, stopping once more at 7:15 P.M., when the Texas went alongside of the Merrimac and coaled. The squadron again drifted until 1 P.M. of May 28, when Schley signaled to the fleet to turn again and proceed to Santiago. He arrived at a point seven miles south of the harbor at 6 P.M. May 28, and established a blockade. Had he obeyed the orders of Sampson, he would have reached that point on the morning of May 24. The result of his vacillation and lack of push was that Cervera had had several days in which to coal and make repairs to the engines of his ships. In the early morning of May 29, the day following Schley's arrival, he discovered the Colon and Teresa and two torpedo-boat destroyers moored inside of the Moro.

Schley's arrival at Santiago and his discovery of the Spanish vessels were not known in Washington until late in the evening of May 29. The receipt of his despatch announcing his purpose to go to Key West imposed upon the Department the necessity of taking action which would repair the grievous, and it might be the disastrous, mistake he had made. Following the receipt of his message, the Department cabled to the Harvard for delivery to Schley, "as soon as possible: utmost urgency," an instruction to remain off Santiago unless it were unsafe to do so or unless the Spanish division were not there. To Rear-Admiral Sampson a despatch was sent giving the contents of Schley's cable, and asking him how soon after arrival of Schley at Key West he could reach Santiago with the New York and Oregon, Indiana, and some lighter vessels, and how long he could blockade that port. Sampson promptly replied. "Answering the first question, three days. I can blockade indefinitely. Think that I can occupy Guantamo. Would like to start at once with New York and Oregon. Do not quite understand as to the necessity of awaiting arrival of Schley, but I would propose meeting and turning back the principal part of the force under his command." Before the New York and Oregon could leave Key West, another despatch came from Schley saying that he would hold on. But though he also reported

that he had sighted only four of the Spanish ships, it was believed that the naval base at Key West could be safely left undefended, and that the battleship *Indiana* and the monitor could prevent the remaining Spanish ships, if they were not at Santiago, from entering Havana. Schley was advised that Sampson was coming, and he was urged to locate the missing armored cruisers. Though the *Colon* and other vessels of the Spanish squadron were discovered lying in the entrance of the harbor on the morning of May 29, it was not until 1:30 P.M. of May 31 that an attempt was made to capture or destroy them. The Department's orders to the Commander-in-Chief, a copy of which had been furnished to Schley, but which he denies having received, authorized him to expose his ships to the heaviest guns of land batteries if there were Spanish vessels of sufficient military importance protected by these guns to make an attack advisable. Instead of approaching within effective range of the enemy, Schley signaled that the Massachusetts, Iowa, and New Orleans should open fire at a range of 7,000 yards, and this range increased until it was 11,000 yards. At this great distance, our fire, as well as the return fire of the Spanish vessels and batteries, was ineffective. The chance of hitting the enemy was still further diminished by the speed—ten knots—of the American men-of-war and the brief time—four minutes—each had to sight and fire its guns at the targets, partially protected by the bold headlands of the harbor.

Sampson arrived off Santiago at 6 A.M. on the morning of June 1. "The importance of absolutely preventing departure of Spanish squadron of paramount importance," he telegraphed to the Department from Key West on May 28, "and demands the prompt and efficient use of every means." The disaster which Cervera had predicted as far back as 1897 was looming portentously upon the Spanish horizon. Upon arrival at Santiago, Sampson established a blockade so strict that the Spanish sentinels could hear the cries of the watch on the American ships. Cervera declared that, with the harbor entrance blockaded as it was during that fateful month of June, it was disaster to leave. "It was absolutely impossible to go out at night," he wrote after the war,

"because in this narrow channel, illuminated by a dazzling light, we could not have followed the channel and would have lost the ships, some by running aground, others by colliding with their own companions. But, even supposing that we had succeeded in going out, before the first ship was outside we should have been seen and covered from the very first with the concentrated fire of the whole squadron."

It is easy, in the light of the foregoing facts, to see the propriety of the opinion of the Schley Court of Inquiry, which upon the points testified to was unanimous except as not very materially modified in one or two minor details by Admiral Dewey in the memorandum which he submitted with that opinion. This modification, as will be seen, relates to the degree of despatch with which the passage from Key West to twenty-two miles south of Santiago was made, to the steamer *Adula*, and to the blockades of Cienfuegos and Santiago. In all other respects the opinion of the Court stands on the record as unanimous.

The opinion of the Court is as follows:

Commodore Schley, in command of the Flying Squadron, should have proceeded with the utmost despatch off Cienfuegos, and should have maintained a close blockade of that port.

He should have endeavored on May 23, at Cienfuegos, to obtain information regarding the Spanish squadron by communicating with the insurgents at the place designated in the memorandum delivered to him at 8:15 A.M. of that date.

He should have proceeded from Cienfuegos to Santiago de Cuba with all despatch, and should have disposed his vessels with a view of intercepting the enemy in any attempt to pass the Flying Squadron.

He should not have delayed the squadron for the *Eagle*.

He should not have made the retrograde turn westward with his squadron.

He should have promptly obeyed the Navy Department's order of May 25.

He should have endeavored to capture or destroy the Spanish vessels at anchor near the entrance of Santiago Harbor on May 29 and 30.

He did not do his utmost with the force under his command to capture or destroy the *Colon* and other vessels of the enemy which he attacked on May 31.

By commencing the engagement on July 3 with the port battery and turning the Brooklyn around with port helm Commodore Schley caused her to lose distance and position with the Spanish vessels, especially with the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*.

The turn of the Brooklyn to starboard was

made to avoid getting her into dangerous proximity to the Spanish vessels. The turn was made toward the Texas and caused that vessel to stop and to back her engines to avoid possible collision.

Admiral Schley did injustice to Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Hodgson in publishing only a portion of the correspondence which passed between them.

Commodore Schley's conduct in connection with the events of the Santiago campaign prior to June 1, 1898, was characterized by vacillation, dilatoriness, and lack of enterprise.

His official reports regarding the coal supply and the coaling facilities of the Flying Squadron were inaccurate and misleading.

His conduct during the battle of July 3 was self-possessed, and he encouraged, in his own person, his subordinate officers and men to fight courageously.

GEORGE DEWEY,  
Admiral, U. S. N., President,  
SAM. C. LEMLY,

Judge-Advocate-General, U. S. N., Judge-Advocate.

The memorandum of Admiral Dewey is as follows:

In the opinion of the undersigned the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was made by the Flying Squadron with all possible despatch, Commodore Schley having in view the importance of arriving off Cienfuegos with as much coal as possible in the ships' bunkers.

The blockade of Cienfuegos was effective.

Commodore Schley in permitting the steamer Adula to enter the port of Cienfuegos expected to obtain information concerning the Spanish Squadron from her when she came out.

The passage from Cienfuegos to a point about 22 miles south of Santiago was made with as much despatch as was possible while keeping the squadron a unit.

The blockade of Santiago was effective.

Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish Squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3, 1898. He was in absolute command, and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships.

GEORGE DEWEY,  
Admiral, U. S. N., President.

With regard to the final paragraph in the above memorandum of Admiral Dewey as to the question of command in the later battle of Santiago, July 3, 1898, on which it will be noted that the full Court in its opinion expressed no view, and reference to which more properly belongs to a later chapter, this question not only had not been before the Court, but the Court, through Admiral Dewey himself as its spokesman, had emphatically refused to consider it or hear evidence with regard to it. That, in face of this fact, he should, unlike his associates, pass judgment upon it, has been a subject of surprise and criticism, as it left him in the position of agreeing with his associates on all the more important matters which were considered by him and them, and of then expressing an opinion, while his associates properly expressed none, on a matter vital to a brother officer on which the full Court had refused to hear any evidence on either side.

There have been few more notable trials than that before this Court of Inquiry. It was composed of three distinguished naval officers, Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admirals Benham and Ramsay. It lasted from September 12 to the middle of December, 1901. Judge-Advocate-General Lemly, assisted by the Solicitor of his office, Mr. E. P. Hanna, both of whom made able arguments, put in with great care and fairness the evidence of the witnesses summoned by them, while Admiral Schley was represented with distinguished animation and force by Hon. Isidor Raynor, a leading member of the Baltimore bar. The attendance was large and the public interest great. An appeal was taken to the President, but without changing the result, and the finding and opinion of the Court therefore stand as the historical record.

## The Message of the Heart

By Edwin Henry Keen

Unnoticed, saving each to each,  
The look, the touch,  
The voiceless language, silent speech,  
That mean so much.



# The Jacob Tome Institute

By Charles de Kay

**E**NDOWMENTS in aid of education form the salient features of our modern life, but usually the aim of the donor is to found, if not an entire college or university, something that subserves the higher education, a dormitory at least, a library or laboratory at some old place of learning. Less ambitious views had the late Jacob Tome. Before he died he founded for his fellow-citizens a school of secondary education at Port Deposit, Maryland, and by his will he left the bulk of his large fortune to establish a very great school, but not a college, non-sectarian and democratic in spirit. It was placed in the hands of nine trustees, constituting a board, of which his widow is the President. The estate amounts to two million dollars, while nearly a million have been spent on preparing the grounds and erecting such buildings as are needed for the present.

As one may gather from the portrait of Jacob Tome, he was a quiet, steadfast man of business, punctilious in keeping his engagements and utterly unpretending in his views and aspirations. He was one of the dependable men who bear fortune and mishap with equanimity and when they die surprise even their friends at the public spirit and far-sightedness concealed under a reticent exterior.

Of course one thinks of the big public schools of England, like Eton and Harrow; or of the gymnasia in Germany and the lycées in France. But it is doubtful if Jacob Tome intended his millions to be used in a foundation like any of these. Certainly it was not especially his thought to establish a preparatory school for universities. Rather was his idea, without excluding the preparation for college, to afford a place where the boy intending to embrace a commercial career might be prepared for his life-work and at the same time gain some of the advantages that a university offers. His conception of the Jacob Tome Institute is not easy to grasp; it may be that he never clearly defined it in his own mind; but so far as one can see, it was a school that was neither exactly business college nor preparatory

school, but an educational center partaking of both, on graduating from which a boy would be prepared to enter active life or, in some special school, work for a profession, just as he chose.

Undoubtedly his friendship with Johns Hopkins, of Baltimore, did much to turn his attention into such channels. At times one is tempted to believe that he was considering something which might take the place of an undergraduate department, while Johns Hopkins University is in the main a university where graduates carry forward special studies. Given his purpose to reinforce the educational advantages of his State and the seaboard States in general with an institute that might aid education where it is weakest, no more picturesque, no more convenient place could have been chosen than the higher lands just by Port Deposit, where Mr. Tome lived.

A little town of one street between the edge of the Susquehanna and the hills, Port Deposit was at first waked from its slumbers by the building in 1889 of the old school-house by Mr. Tome, but has now leaped into fame by the erection on the higher land above of a series of buildings which many a college might envy. The architects, Boring and Tilton, and the landscape engineer, Charles W. Leavitt, Jr., have had the rare pleasure of laying out an Institute from the start, having no earlier buildings to consider, no streets or avenues or private property to humor in their plans. From the bluff where the residence of the principal stands one gazes off, down the broad Susquehanna, past a historic island and the railway bridges, toward Havre de Grace and the Chesapeake. Up-stream the eye follows the winding of the river across a cluster of small islands. Inland there is a rolling country diversified with groves of trees and pointed here and there with the strong, dark exclamation of the cedar, where some farmer has provided against the need of posts in the following generation. Hill and dale and blue distant ridge and solemn gleaming river form a combination of landscape beauties which impressed Jacob Tome with the feeling that here was a

fitting spot for the largest institute, a spot where Nature might play her part in education, and where, on the merely practical side, the thousands who should enjoy the privileges his wealth had prepared for them would live in most healthful surroundings. For, on the one side, the space for land sports is without limit, and, on the other, the river and estuary furnish all the water sports of summer and winter that any one can reasonably demand.

Conspicuous in the view is Palmer Island, just below Port Deposit, before the Susquehanna enters the Chesapeake. Singularly enough, that island was chosen two hundred and eighty years ago by Edward Palmer, of Warwickshire, a graduate of Oxford, for the site of a school to enlighten the colony of Virginia, the foundation to be called *Academia Virginien-sis Oxoniensis*, as we learn from his will directing that, in default of heirs, it shall remain for that purpose. The location on an island was probably suggested on the principle of safety from Indians; for while the local Indians of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania were not very dangerous, the war parties of the Five Nations from the distant region of the Great Lakes used the Susquehanna as one of their main highways for raids on the coast Indians. And if, like so many other plans and projects in colonial times, the generous idea of Edward Palmer never came to fruition, if this Academy which would have antedated Harvard College never was founded after all, it is pleasant to think that the great fortune amassed by Jacob Tome two and a half centuries later should be expended to establish a school that fills a gap in the great educational fabric of the United States in the present day.

The location of the Tome Institute is ideal, not only for its natural beauty and healthfulness, but for its accessibility. It draws its pupils from the neighbor States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia, being situated in Cecil County, Maryland, near stations on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central. It is forty miles from Baltimore, sixty from Philadelphia, and eighty from Washington. Four miles off is a station on the main line of

the Pennsylvania Railroad, giving quick connection with New York. There are also daily steamers to Baltimore from Port Deposit.

To those who have seen the plateau above Port Deposit when all was rolling pasture and farmland, the change is difficult to realize as one stands in a formal garden with balustrades bearing vases full of shrubs and looks northward to Memorial Hall, a stately building of granite and Indiana limestone, with its pillared portico, strong roof-line, and cupola rising in octagonal stages to the circular, eight-columned belfry; then looks westward to the Director's residence, with its four-columned porch outlined in profile against the bold wooded bank of the Susquehanna opposite Port Deposit, and then, turning eastward, sees the less severe architecture of the Inn, a wooden structure with its semicircular piazzas jutting out from the center of the building.

Although the Institute is now in its ninth year, formal dedicatory services were held only last month. Nearly three thousand people attended the celebration, which was an important event in the history of American secondary education. Several speakers of National prominence took part in the exercises, and over fifty educational institutions were represented by delegates. Notable among the speeches was the tribute to the founder of the Institute rendered by Senator McComas. Provost Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his remarks, pointed out that Tome Institute, while it had a financial capitalization exceeded by only nine out of the nearly five hundred colleges and universities of the United States, "had sprung into being ready for its perpetual and beneficent work without the sore struggle which almost every school, college, and university has had to make." President Denny, of Washington and Lee University, urged better co-ordination between the universities and the secondary schools, and predicted great usefulness for Tome Institute in this direction. The exercises closed with the unveiling of a life-size portrait of the founder.

## Lanier's "Shakspeare and his Forerunners"

WHILE Sidney Lanier has been the occasion for a cult to a small circle of admirers, the world at large has been deaf to his music and his theories. This is the habit of the world toward a man who does not deliver his message in the world's terms and language. A recent critic has declared that Lanier was "the most memorable man of letters as yet produced by the South," adding thereto, however, that a lack of articulate expression debars him from the honors of lofty distinction. Every reader of "The Marshes of Glynn" and a few other poems by Lanier must feel that at times this Southern poet touched and grasped the high-hanging fruit which is the nutriment of real greatness; yet a perusal of most of his other work, both in poetry and criticism, will convince him that, in the main, Lanier's reach exceeded his grasp. His ears heard more than his lips could adequately report, at least for the average man. So he remains the object of homage for a few.

On the other hand, there was real greatness in this man's life. No one can read the simple record of that noble career without profound emotion; it recalls the tragic story of Keats. The breath of life came into the body of Lanier with pain, and it went forth from it vibrant with music and passionate beauty. Like Keats, he wrote with one hand and warded off death with the other; and like him, too, he had that peculiar sensitiveness of temperament which, while inspiring, is also exhausting. The voice of the violin sent him into trances from which he awoke with distressed nerves. Nevertheless, he was no weakling, no "sentimental bawling." He fought as a private all through the long years of the Civil War, and with a singleness of devotion that refused advancement from the ranks. After the war had closed, he turned to scholarship and literary creation with equally militant zeal. His chronic disease, however, slowly got the better of him. "It was daily a question of his ability to stand on his

feet," writes a friend. His "Sunrise" was written when his hand shook and his temperature was at a hundred and four; and his last lectures were delivered with gaspings for breath to an audience momentarily fearful of a collapse. Nevertheless, he preached his gospel of the "holiness of beauty" to the end with enthusiasm; until, amid the shadows of death, to apply his phrase for another, "he caught a crystal cupful of the yellow light of sunset, and, persuading himself to dream it wine, he drank it with a sort of smile."

His lectures on Shakespeare and his predecessors, which have long lain in manuscript, are now printed and offered to us in two large, handsome, and aptly illustrated volumes. Knowing the circumstances of their composition and delivery, he would be a heartless critic who should apply to these remains the rigorous standards of criticism. Candor must, indeed, admit that, in their general treatment, they are an inconsequent mixture of things technically abstruse and things patently obvious. The development is shifting and persistently digressive, as if the lecturer were unable to carry out his programme and were forced to resort to substitutions. The excerpts and the selections are too copious for a scholarly treatise. But, for all these defects in the broad plan, the lectures are full of unusual and acute suggestions. The reader should take up the volumes in the mood of a prospecting gold-seeker, and if he will be content to examine a great deal of low-grade ore, he will, as a reward for his patience, come upon a great many rich nuggets of precious metal.

Lanier has a definite and individual conception of Shakespeare. To him Shakespeare and the Elizabethans were literary passions. "They are so noble, so manful, so earnest. . . . Like the good girl in the fairy tale who spoke so kindly to the old woman at the well, every time this Elizabethan age opened its mouth there fell from it a diamond, a rose, and a pearl." Shakespeare he regards as the culmination of England's awakening mind, and his purpose, par-

<sup>1</sup> *Shakspeare and his Forerunners: Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English.* By Sidney Lanier. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

tially achieved, is to show the process of the awakening from the days of Beowulf through the long centuries of twilight and semi-civilization. The early poets, he writes, molded our ancestors, and we can no more escape their influence than we can that of heredity. We have, of course, advanced beyond them in our conceptions with the awakening of our minds. Note, for example, the difference between the Anglo-Saxon view of nature and our own. In Beowulf's time nature was a waste of dreary marshes, joyless woods, and monster-haunted caves, in which, to the imagination, lurked Grendel and his kind—surviving figments in the human memory, perhaps, of the saurian monsters of Devonian and Jurassic times. Nature, in those days, was as the mother of Grendel. But in later times, in the days of Shakespeare, she becomes as a mother of Ariel—something finer, sweeter, and more benevolent. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Grendel gives place to Puck, and malicious hate to benignant mischief.

It is in connection with this discussion that Lanier interlards one of those passages of personal experience with which the lectures are so frequently and delightfully tintured. We cannot resist the temptation to quote it at length, for it is so illustrative of his discursive manner and so typical of his fine sensitiveness:

You—you moderns—you know nothing of cold. If your furnace is not giving you sixty-five degrees of Fahrenheit in the morning when you awake, you shiver—or think that you shiver—and ring to put on more coal. But, if you will allow me to be so personal, I thank Heaven I know what it is to be cold—to be cold from the crown of my head to the sole of the foot, to be cold from the cuticle in to the heart, and from the heart to the soul: I thank Heaven for it because, knowing this, I have a new revelation of the possibility of suffering, and I am able to find a paradise in a common wood fire. Knowing this, I declare to you there is not a more pathetic sight in this world than a poor man who is thoroughly cold from week to week. It is the refinement of torture. It does not gnaw, like hunger, which presently becomes a sort of insanity and relieves itself: it is dead unblest icy torment. I used to see men in the army whose silent endurance of cold brought more tears to my eyes than all the hunger and the wounds.

In his appreciation of poetry Lanier placed great emphasis on a knowledge of technique. The function of verse, in his view, was near that of music, and he

believed that mere sound was fully as important as meaning. The system which is elaborated in his "Science of English Verse" is partially introduced into these lectures. Every complete poem, he declares, consists of a succession of sounds, and the formal effects of poetry are produced by the artful employment of the differences of sounds. These sounds differ in Duration, Pitch, Intensity, and Color, and poets make use of these differences to produce Rhythm, Speech-tunes, and Word-color. It will be seen from this that, in a sense, he is a disciple of Poe, to whose fragmentary theory he has added a scientific nomenclature of his own.

The sonnet-makers of the reign of Elizabeth call for a great deal of his attention and his love. "The sonnet is a confidential letter," and he compares it to a flash of lightning in a dark night whose brilliancy prints itself on the nerve with great intensity. For the sonnet, too, he has an individual theory. "Every sonnet should be a little drama." Like a play, it should have three elements—a single central idea, a development of this by subordinate ideas which are analogous to the characters on a stage, and it should also have a crisis phrased in an epigrammatic couplet for a climax. This theory, which may seem fanciful and far-fetched, is, of course, applicable only to the Shakespearean form. The Petrarchan form, with its octette and sestet, precludes any such analysis.

The chief thing in these lectures, and the one which gives them their greatest originality, is his theory of Shakespeare's development. We have observed that he placed emphatic stress on sound and music as elements of poetry, and it is his predilection for the musical point of view which gives him his basis for an interpretation of Shakespeare's career. He finds a parallel between music and the moral life. Music is the result of opposition; a tense string, set into vibration, produces music by the opposition of a longitudinal and a transverse force. So the transverse force of the human will, acting upon the longitudinal strain of the natural instincts of man, can, when properly applied, produce moral harmony and ethical music.

This doctrine of oppositions he applies to Shakespeare as a technician of art and as a seer of human nature. In both cases

Shakespeare made conquest of the obstacles and brought forth from his soul the divine harmonies. The two phases of his genius, the technical skill and the vision of wisdom, were developed side by side. The finer verse structure is accompanied by a finer conception of character. "Shakespeare's progress was toward a more artistic arrangement of oppositions." When he was using rhyme pairs, he used also broad contrasts of characters; the inconstant lover, as a type, set off the constant into bold relief. But as he discarded rhyme the distinction of opposites, in pairs, grows less and less, and we see the characters drawn in the confusion of natural complexity.

To illustrate this theory he takes the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," and "The Tempest," and shows how, as the poet grew, he solved this problem of bringing oppositions into harmony. Man's relation to the supernatural is the touchstone in the test. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" the supernatural element plays with man, crossing or blessing him without reason; it is frankly capricious and fortuitous, and the question of vital faith is not at issue.

But in "Hamlet" the mind of the author has begun to question and seek a creed. Hamlet shows inability to believe. He has "a lack of belief combined with a yearning belief that he does believe." He distrusts the ghost and the reality of the after-life, and yet he is afraid to kill the king at prayer lest he thereby send him to that heaven which he doubts. He is in a cold paralysis of irresolution because, not being able to accept the validity of the ghost's message, he cannot lay hold of the faith necessary for action. The opposition of forces here produces discord.

In "The Tempest," however, all doubts are dispelled, and "the mere belief in belief becomes a joyous and benignant assurance." The mystery of the supernatural has been resolved into Providence. The barbaric motive of revenge has given place to the divine motive of forgiveness. Doubt no longer produces a discord. The moral exaltation of benevolence is the new way—the master artist's way—of managing the oppositions of life and of bringing them into harmony. "Shakespeare has sung himself from the darkness of night into the light of morning."

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Arts in Early England (The).** By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6x9 in. In 2 vols. \$8, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Ancient European Philosophy: History of Greek Philosophy Psychologically Treated.** By Denton J. Snider, Litt.D. The Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5¼x8 in. 730 pages.

There is no lack of valuable works on this subject, but none that we have known is written from the point of view taken by Mr. Snider. This, in brief, is that there are three supreme disciplines of human thought—religion, philosophy, and psychology—each of which goes back to the fundamental process of the universe. Philosophy was brought forth out of religion, and now psychology is being brought forth out of philosophy, which, though endeavoring to interpret the universe, has reached the limit where itself needs an interpreter. Psychology, though it lays chief emphasis on man rather than upon God or the world, is essentially a return from philosophy to religion, since man in thought creates his Creator. From the standpoint thus set

forth Mr. Snider describes the progress and change of Greek philosophy through its course of a thousand years. Many readers will ask him to explain wherein psychology, as he uses the term, is not philosophy under a borrowed name. There has been much complaint that the two have not been more sharply separated in past discussions. Here, however, psychology, which is simply one of the sciences, is described as succeeding to the special task of philosophy—the endeavor to get back of all the facts discovered and systematized by science to the ultimate reality behind them. If Mr. Snider chooses to call this "psychology," he has perfect right to do so; even without reason. Some years since, Dr. F. E. Abbot set forth "the American theory of universals," as distinct from the Greek and the German theory. Somewhat on this adventurous line Mr. Snider sets forth the discipline of psychology as specifically American, saying, "It would be the exception in all history if the American spirit should find its adequate self-expression in a Greek or German philosophy." Our countrymen, we

believe, have carried off the honors in the advancement of psychology as a science, but there is no apparent reason, except that of an individual illusion, for terming us "the psychological State."

**Autobiography of a Thief (The).** Recorded by Hutchins Hapgood. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 349 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

These annals of the life of a New York professional thief have every appearance of being essentially genuine; and they have sociological value in that they show under what influences a bright boy in bad surroundings turns to crime "for fun" more than for money directly. Mr. Hapgood declares that this is the real story of an individual, edited and retold only enough to give it form and clearness. One feels that the thief has not so much reformed as abandoned his criminal career because he can no longer follow it with safety; and there is a certain relish and self-complacency in "Light-Fingered Jim's" relation of his exploits which makes one doubt whether this would be a desirable book for all young men to read.

**Babel and Bible. Two Lectures Delivered before the Members of the Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft in the Presence of the German Emperor.** By Friedrich Delitzsch. Edited by C. H. W. Johns, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 226 pages. \$1.50.

It will be remembered that Professor Friedrich Delitzsch delivered two lectures before the German Emperor, the first on January 13, 1902, the second on January 12, 1903. The former was published last year and was noticed in our columns. The two have now been published together in one volume, under the same title, with controversial notes by the author and an introduction by the editor. Of the controversy that arose as a consequence of these lectures *The Outlook* has already given reports. Professor Delitzsch's opponents are of two classes: one consists of those who reject his statements of fact because they seem to fall foul of certain doctrines which they consider fundamental; the other consists of those who do not accept his conclusions because they do not consider them sustained by the evidence. The issue is confused, and the reason therefor can easily be seen by an examination of this book. Professor Delitzsch is himself responsible. He has seen fit to inject into his discussions interpretations of Old Testament religion, concerning which he speaks as an amateur, instead of confining himself to modern discoveries in Babylonia, concerning which he speaks as an expert. He shows no sign of having either historical imagination, literary insight, or appreciation of the necessary stages in the processes of religious evolution. Whatever his contributions to Assyriology, he cannot be said to have made any contributions to the understanding of the Old Testament, except as he may have proffered material which others can use. There is nothing alarming about the idea that the ancient Hebrews owed their religious conceptions to Babylon; but the very facts which he cites to prove it only emphasize the contrary idea. That he does not see this

seems to be due to his failure to understand what the religious conceptions of the ancient Hebrews really were.

**Baron Stiegel.** By Rev. M. H. Stine, Ph.D. The Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 331 pages. \$1.25.

**Basis of Morality (The).** By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Arthur Brodric Bullock, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. 5x7½ in. 285 pages.

Schopenhauer's disappointment was great, and his indignation also, when this "prize essay" was not approved by the Danish Royal Society of Sciences in 1840. That judgment is not likely to be reversed by many readers now. Reading Schopenhauer, however, is intellectually whetting, as his translator intimates, and may serve a turn if one has no preferable whetstone at hand. For the sharpening of insight into ethical principles and problems one needs to look elsewhere than to the author of this sentence: "The character is an original datum, immutable, and incapable of any amelioration through correction by the intellect."

**Bible in the Nineteenth Century (The): Eight Lectures.** By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 512 pages. \$3.50.

This valuable work is both a history and an interpretation of history: The changes of opinion in the advance of learning are fully recorded. The road is seen lined with defunct theories, both traditional and innovating, that have dropped by the way. The result, as Professor Carpenter says, is that we have ceased to ask of the Bible what it cannot give; we prize it more highly for what it gives. In the later Hebrew prophecy, and its vision of an ultimate religious unity, we discover the product of a teleological interpretation of history, whose worth for religion is beyond price. The primitive cycle of Messianic ideas—a heavenly Son of man descending, the graves simultaneously yielding up their occupants to stand before his judgment bar—belongs to an interpretation of the universe which science has abolished; but we may look behind these, as picturesque symbols, to the divine reality, the ultimate triumph of spiritual humanity over all opposing forces. Among the religious autobiographies of our race the ethnic scriptures must be reckoned with our Bible, for they add their testimonies to some of its chief truths. Yet it towers above them as our noblest continuous witness to the reality of divine things. Historically, Jesus embodies the loftiest goodness that we know. To make it universal religion will still describe as the salvation of the world. Both as a record of progress in Christian learning and thinking, and as a reverent and judicious appreciation of its present results, this is an illuminating work.

**Big Game Fishes of the United States (The).** By Charles Frederick Holder. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8¾ in. 435 pages. \$2, net.

What tiger and lion hunting is to the land sportsman, the taking of the tarpon and the leaping tuna, Mr. Holden says, is to the sea angler, who often takes his life in his hands

when he plays his huge game in the open sea. This book tells about these big fish and about the dolphin, the halibut, the drum, the sea-bass, and many other of the large fish. A colored picture of a royal battle with a tarpon makes an effective frontispiece, and there are many other pictures. Besides all possible information for the sportsman, the author gives the scientific data in orderly and complete form. All of the volumes of this series are notably well printed.

**Building Superintendence: A Manual for Young Architects, Students, and Others Interested in Building Operations as Carried on at the Present Day.** By T. M. Clark. (New Edition, Revised and Rewritten.) The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$  in. 306 pages.

**Captain's Toll-Gate (The).** By Frank R. Stockton. D. Appleton & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Castle Omeragh.** By F. Frankfort Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 404 pages. \$1.50.

The horrors of war, a little romance, and a dash of the supernatural are the elements compounded in this narrative of the time of Cromwell's invasion of Ireland. The action occasionally flags somewhat, and the book is too long; but it gives an interesting picture of the domestic life of the Irish nobility and gentry of the period.

**Christ's Cure for Care.** By Mark Guy Pearse. Eaton & Mains, New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 143 pages. 40c., net.

**Danish Life in Town and Country.** By Jessie Brochner. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 266 pages. \$1.20, net.

So far as we know, the reader can find such information as is here contained in no other single volume. The author informs us about a large variety of subjects—the people, their government and politics, their church and religion, their system of public education, their army and navy, their administration of justice, their local governments, their trades-unions and social democracy. About these things we learn, as is desirable, before we are informed as to the king and the courts, Danish art and letters, music and the stage. The concluding chapters, however, are perhaps of greater interest than the foregoing, since they treat of subjects about which not so much knowledge is commonly possessed—on the position of woman in Denmark, on the press, country life, moor reclamation, freehold farming, and agricultural co-operation. As regards hospitals, homes for the blind and deaf and for imbeciles, and for men in want of temporary care, Denmark yields to no country; her works of humanity now constitute her highest claim to international notice; once she was a power able to cope with England herself politically and in military strength. The author tells us that the Danes have accepted their reverses in the great political games of the nations with notable resignation. The only bitter sting left is the severance from the mother country by the war of 1864 of the southern provinces; many a pious Danish pastor still publicly prays for "our brethren in South Judland."

**Detached Pirate (A).** By Helen Milecete. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 347 pages. \$1.50.

A charming young English woman, reckless and flippant, but sound at heart, is the self-styled pirate of this book. Her erratic career on both sides of the Atlantic, as exploited by herself in a series of letters to her "dearest friend," we follow with interest, and regret when we find "The End" at the bottom of the page.

**Diary of John Evelyn, Esquire, F.R.S.** Edited by William Bray. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  in. 809 pages. \$1.25, net.

The latest addition to the very attractive Caxton Series, printed in large type, on antique paper, with photogravure frontispiece, a number of illustrations, and bound in flexible leather.

**Dictation Studies in Melody and Harmony for Children.** By Mary Frances Frothingham. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago.  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$  in. 80 pages.

**Dominant Strain (The).** By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 8$  in. 350 pages. \$1.50.

Although a professional singer is the hero of this book, it is better-class New York society, and not musical Bohemia, into which the reader finds himself introduced. The dialogue is often witty; the characters always interesting and well managed; and a good story is told. But the thought will intrude on the pleasant impression with which we close the book, that in real life obstacles are not so conveniently and expeditiously removed.

**Emerson's Complete Works: Centenary Edition.** Edited by his Son, Edward Waldo Emerson. Vol. I. Nature Addresses and Lectures. Vol. II. Essays. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 8$  in. Per vol., \$1.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Encyclopædia Biblica.** Edited by T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D., and J. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D. Vol. IV. Q to Z. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$  in. 2,722 pages. \$5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**English Literature: An Illustrated Record in Four Volumes.** Vol. I. From the Beginnings of the Age of Henry VIII. By Richard Garnett. Vol. III. From Milton to Johnson. By Edmund Gosse. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$6 per vol.

Reserved for later notice.

**Experimental Psychology and Its Bearing upon Culture.** By George Malcolm Stratton, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  in. 331 pages. \$2.

Professor Stratton's work on the lines of the new psychology is noteworthy for the continuity of this with the old which it exhibits, thereby correcting a current impression that a breach exists. The old psychology worked with introspection; the new works with laboratory experiments. But, as Professor Stratton says, introspection is really at the bottom of every method; it supplies indispensable data. The present volume gives an untechnical account of certain groups of psychological experiments, and shows their significance for intellectual and moral interests, as well as their immediate scientific result. The general reader will gain from these pages a conviction of the practical value of the scientific research

that seems remote from the concerns of daily life. The new psychology has often been taken to be "psychology without a soul." Psychologists do not now content themselves with referring in general terms to "the soul" in explanation of natural processes, as geologists are not satisfied with a bare reference to "nature." Scientific explanation must be more specific. But the new psychology, while thus waving aside the soul with one hand, is earnestly beckoning it back with the other. "So far," says Professor Stratton, "as the reality of the soul is concerned, the new psychology is in advance of the old. It makes the mind a living, personal thing." In his chapter on "Illusions" he notes the complete refutation which illusions, when understood, supply to the common idea that in its experience of external nature the mind is passive. It is the activity of the mind in effecting a union of subject and object that produces our actual perception. The problem of the interaction of mind and body Professor Stratton leaves an open question still, but with the conviction that one must strike a middle course between those who see only the physical side and those who are blind to it.

**Felix.** By Robert Hichens. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 432 pages.

Mr. Hichens, with his usual tendency toward the abnormal, gives us here a study of the morphine habit, sometimes going into revolting detail. The reader admires the author's unquestionable ability, and follows the painful story with unflagging interest, but not exactly with pleasure. A clever lad, fresh from the reading of Balzac, and flushed with pride in his supposed knowledge of the world, falls a victim to the wiles of a brilliant woman, and is almost the last of all who know her to discover that she is a debased and hopeless victim of the morphine habit, and has used him merely to cloak her vice and to borrow money from him in order that she may procure the drug. The study of the young man, with his fits of boldness and of timidity, his absurd belief in his power of analyzing character and his actual gullibility, is, psychologically speaking, extremely well done. Mr. Hichens has written several able novels; one wishes he would write a story that should be agreeable.

**Feuerbach: The Roots of the Socialist Philosophy.** By Frederick Engels. Translated by Austin Lewis. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 4x7 in. 133 pages. 90c.

**Fire Insurance and How to Build.** By Francis C. Moore. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6x9½ in. 860 pages. \$5, net.

**Gentleman of the South (A): A Memory of the Black Belt from the Manuscript Memoirs of the Late Colonel Stanton Elmore.** Edited without change by William Garrott Brown. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 232 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Golden Kingdom (The).** By Andrew Balfour. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 424 pages. \$1.50.

A very elaborate tale of marvels and adventures in the search for a wonderful people and the treasures of their "golden kingdom." As a piece of ingenious invention and exciting hairbreadth escapes it is not without ability.

**Gordon Keith.** By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 448 pages. \$1.50.

Reviewed in the issue of May 16, in the group of books entitled "The New Novels."

**Hamlet.** By William Shakespeare. Edited by L. A. Sherman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x5½ in. 323 pages. 25c.

**Harzreise (Die).** By Heinrich Heine. Edited by Leigh R. Gregor, B.A., Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½x7 in. 183 pages. 40c.

**History of Philosophy.** By William Turner, S.T.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½x8½ in. 674 pages. \$2.50.

A recent and excellent "History of Philosophy" devotes about twenty pages to a subject to which Dr. Turner here devotes nine times as many—the scholastic philosophy of mediæval Europe. The prevailing estimate of it has undoubtedly been derived more from the period of its decay in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than from its golden age in the thirteenth. The presentation of Scholasticism in a measure adequate to its importance in the history of speculative thought—an aim frankly avowed by Dr. Turner—is certainly a sufficient reason for the addition of another text-book to the excellent manuals already in use. "The core of Scholasticism," as defined by Dr. Turner, is certainly a principle to which the modern scientific world accords supreme importance—"the doctrine of the continuity and independence of the natural with respect to the supernatural order of truth." With this it held that there can be no contradiction between the data of revelation and the discoveries of reason. The later doctrine of the Averroists, that what is true in philosophy may be false in theology, and *vice versa*, struck at the heart of Scholasticism, and, in combination with other causes—political motives, religious decay, shortened courses for theological degrees, the bestowment of these by institutions of inferior rank, and the exaggerated valuation of mere dialectics—brought about its decline and subsequent disrepute. Dr. Turner's work has other merits than the fresh study it provokes and the fresh estimate it proposes of a chapter in the history of philosophy whose importance has not in our time been so amply recognized. One may, however, question his conclusion, that never has the wave of human thought carried its crest to so high an altitude as in the golden age of Scholasticism. Not in that period only, but throughout the work, the student is well served both by reference to the sources and by critical comments. The thoughtful estimate made of the phenomena and tendencies of contemporary philosophy prompts a question of some novelty as well as interest—whether, in the method which aims to unite the objective with the subjective, and to exhibit the continuity of the natural and the supernatural, the path of modern thought may be unwittingly striking into the very line attempted by the mediæval thinkers in a time less promising for full success.

**Ideas of Good and Evil. Where There is Nothing.** By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in.

These two volumes by one of the most inter-



esting and probably the most typical member of the group of Celtic writers who have organized a kind of propaganda in Great Britain during the past few years are capital illustrations of the Celtic spirit; and if they are supplemented by Renan's "Poetry of the Celtic Races" and Matthew Arnold's well-known "Study of Celtic Literature," they will give the reader as intelligent an idea of the Celtic genius and of the qualities which it has contributed to our literature as any other body of books, not because they are full of definite information, but because they are so sympathetically interpretative of the original elements of Celtic imagination. It is this element which Renan has in mind when he says, "No race communed so intimately as the Celtic race with the lower creation." It had "a love of nature for herself, a vivid feeling for her magic, commingled with the melancholy a man knows when he is face to face with her and thinks he hears her communing with him about his origin and his destiny." Add two or three more phrases from Renan, such as that declaring that the Celtic race "has worn itself out in mistaking dreams for realities," and recall Matthew Arnold's admirable characterization of its revolt against the tyranny of the fact, and one gets an insight into a very elusive race type. Mr. Yeats's chapter on "The Celtic Element in Literature" is one of the most interesting in "Ideas of Good and Evil" by reason of its elusiveness, its delicacy, its sentiment, its aloofness, so to speak, from the interests of modern life. It puts one in touch with the later Celtic genius, while his play "Where There is Nothing" brings into striking relief the immense suggestiveness and the complete indefiniteness of the Celtic imagination, its sense of intimacy with nature, with the lower orders of life, as Renan says, its consciousness of the Infinite on all sides, of the pressure upon life of undefined ideas and indistinct influences, its inability to deal with facts, to organize ideas, to solve problems in any distinct way. These two books are as far removed from the conventional literature of the day as possible. It is a relief to read them, and it is also a profitable exercise of the mind.

**Indigestion: Its Prevention and Cure.** By F. Herbert Alderson, M.B. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4x6 in. 130 pages. 90c., net.

**Legal Tender: A Study in English and American Monetary History.** By S. P. Breckinridge. The Decennial Publications. Second Series. Vol. VII. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5½x9 in. 181 pages.

**Log of a Cowboy (The).** By Andy Adams. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 387 pages. \$1.50.

As the name indicates, this is the simple record of a land voyage—a five months' trip with the herds on the trail from Mexico to Montana. It is a refreshing chronicle, and bears the unmistakable stamp of truth, reflecting the monotony and laboriousness of the old-time life of the plains as clearly as it does the adventurous and sportive side of conventional representations. The book has several fine illustrations by E. Boyd Smith.

**Love Thrives in War: A Romance of the Frontier in 1812.** By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 340 pages. \$1.50.

Detroit during the War of 1812 is the scene of this story. Laurente, daughter of a French Creole mother and a Scotch father (type of the strange admixture of civilizations in the society of the time and place) is a charming heroine; but there are too many characters and too much history in the book.

**Modern Civic Art; or, The City Made Beautiful.** By Charles Mulford Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 9x5½ in. 381 pages. \$2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**More Money for the Public Schools.** By Charles W. Eliot. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x7 in. 193 pages. \$1, net.

**Municipal Public Works: Their Inception, Construction, and Management.** By S. Whinery. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 241 pages. \$1.50.

A popular presentation of the engineering problems of modern municipalities. The author, unlike most of the writers in this field, is, on the whole, an opponent of the present tendency to extend municipal ownership, and a defender of the contract system of conducting public works. The volume contains some interesting statistics—particularly on the subject of street paving—but it is, on the whole, both deficient and defective on the statistical side. The attempt, for instance, to estimate the community's "economic" loss for every death at \$5,000—or five times the average wealth—is hardly convincing, and the assumption that the cost of our water systems might be practically cut in two, if consumption were reduced to one-half or one-third by the use of meters, is altogether a violent one for most cities. As a rule, the operating expense of water plants is insignificant compared with the interest on the cost of installing the system. This cost is not in proportion to the amount of water used by the ordinary householder.

**Old China Book (The).** By N. Hudson Moore. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 300 pages. \$2, net.

A book that will be welcomed by collectors and by casual owners of old china. It shows very plainly what is and what is not valuable, and why; tells the history of the manufacture, gives the different marks, and illustrates the subject with many reproductions of old, rare, and quaint pieces. Staffordshire, lustre, Wedgwood, Liverpool, Worcester, and many other kinds of ware are differentiated and many particular specimens are minutely described. The book fills a place not occupied by any other work of its kind to be had at a moderate price.

**Open Door (The).** By Henry van Dyke. (The Presbyterian Pulpit.) The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 160 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Pilgrimages to Methodist Shrines.** By William Henry Meredith. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5x8 in. 335 pages. \$1.25.

These memoranda of places and persons of note in the early history of Methodism, British

and American, but chiefly British, make a good guide-book for future travelers on the same road, especially those who share the author's laudable interest in the history of his own Church. Points of comparison and contrast between British and American Methodism are treated in the Appendix.

**Pipes of Pan. No. II. From the Green Book of the Bards.** By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 137 pages. \$1.

The second in the series of reprints from Mr. Carman's verse already published, with additions. The first volume was noticed at some length in *The Outlook* at the time of its appearance, and further comment will be made on the series as a whole at a later date.

**Political History of Slavery (A).** By William Henry Smith. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 350 pages. \$4.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Portraits of Julius Cæsar.** A Monograph by Frank Jesup Scott. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 185 pages. \$5, net.

Mr. Scott's monograph is one of peculiar charm and merit. Ideals of the real Julius Cæsar have long shaped themselves in our minds out of the aggregate of the imperfect fragments preserved to us. Out of all the preserved coins and gems, statues and busts bearing evidence of belonging to Cæsar's age and intended to represent him, certain points of physiognomy have been settled. The present book gives a detailed survey of these coins, gems, busts, and statues. It is a book which recreates for us the great Roman in a singularly graphic and vivid manner.

**Prince Hagen: A Phantasy.** By Upton Sinclair. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 249 pages. \$1.50.

**Questionable Shapes.** By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 219 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Remembrances of Emerson.** By John Albee. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 5×8 in. 202 pages. Reserved for later notice.

**Sacrifice of the Shannon (The).** By W. Albert Hickman. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 323 pages. \$1.50.

An ingenious and lively romance, having as its subject the great ice-fields of the St. Lawrence Gulf in the winter-time, with the dangers and adventures of ice-bound ships.

**Selection from the Best English Essays (A): Illustrative of the History of English Prose Style.** Chosen and Arranged by Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 415 pages. \$1, net.

A selection from ten masters of the essay, including Bacon, Swift, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Macaulay, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold, with an introduction covering the ground historically in outline, commenting on the artistic element in prose, and pointing out some of the possibilities of further development.

**Side-Lights on Immortality.** By Levi Gilbert, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 233 pages. \$1, net.

The author has given his book an appropriate title. Without endeavor at originality, he has

aimed at helpfulness, undertaking, not to convince skepticism, but to confirm belief. From a wide range of literature he produces the testimony of eminent thinkers, and from various positions in the wide field of thought gives a lucid and popular exhibition of the grounds of the Christian doctrine.

**Silent Maid (The).** By Frederic Werden Pangborn. L. C. Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 223 pages. \$1.

A German folk-lore tale, not particularly well told.

**Sociology: The Science of Human Society.** By J. H. W. Stuckenborg, LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. In 2 vols. \$4.50, net.

A clear philosophical survey of the forces governing the development of human society, not only in the past and present epochs in which the family and the State have been the dominant socializing factors, but also in the dawning epoch in which international solidarity shall assume a supreme position in the guidance of the co-operative work of mankind. The distinguishing spirit of the author is seen in the emphasis put upon the ethical factors in human evolution.

**Song of the Cardinal (The): A Love Story.** By Gene Stratton-Porter. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 6½×9 in. 163 pages.

The bird's search for a mate, its adventures with rivals and enemies, its relations with human admirers—all this and more is told with delicate charm and beautifully illustrated from the author's photographs. The book is one that may well be put on the same shelf with James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal."

**Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.** Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Vol. XVII. Centralizing Tendencies in the Administration of Indiana. By William A. Rawles, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 336 pages. \$2.50.

**Texas: A Contest of Civilizations.** By George P. Garrison. (American Commonwealths.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 311 pages. \$1.10, net.

A clear account of the history of Texas, and particularly of that part of it which witnessed the triumph of Anglo-American over Spanish civilization. The Americanization of the great territory, proceeding from the establishment of the Austin colony, is lucidly shown to have made its annexation practically inevitable. Events, however, since the outbreak of the rebellion are given in too meager outline. Judged as a whole, the work, while creditable to the scholarship of the author, and useful to those wishing a compact account of the commonwealth, can hardly be considered adequate. Few States have a more interesting past, and few in all probability have a more important future. The importance of Texas is only beginning to be realized by Northern students.

**Under Dog (The).** By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 332 pages. \$1.50.

Reviewed in the issue of May 16 in the group of books entitled "The New Novels."

**World's Great Orators and Their Best Orations (The).** By Charles Morris, LL.D. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Co., Chicago. 6½×9½ in. 639 pages. \$1.50.

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# The Outlook



*Saturday, June 27, 1903*

## *The Creed of College Men*

*By Prof. H. D. Foster, of Dartmouth, and  
President W. D. Hyde, of Bowdoin*

## *The Flood Sufferers in the West*

*By Edward T. Devine*

## *Fiction-Readers and the Libraries*

*By John C. Dana*

## *New Occupations for Educated Women*

*By Mary C. Crawford*



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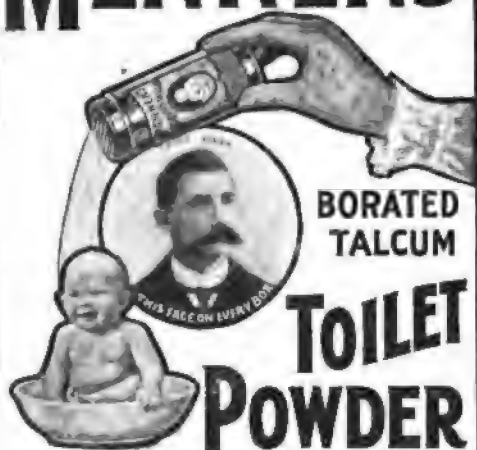
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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 74

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No. 9

## The German Elections

Last week the elections to the German Reichstag, or Parliament, were notable by reason of the success of the Socialists in increasing their representation in the legislative body by about fifteen seats, and their total vote to upwards of 2,500,000—an increase of 400,000. One-third of all the voters in the Empire now class themselves as Socialists, and in Saxony this party now outnumbers all others combined. It is interesting to note that the most pronounced single Socialist success was in Essen, the town of the late Herr Krupp, the great ironmaster, where the vote was increased fivefold. This in the very town in which the Emperor recently and vigorously denounced the Socialists! A confusing factor in fixing the relative positions of parties in the new Parliament is the number of second elections which must be held in all constituencies in which no candidates received a majority. In 192 districts out of 307 there must be new elections at which all the voters must choose between the two candidates who stood highest in the balloting last week. Of the 202 members who received majority votes 54 are Socialists, 87 are Clericals, and only 42 belong to the old conservative groups—the National Liberals, the Conservatives, the Free Conservatives, and the Agrarians. For the maintenance of a conservative economic policy, therefore, Bismarck's successors are becoming more and more dependent upon the conciliation of the Catholic Clericals, against whom he instituted his "Culture Battle." The second elections will not, however, greatly increase the number of the Clerical members, as they carried at the first election almost all of the districts—chiefly South German—in which they have any real strength. In only 36 districts will Clerical candidates be voted for on the

second ballot, while Socialist candidates will be voted for in 122 districts. The great Socialist gains, it should be said in conclusion, do not indicate a corresponding advance for revolutionary Socialism. Much of their gain has been at the expense of the old Radical parties, whose members have grown slightly more radical and have been conciliated by the action of the Socialists in putting their revolutionary programme in the background—or rather in the dimly distant future—and concentrating their efforts upon immediately practicable democratic reforms. The recent campaign was particularly directed against militarism and the tariff taxes by which its burdens were put almost exclusively upon the shoulders of the relatively propertyless classes.



## The Irish Land Bill

Last week in the House of Commons a vote on one of the sections of the Irish Land Bill was taken. The result was a Government victory, but one purchased at a price and at a loss in support which furnish occasion for not a little misgiving. Mr. John Redmond, the Irish leader, proposed an amendment virtually abolishing the minimum price at which the landlord may sell, if he and his tenant agree on a lower price. This seemingly fair proposition the House rejected by a vote of 217 to 176, thus reducing the Government majority to 41. Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, declared that he considered that limits on bargains were essential precautions. Mr. Redmond expressed regret at Mr. Wyndham's decision, and said that if the amendment was not accepted by the Government he was afraid "they had arrived at the parting of the ways." He declared that the Nationalists must stand by the amendment, and there must be further consid-

eration of this point by the Government, otherwise ninety-five per cent. of the Irish members would be found in the lobby against the Government. Irish opinion is united, he concluded, and if no concession is made it will be impossible for the Irish members to represent the bill as acceptable to the Irish people. Mr. John Morley, the well-known Liberal statesman, also complained of Mr. Wyndham's attitude. The latter replied in a speech which showed a realization of the gravity of the situation, but which indicated that no concession would be made. The Irish, however, would be more than human if they did not scent some bargaining with a Government needing their support.



#### Servian Civilization

Last week, the day following the election of Prince Peter Karageorgevic as King of Serbia, the Skuptshina in a body attended a great thanksgiving service at the Belgrade Cathedral, where a Te Deum was sung. The aged Metropolitan of Belgrade, in gorgeous vestments, was surrounded by the bishops of the Cathedral chapter. None of them had taken any part in the burial service for the murdered King and Queen. The Metropolitan, who officiated at the Te Deum, read a brief address, in which he congratulated the nation upon the restoration of the Karageorgevic dynasty, a dynasty which had included so many brave and noble men. While deploring the necessity for recent events, the Metropolitan thanked the army for what it had done! As half the audience was made up of officers in full uniform, it was perhaps not surprising that they should audibly express their pleasure at these remarks from the prelate, who concluded by invoking a blessing on King Peter and expressing the hope that under him Serbia would enjoy peace and prosperity. The service appears to have been a monstrous travesty. The outside world does not take the slaughter of rulers quite so complacently, and the Great Powers are expressing their horror in very distinct language. The Governments most nearly concerned, Russia and Austria, through their Emperors, have addressed to the new King letters which, while recognizing him, insist on the punishment of the assassins of the late King

and Queen. The Russian communication expresses the hope that King Peter will display a firm will in investigating at the outset the abominable misdeed which has been committed, and will mete out rigorous punishment to the traitors and criminals who have stained themselves with the infamy of regicide. The English Government has withdrawn its Ambassador from Belgrade, and he will remain absent for some time to come; no formal recognition of the provisional government, which is made up largely of assassins or of their associates, will be made in any form. With this action it is understood that France, Germany, Italy, and Spain concur. The Servians have apparently to learn the fundamental lessons of government, if not the primary lessons of civilization.



#### The Postal Scandals

Public attention continues to be occupied with the investigations in the Post-Office Department. During the past week there has been a rather unnecessary discussion of two rumors—one alleging that officials high in rank were implicated and would be indicted, the other that the investigation was to be peremptorily stopped at a certain point lest the revelations should affect the credit of the McKinley administration. All this discussion seems to us futile; there is no good reason to doubt that the investigation will be thorough and that the public will be fully informed. The chief actual news of the week with regard to the inquiry lay in the fact that Postmaster-General Payne made public the report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster Bristow relating to Mr. Tulloch's charges regarding the Washington city post-office. Mr. Bristow's report seems to confirm Mr. Tulloch's charges very fully, and also confirms the report of the inspectors which we outlined last week. The report puts Mr. Perry S. Heath, formerly First Assistant Postmaster-General, in the light of carrying on the Washington post-office as a bureau of the Department for the purpose of furnishing places for political adherents, and transferring them to the Department in such a way as to avoid the civil service rules. It includes reports of inspectors asserting that in some cases salaries for two positions were paid to the

same man; that other men drew pay without performing any service whatever; that some of the positions to which appointments were made were unauthorized by law; and that there was found to be evidence of favoritism, political influence, and questionable disbursements. On Monday of this week new indictments were returned against Machen and four others on the specific charge of conspiring to defraud the Government.



In such an investigation as the present public opinion is not very discriminating, and not only the press, but public officials, are liable to jump from the one extreme of causeless confidence to the other extreme of causeless suspicion. There seems some reason to think that this has been the fact in the case of Mr. Metcalf, the superintendent of the money-order bureau of the Department. The charges against him were thus stated by Postmaster-General Payne in his letter of dismissal:

It appears from your answer that when the proposals of the different competitors for the contract for supplying money-order forms were opened, Paul Herman, of Rutherford, N. J. (formerly employed as foreman by the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company, of New York, by which company, it seems, your son is also employed), was found to be the lowest bidder, his proposal being \$45,000 below that of the next highest bidder, namely, the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company; that the bid of Mr. Herman as submitted was regular in form, and that he had deposited a certified check for \$5,000 as a forfeit. It further appears that within a day or two the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company filed a protest against awarding the contract to Herman, alleging that he was not financially responsible; that a short time thereafter Mr. Herman called at your office, and you advised him to withdraw his bid and re-enter the employ of the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company, understanding at the time that such withdrawal would result in the contract being awarded to said company, and consequently in a loss to the Government; that you offered to write, and did write, a letter to said company, apprising it of your interview with Mr. Herman, and using your good offices in his behalf; that you advised Herman that his \$5,000 deposit would probably be returned to him if he adopted your suggestion.

The rules of the bureau, formulated by Mr. Metcalf himself many years ago, and applicable to the granting of all such contracts as that under discussion, provide

explicitly that such a contract cannot be lawfully transferred or assigned, and shall not be awarded to "bidders who are unable to prove their financial responsibility aside from the formal guarantee," nor "to bidders whose places of business are unfavorably located, nor to those whose establishments are provided with limited facilities, nor to those who shall not satisfactorily guarantee absolute ability to fulfill such contracts to the satisfaction of the Department." Mr. Herman had no plant; his intention was to transfer the contract; and he was, therefore, clearly barred out by the rules of the Department. There seems, therefore, to be no force whatever in Mr. Payne's assertion that Mr. Metcalf's action resulted in a loss to the Government, and until full investigation shows the contrary it is fair to assume that, although Mr. Metcalf may have gone beyond his province in trying to adjust matters between the Wynkoop Company and Mr. Herman, he acted for the profit of the bureau and to facilitate its work. The presumption of his good faith is confirmed by the universal testimony of those who have known Mr. Metcalf's career, and who have had large dealings with the important bureau he has conducted, that he has been a public servant of a high type—giving to the service skill, constructive force, and organizing ability. His peremptory dismissal by Postmaster-General Payne has been followed by a request for a hearing by him before the Postmaster-General, and, as we write, the Postmaster-General still has the request under advisement. Mr. Payne asserts that it was not any part of Mr. Metcalf's duty to pass upon the question of Mr. Herman's responsibility. While we hesitate to question Mr. Payne's judgment in this matter, it is only fair to say that there has been a general public belief that heads of departments, such as the money-order bureau, have, in point of fact, commonly and constantly throughout the governmental service passed upon points like that in question, subject, of course, to the formal signature and approval of the Postmaster-General. It appears to us that Mr. Metcalf is entitled to a more thorough hearing both from the Postmaster-General and from the general public than he has received.

### Servitude for Debt in Georgia

While the Federal Court at Montgomery is considering the cases of the kidnappers indicted for selling negro men to the managers of convict camps in Alabama, the Waycross "Journal" reports the case of a negro woman similarly victimized in Georgia. The report of the "Journal" is, in brief, as follows:

Lulu Frazier, the negro woman who was sent off to the McRee camp nine months ago to pay her attorney's fee, was brought back to Waycross Monday night, and appeared before the County Commissioners Tuesday afternoon. It will be remembered that she had been arrested and put in jail charged with living in adultery and with bigamy. After three weeks of incarceration it was discovered that she had been legally married, and she was released. In the meantime she had employed a lawyer to defend her, and to pay the lawyer's fee the McRees carried her to their camps to work out the amount, which they considered to be worth fourteen months' servitude. When Lulu was brought into the Commissioner's room at the court-house Tuesday, she was with her erstwhile husband, Nathan Frazier. She was first asked why she had gone to the McRee camps. She replied that Mr. Will Crawley [her attorney] had got her to go there to pay her lawyer's fee. She was asked if she voluntarily hired to McRee. She replied that she did not, but thought she had to go there. She said she went with Mr. Frank McRee.

"Were you allowed your freedom when you got there?" asked the Commissioner.

"I was locked up at night till two weeks ago," she replied.

"How long have you been there?"

"Nine months."

"Did they whip you any?"

"They whipped me twice with a leather strap wide as your four fingers."

"What did they whip you for?"

"They claimed I was trying to run away one day when I went to the cow-pen, and another time they said I was neglecting my work."

Mr. Crawley says that he did not recall what the woman's fee was, and that he did not know what kind of a contract McRee made with the woman. He had nothing to do with her fourteen months' service there, any more than the officers of the court do when they allow the McRees to pay fines and take parties there who have been prisoners.

This Georgia case differs from the Alabama cases, reported three weeks ago, in two important respects. In the first place, the Georgia woman seems to have been imprisoned solely for debt, without any warrant in the law, while the Alabama negroes, in some cases at least, were imprisoned for alleged breach of contract, over of a dangerous statute enacted

a year ago, providing for the punishment of "any person who has contracted in writing to labor or serve for any given time . . . and who before the expiration of such contract, and without the consent of the other party, abandons such contract." In the second place, the Georgia abuse was exposed solely by the action of local officials, without any intervention of the Federal authorities. Both of these differences give assurance that in Georgia there has been no such widespread kidnapping of friendless negroes as has been revealed in Alabama.

☉

### Negro Rights Defended in Mississippi

A correspondent in Lincoln County, Mississippi, a prominent

attorney in Brookhaven, sends us an interesting letter explaining the recent Whitecap depredations in that vicinity, and telling the sequel of Judge Fulton's arraignment of them, reported in The Outlook three weeks ago. The letter is so compact that we print it in full, omitting only its introductory reference to our former paragraph: "Under the Deed in Trust law of this State merchants have acquired considerable real estate throughout this section of the country, which has been rented to negro tenants. In December, 1902, negroes who were tenants of such merchants, or who were tenants of landowners living in towns, received notice that they would not be permitted to cultivate land belonging to such landlords. In some instances, also, negroes who owned their own land were threatened in this way and ordered to vacate their homes. The negroes of Lincoln County complained of this treatment, and the Governor offered a reward for the conviction of persons guilty of giving such notices and making such threats. Affidavits were made against several persons charged with this offense. Afterwards they were tried at Brookhaven, the county seat of Lincoln County, by Judge Powell and District Attorney Graves; and they were bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury. In this trial most of the members of the bar in the county refused to defend the Whitecappers. Upon the meeting of the Grand Jury the result was that indictments were secured and a conviction followed in each indictment. The judge imposed a fine and put each con-

victed person under bond to keep the peace. These convictions were secured upon the testimony of two negro men, who recognized the Whitecappers upon the night they were warned by said Whitecappers to vacate the farm they were renting. The matter of securing their reward has been placed in my hands by these two negroes, and there is every certainty that it will be paid. The indictment and conviction of these parties has without doubt suppressed the Whitecap movement in this county, and the negroes are now living unmolessted in their former homes. It will thus be seen that it was more an opposition to merchants and landed men than to the negroes themselves which gave rise to the Whitecap movement, and that the law has successfully protected the colored citizens of Lincoln County, Mississippi."

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President Roosevelt on the  
Kishenev Massacres

The reply last week of President Roosevelt to a delegation of Jewish citizens who requested his aid and the Government's sanction for a petition to the Czar protesting against the Kishenev massacres, not only defined the position of the United States in the matter, but was an extremely vigorous and interesting tribute to the achievements of the Jewish race. That official action by our Government was impossible was clearly shown. It would be a gross insult to a friendly country to assume that its Government instigated or willingly permitted such atrocities. The petition to which President Roosevelt's attention was directed was in its nature a private and not a governmental affair. Nevertheless, the reply of President Roosevelt, prepared as it was with some care and almost officially given out for publication, contained a deep expression of sympathy for the victims and of horror for the appalling calamity at Kishenev. President Roosevelt said:

Exactly as I should claim the same sympathy from any one of you for any tragedy happening to any Christian people, so I should hold myself unworthy of my present position if I failed to feel just as deep sympathy and just as deep sorrow and just as deep horror over an outrage like this done to the Jewish people in any part of the earth. I am confident that much good has already been done by the manifestations throughout this country,

without regard to creed whatsoever, of horror and sympathy over what has occurred.

With regard to the position of the Government of Russia, the President assured his visitors that he had been visited by the Russian Ambassador and had received from him an assurance that the Government of Russia had the same feeling of horror and indignation with which the American people look upon these outrages, and that active measures were being taken to punish all concerned in the outrages. In a way, the utterance of the President may be regarded as giving form and substance to the opinion of the people of this country. It may be hoped that this remonstrance and the horror of the whole civilized world will lead the Russian authorities to take such steps as will make the future occurrence of such an episode, which seems to reek with the barbarism of mediæval times, impossible.

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Strike Settlements The exhaustion caused by the prolonged strike fever resulted last week in the settlement of several important strikes and in pacific overtures to settle and prevent others. In Chicago the waiters' union, under pressure of indignant public opinion—including that of the officials of the American Federation of Labor—abandoned its preposterous attitude in refusing to recognize the employers' association, and accepted the arbitration the latter had offered. In Omaha, where building operations have been practically suspended for three months, the bricklayers last week accepted a compromise by which they were to receive union wages, but agreed to work alongside of non-union men. Other unions also made terms with their employers, and the strike virtually collapsed. In Lowell the strike of the cotton-mill operatives was formally ended by a unanimous vote of the unions, the latter acknowledging a complete defeat. The fact that raw cotton is ten cents a pound, or just twice as high as five years ago, while manufactured cotton goods have advanced but little, had so reduced the manufacturers' margin of profits that the strike, as was pointed out by Mr. Kennan in our columns, was foredoomed to failure. In New York City operations in the

building trades have not yet been resumed, owing largely to the apparent insistence of the employers' association that the unions must accept the precise form of arbitration offered them. This form, it will be recalled, demanded the exclusion of the walking delegates from the arbitration board, and denied the union the freedom of representation accorded to the employers' association. The position of the employers on this point lent strength to the belligerent faction in the unions. Nevertheless, peace overtures continue to be made, and a small concession on the part of the employers seems now likely to result in the reaching of a general working agreement. At the miners' convention there was an overwhelming popular sentiment in favor of insisting upon the right of the union to "appoint" the miners' representatives on the Board of Conciliation, as provided by the letter of the Commission's award. President Mitchell, however, secured the substance of the union's demand by dismissing as trivial the form in which it had been put. Upon his recommendation, the convention elected as conciliators the three district presidents who had previously been appointed, and the operators promptly accepted this action as satisfactory to themselves. Through this bit of courteous diplomacy President Mitchell avoided a needless strain upon friendly relations with the operators.



#### A Lesson in High Finance

The public rehearsal of their woes by the various magnates of the United States Ship-building Company last week furnished an impressive lesson in the mysteries of trust finance. This Company was organized, it may be recalled, just as the public appetite for trust securities began to be cloyed, and the difficulty of selling its stocks at the figures expected nearly wrecked the banking company which had financed the enterprise. Even the bonds of the Company fell to a low figure, and some of the dissatisfied bondholders asked for the appointment of a receiver. Their complaints drew forth the published replies of Mr. Lewis Nixon, the experienced ship-builder who has been the President of the trust, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who has been the controlling factor in its

management. Mr. Nixon's statement is chiefly remarkable for its general disclaimer of all knowledge of the financial side of the enterprise. The prospectuses issued to attract investors seem to have been entirely out of his department, though his name as President of the Company was one of the most attractive things about them. As a ship-builder, he says, he was hampered by intolerable limitations, and his general view as to the economy of trust management is strikingly in accord with the pessimistic one so frequently expressed by Mr. Carnegie. Instead of the combination earning half a million a year more than the constituent companies had done, it earned half a million less—a result partly attributed by Mr. Nixon to "the decrease of energy of management at some of the plants with the removal of local and personal responsibility." But Mr. Schwab's statement is still more interesting. He went into the ship-building combination, he says, in order to secure a good customer for the United States Steel Corporation, of which he is President. Then he and Mr. Morgan bought the Bethlehem Steel Company and sold it to the ship-building combination—thus enabling it to supply its own steel without patronizing the corporation of which he is President. He practically denies the charge that he paid but three million dollars for the Bethlehem works, declaring that he paid Mr. Morgan nine millions for it. He admits, however, that he sold it to the ship-building combination for \$10,000,000 of bonds, \$10,000,000 of preferred stock, and \$10,000,000 of common stock. A voting power was given to his bonds as well as his stocks, and he was thus in complete control of the management of the combination. Now that the whole speculation stands as it does, he offers to complaining bondholders to return their thirty million dollars of securities if the Bethlehem works are given back to him; but the bondholders reply that under his management the value of the Bethlehem works has been enormously increased at the expense of other funds of the combination, and they ask a still greater concession. Of course the whole proceeding has called forth a great deal of angry comment on the part of investors who trusted to the great names in the combination and the enor-

mous economies which consolidation was expected to secure.

#### Lives Saved by Automatic Couplers

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, just issued for the year which ended in June, 1902, brings out sharply the remarkable prosperity of American railroads. They have now over two hundred thousand miles of track, or nearly half again as much as the whole of Europe, and a standing army of nearly twelve hundred thousand employees—an industrial force just about equal to the military forces of Germany and France. Particularly satisfactory to investors is the contrast between conditions in 1902 and 1896. During this period net earnings have increased sixty-two per cent.—from \$377,000,000 to \$610,000,000. If the net earnings of each year are capitalized at a five per cent. rate—the natural basis when selling securities in Europe—the value of the roads has increased from about seven billion dollars to twelve billions. The aggregate of salaries and wages paid has not increased in so large a ratio, but this has advanced from \$468,000,000 to \$676,000,000. The average wages for each employee have increased from \$550 to \$580, or about five per cent. The general advances in railway wages made during the past five months will add materially to the gains recorded for the employees. To the public, however, these financial figures are perhaps less interesting and certainly less novel than the gains recorded in saving the lives of trainmen by the enforcement of the automatic coupler law of 1893. The figures upon this point to which Mr. E. E. Clark, of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, has recently called attention in "Boyce's Weekly" are gratifying in the extreme. In 1893, he writes, a few roads had voluntarily introduced the automatic couplers, but most of the roads refused to follow their example because of the expense involved. The railway brotherhoods in that year convinced Congress that "the balance-sheet had to be made up with dollars on the one side and human lives on the other," and succeeded in getting through both houses an act requiring that within five years all cars used in inter-State commerce should be provided

with automatic couplers. The time allowed to substitute the improved couplers for the old ones not quite worn out was afterwards extended to 1900. In 1893 the number of persons killed in coupling cars was 433, and the number injured was 11,277. In 1902 the number of killed had been reduced to 167, and the number of injured to 2,864. Inasmuch as the number of railway employees had meanwhile greatly increased, and inasmuch as the National law does not cover cars used in purely State traffic, the act has certainly succeeded as well as its most enthusiastic supporters hoped.

**Major James B. Pond** Major James B. Pond, who died on Sunday of this week, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, has rendered to the American people a service something analogous to that of a great publisher, with this difference: the publisher introduces the writings of thinkers to readers; Major Pond introduced the thinkers themselves to audiences. When he began his work as a lecture agent in 1875, the lecture platform was more an instrument of education and less a means for amusement than to-day. Under his auspices many of the great public teachers of the last quarter of the last century addressed the American public, from that distinctively American forum, the lecture platform. Among those whom he was the means of introducing to America are Henry M. Stanley, George Kennan, Ernest Thompson Seton, Israel Zangwill, and John Watson. Among those whose agent and representative he was were Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, Joseph Jefferson, George W. Cable, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, and James Whitcomb Riley. The extent and nature of his work are indicated by the fact that he traveled with Mr. Beecher nearly three hundred thousand miles, and spent the last summer of Mr. Beecher's life with him in England, during which time, under his arrangements, Mr. Beecher preached seventeen times and delivered nine public addresses and fifty-eight lectures. Major Pond's imperturbable good humor, broad human sympathies, naïve enthusiasm, personal as well as professional interest in the men whom he represented, delight in the work of both entertaining and educat-

the audiences to whom he introduced them, coupled with his high ethical ideals, gave him easily a front rank in a profession which he may almost be said to have created. We do not think that in that profession he ever allowed himself to be the instrument of lecturers whose influence on American life was otherwise than beneficial, or of entertainments which were other than innocent, healthful, and, in the broad sense of the term, elevating.

**Herbert Vaughan  
Cardinal-Priest and  
Archbishop**

On Friday night of last week Cardinal Vaughan, head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, after many weeks of illness, died in London. Born in 1832 of a family which had been Roman Catholic for generations and had furnished many stalwart sons to the army and the Church, he became an ecclesiastic of the militant, uncompromising type almost by instinct. In character, training, and inheritance he offered a strong contrast to his predecessors in the archiepiscopal see of Westminster, Cardinals Newman and Manning, both of whom were accessions to the Church of Rome from the Church of England. During his term as Archbishop of Westminster the extreme High Church party of the Church of England made many advances to the Roman Catholic Church, but Cardinal Vaughan would have no dealings with them. He believed that Rome would eventually become supreme in England and needed to have no treaty with those whom he considered schismatics. Probably this policy gained the Roman Catholic Church many who find repose in what is unyielding; but it also did much to awaken the opposition of those who under other circumstances would have been content, with easy tolerance, to let the Roman Catholic movement go its own way. It is therefore difficult at present to estimate Cardinal Vaughan's service to the hierarchy of which he was so distinguished a member. He was held in high esteem by the present Pope. When he was a young man, still a priest, he visited America twice to further missionary work among the negroes. In 1873, the year after his second visit, he was made Bishop of Salford; in 1892 was made Archbishop of Westminster; and the next year was

received into the College of Cardinals. Besides his attitude of opposition to all conciliatory policies, Cardinal Vaughan was eminent for his interest in ecclesiastical education and for his active efforts for the furtherance of temperance.

**Inauguration  
of President Bliss  
at Beirut**

During the week of May 10 the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut celebrated the inauguration of its new President, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, D.D. The retiring President gave a historical address, and there were also a series of addresses on "The Foundations of Religious Belief." At the installation exercises the hall was crowded with foreign residents and representatives of the highest Syrian culture, there being about one thousand people in the body of the building and one hundred and fifty on the platform. The President Emeritus represented the Board of Trustees, and there were addresses from the Syrian Mission, the local Board of Managers of the College, the faculty, the alumni, and the students. President Bliss's inaugural address was an eloquent discourse upon "The Educated Man," his qualities and development. The Syrian Protestant College was founded in 1866, under the direction of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., father of the new President, recently appointed President Emeritus. It has never been directly under mission control, being incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and governed by a board of trustees resident in New York City; but in aim and in effect it has worked for the civilization and evangelization of the East. From very modest beginnings it has grown to be a college that would now bear comparison with many an American institution. On its beautifully situated campus of forty acres there are twelve large, well-equipped buildings; the corps of instructors numbers forty-five; and the six hundred and fifty students come from Syria, Turkey, Armenia, Persia, Egypt, Greece, the islands of the Mediterranean, even from Brazil and New York City. Instruction is given in six departments—the schools of medicine, pharmacy, and commerce, the college, the preparatory department, and the school of Biblical archaeology and philol-



ogy. In connection with the medical work clinics are held at the Johanniter hospital, and a model pharmacy has been established on the campus. The American trustees have recently decided to increase the endowment by \$500,000, and a few weeks ago the Sultan issued an *irade* allowing the College new and important privileges.



**The Election  
of Dr. Lines**

Great interest has attended the election of a Bishop of Newark in succession to the late Bishop Starkey. At the first Convention there was a deadlock between the clergy and the lay delegates which prevented an election. On Tuesday of last week, at an adjourned meeting of the Convention, the Rev. Dr. Edwin Stevens Lines, rector of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Connecticut, was elected Bishop on the fifth ballot. Dr. Lines's majority of the clerical vote was small, but his election was accepted with the utmost good feeling by a very large majority of those who had voted for other candidates, and would have been made unanimous but for the opposition of three or four clergymen representing the extreme ritualistic wing of the party. The ministry of Dr. Lines in New Haven has been notable for its deep religious spirit and its practical efficiency; and he is held in very high regard by men of all classes for his sterling character, his courage, capacity, and friendliness. From many points he is one of the foremost citizens of New Haven. His election as Bishop of Newark is another indication of the strength of moderate churchmanship. Dr. Lines is in no sense a partisan, and, if he accepts, will be the Bishop of the Church and not of a party. The results of all recent elections in the Episcopal Church and of the votes in the various conventions on the question of a change of name indicate a very conservative sentiment and a distinct reaction against the extreme ritualistic movement.



**The Turkish Method of  
Revising the Bible**

The American Bible Society has indirectly felt the result of recent political agitation in the Turkish provinces in a curious way. The Turkish Department of Public Education has

become suspicious of the editions of the Bible published by the Society. It has been aroused by such an insignificant change as the addition of the word "here" in the saying of Jesus (as recorded in Mark xiii. 2 and Luke xxi. 6) that "there shall not be left [here] one stone upon another." Perhaps the Department felt that that was bringing it too close to Constantinople. In another case the Department objected to the word Macedonia. The substitute they suggested would, if uniformly adopted, make the famous passage in Acts xvi. 9 read, "Come over into the villayets of Salonika and Monastir, and help us," though in fact the objection seems limited to the word as used in but one of Paul's epistles, the First to the Thessalonians. As used there it seems to the casual reader far more harmless. Other objections in past times have been even more curious, though perhaps more comprehensible. In one Bible a map of Egypt was objected to because it was printed in red, and that suggested British possession! But perhaps the most naïve suggestion was that the sentence in 1 Timothy i. 9, "Christ Jesus came to save sinners," was unwarranted in including Mohammedan sinners with the rest of mankind, and that the sentence be changed so as to read, "Christ Jesus came to save Christian sinners"! Though this Turkish suggestion does not altogether lack pertinency, it is satisfactory to be able to record that this change was finally not insisted on. Humorous as the procedure of the Turkish Department of Education may appear, it is not altogether different in principle from that followed by many theologians who have occupied themselves in reconciling the Bible to their systems of belief; it is only more frank and ingenuous.



**College Events** There were several picturesque incidents in the college world last week; among them the visit of President Roosevelt to the University of Virginia, where he was received with characteristic Southern cordiality, the audience applauding him enthusiastically as he was introduced in the fine auditorium. His speech was brief and characteristic. He emphasized the significance of the University of Virginia in the history of the country, not only on account of its

early constitution, but on account of its historical associations, and said that at almost every step in his recent journey across the continent he had been reminded of some important thing accomplished by a Virginian or a descendant of a Virginian. He paid a tribute to the courage and services of Lewis and Clarke, and many other citizens of the State; and declared that Virginia has a right to be proud of the character of the men whom she has sent into public life. He commented on the beauty of the housing of the University, recalled the fact that Poe and Thomas Nelson Page were among its graduates, and spoke of the great number of Virginia University men filling high public positions. He emphasized the duty of citizenship, and made his customary plea for a strong navy as an instrument of peace, declaring that the way to invite war was to be "prosperous, aggressive, and unarmed." There was a great gathering of the graduates of Phillips Academy at Andover on Wednesday to commemorate the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of a school which has taken the highest rank among secondary schools for scholarship. The chief feature of the day was the address by the Chinese Minister, Chen-Tung-Liang-Cheng, a graduate of the seminary, who greatly interested his audience by his very intimate dealing with baseball and other games and with his reminiscences of his own athletic performances. On the same day occurred the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Bradford Academy, not far from the Academy, of which a full account appears in this issue of *The Outlook*. At the Brown University Commencement President Faunce announced gifts amounting to \$25,000 in money, and various important contributions of paintings and books. At the University of Chicago President Harper announced gifts aggregating nearly \$700,000. At the University of Iowa Senator Hoar declared that the final purpose of all scholarship and of all life is character, and that the fate of the Nation depends in the last resort on individual character. At Hobart College, Geneva, New York, Langdon C. Stewardson was formally installed President of the College; and among other degrees conferred was that of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. J. Selden Spencer, of

Tarrytown, New York, the recent celebration of the fifty-second anniversary of whose connection with Christ Church parish in that town was reported in these columns. At the University of Rochester Mr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia "Press," received the degree of Doctor of Letters.



#### The Literature of Anarchism

There is something more than an interest of curiosity attached to the purchase by Columbia University of what is believed to be the most complete collection of Anarchistic literature in existence. As a member of the Columbia faculty who has examined the collection points out, not only will students of sociology and history find in this collection material and data of value, but it has an even more positive interest for those who are looking into the problems of morbid psychology. It seems that the collection was made by a French Anarchist living in London; that it was turned over by his executors to a well-known London firm of book auctioneers, and that it escaped the observation of book-hunters and specialists so completely that the agent of Dr. Canfield, the Columbian librarian, secured the entire library for only one hundred dollars; while the real value is shown by the fact that double this sum and more has since been offered for single items in the long list. Such a "find" has rarely been heard of lately among bibliophiles. The collection includes not only about two hundred and fifty sets of periodicals and newspapers relating to Anarchism and three hundred books and pamphlets, many of which are rare and a few of which are absolutely unique, but also hundreds of photographs of revolutionists, a great mass of documents, letters, and manifestoes by leading Anarchists, and an extremely curious collection of posters, broadsides, and inflammatory songs. Among these are to be found such things as a so-called death-warrant predicting to Anarchists the assassination of President Carnot, of France, and a bundle of scorched papers found on the body of a London Anarchist who died while hurling a bomb into a crowded square. One benefit to be found from a careful study of such documents and books is, of course, the light thrown on

the methods of thinking and the growth of belief among the deplorably large number of men who, either through personal wrong or through that peculiar intellectual twist which we call crankiness, have been led to adopt the theories of violence as a remedy for social evil. Another is the exposition by its own adherents of the so-called philosophical Anarchism which disowns the idea of violent measures, although it fails to explain how otherwise the abolition of all government is to be obtained. Sociologists will find hereafter in the Columbia Library a mine of curious information not obtainable elsewhere in this country and probably not to be found in any great foreign capital.



**The Ascent of  
Sorata**

What is the highest mountain peak in the Western Hemisphere? The claim has been made for several mountains, but there seems to be good reason to accept the belief of Sir Martin Conway, Professor Pickering (who established the Arequipa Observatory in South America for Harvard), and others, that the honor lies with Sorata, in the Andes of Bolivia. The ascent to the top has never been made; the feat was attempted in 1898 by Sir Martin Conway, but he failed to reach the summit. Sir Martin is confident that Sorata exceeds in height the Chilean mountain Aconcagua, and believes that Sorata will measure between 22,000 and 25,000 feet. To solve the problem of primacy among American mountains, to make other ascents of special interest, to visit the remains of the pygmy city near Lima, Peru, to search for a reported pygmy city near Mount Chachani in Peru, and to carry out other archæological investigations in that vicinity—these are the principal objects of the expedition organized by Miss Annie S. Peck, which sailed from New York last week. Dr. Tight, of the University of Mexico, will accompany the party and will have charge of the scientific observations. The chief guides have been brought over from Switzerland. Miss Peck's feats in mountain-climbing have given her a first place among American women mountaineers; the Matterhorn, and, in Mexico, Popocatepetl and Orizaba (the last being far the most difficult), are among her achievements. Miss

Peck is not only an expert mountaineer, but has a reputation as a scholar, magazine writer, and lecturer; she has been a teacher at Purdue and Smith Colleges, was the first woman student at the American School of Archæology in Athens, and holds two degrees from the University of Michigan. It may be expected, therefore, that there will result from her present undertaking something of serious scientific and archæological value, as well as one of those graphic and thrilling accounts of mountain-climbing which writers and climbers like Whymper, Mummery, and Conway have made so fascinating and dramatic. Readers of *The Outlook* will be interested to know that Miss Peck's expedition is undertaken in large part under the auspices of *The Outlook*, and that at the earliest practicable date the accounts of its achievements will appear in this journal, illustrated with the author's own photographs.



**Leprosy in  
Norway**

Until the middle of the last century the number of lepers in Norway was very large, as little attempt had been made to check the horrible disease, and the prospect of uprooting it seemed small. It was not until 1870, when the total number of lepers in Norway was estimated at 2,055, that a decided improvement began to appear, and this has continued and increased ever since. In 1885 the number had fallen to 1,195, in 1895 to 688, and in 1900 to 577. The marked decrease in cases since 1885 is due chiefly to the passing of a law in that year for the compulsory isolation of patients. The administration of this law proved so successful and met with so little opposition from those affected by it that a similar measure has recently been introduced in connection with tuberculosis. In some districts where leprosy was formerly very common not a case is now found, and in Bergen the St. Jørgens Hospital for lepers has been turned into a sanitarium for tuberculosis. Although it is impossible to fix a definite date, there is good reason to believe that before many years leprosy will be wholly a thing of the past in Norway. A similar change for the better is reported from Iceland, presumably from the same causes.

## To College Graduates

There are two forms of knowledge which the college can do but little to furnish, but which you must acquire if you are to succeed in the life on which you are about entering. Perhaps we should rather say, two forms of capacity: one is represented by the word *Insight*, the other by the word *Foresight*.

You are going out to deal with men. If you are to deal successfully with them, you must understand them. You must know their nature and the motives which control them. If you are to live peaceably with them, you must know how to avoid needless friction. If you are to lead them, you must know how to win their confidence, esteem, respect. To do this you must enter into their lives, see things as they see them, get their point of view, be able to put yourself in their place. You must be able to do this not only for right-thinking, right-willing, and reasonable men; you must be able to do it for wrong-thinking, prejudiced, and unreasonable men, for with such men you will have to do in your life.

If you go into the ministry, you will enter it after three or four years of academic study, four years of college study, three years of professional study. You will have obtained new views of theology and of the Bible. Much of the creed of your fathers will perhaps seem to you antiquated; much even of the Bible will have taken on a new significance. But you will have to preach to a congregation many of whose members have not taken an academic course, few of whom have taken a college course, none of whom have taken a theological course. You will have to preach to a congregation possessed by the prejudices from which you imagine that you have been emancipated. Their prejudices will rise up in arms against you, if they find that you are attacking the traditions which they hold sacred, but which you regard outgrown. If you are to give them a better knowledge, a broader horizon, a larger life, it is not enough that you know what that better knowledge, that broader horizon, that larger life, are; you must know them, their horizon, their life; and you must know how to lead them out of the valley on to the mountain top.

Or you are going to practice medicine. If your patients were all reasonable men and women, your task would be easy; but they are not. Even in their best estate they are not all reasonable men and women, and you will have to deal with them when they are not in their best estate but are morbid. You will have to deal with patients who throw your medicine out of the window and still expect you to cure them; in one house with a mother busy with other things and careless of the sick child; in another house with a mother whose weak and tearful sympathy does much to negative the influence of your presence and the effect of your medicines. It is not enough for you to know physiology and anatomy and therapeutics; not enough for you to know what your medical school has told you; you must know men and women—their physical constitutions, their mental and moral constitutions. You must understand them—their life, their narrownesses, their prejudices, their unreasonableness. You must see into them, that you may minister to them.

Or you are going into a mercantile or a manufacturing life. You are going there to take some position of responsibility. Not to be a day-laborer, not to be a single workman under orders, but to be a foreman in a shop, or the head of a department, or perhaps eventually the manager of the entire industry. To do this successfully you must understand workingmen; you must know their tastes and inclinations, their prejudices and passions, their envies and jealousies. You will have to deal with labor unions. If labor unions were always directed by well-trained minds, if they were always actuated by the highest motives, were always led by the noblest men, always sought the greatest good of the greatest number by the purest and best measures, your task would be easy, except that there would scarcely be any use for you at all. If labor unions were made up of educated scientists and industrial saints such as these, workingmen would need no foremen, no bosses, no managers of departments. In fact, their race, their religion, their mental and social habits, their companions, their traditions, their very language, will be different from yours. You must learn how to see with their eyes, to feel with

their hearts, to share in some true sense their experiences. You must know how to avoid avoidable friction; when to concede, when to refuse concession. You must understand not only what is just and right, but what seems to them just and right; and in order to enable you to make them see with your eyes, you must first see with theirs.

College life has given you some acquaintance with men; but it has been for the most part with men of your own class, educated and cultivated men, whose horizon is your horizon, whose interests are your interests, whose traditions are your traditions, whose point of view is your point of view. You have now to mix with men whose whole conception of life will be different from yours, who will perhaps be no more prejudiced, but who will have other prejudices, no more narrow, but will have other narrownesses, no more selfish, but will have other selfishnesses. How to deal with them with the courage that is always patient and the patience that is always courageous, with the gentleness that is strength and the strength that is gentle, this is one of the lessons you must learn if you expect to win success in your life, whatever its path may be.

The other knowledge or capacity which you must acquire is Foresight. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." We must understand what He is doing, to what end He is shaping our generation. We are like men upon the deck of an ocean steamer. We can walk forward or backward, or not walk at all; but we are borne on toward a distant point by forces which transcend our understanding, and which we can do little to direct. The currents which control our life are almost wholly beyond our control, and we succeed in life only as we understand what those currents are and whither they are carrying us. We fail in life, however sagacious, strong, talented, and learned, if we set ourselves against those life-currents, endeavoring to thwart them, or if we live in ignorance of them, as though they did not exist. John C. Calhoun was a great political thinker, Robert E. Lee was a great military commander, yet their lives resulted in failure because they fought against the irresistible currents of human destiny. It was

decreed by a power mightier than the mightiest that the feudal system of the South should be overturned, and on its ruins a new system erected. Democracy was, as the saying is, in the air; it was as hopeless to resist it as it would be for the iceberg to resist the summer sun and the warm bath when it gets into the embrace of the Gulf Stream. Daniel Webster was a far greater man than William Lloyd Garrison, but Daniel Webster endeavored in vain to check the currents that led through attempted secession to emancipation, and William Lloyd Garrison lived to see his dream realized, though by methods the operation of which he had in vain endeavored to prevent.

You must understand the currents of this age if you are to live successfully in it.

The individualism of the middle of the nineteenth century belongs to the past. Ruthless and unlimited competition is passing away. No human forces are strong enough to restore it. We are living in the age of combination and co-operation. It is equally in vain for the coal operators of Pennsylvania to refuse recognition to the laborers' union and for the waiters' union in Chicago to refuse recognition to the hotel-keepers' union. Capital will combine for greater efficiency; labor will combine for better protection. The man who endeavors to prevent combination, whether of capital or of labor, swims against a resistless tide. He walks from the bow to the stern of a steamer which is steadily carrying him in the direction opposite to that in which he thinks he is walking. The wise leader of industry will neither ignore the competition of the past nor attempt to resist the tendency to co-operation and combination in the present. He will endeavor to see how out of the competition of the past to construct a combination and co-operation which will preserve the virtues and values of individualism, and secure also the virtues and values of a true, free, co-operative fellowship. The tendency toward combination is as apparent in government as it is in industry. It is a part of the great movement toward universal brotherhood which can be guided, but cannot be thwarted. The separate and jealous provinces of Italy are united in one Italian kingdom. The hostile German States are united in

one German Empire. Egypt, India, Australia, have become parts of the great British Empire. The frantic endeavor for the dissolution of the American commonwealth in the interests of political individualism failed. In lieu of it, the American flag floats not only over all the former American commonwealth, but, in spite of the protests of the timid, carries American sovereignty across the ocean to Hawaii and the Philippines. Commerce beckons American enterprise to enter the East, a thousand miles nearer our coast than to the British Isles, and opportunity demands of us a courage and a wisdom equal to the exigencies of the new day which dawns with the new century. To resist the tendency toward what men miscall imperialism is a hopeless task; to guide the tendency so that wherever the American flag carries with it American sovereignty it shall also carry with it liberty, justice, and good will, is the problem which the God of nations calls on you to solve.

In religion the supreme and final authority has passed, for substantially all Protestant denominations, from the Church, and is passing, despite the hopeless resistance of many, from the Bible. The minister of the future must learn that the secret of authority is God in the individual conscience, and that the authority both of the Church and of the Bible is due to the fact that they have both interpreted that voice to human souls. He who would succeed in the religious development of his age must not live in the nineteenth century, still less in the sixteenth. He must live in the twentieth century, and must show men how to use both the Church and the Bible in interpreting that voice of God in the soul of man which is the secret of all authority—social, political, and religious.

You may not agree with this interpretation of the life-currents of this twentieth century. We briefly describe them, not for the purpose of making you see life as we see it, but for the purpose of inducing you to turn your faces toward the future and see for yourselves whither those life-currents are guiding you. The knowledge of the past will not give you success in the present, unless out of that past you learn lessons to guide you toward the future to which God is bringing the chil-

dren of men. All that you have learned of history and literature, of science and of art, in your college course will serve to enrich your life and that of your fellow-men, will serve to give you real influence over them and real leadership in your age, only as, to the scholarship which the college has conferred upon you, you add by your own individual study of life and men these two vital qualities, Insight and Foresight—an understanding of men, and some comprehension of the future toward which you must guide both them and yourself.

## John Wesley

If the Methodists are inclined to regard the writings of John Wesley as a supreme and final authority, the other Christian denominations too little recognize the value of the service which he has rendered to the whole Christian Church. It may be hoped that his bi-centenary will have the effect to call attention, not only to that service as an important historic fact, but to the principles which that service illustrates and the direction in which it points the Church universal to-day.

The primitive Church was primarily a missionary organization, and this missionary spirit remained in it, inspiring and actuating it, for several centuries. The spirit and purpose of Paul animated the early Fathers of the Church, and Christian missionaries went from Rome into northern Africa, throughout northern Europe, and as far as England. English and Irish missionaries in turn crossed the Channel as heralds of the new faith. During this epoch the first duty of the Church was to give to others its newly discovered gift of life; though it simultaneously organized a ministry for the development and enjoyment of that life itself. It may not be easy to say how or why this spirit was lost. Perhaps Augustinism in the Roman Church and Calvinism in the Protestant Church may have had something to do with that loss. For a faith which teaches that the number of the saved is so determined by divine decree that it can neither be increased nor diminished is not an incentive to missionary effort.

Whatever the cause, in the beginning of the eighteenth century there was practically no missionary work in the Protestant

churches except among the Moravians. In England institutional religion had become little more than a class privilege. There was a "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," but its energies were mainly devoted to labors in the English colonies. There was some attempt at Church extension, but very little evangelical enthusiasm. The general religious conditions in England were some years ago thus described by an eloquent writer in the "North British Review:"

There was no freshness in the past, and no promise in the future. The Puritans were buried, and the Methodists were not born. The philosopher of the age was Bolingbroke, the moralist was Addison, the minstrel was Pope, and the preacher was Atterbury. The world had the idle, discontented look of the morning after a wine-mad holiday; and, like rocket-sticks and the singed paper from last night's squibs, the spent jokes of Charles and Rochester lay all about, and people yawned to look at them.

It was at this time (1703) that John Wesley was born. He was designed for the Church, became a High Churchman and an extreme ritualist, urged the maintenance of a weekly administration of the Lord's Supper, excluded from it all Dissenters and admitted to it Romanists. The spiritual earnestness of the Moravians attracted him, somewhat as the spiritual earnestness of the Christians attracted Saul of Tarsus, and in 1728 he underwent a conversion as radical if not as sudden as that of his ancient prototype. The theological reformation which he initiated was twofold: he denied the doctrine of Calvin, that man had lost his freedom by the fall, and taught that all men were free to accept the salvation which was proffered to them, and all men were able to do so. This doctrine of human freedom necessarily carried with it a doctrine of philosophic universalism, which, heresy though it then was—heresy social as well as theological—he frankly accepted and logically developed. He taught that the Christian life was in good faith offered freely to all men—elect and non-elect, rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant. Holding these two doctrines—perhaps we should rather say, this one doctrine, since philosophical universalism is a necessary result from freedom of the will—he laid upon the Church the responsibility of carrying the gift of life to all men, and he practiced what he preached, by going

forth as a herald to offer this gift to the uncultivated and the non-elect, as he could gather them in the streets of the towns and in the fields of the country.

In the birth of Methodism the universal Protestant Church, both Puritan and Episcopalian, experienced a new birth. For to-day practically the Christian ministry of all denominations are Wesleyan in their theology. The doctrine of human freedom and of consequent human responsibility, with its necessary accompaniment, the new evangelism, was taken up in this country by such men as Lyman Beecher, Charles G. Finney, and Albert Barnes. It split the Presbyterian Church in sunder, and the preachers of the new theology were turned out as heretics; but the doctrines remained in the Church which had excluded the preachers, and to-day it would be difficult to find any professed Calvinist of any eminence who holds to John Calvin's doctrine that the freedom of man has been lost by the fall, or denies John Wesley's doctrine that every man is free to repent of his sin and accept the gift of God through Jesus Christ. Every Protestant Church has its missionary organization and its missionary work. Every Protestant Church is in theory, though not always in practice, a herald of life to those who do not possess it. That this is true, that the Protestant churches are missionary churches, is primarily due to the Moravians; secondly, to John Wesley, who, imbibing the spirit of catholicity and of missionary enthusiasm from the Moravians, carried it over into other denominations by his spiritual earnestness and his organizing power.

And yet, though in theory substantially all Protestant churches accept the fundamental postulates of Wesleyan theology, and attempt to act in accordance with that theology by their missionary endeavors, there is, we are persuaded, a great need of a new revival of the spirit of what might be called either Wesleyanism or primitive Christianity. The churches of to-day are too much mere worshiping assemblies. They devote too large a proportion of their energies and their income to promoting the enjoyment of the Christian life by those who already possess it, and too little to imparting that Christian life to those who do not possess it. The cathedral-like church, the well-organized

choir, the well-paid orator, all minister to the spiritual luxury and perhaps to the spiritual development of the elect and cultivated few. They do little to carry the message of life as heralds to the non-elect and the uncultivated. The Church needs to study afresh the methods, and still more the life, of the primitive missionaries, the Wesleyan itinerants, and the Puritan revivalists. We do not, indeed, urge the re-employment of their methods. It is not at all probable that street and field preaching would accomplish in this century in America what it accomplished in the eighteenth century in England. It is quite as improbable that the methods of St. Patrick and St. Columba would be efficacious in our country and in our time. But, though a renewal of their methods might not be desirable, a revival of their spirit is the greatest need of the Church. The most discouraging sign of our times is the content of the Church to provide for the spiritual edification of its own members by a combination of all the æsthetic enjoyments which architecture, music, and oratory combine to afford. The most hopeful sign in the Church is the growing discontent with a religious work so limited in its scope and effects, and the beginning of the inquiry what methods the Church can discover and adapt for our age and our civilization, in order to do effectively in the twentieth century the work which the primitive Church did in the apostolic age, and which John Wesley and his followers did a hundred and fifty years ago.



## Church and State in France

The recent confirmation of President Loubet's son in a Paris church without the President's presence brings to mind in a concrete way the estrangement which exists in France between many sincere, patriotic, and intellectual men of radical opinions, on the one hand, and the Roman Catholic Church, so long the dominant religious power in the country, on the other. No one doubts the sincerity of the French President in maintaining an attitude of resistance to what he considers the interference of the Roman Church in French affairs; but many even among

those of his own political faith must deplore an attitude which accentuates the unhappy division on religious matters increasingly evident.

The truth is, France needs, and has always needed, both Conservatives and Radicals in religion as in politics. As a conservative body, the service of the Roman Catholic Church in solidifying France has been of great importance. The superstitions which have encumbered Latin Christianity for centuries are not so prevalent in France as in Italy and Spain; while the priests and prelates have been of a higher order intellectually than those found in the other Latin countries. Nor has the work of the French priests been purely religious; it has had perhaps an equal social value. No one can read the novels of Honoré de Balzac, Victor Hugo, Ludovic Halévy—to mention three names at random—without feeling that the village *curé* was and is one of the most influential social personages in France. It is perhaps not too much to add that this distinction has been for the most part deservedly gained.

But the Roman Catholic Church has not been entirely represented by its priests. There have been also the monks; and the antagonism to republican institutions from a few of the reactionary monastic orders has been undeniable. That the whole nation has recognized it was shown two years ago when the Law of Associations was passed. By the terms of this law every association, religious or secular, must obtain the Government's authority for the exercise of its special functions. Some of the monastic orders applied for such authorization; others, feeling that they owed allegiance only to the Vatican, did not. In the latter category there were both preaching and teaching orders and one notable charitable order, the Carthusians, the makers of a famous liqueur at their monastery, La Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble. These orders retired under duress from France, some going to England and America, and others to Austria, Italy, and Spain. The teaching of French youth will be hereafter under greater Governmental control and direction. The Radical Ministry has not been satisfied with effecting this result; it has attempted to silence certain preachers who have been osten-



tatiously invited, on account of their martyrdom as members of a proscribed order, into the pulpits of cathedrals whose bishops have been in sympathy with reactionary political ideas. In contrast with such prelates, there are others, the Archbishop of Albi being a conspicuous example, who declare that the logical outcome of the whole situation would be the separation of Church and State, but that the Church cannot afford just now to have the Concordat denounced, since it would cut off eight hundred priests from salaries paid by the State, without any guarantee that they could find equal or even scantier support.

The Concordat was framed a century ago by Napoleon, who had recently become Emperor, and Pope Pius VII., who was anxious to make terms with him. They finally agreed that the Government should nominate candidates for episcopal honors; and in return for this privilege the Government agreed to pay the salaries of all the priests and bishops. The present position of the Vatican is that the spirit of the Concordat demands a "*nominatio nobis*"—a nomination *to us*—as indicating that the supreme power of approval or disapproval rests with Rome. The French Premier's reply has been to omit the word "*nobis*" from his recent nominations. This, however, is only a detail; the main matter is the attitude of the bishops and other clergy regarding obedience to the secular law. In a recent speech in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Combes declared—amid the loud disapproval of his Socialist supporters, it is true—that, for one, he intended to support the Concordat in its integrity, but only so long as the bishops and priests remain strictly observant of the civil law.

In America, with its time-honored tradition respecting freedom of education and of worship, we can hardly realize the full meaning of the possible separation of Church and State in a land where nine-tenths of the population are nominally Roman Catholic, and where a historic charm lies upon every village church and city cathedral, appealing alike to all classes of society. Yet in France, as also in England, the spiritual power of the dominant Church would be greatly increased by a gradual emancipation from the bondage of legal relations with the State.

## The Faith of College Men

We give considerable space in this week's issue of *The Outlook* to certain religious statements by college men, which illustrate the trend of religious thought in educated circles at the present day.

If any one could have the right to speak with authority for physical science, that right would belong to Lord Kelvin, who is recognized on both sides of the water as one of the most eminent physicists of the age. His testimony is explicit that belief in God is a scientific necessity. This belief is not inconsistent with that form of agnosticism which declares that the nature of God transcends our knowledge. All that science assures us is that there is a creative and directive power which is working in the world to definite and intelligent ends. Atheism is unscientific.

The answers which come from certain members of the Faculty in Dartmouth College to the question, What is Christianity? show something more than this, because the field of their examination is wider than that of physical science. They show practical agreement of belief in historical Christianity as, to quote one of these statements, "a living force making for complete righteousness, sufficient for man's life in this world with other men, and revealing and providing for his life after death." If physical science demonstrates the existence of God, creating and directing the physical world, history demonstrates that God is educating, developing, redeeming humanity through a spiritual force revealed in and made efficacious by the life and character of Jesus Christ.

The composite creed of a college class is interesting because it goes so far toward negating the fears of those who imagine that college education tends toward infidelity. This composite creed contains, the reader will discern, nothing which all the members of a class of sixty students could not agree upon. With one very important modification, it might well suffice as an adequate though simple statement of Christian faith. That modification is this. The creed of these college students says: "I believe . . . in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong." To make this an adequate state-

ment of Christian faith it would only be necessary to add: I believe in sacrifice as the price which God has paid to make right what is wrong.

No one can read these creeds of college men, from Lord Kelvin to a senior class in a New England college, without realizing that the faith of the educated men of to-day is less intolerant, less dogmatic, and less defined than the creeds of the educated men of a hundred years ago; but also he cannot read them without perceiving that the faith is more personal, more vital, more practical, and, in the best

sense of the term, more spiritual. If he remembers that at the close of the eighteenth century there were two Thomas Paine societies in Yale College, only four or five professing Christians, and a number of the senior class who had adopted the names of the French Encyclopedists as their own, he can hardly doubt that spiritual faith among the educated classes has gained, not lost, in genuineness as well as in simplicity in the last hundred years. With this introduction, we commend these creeds of college men to the careful consideration of our readers.

## A New England School Anniversary

### Editorial Correspondence

SCHOOL and college centennial celebrations are multiplying as the first hundred years of the life of America as an independent Nation is rounded out. Harvard, Yale, Williams, Bowdoin, Amherst, Dartmouth, Princeton, and many other colleges have recalled, with appropriate academic exercises, the small beginnings from which great institutions have grown. It is not many years ago since Phillips Brooks delivered that delightful address commemorative of the foundation of the Boston Latin School, in which, with rare literary skill, in a series of portraits of masters and teachers, he outlined the history of the school and revealed its spirit. Last week Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary; and never, perhaps, has the hill seemed more beautiful in its restfulness, its wealth of foliage, than to the men who came back in throngs to renew the associations and revive the memories of school days. A little farther to the north another school, which during the past three years has entered upon a striking stage of its development, recalled its graduates and friends from many States and classes, and, with an enthusiasm which indicated the wealth of affection of its present and former students, celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

Those schools are fortunate which have beautiful situations; for the imagination is never so sensitive and the mind never so open to outward impressions as during

school and college days; and no small part of the education of institutions which are beautiful for situation, like Heidelberg, Oxford, Eton, Williams, Amherst, the University of Virginia, Wellesley—to name but a few of the many fortunate schools—is received unconsciously from the beauty of the landscape, the impressiveness of mountain-forms, or the charm of flowing rivers. Bradford Academy, at Bradford, Massachusetts, is to be counted among these fortunate institutions; and the fact that it is a typical New England school gives its history general interest. The building in which it is housed, the third in its history, was built too early to conform to the modern æsthetic requirements; but it is so embowered with trees, so liberally covered with vines, that its large outlines are revealed and its lack of beauty of detail concealed. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer once described it as “a miniature Wellesley,” and it has many features which recall the beautiful surroundings of that college. In front of the school building stretches a great lawn, admirably and artistically planted with shrubs and trees; behind it, and opened up by charming walks, is an extensive grove of oak and beech, as quiet in its way and as suggestive of meditation and of sylvan sports as the grove of pines behind Bowdoin. In the grounds there is a small lake, large enough for skating and boating. On Tuesday evening of last week the lawn glowed with colored lights, and the front of the school build-

ing was effectively outlined by flashing points of electricity; while the groups of girls moving about, the band playing, the stir and life and mystery of the night, made a scene of almost fairylike beauty.

The day of the celebration was overclouded, but delightfully cool; and the Congregational church could not contain the graduates and friends who had come to take part in the celebration. The note of hope and success was heard on all sides, and with good reason; for within three years the attendance at the Academy has trebled. In its early history it was largely a New England institution; to-day its pupils are drawn from twenty-two or twenty-three States. The exercises were of the simplest character, consisting of a long procession moving through the quiet, shaded, perfectly kept New England street to the old, plain New England meeting-house; admirable singing by the school, supplemented by the voice of one graduate, who, by her sympathetic and finely sustained tones, seemed to interpret the spirit of the time and the place; an address by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie; the presentation of diplomas; and, later, an immense dinner party in a tent on the grounds, with the usual after-dinner speaking, notable for pride in the growth of the school, confidence in its present management, and assurance of success in the future.

No schools have ever done more for the education of the country than the old New England academies, in which the cultural elements were at the front, while the comparatively small numbers of students made it possible for the teachers to exercise a direct personal influence, to recognize differences of temperament and gift, and to impart to educational methods a touch of spontaneity and originality. Of this type of school Bradford Academy is one of the few survivors. It is, in fact, the oldest school of the kind for girls in the country, with the exception of two Moravian seminaries in Pennsylvania. Founded by the citizens of Bradford in response to that instinct in the New England mind which has made New England the school-teacher of the Nation, it found its earliest constituency in the vicinage; but the area from which it draws its students has steadily widened, until it now practically calls them from all parts of the

continent. The school was founded on old-fashioned lines; the emphasis of its teaching has always rested on character. It has been one of the prime agencies for the liberation of women and the opening of the large field of modern activity to them, but it has always sought to develop that which was distinctly womanly in its students. From the beginning it has had a series of notable teachers. Every old school has its patron saints, its great personalities, who have become inspiring traditions. The names one hears at Bradford are those of Miss Hasseltine, whose reputation as a teacher extended far beyond the borders of New England; Miss Johnson, her pupil, who continued the methods and traditions which she had established; Dr. Rufus Anderson, for many years the head of the Board of Trustees; Benjamin Greenleaf, a man of National reputation, whose mathematical text-books are still remembered with mingled sorrow and joy by the boys and girls of a generation ago. In the long line of teachers associated with the Academy, one of the foremost names is that of Miss Lucy Larcom.

The Academy has always been pre-eminently a Christian school. At the very inception of the American Board a meeting for organization was held at Bradford, and the Rev. Adoniram Judson, then an Andover student, took part in this important conference. The portraits of Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Newell, which hang in the chapel of the Academy, are a constant reminder to this generation of students of the self-denial, the quiet heroism, and the spirit of sacrifice of the earliest American missionaries. The religious life of the school of to-day is strongly sustained along sound lines of practice and of expression; and the students are taught by practical service to others the fundamental principles of Christianity. Of the six thousand graduates whose names appear on the records of the Academy, there have been many women conspicuous as leaders in the educational and ethical life of their communities; but in estimating the influence and sacrifice of women nothing is so unsatisfactory or inconclusive as any public record of public action. The ideals of Bradford have never been distinctly associated with public or professional service; they have

always stood for the highest characteristic womanly qualities. They have neither forwarded nor antagonized some of the recent movements among women; their influence has been rather to develop that soundness of character which underlies all activity, and which often gives to the most obscure a greater spiritual significance and importance than to the most conspicuous.

Founded long before colleges for women were dreamed of, the Academy has had the great advantage of not starting fresh with new methods, but of gradually modifying its methods, and thus preserving a certain historical continuity of the highest importance. The course of to-day is shaped to deal with equal completeness and strength with those girls who desire a good education, but who stop short of the college career, and with those girls who are eager for college opportunities, with a marked tendency to conform more and more to the requirements of a school preparatory to college. Among secondary schools for women it may claim to be the oldest in the country; beginning as an Academy with the emphasis on the cultural elements in education, it has been gradually conforming to the requirements of a modern secondary school, without sacrificing its old ideals.

In an address delivered by the present principal, Miss Laura A. Knott, who entered upon her duties three years ago, four aspects of the school life were emphasized, and may be taken as interpreting the spirit and practice of the Academy. First, scholarship, thoroughness of intellectual work, the best modern methods, the highest intellectual aims; second, health, secured by liberal out-of-door and indoor exercises; third, culture, the definite attempt not only to train, but to ripen, to impart refinement, gentleness, and courtesy, and to give the beautiful expression in manner, voice, and carriage; and, lastly, character, accepting as a fundamental platform Emerson's phrase, "Character is higher than intellect; the great soul has strength to live as well as to think."

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the Academy is its combination of old-time ideals of life with the modern methods of securing them. It places the greatest emphasis on character; it regards culture as the true end of education; it inculcates

discipline and training, and believes in the cultivation of the quality and the nature of the mind; admires strong, well-developed physical life, and that charm which has been characteristic of the most womanly women from the beginning of time, and, in spite of all changes and modifications of ideals and aims, must remain the supreme charm of woman to the end of all time.

When Bradford Academy was organized at a little gathering of the leading men and women of the town in March, 1803, a very small building was sufficient to house the fifty-one pupils who constituted the first school. It stood on a beautiful site overlooking the valley of the Merrimac and fronting the heights upon which Haverhill stands. There the school remained for many years, housed in a small two-room structure; the course of study including Morse's Geography, Murray's Grammar, Pope's "Essay on Man" for parsing purposes, Blair's Rhetoric, composition, and "embroidery on satin." In 1823 the first building was enlarged by the addition of a recitation-room, and in 1828 a large boarding-house was built. In 1841, in order to meet the needs of the greatly enlarged school, New Hall was dedicated with appropriate services, and still stands on the edge of the Academy grounds, looking very like an old-fashioned New England church, but now used as a public school. In 1870 the central part of the present building was erected; it has been twice enlarged, and the Academy has again outgrown its requirements. This building shows unusual provision for space, air, light, and privacy for its students. The Academy has apparently entered upon the stage of its greatest growth under the wise and vigorous direction of the present principal, who seems to combine in a rare fashion skill in evoking the confidence and affection of her students, and executive force and foresight. Of late the Academy has gone forward by leaps and bounds; and the time is not far distant when it will need still more ample housing. Preserving the sound traditions of old-time New England education, it represents also the best modern methods of teaching, and so happily combines the ideals of the highest life with the more scientific, exact, and fruitful methods of modern training.

H. W. M.

# The Flood Sufferers

By Edward T. Devine

General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York

**F**ROM Alton, Illinois, thirty miles southward past the city of St. Louis, is a great flooded bottom, averaging ten miles in width, within which are twenty towns and villages. In the largest of these, East St. Louis, a thriving industrial city of some 40,000 people, at least 10,000 are homeless refugees, and a majority of those who live in the smaller places are either homeless or living in their attics or on their roofs. The Mississippi and the Missouri are practically one great stream at Alton, fully five miles above their usual place of union; and just where the great volume of muddy water from the Northwest swings into the shorter river which gives its name to the lower stream is the greatest width of bottom-land, fully eighteen miles from bluff to bluff. On the Illinois side the bluff closes in, taking a southwesterly direction until a few miles below East St. Louis it approaches the natural channel of the river.

At East St. Louis there is some ground on which a considerable part of the business portion of the city rests which is about as high as the level of the present high water, but it is only a part. The remainder of it, and much of what is saved in the residence blocks, owe their precarious safety solely to the heroic fight by which day after day the surging, all but irresistible floods were fought back inch by inch by the citizens of East St. Louis and the "hoboes" and negroes whom they impressed into the service. It was a fight which deserved to win. It was supported by the sturdy embankment of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Southwestern, and the Vandalia on one side of the city, but that of the Illinois Central on the other gave way and gave two-thirds of the city over to the invading waters. It was worth while for what is saved. If even yet there should be a break in the new levee which is between the relay depot and the business portion of the city, it would mean that the water which now fills the basement of the City Hall would rise to Mayor Cook's office, and that no

street would be safe. High up against the quickly built but substantial wall the swift, swirling, baffled waters almost look over at the streets six feet or more beneath their level, and occasionally thrust through a threatening finger at the bottom, against which are crowded instantly heavy bags of clayey sand.

Such, then, is the theater for the emergency relief measures for which the need so urgently calls. There is a close relation between the emergency employment and the need of the refugees, as is obvious to one who sees the thousand night laborers crowding about the City Hall, snatching a little sleep on the grass in City Hall Park, and eating with those who are being fed by charity. Three days after the flood was at its height, the Mayor announced that no more men would be employed, but that all the work needed must be performed by refugees who were being fed. The latter was a wise relief measure, but one of doubtful expediency if important work remains to be done. At several relief stations in St. Louis itself, at the City Hall, and at two emergency camps in East St. Louis, food and clothing are now—at the end of the flood work—being given out, practically to all comers. The method of distribution is a sad and depressing spectacle. The eloquent indignation of the policeman on duty at the door of one station—that for colored people—is communicable to any one who watches it. Every interview becomes an effort—usually unavailing—to find something in the great débris of hats, mismatched shoes, coats, trousers, skirts, and jackets, that will satisfy the insistent applicant, and finally an angry lecture to the ungrateful wretch who will not take anything whether it fits or not and be satisfied.

At this door over a hundred were in line on the sidewalk. A dozen stalwart men were asked whether they would take a job at a dollar a day instead of hanging about this place. Only one looked with favor on the idea. Another refused on

the ground that he could earn two dollars, and still another wanted to be sure that board was included in the offer.

In striking contrast to this not unnatural but nevertheless foolish distribution of old clothing was the service of the Salvation Army in taking into their quarters as many refugees as they could care for, supplying them with food, clothing, and lodging, enabling able-bodied men to work, and keeping careful account of all who came under their care. Other similar organizations and missions were quick to offer similar services, which were utilized, as were also local business associations that were willing to undertake the responsibility for managing a refuge. Seven hundred men, women, and children were brought over to St. Louis in one day and distributed among the seven shelters that were opened. The great number remained, however, in East St. Louis. For them was opened at first a commissary department in the Elliot Frog and Switch Works, which was abandoned later for the auditorium at the top of the City Hall. The quarters occupied at first had six feet of water at the time of my visit. Those who came here for food were given a ration consisting of three slices of bread, good coffee, hominy, baked beans, and ham. Here there were fed 600 on Sunday, June 7, 2,500 on Monday, 3,000 on Tuesday, 6,000 on Wednesday, and by Saturday about 8,000.

When tents came from Springfield, a spacious camp was organized and named Camp Washington, and later a second—called Camp Lincoln—for colored people.

The first relief problem that presented itself was the bodily rescue of those who lived in the partially submerged houses. One father and mother and grown daughter were found at a window, with the upper sash open, where they had stood on chairs all night with the water up to their armpits. It will be strange if the examination of the houses after the flood has gone does not show that others were drowned under similar conditions.

In the hurried escapes families were often separated. An employee of the Wabash Railway failed to reach the house in which his wife took refuge. With his baby he had afterwards come to some car-sheds with other refugees. The young wife thought they were both drowned,

but she kept begging others to find them. She would not eat nor sleep, and on the next day and the next she hailed every passing skiff and asked for tidings. On the third day, after she had been persuaded to go where there might be news of them, her eager search for her husband's face was rewarded. Then, and only then, says the reporter of the "Star" who relates the incident, did she break down and weep for joy. She was led to a cot, and there, worn out completely by her three days' vigil, she sobbed herself to sleep with her baby in her arms, while her husband stroked her forehead. The reunited family left later for their former home in central Missouri, passes being furnished by the road for which the man worked.

The relief organization in East St. Louis is already, and has been from the beginning of the acute situation, in the hands of responsible and sensible citizens. It is their desire to make the relief given as much as possible in the nature of complete indemnity for the actual loss. This is in most instances difficult to estimate, as the household goods have not actually been destroyed as by fire or tornado, but are simply more or less completely ruined. Since the embankment on the north did not break, the water has surrounded the houses gently, and they are not dashed to pieces or perhaps greatly injured. But certainly not fifty dollars, perhaps not one hundred dollars, will cover the average loss of each family in the actual effect of the flood on the family possessions; and, besides, all employment is at a standstill in the extensive stock-yards at the railway terminals and in the factories. For the citizens, taxes will necessarily be enormous to repair the injuries to streets and public property. East St. Louis has had great losses from the tornado of a few years ago, from strikes, and now from the flood. The case is one for generous outside gifts.

The response to this demand at her back door from St. Louis will be generous. The Merchants' Association which is her Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce has issued an appeal and has raised at this writing \$25,000. Of this \$1,000 was sent to Topeka, and an equal sum to Kansas City, Kansas, and \$500 has gone to Charleston, Illinois, where there are many refugees from the surrounding low-

iands. Madison, Brooklyn, and other places on the Illinois side in the immediate vicinity of St. Louis will also need and are receiving succor. There will be no difficulty about supplying the food and clothing needed for the moment, but for

those larger plans of partial money indemnity so wisely conceived by the relief committee in East St. Louis at least four times as much will be required as has yet been received.

St. Louis, Missouri.

# The Creed of College Men'

## I.—The Creed of Science

**N**O man in either Great Britain or America is more famous as a scientist than Lord Kelvin, perhaps still better known to many students and readers as Sir William Thomson. Lord Kelvin's discoveries and inventions in connection with electricity, and more particularly in the work of submarine telegraphy, his writings on physical and mathematical topics, and his services to the world of science and the world of thought, have made him pre-eminent in those fields. The following brief address, to which reference has been made in the American press, but which we do not think has before been published in full in America, may be taken as the latest word which physical science has to say in answer to the question, Shall we believe in God? It followed, as will be seen, an address by Professor Henslow:

"I am in thorough sympathy with Professor Henslow in the fundamentals of his lecture; but I cannot admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies Creative Power. Science positively affirms Creative Power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We cannot escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical, and physical forces, and that unknown thing is a vital principle. We have an unknown object put before us in science. In thinking of that object we are all agnostics. We only know God in his

works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical or dynamical or electrical forces. Cicero, by some supposed to have been editor of 'Lucretius,' denied that men and plants and animals could come into existence by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal. Cicero's expression, 'fortuitous concurrence of atoms,' is not wholly inappropriate for the growth of a crystal. But modern scientific men are wholly in agreement with him in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science. I admire the healthy, breezy atmosphere of free thought throughout Professor Henslow's lecture. Do not be afraid of being free thinkers. If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic, but helpful to religion. In

<sup>1</sup> An editorial relating to the articles grouped under this general title will be found on another page.

conclusion, I have the pleasure to move a hearty vote of thanks to Professor Hens-

low for the interesting and instructive lecture which we have heard.

## II.—What is Christianity?

By Herbert D. Foster

Professor of History, Dartmouth College

After a personal canvass of the faculty and others, a club composed mostly of members of the faculty was organized the past winter at Dartmouth College to discuss Professor Harnack's book, "What is Christianity?" To secure informal and free discussion, the meetings were arranged for around the large table in the Trustees' room at the library on Sunday noons from November to March. An executive committee appointed leaders and sent out a circular which gave the divisions of subject-matter and the dates for thirteen sessions, and stated that "free discussion will form the chief feature of each meeting."

The interest and attendance were greater than had seemed warranted from the replies received from busy men. The largest number was thirty-six, too large for the room, at the final session, and the average probably over twenty. Certain parts of the book—the authenticity of the Gospels, the question of miracles and of Christ's nature, and the fundamental query, "What is Christianity?"—called forth so much discussion as to demand each an additional session, and prolonged the number of meetings to seventeen. There were at least three surprising things in the sessions: first, the number and the character of the attendance; second, a freedom of view on certain points on the part of the older men which surprised some of the younger; third, a somewhat unexpected strength of faith on certain important points on the part of some of the scientific men.

Two lacks were felt. The first was expert knowledge on technical points in Christology and Biblical criticism; this was supplied by calling in experts from the Board of Preachers for three conferences. The second lack was any definite answer to the chief subject of inquiry; or, to put it in another way, the lack of getting at the essentials of Christianity, because of the time and interest absorbed

in discussion of mooted points. This difficulty was met by devoting the last two sessions to organized discussion of the question of the book and of the club. On Friday morning, March 20, thirty members of the club received a circular reading as follows:

"What is Christianity?"

The club studying the above question completes Professor Harnack's book next Sunday, March 22.

It has seemed to the Committee that an expression of the conclusions of members of the class would be of unusual interest; and that such expressions might be more numerous, explicit, and unreserved if submitted in writing and unsigned.

Will you kindly send before Sunday your own brief answer, unsigned, to the question, "What is Christianity?" The question may be subdivided or varied in form to suit the preferences of any one. The answers will be read Sunday, and it is hoped that they will be numerous enough to represent varied points of view.

On this two days' notice a dozen replies were sent in by Sunday noon. They were listened to intently and were then commented on by the men who had not written. With all the expected divergence of views on many points, there was hopeful agreement on the kernel of the matter. The answer was there in a nutshell, and substantially the same, though the nutshells were different. The thoughtfulness of the replies, the interest in the question, and the substantial harmony of conclusion seemed a favorable symptom in the religious life of the community.

Whatever is done or not done subsequently by such a group of men, the individuals who compose it have come out of the discussion with a keener interest in the nature of Christianity, a broader and more sympathetic appreciation of other men's views, a clearer discrimination between essentials and non-essentials, and a firmer personal grip on the root of the whole matter. It is an experiment worth trying elsewhere.

It was under the circumstances and



with the result described that the following answers were made to the question, What is Christianity?

## I.

The following essential elements, as it seems to me, are involved in the answer to this question, the omission of any one of which could be shown to do violence to the integrity and comprehensiveness of the idea of Christianity. Christianity is: First, *intellectually*, the belief at least that Jesus Christ is the son of God in some kind of unique sense, varying from Unitarianism to Catholicism, and that in him ultimately is the redemption of mankind, social and individual. Second, *emotionally*, the sense of the kinship and unity of man with God as symbolized by the word "Father." Third, *volitionally*, the conduct of life according to the will of God, in imitation of the example of Jesus Christ, and in the spirit of love, service, and self-sacrifice toward one's neighbor. Fourth, *socially*, the establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth. Fifth, *historically*, the growth of the institution called the Church in the world as the instrument for enacting the Christian ideas. Sixth, *philosophically*, the manifestation in time through Jesus Christ of the eternal thought and love and will of God for man.

## II.

Christianity is not a philosophical system, nor a highly civilized cult, nor a historical research, nor a pure moral code, nor a temporary expedient for elevating mankind. It is not a meritorious human invention, nor a product of evolution, nor an inheritance of virtue.

It is more than these. It is a living force making for complete righteousness, sufficient for man's life in this world with other men, and revealing and providing for his life after death. It was given by the Creator of the world to mankind in recognition of its needs, suddenly, through a being in the semblance of a man, who showed himself possessed of wisdom, morals, spiritual and physical power beyond the human, and whose personality continues to be the central source of inspiration. It requires for full appreciation not only understanding of those matters capable of physical demonstration,

but also an inner consciousness of verities no less real. Its proof lies along the threefold line of history, of its visible effects upon individuals and the race, and of personal experience.

## III.

Christianity is not philosophy, but faith. Philosophy is selfish, pondering over the deep problems of life for the comfort of the individual. Its legitimate fruit is agnosticism, and its verdict, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Faith seeks rather the good of the world; its fruit is a Livingstone, and its watchword hope.

Christianity is not law, but love. Law looks backward—punishment. "Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned." Love looks to the future—encouragement. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Christianity is not head, but heart. Not all the wisdom of a Hume or a Renan can avail anything. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Christianity is Jesus Christ with the invitation, "Come and follow me."

## IV.

Christianity is something more essential than any particular belief or form or dogma. It is the *spirit* of Christ. It is *following* Christ. It is the sacrifice and forgetfulness of self—the service of others. It is Faith, Hope, and Love.

## V.

As I understand it, what is wanted of the various members of the class is personal testimony. Mine is as follows: Christianity for me means the service and love of God and humanity, guided and inspired by the life and example of Christ.

I trouble myself very little about the philosophical and theological controversies that crowd around the Biblical account of Christ and the dogmas of the churches. Still, to rest undisturbed amid the turmoil of doubts and criticisms one must have some general theory to fall back on—some rational basis for his faith. Was Christ the Son of God in the sense of the immaculate conception? Did he perform the miracles with which he is credited? Did he rise from the dead in body? Is

the acceptance of his atonement the only means of salvation from sin and eternal punishment? Is eternal punishment thinkable? These and many other questions cannot be utterly ignored. I believe, however, that we may dispose of them without answering them, and pass on.

They are all questions of fact, and though one should be compelled to answer all of them in the negative, the spirit and meaning of Christianity would not have been destroyed. Christianity must have a deeper basis than mere objective fact, or it never could have taken the hold it has on the world. Tradition, education, and the Biblical narrative may account for much; but taken together they fall far short of accounting for the multitudes who follow Jesus of Nazareth. Christianity satisfies the heart and the rational will of man—that is its stronghold. If founded on facts, Christianity must stand or fall with those facts, and therefore lies at the mercy of historical criticism. If religion and morality are *a priori* and founded in the very nature of the human soul, then Christianity is imperishable, for the life of Christ and the history of the Church are fraught with meaning which cannot be destroyed by controversy over fact. Opinions differ, controversies arise, facts are refuted, but Christianity lives, for the human soul goes forth in great unconscious demands for God, freedom, immortality, service, and love, and finds its will satisfied, its meaning fulfilled, in the words and life of Christ. Were criticism to strip the Biblical account of all basis in fact, it would not rob the world of the moral and religious significance of Christianity.

#### VI.

I think the essence of Christianity best expressed by our Lord himself when he summed up the commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy soul and thy mind and thy strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Accepting these fundamentals, all honest differences of opinion about doctrines are of comparatively little consequence.

#### VII.

From this winter's study I am impressed more than ever with the fact that

Christianity is the life of the individual, controlled by the personality of Christ; that dogma is fast receding into the past and authority is losing its hold on humanity.

#### VIII.

*Negatively.* Christianity is not a church, or a creed, or a ritual, or a system of morals. It could exist without ecclesiastical organization or fixed forms of creed or worship, or even without any system of morals save that of the state. These systems sometimes help and sometimes hinder Christianity. But they arise because of man's inborn desire for order; not because of the demands of Christianity.

*Positively.* Christianity is a general way of living and of regarding God and man. Christ, the founder of Christianity, was this way personified; and he so spoke of himself (John xiv. 6). This way, therefore, is that taught and lived by Jesus Christ as recorded in the four Gospels. Historically, Christianity is the way of living of men who have attempted to follow Christ's way. This way regards God as a heavenly Father and all men as brothers, and therefore God and man as objects of love and trust. The essential of the way was defined by its founder in each of the four Gospels: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke x. 27; Matt. xxii. 37, 39; Mark xii. 29–31). This is "the new commandment," and the only test of discipleship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another" (John xiii. 35). The Lord's Prayer is the adequate expression of the desire to follow this way of living and of regarding God and man. This prayer of the founder of Christianity sums up the ideals of the way, and points to the sources of its power. One who has love for his fellow-men has the essence of Christianity. This is the founder's test. One whose desire and attitude toward God and man are expressed by the Lord's Prayer is a Christian.

Christianity, then, was in its origin Christ's way of living and of regarding God and man; since then it has been the way of living of men who love one another,

and whose aims and attitude in life are expressed by the Lord's Prayer.

## IX.

Christianity, as to the individual, is that ordering of life and conduct, that faith in God the Creator and Father of all, which conforms to the teaching and example of Jesus Christ.

Since this religion is revealed only in the New Testament, it is inseparable from a full acceptance of that Scripture as a true report of the earthly mission of Christ, the Son of God, of the teaching of himself and his disciples, certified to be inspired by the Holy Spirit, and ever since preserved to the Church by the providence of God. The validity of the revelation of God embodied in the Scriptures of the Old Testament was recognized by Christ when he said that he came to fulfill them, and so they are an antecedent part of the Christian revelation.

Christianity essentially involves and demands recognition of the supreme authority of Christ as our Lord, once God manifest in the flesh, evermore the divine Mediator and Saviour from sin and its doom, and for each believer the master to be loved and obeyed constantly. Moreover, it essentially includes full recognition of the Holy Spirit as the manifestation of divine power now bestowed, according to the Master's promise to work in human hearts and consciences, urging all towards righteousness, but especially conforming obedient souls to the pattern of Christ.

Christianity as a power in the world is embodied in the Christian Church, composed of those who confess faith in Christ and obey his commands: which church is the visible representative of Christ in the present dispensation; whose members, if true and loyal, are witnesses for their Lord in an evil world. The power of Christ in his Church has been manifest through the Christian centuries, in triumphs over paganism, barbarism, corrupt civilizations, and all the strength of adversaries.

Christianity points with certainty to the great future, in affirmation of the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting. Hence the true Church in every age holds fast the promise of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and main-

tains the confident expectation of his second coming to assume complete sway over all the world, and finally to be the Judge of all mankind.

## X.

In the first place, I define religion as a system of faith and worship by which men acknowledge their relation to God, and through which they seek to put themselves in harmony with God and his whole plan of creation. I define Christianity as that system of religion which regards the life of Christ as the ideal for all men in all times and conditions, and as the means of attaining to this desired harmony. True Christianity needs no forms or ceremonies for its application, except the most simple communion of the individual soul with God. Christianity is wholly of the heart; it is liberal to all men; it allows the widest possible opinions, but it never allows criticism, research, theory, to undermine the great principle of the faith, but holds fast to its ideal—perfection.

## XI.

The attempt to answer the question, "What is Christianity?" suggests the attempt of New England theologians to make a comprehensive statement of the "Plan of Salvation." Christianity is the truth embodied in Jesus Christ and expressed in his words and deeds. No man and no period can grasp it all. Each man and each period apprehends and emphasizes certain aspects of it. To us, in our day, its chief teachings are "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," and its law, Christ's summary of the Ten Commandments. Harnack leaves the conviction that the essentials of Christianity are not its historic facts nor its doctrinal formulæ.

## XII.

Christianity is faith vitalized and realized in personality, organism, and institution. It depends upon the personality, message, and history of Jesus Christ, and the continued development of the first causes in the lives, organizations, systems, and institutions of his followers.

The principal sources of Christianity are the New Testament writings, but not in a sense that requires their inerrancy as history.

The personality and message of Jesus,

doubtless, would have been transmitted without the Gospels, but the fact is that they have been transmitted chiefly in this way. This renders it probable, though not necessarily certain, that the account, on the whole, including the narrative of the advent and the resurrection, is substantially authentic.

The more essential features of Christianity are :

1. Faith in the uniqueness of the advent, personality, teaching, sacrifice, and history of Jesus Christ.

2. Actual experience by believers of personal union with God, of a kind best expressed by the term sonship.

3. A sense of personal loyalty to Christ.

4. Unselfish fellowship and emulation among believers.

5. Consciousness of the forgiveness of sin, and of the possession and joyful exercise of a power to live righteously.

6. Active, loving service in individual and corporate form of Christian work, with a confident hope of a larger life, in closer union with God, after death.

The original impulse of the founder has been continually modified in passing

through the media of subsequent development, and Christianity will not be a finished product until the passing of the last individual Christian.

### XIII.

I think of Christianity, on the divine side, as God's endeavor to declare his desires and purposes toward men in terms of life. Therefore Christianity seems to me to be the ultimate religion. No other method of communicating himself than through life could be complete and satisfying. This method having been taken, nothing more can be reasonably expected. All the great elements of a personal revelation—truth, justice, mercy, sacrifice—meet in Jesus Christ.

Personal Christianity seems to me to be the appropriation by faith of the life of Jesus Christ. Faith is not the ambitious attempt to imitate Jesus; it is the simple acceptance of him in his personal relations to the individual soul. It is the grateful surrender of the life to the spirit and purpose of Jesus. Personal Christianity is the appropriation, according to one's capacity, of whatever Christ has to confer.

## III.—The Creed of a College Class

By William De Witt Hyde

President of Bowdoin College

It is the custom in the course in government at Bowdoin College to require each student to write out his individual political platform; so that in case of future Fullers, Fryes, and Reeds we can trace the development of their opinions from their college views. One's religious creed bears much the same relation to the study of philosophy that one's political platform does to the theoretical study of government. Accordingly, I asked a class of sixty students, mostly seniors, to write out their individual creeds. In these individual creeds I asked each man to state as exactly as possible both his belief and his unbelief; and to define, as far as possible, the sense in which he held the things in which he believed and the sense in which he rejected the things he did not believe. I then reduced these sixty creeds to a single composite creed.

Into this composite creed I put everything which any student had affirmed, except what some one of them had denied; aiming in this way to get a class creed to which each individual member would assent. I distributed copies of this composite creed to each member of the class, and invited criticism and amendment. We then spent two hours together in discussing the articles of the creed one by one; making such modifications and concessions at each point as were necessary to secure their unanimous acceptance by the class. At the end of the second hour the creed was adopted by a unanimous vote.

Of course a creed composed in this way is by no means an ideal or model creed. Many of the individual creeds were far more positive and comprehensive than this composite creed. As showing, however, the things on which a typical

college class can agree, this creed may be of interest. While many things are of necessity left out which we would like to see included, yet the fact that a typical college class can agree on as much as is included here is a sufficient assurance that the great institutions of Family, State, and Church will be safe in their hands; and that their fundamental attitude toward God, duty, and life, if not quite the traditional one, is yet positive, wholesome, and reverent. I inclose three creeds: one of the more conservative type, one of the more radical type, and one the composite creed agreed upon by all the class:

#### A CONSERVATIVE COLLEGE CREED

##### *I believe in*

1. God as the central power of the universe, present alike in the works of man and nature.

2. Christ as the truest expression of the character of God and the supreme example for man to pattern after.

3. In the Holy Ghost as that which urges man to better and higher things, and especially that which creates in the breast of man the love and trust in the Infinite and the satisfaction and peace at the knowledge of doing His will.

4. Prayer as the effective means of obtaining what is for our permanent good when coupled with the efforts and faith of the asker. Also as the surest way to keep before man's consciousness the example of Christ's life.

5. I believe in the eternal life as the survival after death of the mind of man.

6. In heaven as the knowledge that we have lived to the best of our ability after the teachings of Christ.

7. In hell as the realization of falling below our ideals through our own faults.

8. In salvation as the conscious choosing by man of the life of Christ as his ideal and pattern.

9. In the whole Bible as the inspired word of God to man. In that all that which is high and noble comes from God. Also that the Bible is, as a whole, the truest expression of God's will to man.

If perhaps some things appear to be beyond the understanding of man, and apparently contrary to science, I remember that science is the product of man's observation, and that there may have been extra-scientific things beyond the

comprehension of man. Again, there is so much symbolism throughout the Bible that it is hard to separate it from what was intended as fact. Therefore it is possible for me to see truth in the whole of the New Testament, either actual or symbolical.

#### A RADICAL COLLEGE CREED

##### *What I do not believe.*

I do not believe in the doctrine of original sin, nor in the various Biblical miracles, nor in the divine conception of Jesus, nor in the doctrine of atonement, nor in the Trinity, nor do I deem it necessary to believe these in order to be a Christian.

##### *What I do believe.*

I believe in the existence of God, a divine Creator and Ruler, who is only personal to the extent that He has purposes and effects results.

I believe in the fundamental, immutable principle, Truth, akin to God, if not synonymous with God; that this Truth is the only imperishable thing in the universe, and that all other things are ephemeral.

I believe that as certain human beings have to a finite extent apprehended a bit of the Truth and promulgated it, they have become known as great teachers, and won followers through the inherent yet passive force of the Truth.

I believe Jesus Christ to have been the greatest of these teachers, inasmuch as he apprehended the Truth to a greater degree than all others.

I believe his doctrines to have spread, not through the agency of any active spiritual essence known as the Holy Ghost, but because of their own inherent immortality and the transitoriness of all opposition.

I believe Jesus Christ to have been divine only as he expounded the Truth. even as Confucius and Buddha, Socrates and Mohammed, may likewise be called divine, though to a less degree.

#### THE CREED OF THE CLASS OF 1903

I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty, and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

I believe in the Bible as the expression

of God's will through man; in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God; and in the church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work; in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong; in salvation as growth out of

selfishness into service; in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual; and in judgment as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure, and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud, and the false.

## Fiction-Readers and the Libraries

By John Cotton Dana

Librarian of the Public Library of Newark, New Jersey

SEVERAL observers of the book market have recently remarked that the day of the booming of the novel is nearly over. They think that the time when a new story can be puffed and advertised into tremendous popularity is past. This opinion has little basis in fact. Novels have been increasingly with us for a round hundred years. For several thousand years men have taken pleasure in prose fiction. Like the ruler, the priest, the trader, and the artist, the story-teller has been with us from camp-fires to cities and from huts to palaces. We cannot shake him off, and would not if we could. He has made us known to ourselves. At his best he has interpreted life for us, broadened us and mellowed us; at his poorest he has diverted us and made us forget the pettiness of our work and spirit. When his tales found the opportunity of print, and multiplied themselves a thousand times in an hour, his fascination did not increase, but his circle of listeners widened. It is widening still.

Consider the present situation and its signs of the future. There are to-day in this country probably twice as many readers of newspapers as there were ten years ago. Many of those who read before now read more. But those who read ten years ago could not, if they read all day and all night, consume the thousands of millions of papers and journals our presses now give us each year. The ranks of the readers get new recruits every day. A few come up into the reading class through high schools and colleges; but only the smallest fraction through the latter, and only a pitifully small percentage through the former. The most come up through A, B, ab, street signs, posters,

nickel stories, and the daily paper itself. Not all of us are readers yet. There is much popular error on this subject. Few adults in America are illiterates; but not all who know how to read take advantage of their knowledge. The majority of all the possible readers in this country do not, properly speaking, read at all. I mean this literally. I do not mean that they do not clearly understand what they read, but that they do not use print, save very rarely, for any purpose whatsoever. But out of this majority there are passing every year thousands and millions into the reading class. That this change has been taking place rapidly in the past ten years the growth of newspaper production and of an accompanying newspaper consumption in that period is abundant evidence. That the transformation is not complete, that many millions of literates have yet to graduate into the class of actual readers, could be shown by statistics of present newspaper consumption and of the possible readers in the country, set forth in connection with a study of the areas in which the present output of reading is consumed. Every month and every year a new army of users of print marches into the field out of the country of the non-reading. This army is recruited partly from the additions to our population, but chiefly, as I have said, from those who could read before and did not. These incoming hordes of devourers of books are nearly all of the class that gets its fundamentals only from the public schools, its practice from wayside fences and daily papers. They want the facts of life. They get them, disjointed and disconnected, from the newspapers. They want also the story; the romance; the

continuous, connected narrative, reflecting their own life, but touched with more emotion than they are quite conscious of, and painting their ideals in bright, unmistakable colors with broad, strong contrasts. In a word, they want stories. At first they read chiefly authors whose names never appear in our literary journals. They read them more than any save careful observers ever realize. Gradually, out of the many millions, a few millions come into the field which we complacently speak of as "current literature." And these few millions are they who make it sure that novels, as they appear in this field of current literature, will continue to sell in huge editions, and will continue to be as readily subject to booms by skillful advertising as the latest soap or the newest health food. The sum of it all is, the people, as always, want stories.

And stories are probably good for them. The novel to-day seems to express the present man more fully than any other form of literature. It is the most common form of art. It can touch all subjects, express all feelings, teach all doctrines. Unless all signs fail, it is sure to widen its field still further, to become still more widely read, to teach us more readily, to set forth our character, history, and aims more comprehensively still.

As a librarian the subject of novels interests me keenly. The librarian is a public servant, appointed primarily not as a censor but as a distributor of books. He is employed to supply, but within certain limits, the books the people ask for. What are the limits? The people wish novels; novels are probably helpful to them—which novels shall he give them?

Financial considerations compel a selection. No library can buy all. Help in finding an approximate answer to this important question can be got by learning which authors, by the libraries' own showing, are chiefly in demand to-day.

From thirty-four typical libraries in this country—libraries ranging in size from those of New England country towns to those of cities like St. Louis and Cleveland—I obtained lists of the names of all the authors of fiction for adults represented by the novels lent on three separate days; also figures showing the total number of books of each author lent on the three

days. These names and figures I have tabulated, and I give some of the more important results below.

In reading the names and figures several things should be taken note of, if we would avoid an entire misunderstanding of them. In the first place, this list shows the preference, not of book-buyers, but of free public library users. Of course borrowers at public libraries are also buyers of books, but this list represents their preferences as borrowers. General observation permits us to conclude that it represents fairly well also the preferences of the borrowers, and others, as book-buyers. The "best-selling" novels of a given week are usually the most often-asked-for novels at the public libraries. This list, however, fails to follow the best-selling list more closely than it does because not all libraries buy all the best-selling novels, and because the borrower at the library usually takes some novel, even if he cannot get the novel of his choice; and because this list, being a list of authors, not of books, is affected greatly by the fact that some of the authors in it are represented in most libraries by many different titles. Crawford, for example, stands first, partly by reason of the fact that he is almost always on the shelves. He is taken many times as a last resort. He is fairly popular; and then there are so many of him!

Then we should remember that this list represents in a measure the preference for books of a certain general class, rather than a preference for specific authors. Mary Johnston and Winston Churchill, for example, stand near the head; but they are there because their books are of the type now popular—historic, dramatic, simple, and superficial, rather than deep and elemental. Were they to publish no more books, their names would drop out of sight on another list of this kind made up a year from now; while Dumas and Dickens, men of more individuality, appealing to more permanent tastes, would occupy about the same positions they do here.

Again, this is a list of writers, not of books. Were it a list of books, we may be sure the names would be very differently arranged. Mr. Crunden, of the St. Louis Library, has shown, by careful study of the issue of the more popular of the

novels on his shelves, that "Les Misérables," "Vanity Fair," "The Three Guardsmen," and other books, put by common consent among the great books of the world, are those most often read by library borrowers; that they maintain their places in the front rank, in spite of the seemingly greater popularity of the novels of the hour.

I have alluded to the fact that Crawford and other authors of like fecundity, as King and Roe, owe their prominence in part to the fact that they have written so many books. They are assisted in gaining their eminence—I am not now attempting to say whether that eminence reflects credit on the work the public libraries are doing or not—by the practice which is common in libraries of buying all the works of an author as they appear once he has gained the public's ear. It is quite customary, for example, having met the public demand with a dozen copies of the first success of Jenkins, to buy a dozen of Jenkins's later efforts as they appear, regardless of the question of their merit. And while they are doing this, librarians neglect, as inquiries I have made have shown, to supply the constant demand for the older novels on which time has set the seal of approval. Of a list of one hundred of the best novels, compiled by any competent judge, most librarians would find on their shelves in the busy season hardly more than half, in good presentable condition. This manner of novel-buying of course works to the disadvantage of the standards, and helps to bring into greater use the authors we find first on my list. But here another fact should be borne in mind—that, of popular novels of the hour, no library buys enough copies to supply the demand. As it is the actual demand we are trying to measure, our figures fail us in that they show the demand as modified by an insufficient supply. If all the libraries contributing to this report were to purchase the latest popular novel up to the limit of the inquiries made for it, a list like this would change as to the authors which stand near its head almost from day to day. Probably this ever-present limit of supply gives us in these returns a better index to the character of the average reading called for than would like returns from libraries

which supplied all calls for the latest craze in fiction.

To make the significance of this list and its accompanying figures perfectly plain, I should say again that in thirty-four representative libraries in this country there were lent on three days in the current year a total of 19,144 novels. These novels were by about 1,200 authors. Of the total number of novels—in round numbers, 20,000—678 were by F. Marion Crawford, 535 by Rosa N. Carey, 486 by Alexandre Dumas. Only those authors, seventy-seven in all, are here given whose books were lent to the number of more than seventy.

Novelists pleasing to the ladies are in the lead. Carey, Douglas, Amelia Barr, and Burnham are universal favorites with the women whose literary life is not unduly strenuous, who like a story of true love dealing with a manner of life not conspicuously differing from their own. These leaders in popularity, like almost all on the list, are proper, conventional, and clean, and if the common opinion about novels and novel-reading is correct, they may be said to be, with few exceptions, wholesome.

The writers of fiction whom time has tried and experience has approved of are not near the front. Of Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, 772 novels were read out of the total of 20,000, or less than four per cent.; while Carey, Douglas, Barr, Burnham, and Captain King found favor in the eyes of 2,087 borrowers, or nearly eleven per cent. of all.

These figures probably represent fairly well the popular taste; that is, they represent the taste of that small portion of the community which keeps in a literary way up to the level, in general journalism, of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and in current literature of "The Bookman." These readers include most of the readers of such books as come rightly or by a kind courtesy into the field of "literature." Of all the readers in the country they form, as I intimated earlier in this paper, only a small part. But they include most of the managers and directors of affairs. They are the substantial, socially efficient people on whom we rely. And this table here is a bit of evidence as to the wholesomeness of their tastes.



Of course, if libraries were not all censors of reading in good degree, if they did not choose to keep the most frothy and the undeniably filthy from their shelves, this would be a different showing. But with shelves thus unguarded there

would come to them much more freely other elements of the community, and our list would no longer be so closely indicative of the tastes of our friends and neighbors. It would speak of tastes which we know exist, but find it possible to ignore.

*List of the names of authors of fiction for adults more than seventy of whose works were borrowed in three days at thirty-four representative free public libraries in the country, with the number of copies borrowed in each case :*

Rank.	Author.	Vols.	Rank.	Author.	Vols.	Rank.	Author.	Vols.	Rank.	Author.	Vols.
1	Crawford	678	20	Caine	226	40	Lyall, Edna	144	59	Hawthorne	105
2	Carey	535	21	Dickens	221	41	Harte	140	60	Wood, Mrs.	104
3	Dumas	486	22	Wilkins	219	42	Marlitt	138	61	Pemberton	103
4	Douglas	396	23	Mitchell	212	43	Allen, J. L.	136	62	Yonge	101
5	Barr, Amelia	391	24	Howells	194	44	Thackeray	136	63	Russell	100
6	Burnham	390	25	Corelli	184	45	Wilson, A. E.	135	64	Balzac	97
7	Doyle	389	26	Bulwer	180	46	Barrie	134	65	Braddon	95
8	King	375	27	Kipling	179	47	Harland	132	66	Harrison, Mrs.	95
9	Hope	336	28	Davis, R. H.	173	48	Thompson	13	67	Castle	93
10	Parker	329	29	Besant	172	49	Ward, Mrs.	127	68	Winter, J. S.	93
11	Stockton	328	30	Green, A. K.	169	50	Cable	124	69	Tarkington	92
12	Roe	323	31	Merriman	165	51	Stevenson	122	70	Hardy	88
13	Johnston	303	32	Pool	165	52	Reade	118	71	Brady	87
14	Churchill	302	33	Black	164	53	Haggard	118	72	Blackmore	85
15	Holmes, M. J.	299	34	Scott	162	54	Weyman	118	73	Major	84
16	Burnett	261	35	Bachelor	162	55	Chambers	115	74	Zangwill	80
17	Crockett	256	36	Duchess, The	159	56	Page	113	75	Kirk	79
18	Hector (Mrs. Alexander)	253	37	Collins	158	57	Catherwood	113	76	Mark Twain	77
19	Ford	235	38	Eliot	148	58	Craik	112	77	Runkle	71
			39	Cooper	146						

## A Midsummer Bridal Procession

By Evelyn C. Morse

**I**N your secret heart you have probably decided that June is the month of brides, and with Lowell you say, "Now God be praised for June," but we know that midsummer offers a bridal procession worthy to be "reviewed," and we have taken it upon ourselves to be present at each morning rehearsal.

The day for the final ceremony is not yet set, but the gowns, all white, must be made ready, and that takes time and much supervision.

And who are we that dare take upon ourselves this task? for it is a company of guests bearing titles, long, even polysyllabic, if they are all told, that make up the goodly number, and the fitness of each candidate for admission to the train must be without question.

We are two in number: one, just a body with two eyes that see and two ears that hear; the other, a splendid four-footed creature bearing the royal name Victoria.

Her joy is unbounded when the signal

comes that we shall start, and it is a question with me just how I shall discipline her when the final day of gravity comes; though even now, in case of need, she will "heel in" as I walk on, and "charge," as a true setter should, when one of the musicians sings his solo in a neighboring tree; for her wild antics at the thought of starting might distract the attention of small guests. Nevertheless she has her own gown ready—white, with just a touch of black on ears and paws for distinction.

The sun rides high, and our path lies down the road, across the level hill-top, for this procession bids us come to view each guest, white-robed, as he stands ready in his place. So Vick and I march on with what stateliness we may, to be worthy of our waiting company.

Close at hand look up to us the first asters; tiny white ribbons they try to flutter, but the little straps are so short that they fail; the big white daisy beside them smiles indulgently with her superior inch

or more, and the pretty Mayweed across the road calls us to look at her soft green leaves that are delicate and fern-like. Vick sniffs her approval, and we are glad of the starry little faces that look up to us with such genuine pleasure.

The next aspirant is tall and stiff, and we are not quite sure that he is an acceptable member, but we glance again, and his pretty, green, finely cut leaves quite compensate, and we accept the yarrow as a proper guest, and know that if he grows dingy before the great day, his younger brother will have a fresh, unspotted suit.

A whole family of white clover sprinkle incense and the air grows sweet, so sweet that a few blush pink from very joy.

A little break comes now, and we listen, holding ourselves entirely still; then floats out on the air, not a wedding march, no, not that yet, but the song of the robin, mellow and liquid, and prophesying happiness with every outburst, and in a moment the song-sparrow adds his sweet note from the old rail fence.

Vick is so sure now that all will be well that she begs me to accept some white, round berries that are, unfortunately, tinged with green; but they are so sturdy and strong, and put on such bright blue jackets when they are ripe, as many of them have done already, that I cannot resist, and doggie and I in our greediness lessen the number of the blue-coated ones, that we may keep their color in its purity, remembering all the while those pretty white blossoms that came first, hoping to be accepted, but in their eagerness coming too early. I suspect the early berries were soured a little through disappointment, but grow sweet with age and sunshine, as we would have them do.

Then, look! around that splendid gray-white stone runs a blackberry vine, wreathing its glossy green leaves and snowy-white petals as if the old stone itself were the bride and they the orange-blossoms; and the round white buds are just as pretty as those from warmer lands, are they not?

Over the fence clammers a wild morning-glory, its white tubes making friends with the bees; then Vick forgets her solemnity and races down the hill; the little blue-white butterflies bid me look at them as they go whirling by; and my

glance goes up and up, and there are the great snowy clouds all arrayed in their shining white puffs.

So many are the guests that I begin to wonder if the white church in the distance will hold them all; they may have to keep to the great outside till the very end, if the number grows.

Across the stone wall stands a claimant, and as I cast a critical eye a soft "everlasting" looks up at me with an innocent confidence that is irresistible, and I add her to the list.

Just beyond, a mullein-stalk holds his candle-light gleaming yellow even with the sun as a strong rival, and whispers to me that if the day grows dim he has ready a host of primroses, some tall buttercups, and the dignified St. John's-wort, all of which will be ready to give steady light, for he holds in contempt those flickering fireflies that flit and dance and never once may be depended upon.

Occasionally a "black-eyed Susan" lifts her head in pure curiosity to see the white-robed elect, and we wonder if yellow jealousy stirs her breast; but Vick thinks not, and bounds on to a singing brook, where she shows me what I had almost overlooked—the little arrow-head lily, modest but ready for the call, with her three-gored white petticoat lifted high from the mud in which she stands.

The water is so cool and inviting that we leave the rest of the sunny roadside company for another day, and follow on, till in the distance, surrounded by dark, still sentinel trees, with now and then a tall elegant "lady birch" in full white splendor, whispering secrets all the day, gleams a pond, and there, waiting for and confident of our admiration, a hundred snow-white lilies with breath such as a Parisian *parfumeur* may never hope to equal.

Here, I say, we must stop, for naught else to-day can stand the test; but Vick pleads so hard with her soft brown eyes that I compromise and take the long way home through the woods; and there, lining the grass-grown road in quiet beauty, the tall meadow-rue holds her delicate feathery flowers before us till we choose them for the bridal veil. The elder-bloom spreads her white, flat clusters for the banquet table; the wild clematis hangs her trailing garlands, and a bit farther on we listen; yes, 'tis true, a fairy tinkle—the wedding-

bells—there they nod, those golden lilies from their exquisite green whorls; and the delicate ferns and mosses spread a carpet for the royal pair; then we remember that abundance of "Queen Anne's lace" which we saw yesterday in the open field, and conclude that that is none too good for the gentle bride.

And the bride and groom worthy of such beauty, such guests for whom rain and sun, earth and air, have toiled these many

months to fitly clothe for the coming day, who are they? Can you not divine? Then go you down the self-same quiet roads, and if you do not have a hint, then go again and again; it will be well worth your while—and some day you will know, and you shall be counted worthy to be present, ay, to be yourself chosen as one who yields to the great sweet nature-world allegiance and promise of lifelong companionship.

## New Occupations for Educated Women

By Mary Caroline Crawford

OUR colleges, high schools, and seminaries will have graduated this year, as for several years past, tens of thousands of alert, healthy, mentally well-equipped girls, a large proportion of whom must enter the world's life and become self-supporting. The great and pressing problem is, "How?"

No longer in these days is it a foregone conclusion that because a girl has received a good education she will support herself as a teacher. Happily for our children, the teaching profession has now attained a dignity which places it beyond the hit-or-miss services of any college or high-school graduate. Moreover, girls themselves are branching out in this twentieth century into trades and professions which offer more opportunity for individual resource and individual enterprise than does the profession of the pedagogue. The girl of the period wishes to get into touch with the larger life of the world, to feel, through her occupations, some pulsations of our own Time Spirit. For this reason she seeks new fields of labor. But, rather paradoxically, many of the new activities in which educated women are engaging with signal success prove, when closely examined, to be reversions to the primitive occupations of their grandmothers. Only the aspect of them has changed.

A notable example of this is afforded by the highly successful bakery which is now being carried on in Cambridge, Massachusetts, by two clear-eyed, level-headed, well-born and well-bred college girls. The furniture in the salesroom of this unique establishment is after the most

approved William Morris standards; on the walls are quotations from Tolstoian books on the dignity of labor; beautiful pictures, tastefully framed, decorative palms, and a handsome rug complete the equipment of this highly interesting bake-shop. And here, in the artistic setting they have created for their excellent wares, the two college girls themselves are kept busy all the time disposing of their bread and bread-sticks for just twice the sum charged by other bakers.

"Without a vision," remarked wise old Solomon, "the people perish." The young brains behind this Laboratory Kitchen have caught the vision of better things in the industrial order, and they are inspiringly working it out. That their efforts are meeting with great success is a tribute to the public's receptivity as well as to the value of their idea. To this idea there are, of course, two distinct sides—that of the worker and that of the product. Of the former too much can scarcely be said. But on the latter it is not our purpose here to dwell. Suffice it, then, to remark on this point that bread for which people are glad to pay twice the ordinary price must possess a merit not to be had in the wares of the corner shop. That is plain on the surface.

Now for the workers themselves, and the idea for which their Laboratory Kitchen stands—an idea very well worth publishing to intelligent young women the country over. Miss Stevenson, the manager, is a South Carolinian, and when she lectures, as she sometimes does on her trade, she begins by remarking: "My grandfather was a judge, but I am a

baker." She firmly believes, as one very soon discovers from a talk with her, that there is not really, and so should never have been socially, that great gulf we have honored for years between people who work with their brains and those who work with their hands; and she feels strongly that there is a place commercially for the college-bred in the improvement of the quality of the necessities of life. Hence the text engraved on every package that leaves the shop: "There is nothing finer than common bread, unless it be bread of a finer kind."

The way in which this original young woman came into the profession of bread-making is most interesting, for naturally something akin to "conversion" has to be experienced by a Southerner of aristocratic training before the point of view that bread is worthy of a life's devotion should be attained. While a student at Converse College in her native State, Miss Stevenson became greatly interested in chemistry, specializing for three years on the subject. Later she spent several terms at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, studying English, that she might be able to express clearly and well what she had to say about chemistry. All this time her intention was to follow the beaten track, and teach chemistry. At about this stage of her student career, however, she fell under the influence of a large-brained woman whose breadth of scholarship and sane philosophy of life communicated to her such a grasp upon the underlying principles of things as was calculated to work a veritable revolution in the girl's point of view. There began to be borne in upon Miss Stevenson the truth that bread, because it is one of the necessities of life, is a thing needed in perfection. Whether there would be a demand for a bread made in perfection she did not know. But the accident of meeting then Miss Frances Elliott, the daughter of a Toronto physician, who had likewise specialized in chemistry, and was willing to make with her the hazard of a bakery such as she had thought out, decided her course. Miss Elliott had also been a pupil of the inspiring teacher, and she was a graduate of the University of Toronto. Further, she too had studied in Boston and knew its ways. Cambridge was accordingly chosen as the place in

which to make the experiment of the Laboratory Kitchen.

The girls had been told that the city on the Charles was hospitable to ideals, but at first they did not find this to be altogether true. For some time, indeed, the college folk, with whom they had previously maintained pleasant social relations, looked upon their venture askance. Then one day the much-lamented and universally beloved Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, hearing that two college girls had started a Laboratory Kitchen there in her neighborhood, went down to their pretty salesroom, and over the purchase of some bread for her own lunch-table made their acquaintance and asked permission to call upon them in the little home they had set up a block or two away from the bakeshop. After that there was no question in the minds of Cantabrigians.

At the beginning, while they were perfecting their recipes, these two young enthusiasts did all the baking themselves. Within three months they paid expenses. The demand proved to be much greater than they had expected. "I find people appreciate a good thing in any line when it is made with an eye on the article and not on the cash register," commented Miss Stevenson in speaking of her immediate success.

"Personally," she continued, "I am immensely interested in the economic side of this business. I myself so firmly believe that people need workers more than talkers that I am very glad indeed to have proved that a girl can earn a living in labor of this kind. We now have five helpers, all of fine quality. We are busy enough to need two shifts in the kitchen, with eight hours a day for each. When it becomes necessary to keep our ovens going all the time, we shall put on more helpers. We bake ninety-six loaves at a time, and make three kinds of bread—a health variety from a formula purchased of a New York physician, cream bread, and whole-wheat bread. The health bread is for people who cannot digest the other kind, and it has two recommendations. Mrs. William Dean Howells said it saved her life, and the Department of Chemistry at Washington has pronounced it the only bread ever analyzed which is free of yeast when done."

Miss Stevenson defends, whenever she

has opportunity, her firm conviction that the process of bread-making is very interesting to the educated woman because of the intelligence required to perfect it. And bread-making appeals, for far-reaching reasons, she holds, to the college woman. First, because of its fundamental relation to daily living—right nourishment of the body being the first step toward right behavior of the mind; second, because of its possibilities in what the modern mind realizes to be the elementary and very significant field of life, the business field, this occupation, she says, should claim a high place. Business is to-day the great field in which all classes are included. And yet it is the only field which has no controlling ideal. There is but one way, she and her partner believe, to save the nation from the present warfare between master and slave, and that is for the educated people to come down from their vantage-ground as onlookers and enter the workaday arena, matching trickery with truth, selfishness with service. Then, too, there is room for the college-bred woman here—which is much.

Something like these same ideals—though perhaps not so clearly defined—were the compelling motives which led two Wellesley girls to undertake the management at Wellesley, Massachusetts, of a tea-room, which has now grown to be a College Inn. The students of the College subscribed last year for the stock in this Inn, and thus the clever young "promoters," themselves Wellesley graduates, secured the funds necessary to the erection of a fine new building. And it is in this building, not yet a year old, that the restaurant which had already become a feature of student life at Wellesley is now carried on. Further, the house affords ample accommodation for alumnae returning to their Alma Mater for a few days' visit, the preference being given at crowded times to graduates who are also stockholders. In connection with the Inn and its excellent restaurant, these enterprising girls run a successful weekly paper, the first ever made to pay in a girls' college. Business ability, social qualities, and a devoted love for the college with which their enterprise is unofficially connected, may be held to be the qualities responsible for their decided success. Certainly they had had absolutely no

experience in hotel or restaurant work when they opened their tea-room. They only knew that college girls are eternally hungry, and that a pleasant, well-conducted little tea-shop would receive plenty of patronage. So they got in "Aunt Mary Jane," a negro cook who had been in the family, and took a shop. Then the Inn grew to fill a very real and long-felt need. And though the corporation is not yet three years old, it is already very firmly established, and pays handsome dividends to its stockholders and to Miss Mary E. Chase and Miss Caroline Rogers, its President and Secretary.

One other college woman venture of a decidedly domestic nature is the Sunshine Laundry, carried on in Brookline, Massachusetts, by two Smith graduates. A feature of this establishment is the cleanliness and airiness of the rooms in which the work is done. Higher prices than are commonly charged for laundry work are here demanded, but none of the hundreds of regular customers on the establishment's list demur at larger bills, since these insure better service than could be anywhere else obtained.

Another college-bred girl that I know has gone into the employment business. From her own experience she has observed that ladies are in constant tribulation because of inability to secure good help willing to stay in the service. And from her work in a college settlement house she had come to have a good understanding of the servant's side of the question. She saw clearly that what was needed was a higher sense of personal obligation on the part of both people making the contract. She allied herself, therefore, with a woman's association of standing, and there she now carries on an employment bureau which is going far to solve the problem, by dissolving the difficulties, of the servant situation. For, while the mistress makes concessions to the maid in this establishment, the maid similarly obligates herself to the mistress. Then, if both are honest—as they usually are—the contract entered into bids fair to be a tolerably stable one. This is a work which requires no capital whatever, and one in which any girl interested in matters sociological, and possessed of warm human interest and a fair amount of tact, might easily engage without leaving her home, provided, of course,

that home is in a sufficiently large town or city to offer opportunity for the work.

The office of the Social Secretary supplies a similar field of service, though naturally one of larger dimension. The department stores nowadays employ in many cases a tactful, well-bred, sufficiently forceful woman to stand between the firm and the employees wherever the latter feel a grievance; but an even more interesting phase of this work is in connection with the factories of enlightened mill-towns. At Ludlow, Massachusetts, near Springfield, Miss Louise Holmes is employed in this latter fashion, and has some eight hundred girls under her charge. The management of the Ludlow Mills has ever been eager to render life as interesting and healthful as possible to the many people in its employ; but until recently little that was definite had been done for the unmarried girls of the place. That these girls were in great need of healthful and uplifting occupation during the hours outside the mill was then observed, and the graduate of an industrial school was sent for. An unused office building was at once given into her charge. The only direction she received was, "Do what you can for the girls here."

The suggestion of a cooking-school was made, and no sooner made than acted upon. The very next day, indeed, mill carpenters were sent over to remodel the building. Partitions were torn down, and an attractive reception-room made. Another room was adapted into a cozy office, and of still another a sewing-room was made. The second floor was fitted up for a kitchen, and the basement was furnished for physical culture work. Then the bosses in the different departments of the mill announced that the management had established a free Girls' Institute, and that all those who wished to know how to cook would please report at the building across the way at seven o'clock. Long before seven the girls had formed in line, and that very night two hundred registered in the cooking classes. This was a couple of years ago, and the good work is still going on. To the cooking lessons have now been added basket-ball and other physical exercises. Over all of these the Social Secretary has a careful eye. She lives in the model boarding-house which the company has erected,

and, by her friendliness, her good sense, her Christian sympathy, and her womanly wit, stands incalculably for the uplift of those eight hundred ardent, enthusiastic, lovable, and loving mill-girls under her charge. Surely this is a field of usefulness which might and should interest any high-minded twentieth-century college graduate.

Prince Kropotkin was pleased to indorse the next new profession to be described, a school in the South End of Boston where a little group of apprentices are being taught to make real point lace by Mrs. Emil J. Weber, a Boston woman who has worked up the industry entirely by herself, in connection with one of the college settlement houses. The way in which Mrs. Weber acquired her present expert knowledge of lace-making is full of interest. "I cannot remember the time when I was not interested in laces," she says, "but I had no thought at first of turning my particular bent to any industrial use. I just wanted to learn how to construct the filmy web and delicate patterns I so loved. I felt that if women in other countries could make lace, I could. At least I made up my mind to try it. I used to cut up dollars' worth of lace to see how the threads were twisted; I examined them under the microscope; I hunted everywhere for some one who knew about lace-making. At last I found an Italian woman who is a maker of torchon. She it was who taught me the first principles of pillow work. Friends of mine then loaned me rare bits and choice patterns of lace, and my interest in the whole subject grew apace. Next I searched the books of the Public Library, and little by little my knowledge of lace increased. At first I was unable to get the fine thread I needed, but I have now learned where to import it from, as well as the place to buy the bobbins and the very slender pins that we use. But it was a long task to find out for myself how to make point lace. It took me three years of book study in the French and Italian works at the library to learn the secret of making the separate flowers in a piece of Venetian point." The design for point lace at the school is first sketched on parchment and stitched to a backing of stout linen. Linen threads are then drawn over the lines of the design

and the slow work of filling in the pattern with stitches of different kinds begins. When the piece is completed, the pattern and backing are cut away.

Mrs. Weber's shop has now some half-dozen apprentices to whom she is teaching the art she has so painstakingly acquired. "I haf only one regret," Prince Kropotkin said to her in his broken English when he visited this little group of lacemakers, "and that is that William Morris is not alife and I cannot go and tell him of your 'peautiful lace and the grand work you are here beginning."

William Morris is the controlling ideal of another unique little shop conducted by a clever Boston woman. This is the bookbindery of Mrs. Mary Sears, high up in a building opposite Boston Common. There are several women bookbinders in the country, but Miss Sears stands alone, I fancy, in the spirit with which she has undertaken her work. Trained in the best ateliers of London and Paris, she is an enthusiastic teacher of her craft as well as an excellent binder. But she accepts as pupils only such choice spirits as are, like herself, in love with books and bookbinding. All the work in her little establishment is done by the fingers of these enthusiastic apprentices, and every book bound reflects the intelligence of the women concerned in it. On a dainty morocco volume of Keats would be traced, perhaps, some lines which would show at once that the worker herself knew and loved the figures on the Greek Urn. Such binding as this naturally attracts to the little shop the most conspicuous bibliophiles of Boston. Consequently the good work pays, as Henry Demarest Lloyd contends work with high ideals always will.

For the girl whose lot is cast in the country, as well as for city maidens, there are, however, new and interesting lines of labor. Miss Mary Cutler, of Holliston, Massachusetts, left several years ago with some greenhouse property on her hands, resolved to make herself mistress of horticultural and floricultural lore. Accordingly, she has worked and studied until to-day her small-fruit department is stocked with many varieties hardly obtainable elsewhere. And she is able to offer ornamental trees and shrubs of rare and rich beauty. Pecuniarily as well as in other

ways, Miss Cutler has made a decided success of this work. For years Margaret Deland, the Boston author, has raised jonquils in her window garden, which she is able to sell each spring at a good price. Mrs. Deland is, therefore, an enthusiastic advocate of window-gardening for profit. I know, too, a girl in Long Island, New York, who, though she lives some seventy-five miles from the metropolis, her market, is able to make a very good income raising violets for the city florists and for private customers.

Deerfield, Massachusetts, offers, however, the most remarkable instance afforded by any country place of which I know of success in home industries. Concerning three of these only I will speak: that of magazine illustration by photographs—in which the Misses Allen, of this quaint old town, have made a great success; the blue and white embroidery now renowned the country over; and the basket-making.

It would probably be no exaggeration to say that many of the most beautiful photographic illustrations to be found in our current magazines emanate from Deerfield. To this rather remote little town the publishers send up advance sheets of forthcoming stories, and the Misses Allen supply wonderful photographic illustrations promptly, photographs which are real pictures. The models are all from life, and to the manner born. Even the age-worn secretary in the background is the real thing, not the fixed-up product of an antique furniture shop.

The world knows Deerfield village, however, by its Society of Blue and White Needlework, formed by Miss Margaret Whiting and Miss Miller, residents of the town. This Society has now been in existence some half a dozen years, and at the present time there are nearly a score of women working on the designs which Miss Miller and Miss Whiting have adapted from the old embroideries and bits of china in which Deerfield homes abound. Embroidery in the old days was a very different thing from buying a piece of cloth with a design stamped and the silk selected. When a girl preparing her trousseau decided to make a set of curtains and a spread for the best bed, she took carefully selected flax, hatched and spun it, wove it into cloth, and bleached

it on the grass. Some of the linen thread she dyed two or three shades of blue in the indigo-tub which always stood in the chimney corner. Then she drew a design on the linen, very lightly, making it up as she went along, with a bit of charcoal. This design she filled in with queer, fanciful stitches. These old-fashioned embroideries are for the most part Oriental in character, and were probably suggested by the figures on Eastern shawls which were brought home by sea-captains. But now, through the Deerfield Blue and White Society, many a home which cannot boast of sea-captain ancestors enjoys the graceful patterns of the olden times. For this Society has succeeded beyond its fondest hopes; samples of its work have been sent to almost every State in the Union, and it always has scores of orders ahead. There is no "employer" or "commission" in the work. The founders of the Society give five-tenths of the selling price to the needlewoman, two-tenths to the designer, and the remaining three tenths to pay the current expenses of the business, postage, express, and laundrying. The work is so unique and so well done that it commands a good price. The basket-weaving which Deerfield has also made a success grew

from the Society for Blue and White Needlework. The business part of this industry differs from that of the needlework, for each basket-maker buys her own leaf, and the finished basket is sent to a young woman who acts as agent and saleslady for all the weavers, receiving a commission on her sales. For the past three years an annual exhibition and sale has been held in "the village room" of Deerfield, every July, for the benefit of all these workers, and to this sale summer visitors from far and wide delight to resort. For Deerfield is a town with an interesting historical background as well as an impressive industrial outlook.

Here, then, are a dozen concrete examples of success in new enterprises undertaken by educated women. What some girls have done other girls can do in these uncrowded fields. But chiefly for their value as suggestions, as possible points of departure to still other original occupations, have these accounts been given. In woman's work, as elsewhere, pioneering, difficult as it is, offers its own peculiar zest and its own rich reward. And never have the industrial, commercial, and sociological fields been so white for the harvest as now.

## "I Know a Nature Like a Tree"

By Alice Ward Bailey

I know a nature like a tree;  
Men seek its shade instinctively.  
It is a choir for singing birds,  
A covert for the flocks and herds.  
It grows and grows, nor questions why,  
But reaches up into the sky  
And stretches down into the soil,  
Finding no trouble in its toil.  
It flaunts no star to tell of pain,  
Self-healed its wounds have closed again,  
Unaided by its pensioners;  
And yet I know that great heart stirs  
To each appeal and claim, indeed  
Leans to their lack and needs their need.



## Two New Editions

THERE are certain writers whose works suggest by their quality the most tasteful and choice forms, the most carefully studied and beautifully executed editions; it has happened, too, more than once that the form in which the work of a writer has been placed has revealed more distinction, quality, and fineness than the work itself contained. There ought to be essential harmony between a piece of literature and its permanent form. It might be possible to dress the work of Edward FitzGerald too elaborately; it would be impossible to give it too distinguished and artistic a form. The work itself, by reason of its high and original genius, its distinctive and individual quality, amply justifies the most artistic treatment. The new edition of the "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, New York, is put into seven volumes. The letters have been rearranged in chronological order and final corrections have been made in accordance with the author's wishes by one of the most intelligent and discreet of editors, W. Aldis Wright. Mr. Wright has gone over the text of all the published works, and has included them in this edition. He is the master of the entire FitzGerald literature, including not only what the translator of "Omar Khayyám" wrote with his own hand, but the large amount of writing that has been done about him. These volumes contain as near an approach to a perfect text as can be secured. The edition is enriched by a number of illustrations, which serve as frontispieces; among them are several interesting portraits, a delightful etching of "Little Grange," Woodbridge, the house from which most of the correspondence is dated, and another of FitzGerald's yacht "Scandal." The volumes are beautifully printed from large, clear type. The books are put in covers of red silk, stamped with appropriate gold designs.

The first four volumes contain the correspondence originally printed in 1889 in three volumes; the group of letters included in the "Eversley" edition five years later; the letters to Fanny Kemble,

published in 1895; and the collection entitled "More Letters," which appeared in 1901. There is no one quite like FitzGerald in literature; no one who has quite the same following. He belongs with a little group of men who are dear by reason of certain personal qualities, and fascinating by reason of a certain distinction and individuality which separate them from all other men of their time or of their race. The translator of "Omar Khayyám" was also one of the best letter-writers of our literature, to be put in the same class with Gray, Lamb, Cowper, and Walpole. Like Thackeray, he seemed to be unable to put his hand to paper without imparting the touch of literature to what he wrote. Full of prejudices, full of love for his friends, overflowing with the quaintest fancies and the most pungent criticism, devoted to flowers, to his library, and to his garden, FitzGerald was at once learned and human, whimsical and sane, the closest friend of some of the foremost men of letters of his time and yet perfectly independent in his judgment of them; one of the most companionable of modern writers.

Emerson's type of mind was so radically different from that of FitzGerald that they are not to be classed together, save for the fact that each of them stands for pure quality. Each had the same sincerity; each had the same note of distinction. It was eminently in keeping that the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Emerson should be marked by the publication of what might be regarded as a final, definitive edition of his complete works; and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., whose imprint rests upon this edition, have done nothing more than their duty to American letters in putting Emerson into a new and worthy form, with such perfect text and such fullness of elucidation of all historical and personal matters as could be secured from a member of Mr. Emerson's family. The text used in the Centenary Edition is that which was finally decided upon by Mr. Emerson himself in the earlier volumes, and collated and revised by his biographer, Mr. J. Elliot Cabot, in the later volumes. Dr. Emerson has given in a

brief compass a new and interesting account of his father's life and work, and has contributed to each volume a group of notes setting forth the circumstances under which the addresses and lectures were delivered, or the essays written, with comments upon persons and events mentioned in the text, and tracing the thoughts or phrases as they appear both in Emerson's poetry and prose. Dr. Emerson, it will be remembered, had already written a delightfully familiar biography of his father, in perfect taste, with rare discretion and with an insight that was akin to the genius which he characterized. No one was better fitted, therefore, by association, by personal intimacy, by access to materials of every kind, to edit a defin-

itive edition of Emerson, and to supply such an edition with a complete apparatus of notes. The publication is not simply a reprint. Considerable material of interest hitherto unpublished has been brought to light; and it is proposed to give the public enough of this material to form two and possibly three additional volumes. These volumes will be issued in a style uniform with the Centenary Edition, which will be put in twelve volumes, to be published during the current year. The edition is an admirable example of that kind of book-making which we naturally associate with libraries; it is well made, attractively but very simply bound, and the printing is all that could be desired.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Book of Essays (A).** By G. S. Street. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 309 pages. \$1.50, net.

**Book of Snobs (The).** Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 451 pages. \$1.

**Cæsar's Gallic War.** Books I.-IV. Edited by Charles E. Bennett. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5x7½ in. 323 pages. \$1.

**Daughters of Darkness in Sunny India.** By Beatrice M. Harband. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 302 pages. \$1, net.

Materials for many a romance occur abundantly in missionary work, but the workers who encounter them have scant time to use them. This volume relates the story of Sundari, a pretty and sprightly Hindu girl, during and after the terror of the plague. Facts woven together by threads of fancy compose a narrative full of interesting incidents, which reveals both the heathen need and the Christian succor that meet in India.

**Decline of the Missi Dominici in Frankish Gaul (The).** By James Westfall Thompson. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 22 pages.

**Espurgatoire Saint Patriz of Marie de France (The): With a Text of the Latin Original.** By T. Atkinson Jenkins. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 95 pages. \$1.25, net.

**Field of Folk (A).** By Isabella Howe Fiske. Richard G. Badger (The Gorham Press), Boston. 5x7½ in. 67 pages. \$1.

**Fundament of All Teaching.** By Julius Kuhn. Natural Truths Association, Conshohocken, Pa.

**El Haz de Lefia.** By D. Gaspar Núñez de Arce. By Rudolph Schwill. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼x6¼ in. 153 pages.

**Home Life under the Stuarts, 1603-1649.** By Elizabeth Godfrey. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 312 pages. \$3.50, net.

This is a book to interest every student of politics, religion, and society under the Stuarts; it is founded upon letters, diaries, and references in contemporary writings. It might well be read in connection with Reid's "Five Stuart Princesses." As the author of "Home Life" is careful to point out, the end of Elizabeth's reign saw a marked change in English manners, in dress, and, above all, in scientific conceptions of the world. The cavalier of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. was as different a man from his Elizabethan forbears as he was from his own sons and grandsons of the Restoration. Incidentally the book sheds some new light on the religious condition of an age which, beyond any other in English history, was notable because of the union between politics and religion. It is true also that, as in hardly any other age, religion and politics colored the home life of England.

**Homophonic Conversations in English, German, French, and Italian: Being a Natural Aid to the Memory in Learning those Languages.** By C. B. and C. V. Waite. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. 4½x6¼ in. 137 pages.

**How Paris Amuses Itself.** By F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x8 in. 334 pages. \$1.50, net.

**Industrial Crisis (The): A Story of the "Toiling Masses" and the "Thrifty Rich."** By F. C. Lange. 5x7½ in. 262 pages.

**International Year Book (The): A Compendium of the World's Progress During the Year 1902.** Edited by Frank Moore Colby, Assisted by Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Edward Lathrop Engle, B.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6¼x10 in. \$4.

The International Year Book has become an

indispensable adjunct to the library of every student of contemporary history. The volume for 1902, just published, contains one or two commendable enlargements over its predecessors in the presentation of facts. We note with satisfaction the special care taken in the department of biography—the necrology of 1902 included such picturesque and notable men as Bret Harte, Speaker Reed, Admiral Sampson, Lord Dufferin, Archbishop Temple, Rudolf Virchow, Emile Zola, and Koloman Tisza.

**In the Andamans and Nicobars.** By C. Boden Kloss. With Maps and Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×9¼ in. 373 pages. \$7, net.

The islands named in the title, and especially the Nicobars, are little known, and certainly are rarely visited by our countrymen. The author, an American naturalist, with one companion and a Malay crew, sailed from Singapore in a schooner and spent some months in making natural history collections. He found the people of the Nicobars wild and barbarous, and his narrative has some ethnological value, but it is more largely devoted to the hunt for rare birds and animals. The book has little literary ability and hardly any "thrill" as a story of adventure, but is evidently, from the point of view of scientific observation, thoroughly and carefully written. There are many pictures.

**Jew Baiting in Russia and Her Alleged Friendship for the United States: A Brief History of Russia's Relations with America.** By a Russian-American Diplomat. Sold at News-stands. 5×7½ in. 29 pages. 10c.

**Manual for Christian Instruction (A).** By Wilson R. Buxton. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4½×7 in. 98 pages. 35c.

**Memories of Yale Life and Men, 1845-1899.** By Timothy Dwight. Illustrated. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 500 pages. \$2.50, net.

Dr. Dwight's memory of Yale, including his undergraduate life there, covers a period of nearly sixty years. During this period, dating from a time when morning prayers were held at six o'clock in winter, Yale's old things have passed away, and all things have become new. In promoting this change, not only of the college into the university, but also of the ancient into the modern relations of students to the Faculty, no one has been more influential than Dr. Dwight. To all Yale men his commemoration both of old Yale and of its modern expansion, copiously illustrated as it is with portraits, will be desirable next to their class albums. There is a far wider circle to which it will also appeal. There are many colleges, especially in the newer parts of the country, that are doing good and indispensable work with very slender resources, and through large self-denials of the men in charge. To such these "Memories" will be an inspiration, for it was through the unsparing self-denial of the men of Yale during the middle third of the last century that, out of much weakness and poverty, modern Yale has grown to greatness. Says Dr. Dwight, in reference to the years from 1831 to 1849, the conditions of which continued much longer: "I can only wonder

at the unflinching courage and self-devotion of this brotherhood of men."

**New Conceptions in Science.** By Carl Snyder. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 361 pages. \$2, net.

This book is accurately described by the publishers as a clear and concise exposition of the newest conceptions of science in various fields. In style and choice of language the essays are adapted for the intelligent inquirer rather than for the technical expert. Some or all of the papers have appeared in "Harper's Magazine." The titles of a few will best indicate the scope of the book: *The World Beyond Our Senses, How the Brain Thinks, Wireless Telegraphy, Spirit-Rappers and Telepaths, What the World is Made Of.*

**New Primary Arithmetic.** By John H. Walsh. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 211 pages.

**Outlines of Psychology: An Elementary Treatise, with Some Practical Applications.** By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 392 pages. \$1, net.

This last work by Professor Royce is the more valuable for its restriction to elementary principles and fundamental questions. Fresh light is thrown, from his point of view, on problems of general interest and their application in the conduct of life. The Spencerian, or hedonist, scheme of ethics, based upon the pleasure-pain theory of the feelings, is made clearly untenable by Professor Royce's showing that it does not account for the facts, that there is a cross-distinction in feeling between restlessness and quiescence quite independent of that between pleasure and pain. Professor Royce avails himself of this distinction in discussing the question of mental initiative—meaning by "initiative" those novelties of conduct that are not referable to former habits or present experiences, and result in novel readjustments to the environment. Signs of such initiative appear, as he observes, far down in animal life. On the facts of mental initiative has been based a theory of "self-activity." But, as Professor Royce remarks, psychology has no interest in recognizing uncaused events. He maintains that apparently spontaneous variations of habit which no external stimulus accounts for are traceable to restlessness of feeling as their principal external cause, bringing the organism by persistent trial into new relations with its environment. A constitutional restlessness of feeling thus may become the most potent director of conscious life. This is, indeed, a meager hint of an illuminating line of thought, in the practical application of which Professor Royce points out the educational importance of encouraging children in strenuous activity. His psychology of the will does not admit the familiar distinction made between attention and choice, in which the former always precedes the latter. Attention, when fixed and exclusive, is choice. "Actually, to will a given act," he says, "is to think attentively of that act to the exclusion or neglect of the representation or imagining of any and all other acts. . . . Choice bears the same relation to action that intellectual attention bears to images, ideas, or thoughts." The eth' of

this view is obvious. Professor Royce makes the striking remark that one cannot will to do what he has not already learned to do, *e.g.*, to swim. Every act that can be directly willed must first have become familiar, however extraordinary its consequences may be, *e.g.*, the trigger-pull of the suicide. What the will can do in an unfamiliar line is simply to learn how to do, so as to organize instincts into good habits. The will, though not original, can become originitive. This luminous discussion of some problems of the natural history of mind is of large value to practical educators as well as to students of psychology.

**Peril and the Preservation of the Home (The):** Being the William L. Bull Lectures for the Year 1902. By Jacob A. Riis. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 198 pages.

Four lectures delivered by Mr. Riis before the Philadelphia Divinity School upon the side of the home problem on which he speaks with authority. There is no discussion of the perils besetting the homes of the well-to-do, which only changes in individual character can affect. Mr. Riis confines himself to the perils besetting the homes of the poor, which an aroused social conscience may remove. The lectures contain the quintessence of Mr. Riis's experience in tenement-house reform work, and are aglow with the strong and infectious feeling which these experiences have stirred in him. They are, therefore, as full of inspiration as of information—a rare thing in tenement-house reform lectures, and, alas! in sociological lectures on any subject.

**Philippine Islands, 1493-1803 (The):** Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. IV.—1576-1582. The Andrew H. Clarke Co., Cleveland. 6¼x9½ in. 317 pages. Per vol., \$4, net.

**Physicians, Their Patients, Pills, Paregoric, and Poisons.** By Earle Scanland. M. E. Hale, 1448 Pacific St., Brooklyn, New York. 5x6¼ in. 99 pages.

**Prince of Sinners (A).** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 386 pages. \$1.50.

British politics, applied philanthropy in the London East End, and the characters of Lord Arranmore (certainly a most remarkable Prince of Sinners) and his unacknowledged son, Kingston Brooks, are the chief subjects of study in this rather ambitious novel. With a not undue amount of the usual "love interest," these combine to make up a readable book.

**Principal Cairns.** By John Cairns. (Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼x7½ in. 157 pages. 75c.

**Rabbits, Cats, and Cavies: Descriptive Sketches of all Recognized Exhibition Varieties, with Many Original Anecdotes.** By C. H. Lane, F.Z.S. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6x8½ in. 312 pages. \$4, net.

The delightful pictures of cats, to say nothing of rabbits and cavies (the Peruvian cavy shows as little head and tail as a door-mat), and the equally delightful cat anecdotes, will make this handsome book dear to the heart of all cat-lovers. It must be added that, in main, the work is strictly scientific, and,

we have no doubt, covers the special field exhaustively and with such accuracy as to make it valuable to breeder, collector, and student of natural history.

**Relations of Structural and Functional Psychology to Philosophy.** By James Rowland Angell. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 21 pages.

**Relation of the Medicine-Man to the Origin of the Professional Occupations (The).** By W. I. Thomas. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 18 pages.

**Robert Browning.** By G. K. Chesterton. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 207 pages. 75c., net.

This latest addition to the "English Men of Letters Series" is one of the most readable in the long list of books of these brief biographies. The author is a young English journalist of great cleverness and dexterity, with skill in turning a taking phrase, and with no small endowment of natural insight. The question in regard to his work has touched, not its form nor its interest, but its solidity and its seriousness. This biography does not settle that question; it abounds in epigrams and in sentences which seem to be made for the sake of effectiveness rather than because of any vital relation to the theme; it is full of keen characterization and of pungent criticism. It has occasional lapses from sobriety and it is sometimes forced; but it is often eminently sane and fresh. The freshness is sometimes more in the phrase than in the thought. Mr. Chesterton says of "The Ring and the Book," for instance, that it is an expression of the belief that no man ever lived upon this earth without possessing a point of view; and of Mr. Santayana that he has gone out of his way to realize what it is that repels him in Browning, and that, discovering the fault which none of Browning's opponents have discovered, he has also discovered the merit which none of Browning's admirers had discovered—that the whole of Browning's poetry rests upon "primitive feeling;" to which Mr. Chesterton adds, "The only comment to be added is that so does the whole of every one else's poetry." He admirably says of Browning that he was something far more convincing, far more comforting, and far more significant than an optimist; he was a happy man. The lover of Browning will find much in this volume from which he will differ and a good deal that will irritate him; but he will have also an interesting and breezy walk over familiar territory with a somewhat audacious young critic, who forms opinions very rapidly and has a very epigrammatic way of stating them, and who at times has true divination of the matter with which he deals.

**Romance of the Civil War (The).** Selected by Albert Bushnell Hart and Elizabeth Stevens. Illustrated. (Source-Readers in American History, No. 4.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x7¼ in. 418 pages. 60c.

The signal excellence of the present volume, as contrasted with most other and larger histories of our Civil War, is that it makes clear and graphic the experiences, not of one, but of both sides of the controversy. Another

excellence, for young readers, is that we have here no attempt at making a continuous and detailed narrative; instead, as Professor Hart says, we have "merely the romance." By the recital of detached incidents the personality is brought out of the men and women who took part in the great struggle. Henceforth, if we have made proper use of this book, a series of vivid pictures should be in the young student's mind—of slave life before the war, of the attempts to free the negro, of the army enlistments, of the transportation, encampments, and actual fighting, of the conditions endured by the non-combatants, and finally of the work of such women as Mrs. Livermore, Miss Alcott, and Miss Barton in caring for the sick and wounded. We are glad to find included such inspiring contemporaneous poems as Stedman's "Cavalry Charge," Read's "Sheridan's Ride," Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain," Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," above all, Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—poems which every young American should know by heart.

**Sarah Tuldon: A Woman Who Had Her Way.** By Orme Agnus. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 363 pages. \$1.50.

Life among agricultural laborers and small farmers in the England of two generations back is graphically depicted in these pages. The author's Sarah Tuldon is a remarkable character.

**Siege of Youth (The).** By Frances Charles. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 293 pages. \$1.50.

This is a character study, with art and journalism in San Francisco for its atmosphere, and love for the chief element in its not very convincing development. An accompaniment of amateurish philosophizing leads one to infer that the author is still under the siege referred to in her title. Later, we feel sure, she will write a truer book.

**Simple French.** Edited by Victor E. François, A.M., and Pierre F. Groulx. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 241 pages. 60c.

**Sinful Peck.** By Morgan Robertson. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 355 pages. \$1.50.

A sea story by a writer of many popular and ingenious tales of ocean life, and one, moreover, who has thorough technical knowledge—a qualification not always possessed by those who use ships as fiction-stuff. The main idea of the story is broadly farcical. Sinful is one of a band of queerly nicknamed sailors whose early life has, we believe, before been told by this author; they have become middle-aged and rich, but Sinful loses an election bet to one of them and the penalty is that he shall go to China and back as a common sailor before the mast; he does so, but gets the whole dozen shanghaied on the same ship, and so plots that they have to come back with him also. There is a sort of rough humor about this, but the description of the bullying, fighting, maiming, stabbing, and general hatefulness all round that fill the ship is very far from humorous, and makes one feel that perhaps Mr. Robertson was not so much desirous of being an "American Jacobs," as some one

not very aptly calls him, as to enter a protest against brutality at sea.

**Sins of a Saint (The): An Historical Romance.** By J. R. Aitken. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 346 pages. \$1.50.

The Saxon Dunstan is the saint whose sins are set forth in this romance of tenth-century England. Long foot-notes distract the reader's eye and mar the pages, adding perhaps to the historical but certainly not to the literary value.

**Solar System (The): Six Lectures Delivered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in December, 1902.** By Percival Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 134 pages. \$1.25, net.

In the clear sky and steady air of Arizona the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff enjoys a large astronomical advantage. From that post Professor Lowell reports what he has observed and inferred. The general reader, who must skip the mathematical processes that enter into this report, will find enough else that he can understand and read with profit. Professor Lowell gives very reasonable grounds for his conclusion that Mars is an abode of an intelligent and socially organized population. The open questions, and the mystery into which the study of our planetary system leads, seem just as many and as deep as they were before the telescope began to enlarge the circle both of knowledge and of ignorance.

**Stay-at-Homes.** By L. B. Walford. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 344 pages. \$1.50.

A long and, for Mrs. Walford, rather dull novel. As in her other stories, the author has a pleasant, refined manner, and depicts English social life faithfully, if somewhat too minutely. There is certainly no thrill here, but there is a good deal of quiet, sympathetic narrative.

**Stories from the Old, Old Bible.** By T. H. Robinson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 409 pages. \$2.50, net.

An attempt to retell the Old Testament stories as the author imagines they would have been told by the chief personages in them. Isaac, for instance, tells the story of the attempted sacrifice of himself, Naomi tells the story of Ruth, Elijah tells of the test by fire on Mount Carmel. As the title of the book leads one to suspect, there is an occasional lapse into sentimentality. On the whole, however, the stories are told with dignity.

**Text-Book of Plant Physiology (A).** By George James Pierce, Ph.D. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 291 pages. \$2.

**Tu-Tze's Tower (The).** By Louise Betts Edwards. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 418 pages.

A novel and interesting book, containing atmosphere in abundance (the scenes in far-away Asia are made to appear oddly natural and near); some clever character-drawing, and a plot refreshingly unique, in which the author reserves for the reader, until almost the last page, a genuine surprise.

**Use of Loan Credit in Modern Business (The).** By Thorstein B. Veblen. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8×11 in. 22 pages.

# Correspondence

## What is Speculation?

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Can you state for me some principle in distinguishing between legitimate and illegitimate speculation? I have been accustomed to consider that all speculation on margins was wrong, both because the speculator furnished no service for his profit and it was therefore gambling, and because of the demoralizing results which I have seen arise from such speculation. But I confess the more I have thought the less I have been able to see the moral difference between such speculation and the buying outright of stocks, not for an investment, but for a rise; and I also fail to see why it is in principle any different from a very respectable form of speculation in land, where a man purchases land with a heavy mortgage, the amount he pays down being equivalent to the margin, and the bank loaning the money on mortgage instead of with the stock as collateral. If you can clear this matter for me, I shall be indebted, as several of my congregation have questioned me and I have been unable to answer them satisfactorily.

CLERICUS.

[The desire to get something for nothing is always and inherently a wrong desire, and any transaction, however veiled, which has for its object the gratification of this desire is an immoral transaction. Every honest bargain ought to be, in the thought of the parties to the bargain, intended for the benefit of both the bargainers. In other words, all life is for service, and no transaction is legitimate which is simply self-seeking.—THE EDITORS.]

## An Explanation

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your paragraph "A Negro's View of the Race Problem" in *The Outlook* of June 13 you say that I agree with Mr. Stone that it is the mulatto who occasions the *most difficult* element in the race problem." Your statement misrepresents my meaning and sets me in a wrong attitude on the question. Mr. Stone does indeed touch upon an awful truth, but

what he states is but a partial truth, and a partial truth is more dangerous than a falsehood. There is no doubt that if there were no illegitimate mixture of blood between the races the problem would be very different from what it is. But because the full-blooded negro hears no sigh of the wrong in the sub-conscious region of his being such as the mulatto hears, it does not follow that he is free from the sigh of a wrong of some sort.

There is no doubt that there are mulattoes who yearn for social equality as such, and they can no more stop that yearning than one can stop the tide from returning to the shore. It is the yearning of the white father to return to his father's house. Many have already arrived there, and more are yet to arrive. And it has already come to pass that there is not only Caucasian blood in negro veins, but there is negro blood in Caucasian veins. Sins, like chickens, come back home to roost. On the other hand, there are many mulattoes whose yearnings and instincts lead them to seek the company of their mother's people. The writer is acquainted with families in which both these classes are found. Some of the members are passing for white, others refusing to do so. Many times have they been heard to say, "I wish I were black," while other members of the family wish they were white, and those who are able to pass for white do so. The writer who puts all the mulattoes in one class is guilty of a much too common injustice toward that large class of mulattoes who no more want to associate with whites than whites want to associate with them. They are not seeking to be white men, but *men*, which is far better. Many of them who refuse to do so could easily pass for white men if they wanted to.

The most difficult element in the race problem, so far as some are concerned, are those of the race who are determined to be men. No intelligent, fair-minded person will accuse Booker T. Washington of seeking for the much-talked-about "social equality," but even Mr. Washington, with all his "sweet reasonableness,"

is a dangerous element to the author of "The Leopard's Spots."

I do not agree with Mr. Stone that the most difficult element in the race problem is the mulatto. From Mr. Stone's point of view, "the most difficult element" in this problem is the most ambitious; from my point of view, the most difficult element is the element that Mr. Stone calls "the real negro;" that is, the shiftless and ambitionless negro. The ambitious and thrifty of the race are not all mulattoes—nor are all the shiftless and ambitionless full-blooded blacks. It is remarkable what poor thinking the superior Caucasian can do when dominated by prejudice and preconceived opinions.

Please allow me to say this to your readers, before whom you have set Mr. Stone and myself together. You have put me where I do not belong. Please let me change my seat.

THOMAS NELSON BAKER.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

[In view of the position which Mr. Baker takes, it is interesting to know, as we learn from a correspondent, that he is not a Northern but a Southern negro, born of pure-blooded negro parents in Virginia, educated at Hampton and afterward at Mount Hermon, at Boston University, where he was valedictorian of his class, and at Yale Divinity School, where during his last year he took charge of a negro church in the city. Though originally a Methodist, he is now pastor of a Congregational negro church at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He has not, however, sundered his relations with the negroes of the South among whom he was born and brought up.—THE EDITORS.]

#### Help for the Flood Sufferers

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Here are twenty thousand people driven from their homes by the overflow of the Kansas River. The water was from five feet to twelve feet in their houses, driving them out, destroying their furniture, wrecking their houses, and leaving a deposit of from one to four feet of mud as the waters receded. I have just been over the whole district, and talked with many who two weeks ago were living comfortably in houses that they owned, but to-day have only the clothes they are wearing and are dependent on charity for food

and a place to sleep. Tents are furnished them, and food. Yet this cannot long be done without aid from abroad. There are forty thousand here who, living on higher ground, escaped the flood. These are giving liberally to aid their destitute fellow-citizens, but are wholly unable to meet the exigency. Mr. T. B. Gilbert, the Mayor of the city, is a man of excellent character and good business ability. He asks for aid. All funds sent to him will be wisely used for the relief of these sufferers.

I write this because word has gone out, "Kansas City chooses to take care of herself, asks no aid for her flood victims." That is true only of Kansas City, Missouri, which is the home of men of wealth, and has only 3,000 flood sufferers among her 175,000 people. It is not true of Kansas City, Kansas, which has only 60,000 people, none of them wealthy, and has 20,000 homeless and in need.

JAMES G. DOUGHERTY,

Formerly Pastor of First Congregational Church.

Kansas City, Kansas.

#### Charitable Work for Girls in New York City

The Wilson Industrial School for Girls, 125 St. Mark's Place, New York City, has made an appeal to the public for a new endowment, and this appeal calls attention to the half-year of benevolent work in that locality accomplished by this noble charity and by other institutions. The cheering thing about all of them is that they represent up-to-date endeavor. The Wilson Industrial School for Girls was the first industrial school for girls in New York City; it gathers the needy children of the neighborhood into a healthful home, where a hearty midday meal is provided and where the children are taught the simple branches of education, also sewing and household work. Once a week there is a mothers' meeting for sewing, as well as religious instruction, and the homes are visited by a competent Bible reader. Out of this work has grown a mission church, where regular services are now held. It is interesting to note that in 1876, in the Wilson School, the kitchen-garden system was organized and in the same year the matron of the school organized the largest boys' club in the city. This old-established school and

mission has a right to appeal to the public for \$100,000 or more, to place it on a permanent basis. The treasurer is Mrs. C. B. Hotchkiss, 201 West Eighty-seventh Street.

#### **The Berkshire Industrial Farm**

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook :*

The writer has been requested to prepare a brief notice of a recent parlor meeting in behalf of this excellent institution. If only in this brief space one could bring before the readers of *The Outlook* the words of the speakers and their cordial reception! Mrs. Mayo presented its work in detail, with interesting personal sketches of the boys, and with special reference to the "graduates" of this year and their satisfactory record. Dr. Charlton Lewis and the Rev. Mr. Wright, of Morristown, followed with effective analysis and commendation of her words. They emphasized the vital need of preventive work, the striking advantages of this institution, in its fine situation, healthful climate, and exceptional home atmosphere. In presenting its financial claims and needs they approved its practical methods and ideal results. May those readers of *The Outlook* who have been interested in the many lines of reform work study this one thoroughly.

It is a charming place to visit, and they will be cordially welcomed

The treasurer's address is: Mr. Robert Carter, Morristown, N. J.

For printed information apply to

W. W. MAYO, Sup't.

Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.

#### **The Jacob A. Riis Fresh Air Home**

It seems an ungracious thing to ask for support for a house that bears one's own name, but the managers say I must and there is no help for it. And, after all, what is in a name? It is the thing that tells—the work. Readers of *The Outlook* know what that is. They sent quite half of the two hundred and fifty mothers and children on their happy holiday to Twin Island, in Pelham Bay Park, last summer. Their gifts paid the butcher and the baker. Could they have looked in upon the little colony, upon the children huddling close about mamma on their little white beds, a little afraid at first of the

big rooms—ever so much bigger than the whole tenement flat at home—of the patch of ghostly moonlight on the floor, and the shadows of the waving branches outside; could they have seen them waylaying minnows and fiddler-crabs in the tide-filled hollows along shore, cheering the gay excursion steamers that went by on their way, or plucking the flowers that grow all summer on the island, they would have had their reward indeed. Over against the tenement street, with its fretful jam of childhood that makes your heart ache, there will ever stand since last summer in my memory that other picture of happy children singing under the trees, the sea wind cooling their wan cheeks and painting the sunset there. In the depth of the winter that is past, when I was traveling in the far West, I heard their little voices, and above them and the wash of lazy waves on the shore I heard another, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me." That last spoke to you who helped.

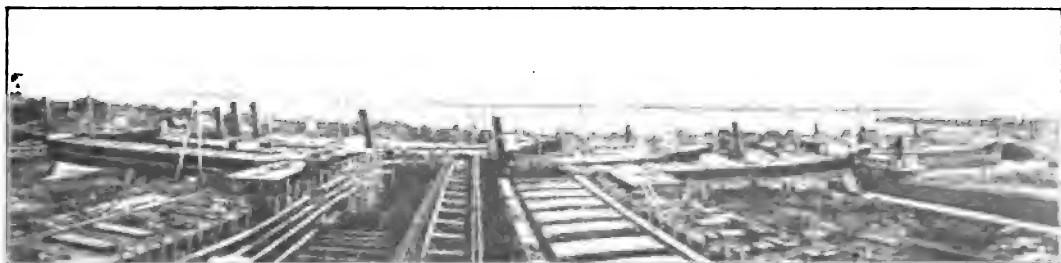
"If heaven is anything like this," said one tired mother, "I don't care how soon I go there." It was a little boy in far-off Kentucky who did that. I have his letter yet. "The money is my birthday present from my mother," he wrote. "I am eight years old." There ought to be a very happy little boy out there. There certainly was one at this end belonging to the mother who was tired no longer.

The home is open once more, and we ask our friends to help keep it open till the fall storms drive our children home. Not only they and their mothers come there; papa and the boys come over Sunday for a day of real rest. The whole family together—that is something we had not dared dream of till the city government gave us the house rent free. Friends furnished it, so that we are at no expense for anything but just our boarders. It costs \$2.50 a week to provide for a mother, \$1.50 for a child, and \$3.50 for mamma and the baby. Is not that worth while? Our treasurer, Miss Clara Field, will be very glad to receive the gifts of *Outlook* readers at the settlement house, 48 Henry Street. We are all of us more grateful than we can tell for last year.

JACOB A. RIIS.



# THE CITY OF OPPORTUNITY



A Harbor View in Superior—The Gateway of the Northwest

## WHAT \$10. will do for you in SUPERIOR

The chance of a lifetime to participate in the wonderful growth and development of this Prosperous City. **SUPERIOR IS THE GATEWAY OF THE NORTHWEST.** Millions already spent by the Government and Transportation Companies, foreseeing the immense future of Superior.

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It is a perfect location for the manufacture of cereal products, coke, iron, steel, furniture, woodenware, stoves, farming implements, railroad and steamship supplies, glucose, malt, etc.

Millions have been and are being spent in permanent improvement by Railroad and Steamship Lines to handle the traffic that cannot go elsewhere.

The United States Government has spent over three millions of dollars in harbor improvements, and appropriated \$300,000 for new Government buildings.

Great cities are built at the meeting point of natural advantages, and here at the head of lake navigation in the heart of the wheat and timber belt, with the great iron and copper ore beds on one side and the magnificent grazing country on the other, stands Superior.

Great men look far ahead before investing their money, and when such men as James J. Hill, General John H. Hammond, Senator Breckenridge, Senator Beck, Thomas A. Scott, Frederick Billings, W. W. Cochran, and others started to develop Superior they realized that at this point a great industrial city was destined to be built; nor has their judgment been wrong, for from that time Superior, a mere village of a few hundred

with no railroads, has now developed into a prosperous, growing City of 35,000 inhabitants, and is on a firmer foundation than ever for a great future growth.

Capitalists alone cannot build a City. The small investor and settler form the backbone of any stable community. Realizing these facts, this Company is now offering to the public a few blocks, situated in almost the geographical center of the town.

It costs nothing to know our plan. See what we will do for you.

**OUR OFFER** is a very liberal one, especially so to the man of moderate means, who wishes to put a few dollars aside monthly as an investment. We only ask \$10.00 down

and \$5.00 a month on a \$150.00 lot, and the size of these lots is 25 feet by 120 feet; should the purchaser before he has paid for his lot in full, a deed will be delivered to his heirs without any further payments, or should the purchaser be taken sick or lose employment, we will carry his lot for a year, without any payments other than 20 cents per month as interest.

No taxes whatever will begin until the purchaser has paid for his lot in full and a deed has been delivered.

Our prices will not always be as low as they are now. Superior is developing rapidly, and, with this development, the price of real estate will increase. Large profits are made in rapidly-developing communities.

Why not take advantage of our offer and buy a lot at once?

Upon receipt of \$10.00, we will select for you one of our best \$150.00 lots.

We will send you free maps of this section and our beautiful new illustrated booklet, "The City of Opportunity," which shows in detail the wonderful growth of Superior and the Northwest.

It costs you nothing, send without delay for full information and details. ADDRESS:

Investment Department

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You must use Royal Baking Powder to get them right.

# The Outlook

*Saturday, July 4, 1903*



*Illustrated Magazine  
Number for July*



" Cleanliness of body was  
ever esteemed to proceed  
from a due reverence to God,  
to society and to ourselves."

*Bacon*



From the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century  
to the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup>.

# PEARS' SOAP

has been popularly recognised  
as the clean and cleansing soap.

# The Outlook

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No. 10

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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

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**The Postal Scandals** The two most important events of the week in the continuance of the investigation into the charges relating to the Post-Office Department were the letter of President Roosevelt to Attorney-General Knox and the indictment of Edmund H. Driggs, formerly a Member of Congress from Brooklyn. The President's letter, as might be expected, contained a positive and vigorous injunction for absolute thoroughness in the prosecution of the investigation. Mr. Roosevelt calls for the utmost rigor of the law to be exercised in the discovery and prosecution of any breach of trust, and declares emphatically that there can be no greater offense against the Government than such a breach of trust or than dishonest management by a public official. As the amount of work thrown by this investigation upon the District Attorney's office is excessive, the President suggests that the Attorney-General appoint special assistants from his staff. In accordance with this suggestion, Mr. Knox has appointed Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and Mr. Holmes Conrad, of Washington, formerly Solicitor-General, to assist in the inquiry. The indictment found against Mr. Driggs is based on the United States law making it a crime punishable with imprisonment for two years or a fine of \$10,000, or both, if any Member of Congress receive money from any person for procuring or aiding to procure any contract from the United States Government. It is alleged that, through Mr. George F. Miller, who has also been indicted, money to the amount of \$12,500 was paid to Mr. Driggs while he was yet a Member of Congress, by the Brandt-Dent Company, as commission for procuring the sale to the Government of the automatic cashiers made by this firm. It is stated that out of every \$150 paid by the Government for one of these

machines, the manufacturers really received only fifty dollars.

**The Panama Canal** The New York "Sun" publishes an important despatch sent by the representative of the French owners of the Panama Canal to the President of Colombia. This despatch, dated June 13, affirms as a fundamental principle that the only power which can now build the Panama Canal is the United States; that the failure by Colombia to ratify the Canal Treaty will undoubtedly result either in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, or in the secession of Panama, under the protection of the United States, from Colombia; that one alternative would destroy the prosperity, the other the integrity, of Colombia; and that any modification of the Treaty is equivalent to its rejection. It is to be hoped that the publication of this despatch in Colombia may bring those who are opposing the ratification of the Treaty to a saner mind. The despatch is, however, in other respects important, both as an explicit recognition from a European source that the interoceanic canal can be built only by the American Nation, and as an intimation that the way for its building may be found, despite the refusal of Colombia to ratify the Treaty, through the secession of Panama from the Republic, and the support of Panama in its secession by the United States Government.

**The Declarations of Iowa Democrats** The Democrats of Iowa met last week, made their nominations for the State election, and formulated their platform. During the Convention there was a very plain and explicit statement of the issue between those who wished to "reaffirm the principles of the Democratic National platform adopted at Kansas City, July 5,

1900," and those who wished to lay the question of money standards aside. A few days before the Convention Mr. Bryan in the "Commoner" had reasserted the importance of maintaining the money question in politics. The discussion of the subject in the Convention may therefore be justly interpreted as a response by Iowa Democrats to Mr. Bryan's appeal. By a decided majority the Convention voted to omit from the platform any reference to the money question, except a general statement as to the need of a larger volume of money. The silence of the platform on this matter is, therefore, equivalent to a positive declaration that the Democrats of Iowa do not consider that free silver furnishes a living issue. It ought to be said, however, that Mr. Sullivan, the nominee for Governor, is a silver advocate. In other respects also the platform was notable. Perhaps its most important declaration was that connecting the tariff with the problem of controlling the trusts. "As the most alarming features of our present conditions," it says, "are the evils which come from the trusts, we call for the removal of the tariff from all trust-made goods, and demand that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view to tariff for revenue only." Inasmuch as Iowa is the center of agitation in the Republican party for revision of the tariff, this declaration on the part of the Democrats is of special importance, and may have great influence in determining what the tariff policy of the Republicans will be. A proposition to advocate the Government ownership of the railroads was voted down, but it had the support of a large number of delegates. Moreover, the plank finally adopted was emphatic and specific in its demands for governmental control. It declared for the limitation by statute of dividends derived from capital invested in transportation; it also called upon the Federal Government to prevent "unreasonable" prices and profits created by commercial combinations, by declaring, when need arises, what such prices and profits should be. It denounced government by injunction, the Aldrich Financial Bill, imperialism, and corruption in the Post-Office Department. It favored, in addition to policies already mentioned, election of Senators by popular vote, and, in State

matters, State aid in building public highways, and the adoption of a frank local option law in place of the mulct law now in existence, which may be said to enact prohibition and then legalize, under regulation, its violation. Regarding the advisability of the change thus advocated, it seems as if there could be no intelligent doubt.



**The Organization  
of Fusion Forces  
in New York City**

On Tuesday of last week the political bodies which are to unite against Tammany Hall in the coming municipal campaign in New York completed their organization. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting was chosen permanent chairman of the conference. The bodies in this organization comprise the Citizens' Union, the regular Republican organization, the Greater New York Democracy, the German-American Municipal League of Brooklyn, three other German-American bodies represented by a single committee under the name of the United Germans, the Kings County Democracy, the Austro-Hungarian League, and the Italian-American League. The only important body rightfully belonging with these allies that was lacking was the German-American Reform Union. It is hardly conceivable that it will not be found among them when the campaign begins in earnest. The federation of many bodies composed of citizens of varying political beliefs concerning National policies now bids fair to become a permanent characteristic of municipal campaigns in New York City. It is a stimulating sign of the times to find among these bodies united for good government so many composed of American citizens of foreign origin. The freedom in government which native Americans are apt to accept with indifference because with familiarity, these citizens, who know by experience what government is that is not free, are peculiarly adapted to uphold with enthusiasm. It ought not to be surprising, therefore, to find them massed together in the fight against corruption, which is only another name for extortion and oppression. Mr. Cutting, in a statement made after this meeting, the last until September 1, spoke hopefully and with reasonable confidence of the outlook for the success of the



Fusion forces. He spoke of the advantage for success arising from the assurance under the present administration that the election would be conducted honestly, and that no city department would exert its power in favor of Tammany Hall as it would were that corrupt organization in office. He referred briefly to the efficiency and impartiality of the Low administration. He stated that the Fusion movement was in many ways stronger than it was two years ago; that its constituent bodies were better organized and more experienced. And he thought it incredible that the citizens of New York will not carry the movement to victory. If they care anything for the protection of the women and the children of the tenements, if they care for clean streets and wholesome surroundings, if they care for the protection of property against thieving and blackmail, if they care for the defense of the sick and the poor, if they care for the control of corporate wealth, if they care for the preservation of their own rights in public property, they will carry to victory this Fusion movement.

⊗

#### The Joint Primary Plan in Massachusetts

The plan of direct primaries, adopted in Massachusetts through the Luce Joint Caucus Bill, which has just been signed by the Governor, differs in several respects from the laws having the same general purpose in view adopted in other States and hitherto described in these columns. The law takes effect in Boston this fall, but in other cities and towns its acceptance is to be voted upon at the next State election. All caucuses of all parties are to be held at the same time and place. A would-be candidate must present a nomination paper signed by at least five voters, and in the case of higher officers by a number of voters equivalent to five for each ward. The vote at the primary will be in all, or almost all, respects exactly like that at the election. It will be in charge of the paid election officers who have charge of elections, the two leading parties being equally represented. The voter must audibly state with which party he wishes to vote. This provision has been criticized as opposed to the principles of the secret ballot, but a primary is not

an election, and it is not unfair to ask the man who wishes to take part in a party nomination to accept, for the time being at least, party membership. The law provides that voters of one party shall not within a year share in nominating the candidates of another party. This is designed to prevent the flooding of a primary as a political trick by one party with voters really belonging to another party. The voter who affiliates himself with one party at the first primary he attends must continue to act with that party in the primaries until he decides to go to the election commissioners and in writing change his party affiliation, and even then he must wait ninety days before the change takes effect. This law seems to be an honest and sensible attempt to apply the principle of direct primaries. Its actual working out will be watched with great interest by the public at large.

⊗

Philadelphia's Reform Mayor Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, is making a record as good as his predecessor's was bad. His latest acts have filled favored contractors with consternation. He has annulled a contract for fitting up certain rooms in the City Hall, which had been awarded on the last day of the old administration, at a price \$15,000 (or 36 per cent.) more than the lowest responsible bidder. He has imposed fines amounting to \$15,513 on a total of \$58,020 for one month's street-cleaning—an unheard-of proceeding. Mayor Weaver has declared that he intends having clean streets and contracts lived up to. Recent contracts, moreover, have actually been let to the lowest bidder—a proceeding that has been out of vogue for some years in Philadelphia. In the police department also Mayor Weaver is restoring order. Heretofore, judging from recent statements, the police have looked for instructions first to ward leaders and have obeyed them rather than the Superintendent of Police and the Director of Public Safety. A captain and two lieutenants have been suspended and ordered to stand trial for failure to obey promptly the orders given them by the department. Policy-playing has been made dangerous by police vigilance, and it looks now as if it would be effectually driven to cover. Mayor Weaver

has furthermore halted several ordinances providing for raids on the treasury, much to the chagrin of the machine, which seems to be nonplused by his vigor and independence. His course has given great satisfaction to the independents, except in the matter of appointments. Here he has outlined for himself a compromise policy. He will appoint men for political reasons, but will not, he declares, retain them for political reasons. No man can hold his office unless he discharges his duty to the satisfaction of the Mayor. This is not the ideal; but it is a long step toward the ideal, and is all that is probably practical as a first step. Thus far, it must be said, the Mayor has required faithful public service from his political appointees, and has thus made a creditable showing for his system.

**The Strikes** The strike events of last week were those at Richmond, Virginia, and in New York City. In Richmond demands have been made by the employees on the street railway company, the street railway company has refused to concede them, the men have struck, the company has given public notice that the strikers may make application for their places as individuals but not as a union, and has unofficially given out the statement that no concession will be made to the strikers, even if the battle costs the company two millions of dollars. A mob composed of strike sympathizers has undertaken to prevent by force the running of the cars, and several conflicts have taken place between the mob and the guards employed by the company. What were the original demands of the employees we do not know, but we hope that the company will refuse to yield to violence, and that the city and the State will employ all the force necessary to quell the mob. In a democratic community, if the employees of a trolley line find themselves unfairly treated, their remedy is by political action to secure municipal ownership of the trolley line, or such legal control over it as will compel the submission of controversies to some impartial tribunal. An attempt by a mob to prevent the cars from running for the accommodation of the public, unless the demands of the employees are accepted by the corporation, is no remedy for injustice to workmen, is an

injustice to the public, and presents conditions which no community ought to tolerate, whatever it may cost in money or even in life to put an end to them.—The strike conditions in New York are not so simple. As we understand the facts, the building trades in New York have been in an increasingly intolerable condition, owing to the despotic demands of the building trades unions. This despotism at last grew so intolerable that the employers were forced to unite for their own protection. Having united, they proposed a plan of arbitration for the settlement of future labor difficulties, but fell into the mistake of offering the plan as they formulated it as an absolute ultimatum. This is not the way to commend arbitration, for arbitration necessarily involves conciliation, and ordinarily involves mutual concession. The result of this combative method of endeavoring to secure peace was to stimulate the spirit of combat in the labor unions, and no stimulant of that kind was needed. The skilled unions, which had divided, have reunited: the radical members of the union have come to the front, as is usually the case in labor wars; and Samuel J. Parks, who is under indictment for corruption and blackmail, has been elected chairman of the strike committees of the reunited organizations. Under his leadership, if we may trust the daily press, the policy will be pursued of a general strike in all building trades, not only in New York City, but in all cities where members of the builders' association have contracts. The only indication of conservatism which we have seen is the report that the strike committee refused to extend the strikes to the public schools, though this policy was advocated by Mr. Parks. We agree with the New York "Evening Post" that "both parties in this unhappy controversy should make some last attempt at conference and compromise," but we are afraid there is little hope of this result if Mr. Parks is to remain as the representative of the labor unions. We also agree with "the Evening Post" that if such conference and compromise is impossible, "the employers' association cannot and should not resume work on the old intolerable terms." It would be better for the people of New York to suspend building operations for a year than to sacrifice that freedom which

has been too readily sacrificed in the past for the sake of illusive peace and temporary commercial prosperity.



#### The Irish Land Bill Amended

It is a cause of congratulation for all interested in the amicable settlement of Irish questions that Mr. Wyndham last week introduced an amendment which meets the difficulty pointed out in these columns last week. As amended, the bill will permit tenant and landlord to make voluntary bargains for the purchase of land outside of the minimum prices originally set, and the limit of advances to be made to purchasers of farms has also been extended from \$25,000 to \$35,000. These important amendments fully met the views of the Irish leader, Mr. John Redmond, who had a week before expressed fear that the Government and the Irish party had reached the parting of the ways on precisely this point. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, was also completely satisfied with the action of the Government; the amendment was passed without division, and the debate is described by the reporters as a political love-feast.



#### Servia's New King

King Peter the First of Servia was officially welcomed on his arrival at Belgrade, and at the brilliant ceremony in the cathedral was received with all possible ecclesiastical pomp, addressed with congratulatory words by the Metropolitan and with obeisances by the vast congregation made up of civilians and officers—a significant fact, by the way, is found in the press report that the King favored the military men with more bows than the civilians. According to the reports, the welcome of the populace seemed genuinely enthusiastic and there were no disturbances of any kind. At the presentation of the Ministers, some of whom were deeply concerned in the bloody deed which gave him his throne, King Peter declared that his soul was filled with gratitude to God and with a consciousness of the duties that awaited him as King. He thanked the Ministers for having fulfilled their duties to the fatherland as the interests of the country demanded, and said that he was happy to

have this opportunity of renewing the expression of his deep gratitude for their services. The reprobation of the Powers for the brutal assassinations which preceded the elevation of this King to the throne was shown by the absence of the representatives of all the Powers (including, one is glad to say, the United States) except the two countries most directly interested in Servia's future—Russia and Austria; while, it will be remembered, Russia has formally expressed its disapproval of the deed and Austria refused to hold any intercourse with the provisional government. The feeling continues to grow in strength that the barbarism of the assassinations was heightened by the manner of their perpetration, and that in particular the killing of the Queen was quite unnecessary, even from the political point of view of the revolutionists, and was an act solely of hatred, revenge, and brutality.



#### Commencement at Yale

The first Commencement in the third century of Yale was distinguished by the opening of Woolsey Hall, the last of the edifices erected in the bicentennial year, and by the inauguration of its grand organ, the gift of Mrs. Newberry, which experts pronounce one of the world-famous organs. The very location of Woolsey Hall, in whose auditorium Commencement is now celebrated, marks by its close proximity to the buildings of the Sheffield Scientific School the close incorporation of this, once a side affair, into the present life of the University. Judge Baldwin, of the Yale Law School, inaugurated the Hall by an address commemorating the great President whose name it bears, with whom the modern as distinct from the ancient history of Yale began, and by whom the expansion was initiated of the old College into the present University. President Hadley's baccalaureate sermon, based upon the story of heroic chivalry recorded in 2 Samuel xxiii. 15-18, was a masterly inculcation of the principle of self-realization through self-sacrifice. "Doing makes the deed; unselfish doing makes the man;" this counts for more than any peculiarities of intellect or character, "this devotion to ideals which underlies all social order and progress."

In the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's anniversary address at the Law School on "Changing Aspects in Some Points of Public Policy and International Law," the point of central interest was the Monroe Doctrine. The Hon. Andrew D. White's address to the class of 1853 and other alumni called attention to the inadequate proportion of university men in our public life, and proposed a scheme for a more adequate university training to meet the problems of American politics. Mr. White's address, based on his own experience at home and abroad, is one of the most notable of recent utterances on university platforms, and is about to be published in the "Yale Alumni Weekly." The most significant address at the Alumni meeting was made by Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, a classmate of Mr. White, and uttered a note of warning against the modern proclivity to over-specialization. At the Alumni dinner, where over a thousand sat in the new University Hall, Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke on the unifying influence of a great university as a mold of public opinion and a teacher of true catholicity. Judge George Gray was introduced by President Hadley as representing the type of character referred to by Dr. Abbott. The unifying influence of the university upon the Nation Judge Gray believed would be secured by the democracy of Yale maintaining itself, and preventing the erection of barriers between class and class. "There are no classes in America," he exclaimed; "I hate the name." His experience in the Coal Strike Commission, Judge Gray said, assured him that there were to be no conflicts between labor and capital which could not be peacefully settled by public opinion, now growing to be the governing power in the world. The President's table at the dinner was decorated with the silver plate presented to Ambassador White in Germany, and by him presented to the University. The principal piece is inset with the gold medals won by Mr. White in his undergraduate days. Among the honorary degrees conferred, the M.A. was bestowed on Louis C. Tiffany, of New York, Mr. George S. Hutchings, the organ-builder, and Herbert W. Bowen, our Minister to Venezuela, whose name was greeted with vociferous applause. Professor William H. Brewer, of the first graduating class

in the Yale Scientific School (1852), and Judge George Gray, Chairman of the Coal Commission, received the LL.D. The degree of D.D. was bestowed on Dr. Lyman Abbott and the Rev. William R. Richards, of New York.

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At the Harvard Commencement 1,246 degrees were given. The doctorate of laws was conferred upon twelve persons, among whom were ex-Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, and four Harvard Professors—Adams Sherman Hill, "linguist and rhetorician," Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, "naturalist and humanist," Edward Charles Pickering, "astronomical inventor and discoverer," and William James, "psychologist and master of style." Thus they were denominated by President Eliot. Professor James at the Commencement dinner made a happy characterization of the spirit of Harvard; after stating that he held no bachelor's degree, and therefore was "a little outside of the circle of the children of the house," he said that there was a spirit that was exemplified by those who, knowing that "the spirit of elation at a victory over Yale is not the whole of the law and the prophets," come to Harvard from the outside "because they have heard that she is devoted to the principles of individual vocation and free choice, . . . because you cannot make a single, one-ideaed regiment out of a Harvard class. . . . The true church is the invisible church. The true Harvard is the invisible Harvard. . . . The day when it can be said that Harvard stamps a single hard and fast type of character upon her children will be the day of her downfall." Among the Commencement addresses by representatives of the graduating classes was a notable one by a negro, Mr. L. P. Hill, on "Religion in the Education of the Negro," in which he declared that over-emphasis on the material advancement of the race meant neglect of its most distinguishing trait, its religious instinct, and that education of the negro ought to mean the development of this instinct, perverse and ill-balanced as it often is, into a power for moral progress. At the Beta Kappa exercises Carrol took with eloquence on "Ro

indicating how the succession of dreamers of a perfect state had formed present-day social ideals; and Le Baron Russell Briggs, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and recently chosen President of Radcliffe College, read a poem full of spiritual energy and optimism.



**Other College Notes** Among other events of special note in the college world may be mentioned: at Amherst, the laying of the corner-stone of a new college observatory, and the conferring of the degree of LL.D. upon the new Ambassador from China to the United States, Sir Chen-Tung-Liang-Cheng, who was described by President Harris as a "lover of Amherst, where he spent some years in his boyhood, scholar and diplomat, honored in his own country in positions of responsibility, representative of the most ancient to the youngest of the great national stepping-stones in the Pacific;" at Williams, the laying of the corner-stone of the Thompson Memorial Chapel and the conferring of the degree of LL.D. upon President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the degree of L.H.D. on Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York "Evening Post;" at Smith College, the address on "Men Who Do Things," by Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and the graduating of the large class of 241 members; at Radcliffe, the announcement of the founding of a scholarship "the holder of which is to devote half or more of her time to the original investigation of some great problem of city life in Boston;" the fact that the Agassiz Fund for a building for the social life of the students has reached the sum of \$117,000, and the recent choice of the new President for Radcliffe, Dr. L. R. Briggs, for many years Dean of Harvard University; at Holyoke, the rendering of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the juniors and the extensive reunions of graduates; at Dartmouth, the conferring of the degree of Master of Arts on Mr. Winston Churchill, the novelist, and that of Doctor of Laws on Admiral Mahan; at Trinity, the appointing of a committee to consider the raising of a sum of five million dollars for new buildings and an endowment; at MIT, the announcement of the gift of

a fifty-thousand-dollar library from Andrew Carnegie; at Wesleyan (Middletown, Connecticut), the address of Dr. Woodrow Wilson on "John Wesley's Place in History," that on "John Wesley, the Man," by Professor Winchester, and a poem on the same subject by Richard Watson Gilder. The week has also been the most important of the year as regards college athletic interests; at New London, Yale was victorious in three successive boat races (the University, the Freshmen, and that between four-oared crews). It is pleasant to record again the fact that this—the greatest of all the college athletic events—passed off without the slightest dispute or question. The triple victory of Yale on the water was to some extent offset by her defeat in baseball by both the Harvard and Princeton nines. At Poughkeepsie, on Friday, Cornell duplicated the remarkable performance of Yale by also winning the University, four-oar, and Freshmen races against the competition of five competing colleges.



**The Industrial Work of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce** With a view both of possible commercial and philanthropic benefits, the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce some years ago suggested to the heads of factories and stores in that city plans tending to better the conditions of the wage-earner; to make his labor more effective; above all, to bring about a relation between employer and employee which is not that of mere wage-payer and mere wage-earner. So far as we know, Cleveland is the only city in the world in which such a work has been undertaken by a purely commercial organization; for this reason it has been watched with great interest, and from many cities inquiries have constantly been made as to the success achieved. We are gratified to note that no less than seventy Cleveland establishments have now responded to the Chamber's suggestions. The first of these was that of more adequate sanitary arrangements. Manufacturers of paint, for instance, now employ a physician who makes periodical visits to the works, examining every man; whereas employees were formerly frequently ill from the effects of chemicals, since the new plan has been in operation

a whole year has been known to pass without a case of serious illness. The sanitary arrangements recommended by the Chamber include, however, before everything, light and well-ventilated work-rooms, clean windows and floors. Secondly, a laborer going to and from his work is frequently obliged to wear clothing unfit for any use but that of the shop, because there is no opportunity at his place of work to care for clean clothes. Hence the Chamber has recommended dressing-rooms which shall contain individual lockers, well-equipped lavatories, and also baths, both shower and tub, wherever the nature of the work is such as to make baths desirable. Many shops and factories have adopted these suggestions; the testimony of a varnish company shows that the introduction of shower-baths has been of such value for both men and women that, in one of its departments at least, the use of the daily bath is made compulsory, while in the case of a large machine company the placing of shower-baths in its tempering department, together with a permission to the men to bathe each day on the company's time, was so much appreciated by the men that they also took a bath on their own time before going home.



#### Industrial Solidarity

The Cleveland Chamber also recommended, not only that rooms should be set aside so that employees could gather around tables to eat lunch in a proper manner, but also for the provision by the Company of suitable food at cost. Both of these recommendations have been largely followed. The average cost of an entire lunch is about ten cents, and the bill of fare is somewhat as follows:

Soup, two and three cents; roast meats, three to six cents; potatoes, one cent; beef stew, three cents; Hamburg steak, two cents; sandwiches, two cents; pudding, three cents; pies, three cents; tea and coffee, one cent.

Closely connected with the lunch-rooms are rest-rooms, which the Chamber has succeeded in establishing in a number of places; in two instances a piano has been provided for the employees. This leads naturally to the recommendation of reading-rooms and libraries, which has received so wide an appreciation that the library of one of the hardware companies now

has a circulation of about five hundred volumes a month. Again, the Chamber recommended that classes be organized in various subjects pertaining to the particular industry in which the employees are interested; and the evening classes in mechanical drawing, arithmetic, and English, established by a machine company, are now attended by about a hundred and fifty men. The Chamber also suggested prizes for plans concerning new methods of manufacture; in this way the employees are encouraged to make themselves of the greatest possible value to their employers. Two hardware companies now each pay out a hundred dollars every six months for such suggestions as have been of the greatest benefit. The Chamber's endeavor has also covered the work of improving factory surroundings; it is now practically demonstrated that by lawns and flower-beds a whole section of the city may be altered at an astonishingly small cost, making an unsightly neighborhood clean and attractive. Other suggestions include (1) summer outings, which have now become so common that last year very many establishments closed their places for one day, paying full wages, the day being spent in recreation; and (2) banquets to employees—during the past three years, for its annual banquet, one large concern has taken the hall of the Chamber of Commerce itself. We believe that the persistent application in every place of such admirable methods as these would result in a more intelligent, efficient, and companionable relation between employer and employee. Where there are such relations of mutual regard and respect between the employer and employed there are few strikes.



#### Impertinence Rebuked

The Rev. R. C. Fillingham is "one born out of due time." He has a sixteenth-century conscience, and either has never heard that in this country people are permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, or does not know what that phrase means. He is a vicar of Hexton in England, has come to this country on a visit, has found ceremonies in the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin in the diocese of New York which offend his conscience, and has thereupon written a curiously dictatorial letter to

Bishop Potter, calling upon him "to take steps to put an end to these scandalous and idolatrous proceedings," and warning him that if this is not done he may feel it his duty, accompanied by "a band of friends," "by forcible action to call the attention of the public to this matter." This letter he sent to the press, so that it reached the public before it reached the Bishop. Bishop Potter has replied to it in the spirit of the Scriptural counsel, "Answer a fool according to his folly," by informing the rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin that such a disturbance has been threatened, and advising him to have a police force present to throw the interrupting clergyman and his band of friends into the street if they attempt to carry out the threat, and he has sent a copy of the letter to the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, with the hint that "only a lunatic could suppose that the Church in New York is governed by the laws of the Church of England." The Bishop's answer appears to have been effectual, for it is stated that this strenuous reformer will sail for England July 1, and will do nothing further in the controversy now, but "still promises to return next spring and actively combat ritualism." It is to be hoped that in the interim he will learn that, under the laws of this country, the rector of St. Mary the Virgin could put up a statue of Buddha and burn incense to it, if he wished to do so; and that only the authorities of his own Church could interpose any effectual objection. We do not admire the ceremonialism which imitates the methods of Rome without having the doctrine of Rome to make that ceremonialism significant; but even if Mr. Fillingham were right, and the proceedings in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin were as "idolatrous" as he thinks them, they would be entirely within the laws of the State of New York, which does not prohibit idolatry.

The Work of the  
Tract Society

The importance of the work done by the American Tract Society is evident from various particulars of its seventy-eighth annual report. On one hand the half-million immigrants arriving at Ellis Island, on the other hand the unchurched regions in various States, both new and old, present inviting opportunities for the

circulation of Christian literature. This is in general what the Society undertakes to do for people of all tongues spoken in this country. In Pennsylvania there are almost a million Slovaks, Croats, Poles, etc., in New England half a million French-Canadians. Seventy-seven colporters were engaged last year in circulating the issues of the Society among the motley elements of our population, foreign and native, mostly by sale, sometimes by gift. In view of the peculiar difficulties and temptations besetting the immigrant in his ignorance of the country, its opportunities and its perils, it would seem that a most useful kind of tracts for gratuitous circulation would give practical counsels as to the way to material prosperity, what things to care for, what things to beware of, rules for health, etc.



## Anarchy in Delaware

The facts respecting the tragedy of the last week at Wilmington, Delaware, apart from certain gruesome details, are substantially as follows: A negro murdered a young girl with circumstances of peculiar and revolting brutality. The coroner's jury on investigation fastened the crime upon him. The court, asked to summon, as it had legal authority to do, a special grand jury, that the criminal might have speedy trial and punishment, declined, on the ground that it would set a bad precedent. Then a mob variously composed, but including undoubtedly some reputable citizens, broke into the workhouse where the negro was confined, carried him to a point near the scene of the murder, and burned him at the stake. One of the lynchers, Cornell by name, was arrested, a second mob demanded his release, a judge was found who gave an order for his release on bail, although he was charged with murder, and murder is not aailable offense; subsequently the charge was changed to homicide. Passion breeds passion. The night of the mob, violence was offered in the streets to innocent and unoffending negroes; the night following the release of Cornell by the mob a number of negroes in the city armed themselves and marched through the streets in ugly mood, and several street fights took place between negroes

and white men, with some shooting; four men were more or less seriously wounded. If the daily press is to be believed, either the municipal authorities are paralyzed with terror and dare not act, or they share the feeling against the negroes which these events have stimulated, and are willing that the negroes should be terrorized. Their apparent supineness and inaction it is difficult to account for except on one or the other hypothesis. The events suggest some lessons which all the American people, as well as the citizens of Delaware, should take to heart.

I. The refusal of the court to summon a special grand jury, and thus give to the indignant Commonwealth a speedy execution of justice, was a blunder of the most serious nature. To say that power conferred upon the court for just such exigencies as this cannot be exercised because it has not been exercised in the past is to assume that new conditions never call for new action; to refuse such speedy trial lest it shall serve as a precedent for future cases, where no such necessity exists, is to assume that the court cannot in the future exercise a wise judgment adapted to future needs; to refuse a speedy trial because prejudice is hot against the prisoner is, as the event proves, exactly the way to inflame that prejudice into a conflagration which only blood can extinguish. That the delay of criminal proceedings for the punishment of crime is the provoking cause of many such acts of mob violence is a fact which we should think would at last be recognized by our courts of justice. That it is important that punishment should be prompt as well as sure is a truth which they seem to us to ignore. The accused has rights and they ought to be safeguarded; but the community also have rights, and too often they are not safeguarded. One of these rights it is to have such a criminal as George White brought to a speedy trial, and the punishment of the offense inflicted before the memory of the offense itself has grown dim. Either by legislative action or by a change in judicial sentiment, all criminal trials should be so expedited that acquittal or conviction may follow immediately on the crime. The American Nemesis goes on crutches and quite too slowly, not merely for American patience, but for the require-

ments of justice and the protection of the community. The Delaware court has sacrificed justice to professionalism.

II. This may and probably does account for the mob, but does not excuse it. There are cases in which the community has a right to take the law into its own hands. But such cases are rare. They exist only when, through the utter failure of the ordinary and legal methods for the administration of justice, society is in some sense resolved into its original elements. That condition of affairs did not exist in Delaware. There is no suspicion that the courts in Delaware are purchasable; and it is certain that White had no money to purchase the court even if it had been purchasable. The prejudice for the negro race is not so strong in Delaware that its citizens need fear lest popular clamor prevent the conviction of a negro. The suggestion that the jails are insecure and that the criminal might escape is hardly to be taken seriously; it is certain that his only hope for even a short lease of life lay in his remaining in jail, a fact which he knew only too well.

The action of the mob was not dictated by reason, but by passion. The mob was not bent on executing justice, but on indulging itself in revenge. The New York "Times" gives a list of eighteen lynchings perpetrated in the United States since January 1; that is three a month. Of these, fourteen have taken place in the Southern States. Two of the victims were white men, the rest were negroes; of these victims four have been burned at the stake. In addition to these are such riotings as are at this writing accompanying the city car strike in Richmond, Virginia, and those sporadic acts of violence, and occasionally of murder, which have accompanied other strikes. What does this signify? Whither does it tend?

He reads history to little purpose who does not see in this spirit of lawlessness a peril to the Republic far greater than from any form of imperialism. The greatest peril to democracy arises from its lack of self-restraint. It is an old copy-book maxim, as true as it is ancient, Anger is a brief madness. When the boys call their angry fellow "mad," they speak more truly than they know. In such a mob as that at Wilmington we see a city mad. For the hour, it is truly



insane. And any despotism, however base, is better than government by a lunatic asylum. It is because democracies realize this that they have in the past abandoned democracy for imperialism. Sulla and Marius preceded Cæsar; Robespierre, Napoleon I.; the peril of revolutionary Socialism made possible the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. The first duty of all patriots to-day is to band together, at whatever cost of popularity, at whatever risk to person, at whatever temporary disadvantage to the community, at whatever delay or even apparent sacrifice of justice, to maintain the sovereignty of law. For the sovereignty of law is to the community what the sovereignty of reason is to the individual—sanity; and the rule of the mob is to the community what the rule of the passions is to the individual—madness.

III. It is for this reason that all such utterances as that attributed to the Rev. Mr. Ellwood, of the Olivet Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, deserve the condemnation of all right-minded and intelligent citizens. We quote from the report in the New York "Sun":

Mr. Ellwood's sermon at the Olivet Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening was on "Should the Murderer of Miss Bishop be Lynched?" He displayed in the pulpit leaves spattered with the blood of the victim. His sermon pictured the crime, and after an appeal to the judges to reverse their refusal to order a speedy trial of the negro, he said: "And, honorable Judges, if you do not hear and heed these appeals and that prisoner should be taken out and lynched, then let me say to you, with a full realization of the responsibility of my words, even as Nathan said to King David of old after his soldiers had killed Uriah, 'Thou art the man'—so I would say to you, the responsibility for lynching would be yours for delaying the execution of the law."

It is true that he added that there ought to be no lynching until September, and then only in case the criminal was acquitted by some technicality, but this was as if one should pour kerosene on a pile of wood, touch the match to it, and bid it not burn. In noble contrast to this inflammatory utterance was the open letter of the father of the murdered girl to the people. A few sentences from this letter exhibit its just and Christian spirit:

Dear Friends: . . . You have helped us bear our sorrow, made a hundredfold more intense by a most revolting crime. Our cup of bitterness is full, and we ask you to join us in our appeal to all citizens of our Common-

wealth to refrain from violence. The officers believe that they have all evidence necessary to convict the prisoner, and without doubt as soon as the court can reach his case he will receive sentence to pay the full penalty of his atrocious crime. If he can be legally tried this month, by all means let justice be swift; but if not, then let us wait calmly until the law, in its majesty, may remove the vile wretch from society. . . . Let us not try to atone for one crime, no matter how hellish, by committing another. Sincerely yours,

E. A. BISHOP.

It is in this spirit that press and pulpit should speak at such a time. The aim of all men who have the public ear should be to allay passion, and bring the righteous wrath of the community under the dominion of its conscience and its reason. We are very glad to record the fact that Mr. Ellwood stands apparently alone in bad pre-eminence. The clergy of Wilmington, without, so far as we know, a dissenting voice, have put on record by public resolution their condemnation of the mob in the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That we put on record our sense of sorrow, indignation, and shame at the lawlessness and anarchistic demonstration that have brought reproach upon our Commonwealth; that we call upon all classes and conditions to condemn and repudiate such lawlessness and inhumanity as have shocked not simply our own people, but the Nation at large; that we, in and through the pulpit, insist upon the sanctity of the law and the necessity for confiding in the wisdom and integrity of our courts of justice.

Perhaps Mr. Ellwood joined in this utterance. We hope that he did. If so, it is a pity that he did not give expression to this his conviction before the riot.

IV. Apropos of the burning of a negro in Belleville, Illinois, on the 6th of June, the colored pastor of a church in that town is reported to have given to his negro congregation the following counsel:

My Master said, "If there is no sword here, sell your coat and get one." If lynching and burning do not cease, I say to every black man, Sell your coat and get a gun.

Worse counsel could not be given to the negro. If the race war should ever become a war in reality, tragic as it would be to the whole country, it would be doubly so to the Afro-American. It would be ignorance pitted against intelligence, poverty against wealth, weakness against strength, ten millions against sixty millions. The appeal of the negro must be to the conscience of the Anglo-Saxon

to his fears. And that appeal will not be in vain; it has not been in vain. That appeal has won for him emancipation; citizenship; civil rights; a public school system freely opened to him. Bad, indefensibly bad, as the lynchings are, they are the acts of the few; they are episodes; they do not represent the Nation; they are the crimes of its madmen. The appeal must be from America drunk with passion to America sober. The action of the courts in Georgia and Alabama in regard to the peonage cases, and the protests of the clergy in Wilmington, indicate that public opinion is crystallizing to assert itself, not only in formal resolution, but also in vigorous judicial action, in condemnation alike of the mad passion of the mob and of the calculating avarice of the oppressor. To arm the negro would intensify the passion without protecting the negro from it. To the press, the pulpit, and the courts of justice, white and black are to look for the protection of the negro from the passion of the mob, and for the protection of the State from overthrow by practical anarchy.

## A French Educational Ideal

At this moment, when governmental action in regard to Roman Catholic orders, and especially teaching orders and schools, is agitating France and interesting the whole world, an educational movement of the very highest importance, which is slowly but surely influencing the official and moral outlook in France, is worth recalling. One of the first results of the crushing defeat of the French in 1871 was a critical examination by the French of their school systems; and the genius of the nation has never been more strikingly shown than in the thoroughness of this self-criticism and the rapidity with which the whole educational system was reorganized. The military army of France was practically destroyed, but it was replaced by such an army of school-teachers as France never possessed before. One of the leaders of this movement of reorganization was Ernest Lavissee, the leader and inspirer of the Federation of the Youth of France. M. Lavissee is the historian and professor of history in the

Sorbonne, and, in the judgment of many people, the foremost educator in France to-day. He might have taken as his motto Jules Simon's famous phrase, "The nation that has the best schools is the first nation in the world. If it is not so to-day, it will be so to-morrow." These words, spoken in the throes of a great defeat, were prophetic; they marked the beginning of the movement for educational reconstruction.

Without ostentation, using educational methods, the little group of men of the highest character and ability to whom Lavissee belongs have been steadily extending their influence throughout France. Of that group The Outlook has frequently had occasion to speak; Desjardins, De Vogüé, and M. Charles Wagner, whose "Youth," "Justice," and later "The Simple Life" have been so widely read in this country, are the leaders of this movement, and represent all that is best in the intellectual and moral life of the French people. That movement has been eminently social in its character, laying its methods on the solidity of interest between all classes; it has touched the highest education, and interested itself in the lowest; it has affected the universities and organized colleges and schools for workmen. These men stand for free education in the truest sense of the word, and for secular education in the noblest sense of the word. This education M. Lavissee calls *laïc*. His definition of the aims of the movement not only brings out the specific things for which it works, but also its spirit; and at this moment, when France is agitated as she has not been for a number of years past, the noble ideals of this little group of men who stand for freedom, for intelligence, for justice, and for toleration are well worth recalling:

"To be a *laïc* is *not* to limit human thought to the visible horizon, nor to interdict man from the dream of, and the perpetual search for, God. It is to stand up for the effort of duty in our present life.

"It is *not* wishing to do violence to old beliefs, it is not scorning the consciences that are still held by their charm. It is denying to religions that pass away in time the right to govern humanity that endures for aye.

"It is *not* hating such and such a church,

nor all churches taken together: it is fighting that spirit of hatred in religions that has been the cause of so much violence, bloodshed, and ruin. To be a laic is *not* to consent to the subjection of reason to immutable dogma, nor to the abdication of the human mind before the incomprehensible: it *is* to make profit out of no ignorance whatsoever.

"It *is* to believe that life is worth the trouble of being lived; it *is* to love this life and to refuse to accept such a definition of it as that the 'earth is a vale of tears,' and not to admit that tears are necessary and beneficial and suffering is providential; it *is* to make profit out of no misery whatsoever.

"It is *not* to relegate to a judge sitting outside of this life the care of feeding the hungry and giving drink to the thirsty, of redressing injustice and consoling those who weep: it *is* to give battle to evil in the name of justice.

"To be a laic is to have three virtues: Charity, that is, love of men; Hope, that is, the goodly feeling that a day will come in distant posterity when shall be realized those dreams of justice, peace, and happiness that our far-away ancestors made, looking up to the heavens; Faith, that is, the will to believe in the victorious utility of perpetual effort."



## The Victims of the Whirlpool

The period of prosperity through which the country is passing brings out both its strength and weakness; its practical force and skill, and the lack of spiritual ideas and of social training of many of those to whom wealth has come so suddenly or so rapidly that they have not been educated to use it with intelligence. To use money wisely is an art which many people never learn; to become rich without education means, for such people, a revelation of poverty of resources, of lack of poise and of good taste. Recent events in the financial world have shown more than one able man confused and carried off his feet by a prosperity which outran his education. The papers are full of stories of things said and done by so-called society people which indicate

the most rudimentary ideas of the uses of wealth, and the attempt to get out of the senses the pleasure and satisfaction which are to be gotten only from the gratification of cultivated tastes. To spend enormously on the mere machinery of living, on great establishments, yachts, automobiles, horses, elaborate dress, novel or extravagant entertainments, is to make plain the fact, which sensible people would be anxious to conceal, that the only use to which money can be put is the service of the body.

The amusements of many of the uneducated rich are pitifully puerile; their tastes painfully crude; their manners deplorably bad; their way of living conspicuously vulgar. Each vies with the other in the attempt to do things a little more elaborately, to spend larger sums, to cater a little more successfully to the news columns of the yellow journals. The hollowness of this kind of social life, its crude travesty of genuine social life, its corrupting tendency, are increasingly plain to all who know it. The note is forced, the pace killing, and the blight of womanly qualities and the decay of manly strength which come with this abnormal and unwholesome way of living inevitable.

There are hosts of people of wealth who know how to live with elegance but without ostentatious display, who spend great incomes with intelligence and with a sense of moral responsibility, who invest life with charm and dignity by calling to their aid the resources of culture in all forms. Such people are the saving element in that society in this country which commands great wealth and will grow richer as time goes on. It is the vulgar rich and the so-called "smart set" who show the worst side of human nature to the world by their display, their vulgarity of taste, their craving for sensation. If American society is not to degenerate into excessive eating, drinking, dressing, and cheap frivolity, influential people everywhere must refuse to go with the tide and hold fast to the highest standards of social refinement and moral purity.

In "The People of the Whirlpool," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, the process of social deterioration, of the lowering of the standards of manners, so painfully apparent in modern society here and abroad, is sketched by a

woman who evidently writes from ample knowledge, who is keen without bitterness, satirical without malice, and pre-eminently sane and clear in her judgments. Instead of attacking the frivolity and hardness of the mere spenders of money and climbers of the social ladder, she draws a charming picture of a natural, wholesome, human family life; in touch with nature on every side; full of the resources of affection, intelligence, kindly interest in others; with a sense of humor which is at once a delight and a safeguard. With this normal home life and the simple life of the country folk of the neighborhood are contrasted the rush, noise, show, and emptiness of the life of a group of newly rich people and of people anxious to achieve social prominence, who have built up a summer colony in the neighborhood. The story is quiet, discursive, thoroughly wholesome and enjoyable, and all the more effective because it avoids the didactic method and mood. Nothing could be more strikingly unlike the atmosphere of the "smart set" than the refreshing, fragrance-laden atmosphere of the garden in which they live who refuse to be drawn into the Whirlpool.

There is something so pitifully weary and unsatisfying, so spiritually shabby, in the lives of many very rich women especially, that one longs to put such a book as "The People of the Whirlpool" into their hands as a gospel of genuine social life. There are many of these unfortunates who are wasting time and health in a ceaseless round of splendidly dreary entertainments, who are driving automobiles at breakneck speed for the sake of a new sensation, and who are often on the verge of moral disaster, not because their instincts are bad, but because they do not know how to entertain themselves, who would rejoice if some one showed them how to escape into a sweet, natural, interesting way of living. To "The People of the Whirlpool," who are trying to get out of the senses the happiness which can be gotten only out of the soul, this story will come as a message of hope and peace; to others it will be a confirmation of the determination, in an age of great temptation, to live in the affections, in the intellect, close to Nature, and with a deep joy of service in every day's work and rest.

## The Spectator

"Vindicable neutrality; that's the name for it," said Croaker, after eloquent advocacy of his latest hobby. The silence of the Spectator evidently disappointed him; he was unprepared for what was intended as a practical illustration of the workings of vindicable neutrality. Nor did the Spectator repeat aloud what he was saying to himself:

"For that which is or is not in the head,

A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead."



The Spectator could indorse in a measure what Croaker had been saying in advocacy of vindicable neutrality—that the prevailing tendency to compel an expression of agreement or disagreement with all that one may say should be checked somehow and effectually. "We reveal weakness, not strength, of character in our readiness to take sides at once, when there is no reason whatever for our so doing, no moral obligation in the matter. The fear of being accused of cowardice in opinion, of vague and uncertain conviction, leads many into a partisanship that is insincere, to say the least." History was full of examples of vindicable neutrality—what an army of martyrs; he would make a catalogue, perhaps a book, about them some day. Then the Pleasures of Vindicable Neutrality; what a field for an essayist, he thought, with a lingering glance at the niche where his essayists were treasured. President Eliot's reply, when asked recently what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt as a future President of Harvard, illustrated, in Croaker's estimation, the tact of the trained neutralist: "I am not thinking at all." How few, comparatively, really knew the pleasure of not thinking at all—that is, for the purpose of taking sides—upon many subjects distracting the public peace. Had the Spectator ever thought how constantly he was called upon to express decided partisanship in the petty ordinary affairs of his social life? Verily, the Pleasures of Neutrality were as rare as the tiny first editions of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" and Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory."



Then the club woman of the circle spoke up with spirit. She hoped forever

to be delivered from attendance upon those sessions of her club at which nobody knew which side anybody was on. What was it George Eliot said? She must quote from memory: "Better a wrong faith than a waning, better a false faith than no faith at all." If ever there was a dull, a deadly dull, meeting of the club, it was when the neutrals were in majority. "Vindicable neutrality!" She would add a topic to her programme. No, she had better not, erasing her entry; it would only lead them upon forbidden ground—the suffragist and the prohibition questions.

The subject led the Spectator into many pleasant byways of thought. He is a convert to vindicable neutrality. He can see that its full enjoyment demands special training in tactful vigilance against sudden and hard-pressed-for committal. "There's nothing like a good story—the more inapplicable the better," said Croaker, "in case of sudden emergency. A sequence between your story and the subject discussed might, and probably would, jeopardize your neutrality. In the groping for the connection following the story (few are ready to admit themselves unable to see the point intended) comes your chance to change the subject, if somebody doesn't cap your story at once, as in all probability somebody will. Then, if you get ahead by telling one still better, you will have experienced the peculiar delight known only to those who succeed in defending an assault upon their neutrality."

Now, on the finest residence avenue in a certain small city the Spectator knows of, a prominent and wealthy citizen has built a wall nine feet high around his extensive, park-like grounds. They are the only grounds on the avenue that are inclosed. Only through the iron gateways may a glimpse now be had of the wide sweep of velvety lawn, the gay flower-beds, all that has been open to the public so long that to be shut out is bitter grievance indeed. That costly wall has aroused popular indignation against its builder; it has already cost him a coveted political nomination and the cordial greeting of many old friends, not a few of the property-owners in its vicinity believing it to be a damage to the surrounding real estate. This sentiment expressed by a leading

paper of the city is the voice of the majority of his fellow-citizens: "... It is an attack upon the true idea of American democracy, an attempt to revive the spirit of feudalism, to introduce the features of Continental aristocracy. What would our beautiful avenue be like with a similar wall on either side its entire length?"

Naturally, "that wall" is a leading topic at social gatherings of all kinds; it draws a line not to be ignored. There is a minority with something to say in its favor—of course, those who can see how much it has added to the home life of the builder and his family—the seclusion that has been gained in place of disagreeable publicity. The summer following the completion of the wall found the family living largely out-of-doors, without having to leave home in order to do so. Through the warm weather meals are often served in shady nooks; garden parties are a feature of the hospitality of the house; the grandmother's chair and the baby's hammock have a circuit of charming havens, the roses are safe as can be, and at last they may actually taste of the fruit of their own vine and fig-tree. The children's pony crops the lawn, the hunting-dogs are loose, and peacocks strut up and down the walks. "Why should all this be sacrificed," asks the minority, "to a prevailing and mistaken idea concerning the rights of the public?"

The Spectator had bethought himself to get up right early in that contest and flee behind the rock of vindicable neutrality, and there he was resolved to stay at any cost. But one evening, when dining out almost under the shadow of the wall, his hostess called for his views upon it, and that in a way overrating any opinion he might have. He would risk it, and would follow Croaker's rule—while he remembered Mark Tapley's words, "We must hope for the worst." Had they heard the story about Dean Stanley's and Dr. Jowett's inordinate fondness for tea? No; well, they were sorry tea-toppers, and to put on the kettle when they were alone by their two selves, and indulge, "regardless," was the great joy of their busy lives. One day, talking over something of unusual interest and importance, the Dean had emptied his eighth

cup and Jowett his seventh, when Jowett, who was the host of the occasion, threw up his hands in consternation. He had forgotten to put in the tea!



It was a crucial moment for the Spectator, that following his story; he saw that his hostess was groping sorely bewildered for its application; but somebody had

capped it at once by another still better about Dr. Jowett, and so the talk flowed into Oxford channels, delightfully remote from the dangerous wall. The Spectator saw at intervals, however, in the face of his hostess what reminded him of Wonderland Alice when she said of something hard to understand: "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas, only I don't exactly know what they are."

## The Sherman Statue

TWO equestrian statues to Union generals have recently been erected. Of much higher rank than the usual uninspired image to be found in most American cities is that of General Hooker, by Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter, unveiled last week in Boston. But among the half-dozen great equestrian statues in the world is to be counted that which was unveiled in New York on Memorial Day of this year—the Sherman statue by Augustus Saint Gaudens.

As combining grandeur with delicacy of modeling, restraint with mobile power, and fidelity in interpretative portraiture with freedom in poetic fancy, it would be difficult to show that the Sherman statue has ever been equaled by more than two or three equestrian statues of ancient or modern times. That a statue of this lofty rank should be created by an American artist and should stand in a city of the New World affords good reason for the faith of those who believe that this land in this age is capable of making its own contribution to the progress of the world, not only in material welfare, but also in artistic achievement.

In working on this statue Mr. Saint Gaudens showed one trait of genius—the capacity for taking pains. He was commissioned to design the statue in 1892. During the eleven years since then he designed, studied, modeled, altered, re modeled, and altered yet again, until it seemed to those who were waiting for the work to be finished that the sculptor would never be content. Yet, as Mr. Kenyon Cox has said, "Saint Gaudens is one of those artists for whom it is worth while to wait." It was five years after he had submitted the design for the approval of the committee in charge of the work

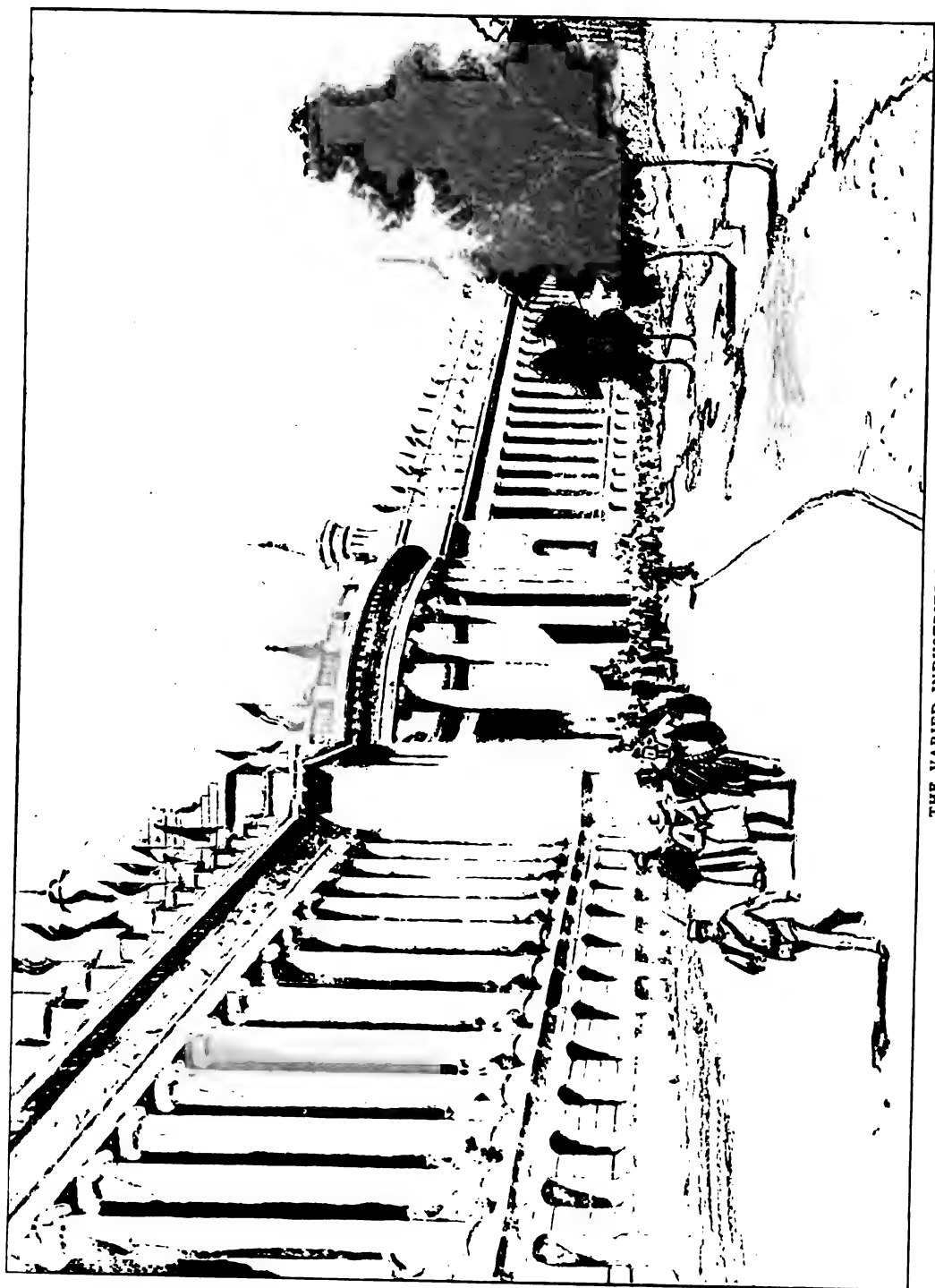
that he began to model the statue in full size. It was exhibited while incomplete in Paris in 1899, and again, with the figure of Victory added, at the Paris Exposition in 1900. Discontented still, Mr. Saint Gaudens returned to this country, where he continued work upon it, changing here one detail, there another, and even remodeling certain of the more important parts. Then it was sent, in plaster, to the Exposition at Buffalo, where it received an extraordinary award. Mr. Saint Gaudens still saw opportunities for improvement. For something like a year and a half longer he worked upon it. At last, with the beauty of the first design unimpaired, rather enhanced by this tireless revision, the statue was set up in New York as a permanent honor to the city and the Nation, and a monument both to the soldier whom it memorializes and to the artist for whom it will lastingly speak.

The statue is of bronze. But the bronze is not apparent, because it is gilded. The base of the statue is of granite, like the pedestal, but is gilded like the statue itself. In color harmonious with the statue, in texture like the pedestal, the base affords both unity and contrast with each. This gilding of the statue has been criticised as putting upon the statue its one mark of insincerity and its one material that will deteriorate with time. This presents a question that can be discussed on both sides. It is to be remembered, however, that the Greeks, whose sincerity in art has been a standard it does not become the modern world to criticise, tinted their marble statues and covered even ivory images with gold. Certainly in the case of the Sherman statue the gilding has increased its delicacy of line and has added to its other traits that of splendor.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY RUDOLPH SCHOENE

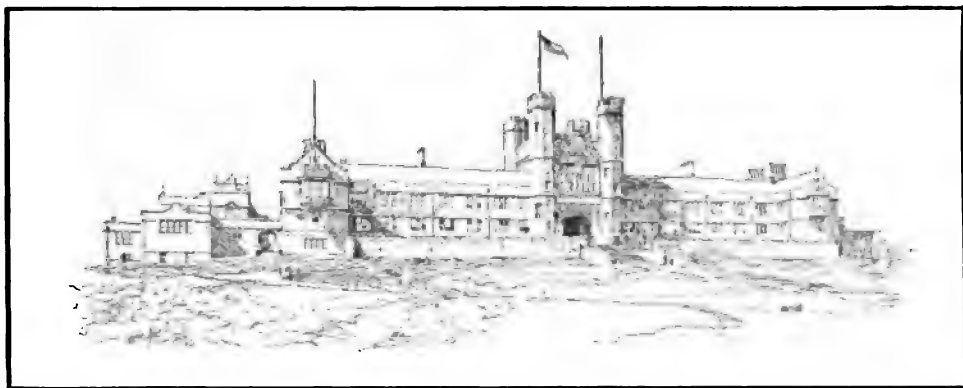
ST. GAUDENS'S STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN  
Unveiled in New York City on Decoration Day.



**THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING**

The bend in the façade is a distinctive feature of the main buildings of the Exposition.





THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WHICH WILL BELONG TO WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

## The Fair at St. Louis

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

With Pictures by Walter Hale

"**W**E write no more fairy tales," says Lowell, in one of his later essays, "because the facts of our every-day lives are more full of marvel than they." We have our fairy tales, just the same; but, instead of writing them, we act them out. We collect train-loads of timber, tons upon tons of staff, thousands of gallons of paint, we root up trees and set them down again, we deflect a river from its course, carry it to the top of a hill and pour it down in ordered cascades, and, presto! we have the scenery for our fairy tale—ivory palaces glowing with light, waterfalls, lagoons, shaded walks, a forest. Then we gather together the facts of our every-day lives, set them in motion in the midst of our constructed fairyland, and behold a cycle of fairy tales lasting all summer! This is our way nowadays of feeding belief in the impossible. The folk of the Middle Ages had to be satisfied with Merlin or Malagigi; even the staid gentry of the eighteenth century could do no better than merely tolerate Moll White, the Witch. But we can believe the impossible because we see it; our faith is like that described in the hymn as celestial—it is turned to sight.

Something like this was in my mind when, with my cheerful fellow-traveler as companion, I left the trolley that had brought us from St. Louis to the edge of

the Exposition grounds. Off in the distance we could see some huge white buildings rising out of the dirt and débris. All about us were little shanties, some of them evidently the sort that builders carry about in sections and set up for the storage of tools and materials, others improvised refreshment stalls and saloons. We entered the grounds through a gate in the high fence that incloses them. Here were more shanties. Beyond them, great stretches of scaffolding and framework like a forest of symmetrical giant underbrush stripped of all foliage. Seemingly endless processions of shuffling laborers wound in all directions, like lines of ants. In the roadways were mule-drawn wagons, some empty, some well loaded with dirt or timber. Underneath all was the red and yellow earth that gave to the whole a color tone like that of a brick-yard. This was our fairyland, and these were the fairies!

To think of finding our way in the midst of this confusion and of searching for beauty in this desert was to invite bewilderment, not to say consternation. We discreetly sought a rise in the ground from which we could make some survey. Other forests of scaffolding appeared. As far as we could see the ground was dotted with mule teams. Not far away was an enormous structure of ivory white, with a row of lofty columns reaching to such a

distance that the building, high as it was, seemed almost squat. An occasional sound of distant hammering, the puff of a pile-driver a quarter of a mile away, the voices of men as they passed near us, and the shouts of the mule-drivers below, seemed muffled by the silence that lay like a mist over this strange, vast, unkempt city of giant palaces and squalid huts. This near building was our only landmark. The rest seemed as undistinctive as the open sea. Toward our landmark, then, we turned. High up, over its pillars, we read the name, "Varied Industries." We spread open our chart and found the building indicated. At last we had a starting-point. So, like navigators in sight of a lighthouse, we began to steer through the charted channels. But the channels seemed to be different in fact from those on paper. Was the chart wrong, or had this whole sea been shifted? We crept along under the building until we came to the end of the great façade, and suddenly it all became plain. This enormous stretch of building was not the front, as we had supposed, but only the narrow end of a structure that seemed less the handiwork of man than some

carved glacier, fronted not with icebergs but with a colonnade of ice. The sudden view of that majestic stretch of columns was like the first blast of cool air from a thunder-cloud. Before we had taken our first deep breath of surprise and wonder we saw across the intervening avenue another such building, only less imposing, glacier fronting glacier. Then off to the left, across a wide sunken stretch of mud, another; and another yet, in the far distance, the stateliest of all. With the exhilaration of discovery we scrambled over rough baked earth, past great trenches lined with wood, like boxes sunk deep in the ground, upon rough timber bridges. How long it took to walk past even the narrow end of each building! Then up a hill, where other box-like trenches were being prepared for the making of cascades, until we stood near the summit. There we could at last see the plan in all this confusion.

Gradually the mule teams, the carpenters, the pile-drivers, began to fade away, like the genie from the brass bottle. Scaffolding disappeared. New palaces sprang into existence. Foliage burst forth. Where weather-stained timber had



ONE END OF THE BIG TRANSPORTATION BUILDING



AN ENTRANCE TO THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

been, ivory seemed to be. In place of yellow and red earth, all seemed verdant with grass and trees. In the center of the avenues, between the lines of trees, were waterways on which moved gondolas and launches. Water tumbled and frolicked down the hillside. Off toward the southwestern horizon, where the sun was sinking, in the midst of rich woods the turrets and domes of more buildings were scattered. Crowning the

hill stood the substantial, sincere, severe home of the fine arts. In front, like liveried pages in the presence of the simply dressed monarch, were the ornate festival hall and pavilions. Radiating from this center toward the dark horizon of the east and north, where the smoke lay as a reminder of the world of men we had left behind, were open avenues of shaded waterways bordered by streets and walks. There on the plain below, flanking these

patrons. High up, on the top of a huge refrigerator, were seated three dilapidated negroes, one drawing out strident tones from an accordion, another torturing an enfeebled fiddle, the third splitting the air with a cornet, and then caterwauling with his own voice as he came to the refrain of his song. We agreed with the soldiers that, hideous as this was, it was better than the darkness and loneliness of their quarters back there in fairyland.

We had lost the vision, it is true; but we remembered it; and, as the trolley-car carried us through the outskirts of the city, we wondered how any man or body of men could have dreamed so big, so simple, so ingenious, so complex a dream, and how they dared to make it actual.

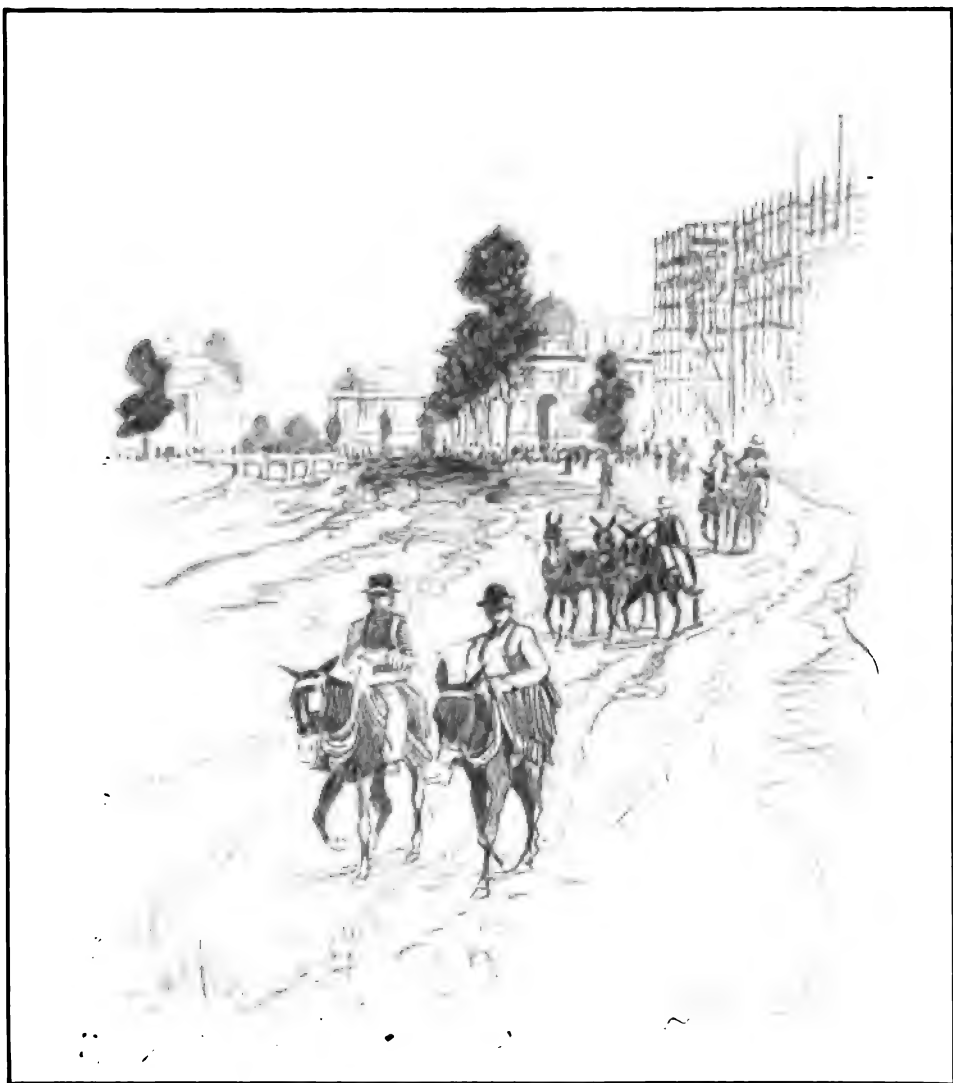
What does it all mean? The answer to that question all depends upon the point of view. From one point of view it stands for bigness. The longest Cathedral in England, for instance, which is Winchester, I believe, could not reach half-way the length of the Varied Industries Building, and could barely extend through its narrowest part from front to rear. And this is only one of a dozen of the largest buildings of approximately the same size. The amount of money which will be spent directly to create and maintain this World's Fair will be about four times the sum that was paid for the territory whose purchase this Fair is to celebrate. Magnitude is, of course, not the highest of qualities, and compared with some other qualities it does not signify much. But it is not necessarily to be treated with contempt. There are some things besides fortunes that depend for their value as much upon their size as upon anything else—the Alps, for instance, and the Pyramids. Magnitude tends to cultivate both pride and humility. Those who visit the World's Fair at St. Louis next year will probably be a prouder people, but a set of humbler individuals.

From another point of view this Fair will have significance as a spectacle. It will probably be mainly as a spectacle that it will draw the crowd. As a cultivator of emotion it will unquestionably be a great success. Only the *blasé* observer could, after viewing the grounds even as they are now, a year in advance of the opening, admit that he was entirely unmoved. And when the buildings shine as if they

themselves were the source of light, when the water by turns is phosphorescent, shining like molten silver and dotted with vari-colored lights, when the whole scene is thronged with people and all the activities of this especially active Exposition are aglow, it is likely that even the *blasé* will for a moment or two cease to suspend judgment. That of itself is an achievement not without moral value. The real question in this respect is whether all this sensation will tend to debilitate or to quicken, to daze simply, or to stimulate. That depends on what sort of a spectacle it will be, and leads to other points of view.

That it ought to stimulate and not debilitate any ordinary wholesome human soul is plain when the significance of the Fair is sought for as a visualized record of industry, or, more broadly, of human achievement. Distinctively, this Exposition will show not merely products but processes; not merely what, but also how, men have achieved. The men who do things will here be speaking in the only language that most of them have mastered, but a language universally understood—the language whose unit of speech is a deed.

From another point of view, yet not so very different, this Fair will be significant for what it celebrates. The purchase of the Louisiana Territory from which the greater part of twelve States and two Territories have been constructed, and which opened the way to the making of eight other States and two other Territories, was an achievement that required a courage very much like genius, only that it was shared by two or three men. Of such an achievement an Exposition of achievements is a most appropriate celebration. Of the historical significance of this World's Fair, and of the attention it will direct toward the early contributions of the Latin races to the Republic, The Outlook already has spoken. It is sufficient here to add that no one of those present at the Dedicatory Ceremonies in St. Louis last April could fail to recognize that the commemorative impulse was more than a mere excuse for some democratic pomp; it was a genuine desire to exalt a deed that as much as any other has made our country great, and to honor the men whose doing the deed was.



BUILDING THE EXPOSITION

But more than a commemoration of a past achievement, more than a grouping of present achievement, the Fair is significant as being an attempt at a distinctive achievement itself. There is, behind all the transporting and unloading and transforming of timber, staff, and paint, a purpose to create a single though colossal work of art—an expression in terms of beauty of present-day human life. Whether that purpose shall be rewarded with success none can tell until the Fair shall have ended. In the meantime it has the significance that such an effort gives it.

Distinctively, too, this Fair is designed

to be a work of education. What that signifies may be learned from the fact that in every department of the Fair the conscious object of the director is to teach the people who shall come to see it how the leaders in the branch of knowledge which that department represents have attained their measure of progress. The Department of Agriculture will endeavor to show, among other things, how sandy soil has been taught to bear vegetation; the Department of Transportation, to what extent the air has been subjugated and the winds defied in their own realm. So in Manufactures, in Electricity, in

Liberal Arts, and in each of the other departments in turn, there will be a great popular technical school teaching by example. It is not without a purpose that the first department of the classification is that of Education.

But the highest possible significance of the Fair will be lost unless it can be shown that its effect will be to turn the minds of men from things to ideals, from the visible body to the invisible mind, from matter to spirit. The chief question that concerns thoughtful men as they think of the Exposition at St. Louis is, What will it tell concerning the character of America? what will it reveal of the soul of the Nation?

The final answer to this question cannot be given for several months yet; but since the spirit of the Fair in its completion is likely to be the same as its spirit in its growth, the bearing it will have upon the higher life of the American people can in a measure be surmised from the effects which the Fair as a project yet to be realized has already had. The first place in which to find these effects is naturally St. Louis itself.

Already the Exposition has certainly stimulated civic patriotism. The very proposal to hold the Fair at St. Louis forced men to confess their belief as to what constitutes the welfare of the city. Naturally, the remonstrants were the most vociferous. The city will never get its money back. The men who put their money into such an undertaking will lose it. Every other city that has had an Exposition has been unable to withstand the shock. These were the arguments, and they were frankly commercial. How did the people of St. Louis meet these arguments? In the first place, by supplying a group of idealists, who had the imagination to plan the Fair and the transcendental will to organize it. Then the people themselves responded with contributions. Enthusiasm, some people called it, with a laugh. Enthusiasm happens to be a very effective trait to add to civic patriotism. This is the way a barber at the hotel explained it to me.

"Do you think," I asked him as he paused to snap his scissors about my ears, "that the Exposition will be a good thing for St. Louis, or not?"

"Certainly, a good thing. Of course

there'll be a slump after it's all over; but it will only look like hard times. The people that will complain are those who don't belong here. The drift that will come in with the Fair will do a booming business for a while, but they won't find their business permanent, of course; and that's all."

There was the popular faith expressed. The barber who happened to be running a pneumatic massage machine over my cheerful fellow-traveler's face told him, between the intervals of the buzzing, that he and others in the shop had bought two or three shares in the Exposition Company apiece, though with no expectation of pecuniary return. "In fact," he added, "you'll find that about every hand in this hotel has a share or two." As he expressed his faith, it was "just because it was a good thing."

This same faith, whose fruit is the spirit of co-operation, evidently actuated the motorman who controlled a car I rode on during the morning of the day of dedication, who declared ungrudgingly that he would be on duty continuously until six o'clock the next morning, and seemed to enjoy the opportunity of making such a contribution to the good of the cause. Similarly, a chambermaid whom I overheard to remark that she was there for ten days "to help out," seemed to share the same enthusiasm. It was all for the sake of the city. And in all these cases the moving spirit was the spirit of the Exposition. One had no need to look far for explanations of the contribution of five million dollars, in sums small and great, from the citizens of St. Louis to the Exposition.

The philosophy of it was expressed to me several times by people who had thought it out independently. It is not a deep philosophy, but one that apparently never occurred to the commercially-minded. I heard it expressed in the vernacular by a politician, a member of the House of Delegates. He has the wisdom that does not come from books. When I met him, he was superintending the decoration of the front of his saloon. Naturally, the first subject that came up in our conversation was the political situation in the city, and the witty, gleeful manner in which he commented on the rout of the "boodlers" showed that he



#### THE GREAT CASCADE

At night the cascade will be brightly illuminated from below by mercury-vapor lights and from above by searchlights.



was responsive to public sentiment. When the talk drifted to the Exposition, he first gave his estimate from the commercial point of view.

"No," he emphatically declared, "it won't do no good. It'll be like temporary relief to a poor man. But"—and here came his philosophy—"it'll wake people up here. They're fast asleep." That was his pronouncement, and it can be accepted as sound. It is a fact which has been shown in recent elections, and was stated and restated to me, that the Exposition, by making people think of their city, had set them also to correcting its faults. Nothing has brought this fact more clearly into relief than the opposition it has aroused among the men who trust in material things and love appearances. Some of them, men of wealth and power, have tried to quiet the investigations into the acts of corruptionists who have been robbing the city, for fear that such investigations will injure the Exposition! "Don't disgrace the city by showing its filth," has been their argument. "Don't take a bath, because people will learn that you've been dirty," is the paraphrase which Circuit Attorney Folk, the instigator and successful prosecutor of these investigations, quietly made as a retort. He knows that the great mass of the people, as well as the strong men among the merchants, are behind him; and he acknowledges that the Exposition is a distinct aid in keeping the eyes of the people directed to the city, and their wills set upon its cleansing. They want the Exposition to find prepared for it a "New St. Louis."

The Exposition has been arousing the people of the city to a recognition of the need not only of municipal cleanliness but of all kinds of municipal progress. Every city is subject to some sort of provincialism. St. Louis is no exception. But the prospect of holding a World's Fair is already making provincialism seem incompatible with the fitness of a city that invites the world to its Fair. St. Louis has grown already toward cosmopolitanism because of its cosmopolitan undertaking. The Fair will contribute a permanent art museum and a group of buildings for Washington University. St. Louis has for several years needed an adequate building for its public library. As a

direct result of the quickening of the civic pride of the city through the influence of the Exposition, the city is now practically assured of such a building. Such an influence is sure to extend in other directions, stimulating the city to a keener appreciation of art, of music, of scholarship, of all those means for the development of the mind and the spirit of man which are to be found in the Exposition itself.

The pledge that this Exposition will indeed contribute not only to the higher life of St. Louis, but also to that of the Nation, is to be found in the culmination of the Exposition itself—the Congress of Arts and Sciences. This is to be a congress of congresses. It has been described at length by its originator, Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May. Its purpose is to show the unity of knowledge and to state through papers given by experts the achievements of each branch of human knowledge in its relation to cognate branches. It is impossible here to give further details; it is sufficient to say that by means of this Congress the Fair is to be its own interpreter.

It seems to be a misfortune, if not indeed a blunder, that religion has no voice in this great Exposition except as it is represented by its kinsman science for one or two sessions. Apparently it was a serious error for the Exposition authorities to fail in recognizing the desire, expressed by the joint action of Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, for a Temple of Religion to stand as a witness that the American people, who could spend millions for cattle, machinery, grains, and metals, could devote some thousands for their faith. The visitor to the Exposition will learn what the corporations and trusts are doing, but he will search in vain for any sign of what the Church is doing. It is to be hoped that the plans which have already been formulated for organizing religious effort within the city during the period of the Exposition will be successfully carried out. The Southwest, of which St. Louis is the natural capital, has so emphatically a religious life of its own that in the Exposition there there is special reason why the religious life should find at least not less than the usual attention. Nevertheless,



the last section of the official Congress of Arts and Sciences will be devoted to the subject of religious influence in civilization; so, though religion is to have no distinctive representation, it will be the culmination of the Congress that itself is the culmination of the Fair.

It should not be forgotten that this Exposition, like all other World's Fairs held in America, is primarily not a commercial undertaking. It is rather a spontaneous and half-unconscious, but all the more effective, expression of American idealism. The fact that it has been and will continue to be described largely in terms of feet and acres, of bushels and tons, of dollars that mount up into the millions, should not mislead any one into thinking that it is the apotheosis of materialism. These terms are an indication,

not of a grossness of ideas, but of a paucity of vocabulary. These form the language which most men in America can most easily use. The fact is that this Exposition is primarily a feat of the imagination, a great composite structure of ideals. Those who shall endeavor to measure its success or failure by commercial standards do not understand the American mind. Whether he be the Yankee on the side-hills of New England, the Southerner in his fields of cotton, or the Westerner making the prairie and the desert to blossom as the rose, the American is first of all a dreamer, a reacher out after the unseen, a man who is unsatisfied until he achieves the impossible. And when he builds a Fair like this, he is but saying, This is what I have dreamt, and I have made my own dream come true.

## Free !

By Benjamin Rosenblatt

**T**HE cold, blank winter day breaks ghastly on the plains of northern Russia. Gloomily onward stretch the wild, snow-covered steppes of frozen Siberia; not a tree, not a bush, in sight; and the winds rise, blowing with fury and whirling heaps of snow round and round in the air. On the frozen ground two men are lying huddled together, trying to hide themselves from the blast, struggling against the deadly frost which creeps upon them, slowly paralyzing their limbs.

They escaped from the party of exiles. How they were hunted! How, like wild beasts, they were pursued! But the merciless work in the cold subterranean mines of Siberia stood before them. Thinking of it, they ran, breathlessly ran, leaving their pursuers behind. . . . And now they lie on the snow, with knees bruised and bleeding, with hands scarred and swollen, staring wildly before them on the raw, cold morning breaking in the east.

On their faces, which show intelligence and resolution, is visible the impression of the tyrannic government which persecutes them as political "criminals." Their features are pinched, the teeth set

close together, and a steady fire burns in their eyes which tells of mortal hatred to those despots who stifle every voice that is raised against their unjust rule. Their long kaftans are tied with ropes around the waist, and their faces are muffled in ragged shawls to protect them from the smarting wind. They had no time to provide themselves with proper clothing; in the dead of night they were suddenly caught and transported—but they escaped, and now they are free! All alone on the wild plains, free! How good! and how warm! . . . They feel the cold no longer. . . . Their features relax, grow softer, and their eyes become glassy, slowly filling with tears, as dim thoughts of home and native scenes pass faintly through the brain. . . . Their eyes close, they embrace each other closer and closer, feeling so warm. . . . And around them the dreary steppes stretch endlessly on and on to meet a leaden sky that hangs gloomily overhead. The bitter morning breaks on the infinite solitude, and the snow, falling, falling, falling, snugly covers the sleeping pair, making them warmer and warmer.



APPROACHING THE RAPIDS



# THE FOREST<sup>1</sup>

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

## Chapter XV.—On Woods Indians

**F**AR in the North dwell a people practically unknown to any but the fur-trader and the explorer. Our information as to Mokis, Sioux, Cheyennes, Nez Percés, and indirectly many others, through the pages of Cooper, Parkman, and allied writers, is varied enough, so that our ideas of Indians are pretty well established. If we are romantic, we hark back to the past and invent fairy tales with ourselves anent the Noble Red Man who has Passed Away. If we are severely practical, we take notice of filth, vice, plug hats, tin cans, and laziness. In fact, we might divide all Indian concepts into two classes, following these mental and imaginative bents. Then we should have quite simply and unsatisfactorily the Cooper Indian and the Comic Paper Indian. It must be confessed that the latter is often approximated by reality—and everybody knows it. That the former is by no means a myth—at least in many qualities—the average reader might be pardoned for doubting.

Some time ago I desired to increase my knowledge of the Woods Indians by whatever others had accomplished. Accordingly I wrote to the Ethnological Department at Washington asking what had been done in regard to the Ojibways and Wood Crees north of Lake Superior. The answer was, "Nothing."

And "nothing" is more nearly a comprehensive answer than at first you might believe. Visitors at Mackinac, Traverse, Sault Ste. Marie, and other northern resorts are besought at certain times of the year by silent, calico-dressed squaws to purchase basket and bark work. If the tourist happens to follow these women

for more wholesale examination of their wares, he will be led to a double-ended Mackinaw-built sailing-craft with red-dyed sails, half pulled out on the beach. In the stern sit two or three bucks wearing shirts, jean trousers, and broad black hats. Some of the oldest men may sport a patched pair of moccasins or so, but most are conventional enough in clumsy shoes. After a longer or shorter stay they hoist their red sails and drift away toward some mysterious destination on the north shore. If the buyer is curious enough and persistent enough, he may elicit the fact that they are Ojibways.

Now, if this same tourist happens to possess a mildly venturesome disposition, a sailing craft, and a chart of the region, he will sooner or later blunder across the dwelling-place of his silent venders. At the foot of some rarely frequented bay he will come on a diminutive village of small whitewashed log houses. It will differ from other villages in that the houses are arranged with no reference whatever to one another, but in the haphazard fashion of an encampment. Its inhabitants are his summer friends. If he is of an insinuating address, he may get a glimpse of their daily life. Then he will go away firmly convinced that he knows quite a lot about the North Woods Indian.

And so he does. But his North Woods Indian is the Reservation Indian. And in the north a Reservation Indian is as different from Woods Indian as a negro is from a Chinese.

Suppose, on the other hand, your tourist is unfortunate enough to get left at some North Woods railway station where he has descended from the transcontinental to stretch his legs, and suppose him to

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

have happened on a fur town like Missinâibie at the precise time when the trappers are in from the wilds. Near the borders of the village he will come upon a little encampment of conical teepees. At his approach the women and children will disappear into inner darkness. A dozen wolf-like dogs will rush out barking. Grave-faced men will respond silently to his salutation.

These men, he will be interested to observe, wear still the deer or moose skin moccasin — the lightest and easiest foot-gear for the woods; bind their long hair with a narrow fillet, and their waists with a red or striped worsted sash; keep warm under the blanket thickness of a Hudson Bay capote; and deck their clothes with a variety of barbaric ornament. He will see about camp weapons whose acquaintance he has made only in museums, peltries of whose identification he is by no means sure, and as matters of daily use snow-shoes, bark canoes, bows and arrows—what to him have been articles of ornament or curiosity. Tomorrow these people will be gone for another year, carrying with them the results of the week's barter. Neither he nor his kind will see them again, unless they too journey far into the Silent Places. But he has caught a glimpse of the stolid mask of the Woods Indian, concerning whom officially "nothing" is known.

In many respects the Woods Indian is the legitimate descendant of the Cooper Indian. His life is led entirely in the forests; his subsistence is assured by hunting, fishing, and trapping; his dwelling is the wigwam, and his habitation the wide reaches of the wilderness lying between Lake Superior and the Hudson Bay; his relation to humanity confined to intercourse with his own people and acquaintance with the men who barter for

his peltries. So his dependence is not on the world the white man has brought, but on himself and his natural environment. Civilization has merely ornamented his ancient manner. It has given him the convenience of cloth, of firearms, of steel traps, of iron kettles, of matches; it has accustomed him to the luxuries of white sugar—though he had always his own maple product—tea, flour, and white man's tobacco. That is about all. He knows nothing of whisky. The towns are never

visited by him, and the Hudson's Bay Company will sell him no liquor. His concern with you is not great, for he has little to gain from you.

This people, then, depending on natural resources for subsistence, has retained to a great extent the qualities of the early aborigines.

To begin with, it is distinctly nomadic. The great rolls of birch bark to cover the pointed teepees are easily transported in the bottoms of canoes, and the poles are quickly cut and put in place. As a consequence, the Ojibway family is always on the move. It searches out new trapping grounds, new fisheries, it pays visits, it seems even to enjoy travel for the sake of exploration. In winter a teepee of double wall is built, whose hollow is stuffed with moss to keep out the cold; but

even that approximation of permanence cannot stand against the slightest convenience. When an Indian kills, often he does not transport his game to camp, but moves his camp to the vicinity of the carcass. There are of these woods dwellers no villages, no permanent clearings. The vicinity of a Hudson's Bay post is sometimes occupied for a month or so during the summer, but that is all.

An obvious corollary of this is that tribal life does not consistently obtain. Throughout the summer months, when game and fur are at their poorest, the



A WOODS INDIAN



ON THE LONG TRAIL

bands assemble, probably at the times of barter with the traders. Then for the short period of the idling season they drift together up and down the North Country streams, or camp for big powwows and conjuring near some pleasant conflux of rivers. But when the first frosts nip the leaves, the families separate to their allotted trapping districts, there to spend the winter in pursuit of the real business of life. The tribe is thus split into many groups, ranging in numbers from the solitary trapper eager to win enough fur to buy him a wife, to a compact little group of three or four families closely related in blood. The most striking consequence is that, unlike other Indian bodies politic, there are no regularly constituted and acknowledged chiefs. Certain individuals gain a remarkable reputation and an equally remarkable respect for wisdom, or hunting skill, or power of woodcraft, or travel. These men are the so-called "old-men" often mentioned in Indian manifestoes, though age has nothing to do with the deference accorded them.

The life so briefly hinted at in the foregoing lines inevitably develops and fosters an expertness of woodcraft almost beyond belief. The Ojibway knows his environment. The forest is to him so familiar in each and every one of its numerous and subtle aspects that the slightest departure from the normal strikes his attention at once. A patch of brown shadow where green shadow should fall, a shimmering of leaves where should be merely a gentle waving, a cross light where the usual forest growth should adumbrate, a flash of wings at a time of day when feathered creatures ordinarily rest quiet—these, and hundreds of others which you and I should never even guess at, force themselves as glaringly on an Indian's notice as a brass band in a city street. A white man *looks* for game; an Indian sees it because it differs from the forest.

In journeying down the Kapúskasing River, our Indians—who had come from the woods to guide us—always saw game long before we did. They would never point it out to us. The bow of the canoe would swing silently in its direction, there to rest motionless until we indicated that we had seen something.

"Where is it, Peter?" I would whisper.

But Peter always remained contemptuously silent.

One evening we paddled directly into the eye of the setting sun across a shallow little lake filled with hardly sunken boulders. There was no current, and no breath of wind to stir the water into betraying ripples. But invariably those Indians twisted the canoe into a new course ten feet before we reached one of the obstructions, whose existence our dazzled vision could not attest until they were actually below us. They *saw* those rocks through the shimmer of the surface glare.

Another time I discovered a small black animal lying flat on a point of shale. Its head was concealed behind a boulder, and it was so far away that I was inclined to congratulate myself on having differentiated it from the shadow.

"What is it, Peter?" I asked.

Peter hardly glanced at it.

"Ninny-moósh" (dog), he replied.

Now, we were a hundred miles south of the Hudson's Bay Post and two weeks north of any other settlement. Saving a horse, a dog would be about the last thing to occur to one in guessing at the identity of any strange animals. This looked like a little black blotch, without form. Yet Peter knew it. It was a dog, lost from some Indian hunting party, and mightily glad to see us.

The sense of smell, too, is developed to an extent positively uncanny to us who have needed it so little. Your Woods Indian is always sniffing, always testing the impressions of other senses by his olfactories. Instances numerous and varied might be cited, but probably one will do as well as a dozen. It once became desirable to kill a caribou in country where the animals are not at all abundant. Tawabinisáy volunteered to take Jim within shot of one. Jim describes their hunt as the most wonderful bit of stalking he had ever seen. The Indian followed the animal's tracks as easily as you or I could have followed them over snow. He did this rapidly and certainly. Every once in a while he would get down on all fours to sniff inquiringly at the crushed herbage. Always on rising to his feet he would give the result of his investigations.

" Ah-téek (caribou) one hour."  
And later, " Ah-téek half hour."  
Or again, " Ah-téek quarter hour."  
And finally, " Ah-téek over nex' hill."  
And it was so.

In like manner, but most remarkable to us because the test of direct comparison with our own sense was permitted us, was their acuteness of hearing. Often while "jumping" a roaring rapids in two canoes my companion and I have heard our men talking to each other in quite an ordinary tone of voice. That is to say, I could hear my Indian and Jim could hear his; but personally we were forced to shout loudly to carry across the noise of the stream. The distant approach of animals they announce accurately.

" Wawashkeshí " (deer), says Peter.

And sure enough, after an interval, we too could distinguish the footfalls on the dry leaves.

Mr. Caspar Whitney describes in exasperation his experience with the Indians of the far Northwest. He complains that when they blunder on game, they drop everything and enter into almost hopeless chase, two legs against four. Occasionally the quarry becomes enough bewildered so that the wild shooting will bring it down. He quite justly argues that the merest pretense at caution in approach would result in much greater success.

The Woods Indian is no such fool. He is a mighty poor shot—and he knows it. Personally I believe he shuts both eyes before pulling trigger. He is armed with a long flint or percussion lock musket, whose gas-pipe barrel is bound to the wood that runs its entire length by means of brass bands, and whose effective range must be about ten yards. This archaic implement is known as a "trade gun," and has the single merit of never getting out of order. Furthermore, ammunition is precious. In consequence, the wilderness hunter is not going to be merely pretty sure; he intends to be absolutely certain. If he cannot approach near enough to blow a hole in his prey, he does not fire.

I have seen Peter drop into marsh grass so thin that apparently we could discern the surface of the ground through it, and disappear so completely that our most earnest attention could not distinguish even a rustling of the herbage. After an interval his gun would go off from some

distant point, exactly where some ducks had been feeding serenely oblivious to fate. Neither of us white men could have considered for a moment the possibility of getting any of them. Once I felt rather proud of myself for killing six ruffed grouse out of some trees with the pistol, until Peter drifted in carrying three he had bagged with a stick.

Another interesting phase of this almost perfect correspondence to environment is the readiness with which an Indian will meet an emergency. We are accustomed to rely first of all on the skilled labor of some one we can hire; second, if we undertake the job ourselves, on the tools made for us by skilled labor; and, third, on the shops to supply us with the materials we may need. Not once in a lifetime are we thrown entirely on our own resources. Then we improvise bunglingly a makeshift.

The Woods Indian possesses his knife and his light ax. Nails, planes, glue, chisels, vises, cord, rope, and all the rest of it he has to do without. But he never improvises makeshifts. No matter what the exigency, or how complicated the demand, his experience answers with accuracy. Utensils and tools he knows exactly where to find. His job is neat and workmanlike, whether it is a bark receptacle—watertight or not—a pair of snow-shoes, the repairing of a badly smashed canoe, the construction of a shelter, or the fashioning of a paddle. About noon one day Tawabinisáy broke his ax-helve square off. This to us would have been a serious affair. Probably we should, left to ourselves, have stuck in some sort of a rough, straight sapling handle which would have answered well enough until we could have bought another. By the time we had cooked dinner that Indian had fashioned another helve. We compared it with the store article. It was as well shaped, as smooth, as nicely balanced. In fact, as we laid the new and the old side by side we could not have selected, from any evidence of the workmanship, which had been made by machine and which by hand. Tawabinisáy then burned out the wood from the ax, retempered the steel, set the new helve and wedged it neatly with ironwood wedges.

To travel with a Woods Indian is a constant source of delight on this account.

So many little things that the white man does without because he will not bother with their transportation, the Indian makes for himself. And so quickly and easily! I have seen a thoroughly water-proof, commodious, and comfortable bark shelter made in about the time it would take one to pitch a tent. I have seen a raft built of cedar logs and cedar-bark ropes in an hour. I have seen a badly stoven canoe made as good as new in fifteen minutes. The Indian rarely needs to hunt for the materials he requires. He knows exactly where they grow, and he turns as directly to them as a clerk would turn to his shelves.

The qualities I have mentioned come primarily from the fact that the Woods Indian is a hunter. I have now to instance two whose development can be traced to the other fact—that he is a nomad. I refer to his skill with the bark canoe and his ability to carry.

I was once introduced to a man at a little way station of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the following words:

"Shake hands with Munson; he's as good a canoeman as an Indian."

A little later one of the bystanders remarked to me:

"That fellow you was just talking with is as good a canoeman as an Injin."

Still later, at an entirely different place, a member of the bar informed me in the course of discussion:

"The only man I know of who can do it is named Munson. He is as good a canoeman as an Indian."

At the time this unanimity of praise puzzled me a little. I thought I had seen some pretty good canoe work, and even cherished a mild conceit that occasionally I could keep right side up myself. I knew Munson to be a great woods traveler, with many striking qualities, and why this of canoemanship should be so insistently chosen above the others was beyond my comprehension. Subsequently a companion and I journeyed to Hudson Bay with two birch canoes and two Indians. Since that trip I have had a vast respect for Munson.

Undoubtedly among the half-breed and white guides of lower Canada, Maine, and the Adirondacks are many skillful men. But they know their waters; they follow a beaten track. The Woods Indian—well, let me tell you something of what he does.

We went down the Kapuskasing River to the Mattagami, and then down that to the Moose. These rivers are at first but a hundred feet or so wide, but rapidly swell with the influx of numberless smaller streams. Two days' journey brings you to a watercourse nearly half a mile in breadth; two weeks finds you on a surface approximately a mile and a half across. All this water descends from the Height of Land to the sea level. It does so through a rock country. The result is a series of roaring, dashing boulder rapids and waterfalls that would make your hair stand on end merely to contemplate from the banks.

The regular route to Moose Factory is by the Missinabie. Our way was new and strange. No trails; no knowledge of the country. When we came to a stretch of white water, the Indians would rise to their feet for a single instant's searching examination of the stretch of tumbled water before them. In that moment they picked the passage they were to follow as well as a white man could have done so in half an hour's study. Then without hesitation they shot their little craft at the green water.

From that time we merely tried to sit still, each in his canoe. Each Indian did it all with his single paddle. He seemed to possess absolute control over his craft. Even in the rush of water which seemed to hurry us on at almost railroad speed, he could stop for an instant, work directly sideways, shoot forward at a slant, swing either his bow or his stern. An error in judgment or in the instantaneous acting upon it meant a hit; and a hit in these savage north country rivers meant destruction. How my man kept in his mind the passage he had planned during his momentary inspection was always to me a miracle. How he got so unruly a beast as the birch canoe to follow it in that tearing volume of water was always another. Big boulders he dodged, eddies he took advantage of, slants of current he utilized. A fractional second of hesitation could not be permitted him. But always the clutching of white hands from the rip at the eddy finally conveyed to my spray-drenched faculties the fact that the rapid was safely astern. And this, mind you, in strange waters.

Occasionally we would carry our outfit



through the woods, while the Indians would shoot some especially bad water in the light canoe. As a spectacle, nothing could be finer. The flash of the yellow bark, the movement of the broken waters, the gleam of the paddle, the tense alertness of the men's figures, their carven, passive faces, with the contrast of the flashing eyes and the distended nostrils, then the leap into space over some half-cataract, the smash of spray, the exultant yells of the canoemen!

This is, of course, the spectacular. But also in the ordinary gray business of canoe travel the Woods Indian shows his superiority. He is tireless, and composed as to wrist and shoulder of a number of whalebone springs. From early dawn to dewy eve, and then a few gratuitous hours into the night, he will dig energetic holes in the water with his long, narrow blade. And every stroke counts. The water boils out in a splotch of white air-bubbles, the little suction-holes pirouette like dancing girls, the fabric of the craft itself trembles under the power of the stroke. Jim and I used, in the lake stretches, to amuse ourselves—and probably the Indians—by paddling in furious rivalry one against the other. Then Peter would make up his mind that he would like to speak to Jacob. His canoe would shoot up alongside as though the Old Man of the Lake had laid his hand across its stern. Would I could catch that trick of easy, tireless speed! I know it lies somewhat in keeping both elbows always straight and stiff, in a lurch forward of the shoulders at the end of the stroke. But that, and more! Perhaps one needs a copper skin and beady black eyes with surface lights.

Nor need you hope to pole a canoe upstream as do these people. Tawabinisáy uses two short poles, one in either hand, kneels amidships, and snakes that little old canoe of his up-stream so fast that you would swear the rapids an easy matter—until you tried them yourself. We were once trailed up a river by an old Woods Indian and his interesting family. The outfit consisted of canoe Number One—*item*, one old Injin, one boy of eight years, one dog; canoe Number Two—*item*, one old Injin squaw, one girl of eighteen or twenty, one dog; canoe Number Three—*item*, two little girls of ten and twelve, one dog. We tried desperately

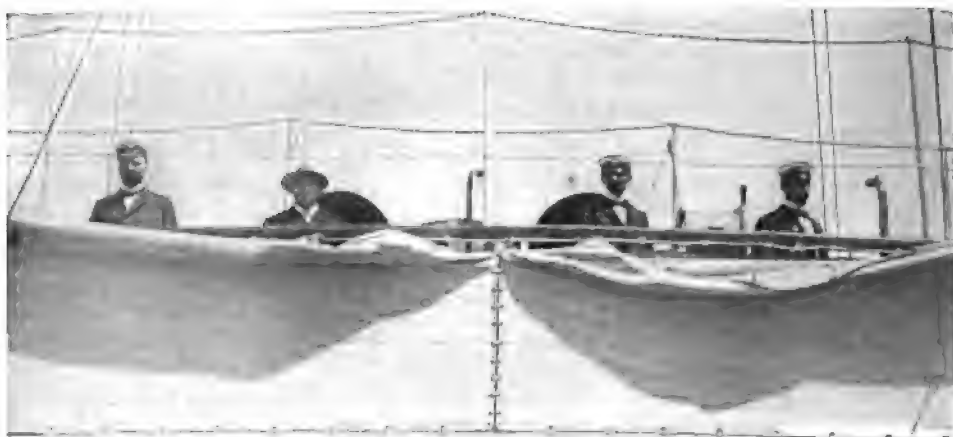
for three days to get away from this party. It did not seem to work hard at all. We did. Even the two little girls appeared to dip the contemplative paddle from time to time. Water boiled back of our own blades. We started early and quit late, and about as we congratulated ourselves over our evening fire that we had distanced our followers at last, those three canoes would steal silently and calmly about the lower bend to draw ashore below us. In ten minutes the old Indian was delivering an oration to us squatted in resignation.

The Red Gods alone know what he talked about. He had no English, and our Ojibway was of the strictly utilitarian. But for an hour he would hold forth. We called him Talk-in-the-Face, the Great Indian Chief. Then he would drop a mild hint for *sáymon*, which means tobacco, and depart.

The incident had one value, however; it showed us just why these people possess the marvelous canoe skill I have attempted to sketch. The little boy in the leading canoe was not over eight or nine years of age, but he had his little paddle and his little canoe-pole, and, what is more, he already used them intelligently and well. As for the little girls—well, they did easily feats I never hope to emulate, and that without removing the cowl-like coverings from their heads and shoulders.

The same early habitude probably accounts for their ability to carry weights long distances. The Woods Indian is not a mighty man physically. Most of them are straight and well built, but of only medium height and not wonderfully muscled. Peter was most beautiful, but in the fashion of the flying Mercury, with long smooth panther muscles. He looked like Uncas, especially when his keen hawk face was fixed in distant attention. But I think I could have wrestled Peter down. Yet time and again I have seen that Indian carry two hundred pounds for some miles through a rough country absolutely without trails. And once I was witness of a feat of Tawabinisáy, when that wily savage portaged a pack of fifty pounds and a two-man canoe through a hill country for four hours and ten minutes without a rest. Tawabinisáy is even smaller than Peter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE PILOT AND OFFICERS ON THE BRIDGE OF A BIG OCEAN LINER

## The Pilot's Life

By Victor Slocum

With Photographs by Arthur Hewitt



"NUMBER SEVEN"

THE Sandy Hook pilots are State-constituted guardians of the interests of marine insurance for the port of New York. In case of disaster while entering or leaving the harbor, a ship unpiloted has great difficulty in collecting insurance. This places a vast amount of responsibility upon the pilots' shoulders; therefore they are, necessarily, sailors of the first class. Many of them have been masters or mates of square-rigged vessels of every description, which means a long sea experience. Some of them have sailed clipper-ships to and from Europe when these ships held predominance over steam; and I met one of these on my recent cruise on a pilot-boat. He told, with sparkling eye, of voyages the world over in quest of the dangerous cachalot, and how he had been up on the Pacific side of the Arctic, hunting bowhead whales. So, not only was he trained to be a first-class sailor, but he was thoroughly drilled in a pursuit likely to develop nerve and rapid judgment. A sailor of this sort enters

the pilot-boat service as a "boy." After a term of perhaps months to develop his fitness, the "boy" is made a boat-keeper, and entered as a regular apprentice. He must serve five years in one boat, and then pass an examination which admits him to a "sixteen-foot" license, which means that he can pilot only vessels drawing sixteen feet of water or less. In course of time, in case some one dies, he gets a "full branch." But pilots seldom die; their temperate habits and open-hearted lives, spent close to the primal elements, make them almost as imperishable as the gales of Cape Horn or Hatteras. A boat-keeper seldom becomes a pilot, for it must be observed that he has to serve five years on one boat, which makes his position a hard one to keep, as



SIGNALING A SHIP AT NIGHT

A turpentine torch is burned by the pilots at night, the ships answering with a blue light.

his very position is dependent on the whim of his masters, the licensed men. They can discharge him at any time without any plausible reason, and a man very often has his heart broken on a number of boats, for if he loses his billet on one boat, he must begin his time all over again on another.

For some strange reason, pilots make it hard for an apprentice; as a matter of principle, perhaps, because they are unwilling that any pilot shall escape the discipline to which they themselves have been subjected. So, by the time a man becomes a full-fledged pilot, he is not only a sailor, with all that the term implies, and understands how to manage a pilot-boat, but he knows the Bay. It is like an open book to him, in clear weather or in fog, in daylight or darkness; blow high or blow low, it is all the same to this master of his craft, whether bracing around the yards of a little Norwegian

"wind-jammer" or directing the movements of a great transatlantic liner.

The history of the Sandy Hook pilots reads like a romance. As far back in the legal annals as 1763 the Colonial Legislature passed an act organizing a Board of Wardens for the Port of New York, giving them power over pilotage. They could both license pilots and make it compulsory on captains of vessels to take them. When the United States Congress got its machine well oiled up and in good running order, we find it passing an act in 1789 in regard to pilots. It appears that Congress has always recognized the policy of allowing each State to arrange its own pilotage laws. About this time licenses were granted on political grounds, without much regard to seamanship or real merit, with consequent disastrous results. The calling was followed by a class of men who led it into disrepute



THE PILOT'S LANDING-PLACE



WATCHING FOR A SHIP

until 1845, when an act was passed by the New York State Legislature abolishing all pilotage regulations. The Legislature saw the pernicious effect of the system it had established. During the eight years that followed the pilots ran riot, and affairs were worse than when the law existed.

Such a reckless disregard of life and property was not to be tolerated very long, and an appeal was made to Congress. This was futile, so the merchants and underwriters got together to see what could be done. They elected a Board of Pilot Commissioners, three members of which were elected by the Chamber of Commerce and two by the Board of Underwriters. This Commission was to examine pilots as to their fitness to do the duties imposed upon them, and grant licenses to those who were fitted, stipulating that service should be a matter of compulsion to a man who wanted to keep his license. After this admirable system had been found to work in good shape and had been carefully tried, the Legislature of New York adopted it.

Under the New York State act the

Sandy Hook pilots are compelled by law to be out in all kinds of weather, to offer their services, and to board any ship signaling them. Only foreign vessels and vessels sailing under register are obliged to take them. Coastwise vessels are exempt from this law. The state of a ship's health makes no difference in the faithful performance of their sworn duty.

My cruise in the *Ambrose Snow* (officially known as Pilot Boat No. 2) really began at the Pilot Office. The genial pilots, whose very presence brings one into the atmosphere of the sea, kindly offered me the use of a locker wherein to stow my "dunnage," and gave me orders to keep within hailing distance if I wanted to go down with them, for they were momentarily expecting advice by telephone that their boat had arrived at the second landing on Staten Island; so I stood off and on until she was reported by her boat-keeper, when, in company with the six pilots who had been assigned to this cruise, I started on the Staten Island ferry to pick her up. She is a trim little craft of seventy-five tons, flush-decked and schooner-rigged, sparred less extra-



AT THE MASTHEAD LOOKING FOR SHIPS

gantly than a Gloucester "fisherman," and equipped more sensibly than a yacht, for a sailor's trained eye could detect no furbelows in her make-up. She has a character of her own, for the cut of a pilot-boat is not to be mistaken for any other, even though the sails be furled and the gigantic numeral on the mainsail be concealed, or her official blue flag, which floats above the truck when pilots are on board, be unhoisted. Each boat has a crew of four "boys," a boat-keeper, and a steward. We were to go on the southern ground to relieve No. 5, which was supposed to have discharged nearly all her

pilots. At Stapleton we found No. 7, which was under orders to relieve the steam pilot-boat from station duty.

A word of explanation in regard to the numbers of boats may be in order. Originally there were twenty-nine boats owned by the Pilot Commission, but at present there are only five, two of which are out of commission, leaving three in actual service. These retain their original numbers. Together with the two new steam pilot-boats, the New Jersey and the New York, these boats do all the pilot work of the New York port.

Our cruise in No. 2 started from Stapleton, Staten Island, with No. 7 astern. The old spirit of rivalry could not be suppressed in the pilot who had the wheel, and we kept ahead of No. 7 in good shape all the way down Swash Channel. The flood-tide was about half up as we started, and we gained time by catching a bit of counter ebb near the Long Island shore, and, by a clever bit of seamanship, held our lead on No. 7 all the way down to the bar. However, she was a close second. I heard a yarn of how she had been hulled a short time ago by a trial shot from a Sandy Hook proving battery while cruising about three

miles off shore. The shot struck her just abaft the fore-rigging, and it was only by a mere chance that a number of men were not killed—just by way of proving the value of military science. "A 'dummy' shot, they called it, but it certainly made things lively all right. If that was a 'dummy,' I wouldn't want to see the real thing coming my way," remarked the pilot who was on board No. 7 at the time the incident occurred.

Going down the Bay seems to be a new voyage to these men every time they put to sea in quest of ships to pilot up. Nothing passes them without being hailed

or signaled. Vigilance is with them a science, and a development of the power of keen observation is a part of their education. They will "raise" a sail or line of smoke on the horizon which a landsman could not detect until almost in full sight. After going over the bar we made out No. 5 down to the south'ard. We are going to relieve her, so we bear down and speak, and heave out a yawl to carry over some papers. "How many of you fellows are there?" is our interested hail, for it is proper that she discharge all her pilots before we board any vessels. "Three," is the reply. "Then half of you come aboard here." A transfer couldn't be made on this basis, however, and they go down again to their position, we returning to the Scotland lightship in order to anchor about a half-mile from her.

The wind has died out, and we haven't much room in which to drift around. We soon discover that No. 5 has discharged her three remaining men, for some steamers came up to us about midnight and snaked a couple of our men out of their bunks—after a good supper and a game of cribbage, the men had all retired excepting the watch on deck. Our pilots seemed

to know intimately each one of the one hundred and thirty-five members of the guild, and good-fellowship among them is a wholesome characteristic. They take a keen delight in recounting, in a good-natured way, humorous incidents of each other's peculiarities. They are generally laconic in their speech and are very sensibly averse to the conventional sailor's habit of spinning yarns, and very seldom talk shop. They do all of that and some growling to boot up in the office at No. 17 State Street, where they make personal accusations and settlements as to "ship stealing;" that is, getting in ahead of some other fellow and working back to the city sooner than they should. This is apt to imply negligence on the part of the disappointed boat. It is not "fair play," for their duty is only to wait outside of the bar and board vessels that require pilots. The system is regulated in the office in true military style, but the independent seafaring instinct seems bound to assert itself and is not easy to control.

The next morning found us with four pilots still aboard, and the glasses were still on the southern horizon. That is our point and province to look out for, as the eastern ground has its own patrol,



ON BOARD THE PILOT-BOAT



"AS SOON AS A SHIP IS SIGHTED THE YAWL IS LITERALLY HURLED INTO THE WATER."





#### THE PILOT'S DAY SIGNALS

A number on the mainsail and a large blue flag at the masthead.

well covered by a steam pilot-boat. The distant sea was enveloped in mist through which the gigantic eastern steamers passed in and out, their immense hulls looming up like ships under full sail. Close to us stretched Sandy Hook, which ends in the Highlands of Navesink, not distant enough to lose its tinge of green. Almost within hailing distance lay the Scotland Lightship, originally put there to mark the wreck of the steamship Scotland, but now used to mark the entrance to the South Channel. Farther out in the hazy perspective looms the station boat No. 7, her inky masts denuded of their sails. An enormous blue flag, that seems blacker than either hull or rigging beneath it, floats from one mast, and in the calm morning there is hardly breeze enough to stretch out her dark folds sufficiently to show her character to incoming or outgoing ships.

Sea-gulls "honk" and scream in a contented manner, and eight bells sounds from the lightship in a clear, sonorous tone. Our own little vessel rolls lazily on the incoming swell at anchor, with the manila cable swishing up and down musically in the water.

Soon a barkentine was sighted towing close under the coast. Was she a coaster?

All glasses were brought to bear on her to make out if there were a deck-load of hard pine to be seen, but the closest scrutiny did not seem to reveal anything of the sort. Such a load would indicate that she was from some Southern coast port, and therefore exempt. Overboard went the yawl to investigate, and away it started with four oarsmen, for we were at anchor, and all the man-power was required in the boat that was under way. They had about a half-mile to row to get into line so as to intercept the tow, and it proved "no good." She was a coaster, after all. However, the pilots had done their duty, for they must signal or hail every possibility, and patrol their ground thoroughly. Pilots are aware that American sailing vessels of the coasting type, when from a West Indian or South American port, will sometimes take on the appearance of their usual trade by loading on a false deck-load of hard pine.

In about an hour a thick fog set in, through which the resonant whistles of a number of steamers were heard. Our fog-bell rang at proper intervals, and soon a couple of steamers came near, and the cannon was loaded, and was fired in response to their long blasts. "I don't

think either of 'em is any good," observed one of the pilots, while we were all straining our ears in the cock-pit. The pilots are so familiar with sounds that they know the character of a steamer from her whistle before they can make out her form. We soon found that our pilot was right. The whistle sounded nearer at each blast heard through the thick mist.

"Give 'er another gun," cried out the pilot in charge to the boat-keeper and his crew, who had been firing rapidly.

A deafening report rang out, and the next instant the high stem of a Mallory liner overtopped our rigging. She was going dead slow, however, and passed us safely by, hardly more than a hundred feet off. She was a coasting steamer, exempt from pilotage, and soon we made out the other steamers to be coasters also.

There were so many steamers coming on that two of our pilots prepared to board. The third, having remained in his bunk during the excitement, was not aware that the others were ready to go. Now, pilots are punctilious in the matter of dress, always rigging up in good shape before boarding a ship to take command. The pilot who had expected to board the barkentine in the morning was to have the first turn, and the man who was to have the next turn was down below, playing cribbage with the third man, who had remained in his bunk during all the fuss. We had our doubts, however, about his having been asleep all the time; although he appeared to be ignorant of what had been going on, for, after the first deal, he affected to discover that his partner had on a white collar.

"What the blazes are you all fixed up for?" he growled. "Can't you wait till the man gets out of the boat before *you* go?"

"If you hadn't had your nose in a pillow, while we were firing guns and raising a hullabaloo," retorted the other, "you'd 'ave known that there were a dozen steamers blowing around here, an' I didn't want to keep 'em waitin' 'round till I got dressed up."

But they did not have to wait, and he had not donned his "boiled shirt" in vain, for the great hull of the steamer that hailed for a pilot soon appeared to us, like a ghost in a misty shroud. Her engines were shut down and she was

drifting, for it would have been dangerous to advance at even the slowest speed. Had we not been under way ourselves we would have missed her. We could hear her roaring steam-pipe, which was more of a guide to us than her whistle would have been, because it indicated her close proximity.

In a few moments our pilot had boarded, the yawl returned to our boat, and we anchored again a little out of the path of big vessels. It was now night, and the darkness added to our uncertainty, making a gloom that could almost be felt. The blinding flashes of the new Highland light shot high up into the misty sky. It is strange to see that the handiwork of man can almost conquer the elements. It matters not if the fog shuts in the coast and conceals the lighthouse, for ships may be warned from this wonderful light, which flashes far into the sky, using the mist-laden atmosphere itself for a reflector.

The next morning dawned clear and bright, and found No. 2 under way again, headed for the southern limit of her cruising-ground. A mastheads man was stationed on the fore crosstrees, but he could make nothing out from his lofty eyrie but some incoming fishing schooners and a promising streak of smoke that turned out to be a steam mackerel man; but the second cry of "Smoke O!" proved to be a tramp steamer bound up from the south'ard. She looked like a possibility, and "Pete," who had the next turn, dived down below in hasty glee to get ready, while the other called out, after a long look through the spy-glass, "They've got a jack a-flying, Pete;" and to the men on deck, "Go for'ard and put that bonnet in the jib! Lively now, and we can head 'er off." In a few moments we were bearing down to get in the steamer's track, and "Pete" emerged from the companionway, rigged all ataunto.

The steamer changed her course a little to help us out, and slowed down.

"Turn that yawl up and heave 'er out, heave 'er out!" roared "Pete," as he threw his half-used cigar over the side and started along with his "grip." Jumping into the yawl which had been hurriedly manned by two men and shoved astern, he cried out, "So long!" to his companion, who was at the wheel.



**GOING DOWN THE HARBOR**

The pilot, captain, and officers on the bridge of a big ocean liner.



**LOOKING FOR SHIPS ON THE HORIZON**

"So long, Pete! and good luck to you," is the response from our boat. The next minute "Pete" is climbing the ladder of the steamer, and is lost to our sight.

Our remaining pilot decided to transfer to No. 7, as she had been relieved from station by No. 5, and send us back to Stapleton to get ready for another cruise. We swept up under No. 7's lee and hauled down the gigantic blue pilot flag, a ceremony that indicated the completion of our official cruise.

"Here, Oscar, you take her," said our last pilot to the boat-keeper, as he relinquished the wheel to him and stepped into the yawl to leave us. "Get the topmast staysail on, and jump her up lively."

There was little need for such admonition, however, for in three hours we were anchored off Stapleton again.

This little voyage was a typical one, and was not without its excitement and dangers. However, it formed a sharp contrast to the cruises that pilot-boats formerly made before the introduction of the system now in vogue. At that time there were about thirty boats in the service, all in direct competition with one another. When I served on the "Hope" as a "boy," ("old No. 1," she was affectionately called), we were compelled to make a voyage to sea lasting nearly a month, sometimes, in order to discharge our six pilots, who would often spend fifty-four hours on their steamers before reaching Sandy Hook lightship. The pilots themselves saw that this was a piece of folly, and a plan was proposed among them whereby all competition could be abolished. They formed themselves into what

is now known as the Consolidated New York and Sandy Hook Pilot Association, built a couple of steam pilot-boats, and disposed of all their sailing craft excepting five boats. This operation gave New York a better-organized pilot service and saved the Association \$100,000 yearly in expenses. As it is now, a steamer patrols the eastern grounds and looks out for ships coming in by the Long Island shore. This class of vessels includes the transatlantic steamships, for they usually make Fire Island. Another steamer keeps on station. It is her duty to take pilots from ships bound out to sea and to facilitate their return. This leads her to make frequent trips to Gravesend Bay or thereabouts, to land pilots. For this reason she is known as the "Trolley."

The sailing pilot-boats, reminders of brave old days and heavy gales weathered off the Georges Banks or in the latitude of the turbulent Cape Hatteras, take a little sail no farther down than Long Branch, and keep a sharp lookout for what they call "southern ships." Thus, one-third of the pilots are kept outside of the bar, one-third report every morning at the office for orders, which has long since shifted from its old quarters on Burling Slip to a commodious suite of offices at No. 17 State Street, from the windows of which they can overlook the upper harbor. In the meantime, the other third are either bringing in ships or enjoying a few hours of well-earned rest in their homes; for, in proportion to their pay, which is divided equally among them every month, the character and amount of work they do is phenomenal.



ROWING THE PILOT TO AN OCEAN STEAMER



# WILLOWS

By J. Horace McFarland

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY THE AUTHOR

"**B**Y the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. Upon the willows in the midst thereof we hanged our harps." Thus sang the Psalmist of the sorrows of the exiles in Babylon, and his song has fastened the name of the great and wicked city upon one of the most familiar willows, while also making it "weep," for the common weeping willow is botanically named *Salix Babylonica*.

It may be that the forlorn Jews did hang their harps upon the tree we know as the weeping willow, that species being credited to Asia as a place of origin; but it is open to doubt, for the very obvious reason that the weeping willow is distinctly unadapted to use as a harp-rack, and one is at a loss to know just how the instruments in question would have been hung thereon. It is probable that the willows along the rivers of Babylon were of other species, and that the connection of the city of the captivity and the tears of the exiles with the long, drooping branches of the noble tree which has thus been sorrowfully named was a purely sentimental one. Indeed, the weeping willow is also called Napoleon's willow, because the great Corsican found much pleasure in a superb willow of the same species which stood

on the lonely prison isle of St. Helena, and from twigs of which many trees in the United States have been grown.

The willow family presents great contrasts, both physical and sentimental. It is a symbol both of grief and of grace. The former characterization is undoubtedly because of the allusion of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm as quoted above, thoughtlessly extended through the centuries; and the latter, as when a beautiful and slender woman is said to be of "willowy" form, obviously because of the real grace of the long,

of so-called mournful mien, are yet bursting with vigor and life; indeed, the spread and the value of the family is by reason of this tenacity and virility, which makes a broken twig, floating on the surface of a turbid stream, take root and grow on a sandy bank where nothing else can maintain itself, wresting existence and drawing strength and beauty from the very element whose ravages of flood and current it bravely withstands.

Apparently ephemeral in wood, growing quickly and perishing as quickly, the willows nevertheless supply us with an



A WEEPING WILLOW IN A WIND-STORM

swinging wands of the same tree. I might hint that a better reason for making the willow symbolize grief is because willow charcoal is an important ingredient of gunpowder, through which a sufficiency of grief has undoubtedly entered the world!

Willow twigs seem the very essence of fragility, as they break from the parent tree at a touch; and yet one of the willows furnishes the tough, pliable, and enduring withes from which are woven the baskets of the world. The willows, usually thin in branch, sparse of somewhat pale foliage,

important preservative element in the acid extracted from their bitter juices. Salicylic acid, made from willow bark, prevents change and arrests decay, and it is an important medical agent as well.

Flexible and seemingly delicate as the little tree is when but just established, there is small promise of the rugged and sturdy trunk that in a few years may stand where the chance twig lodged. And the color of the willows—ah! there's a point for full enthusiasm, for this family of grief furnishes a cheerful note for every month in the year, and runs the whole scale





A GREAT OLD BLACK WILLOW



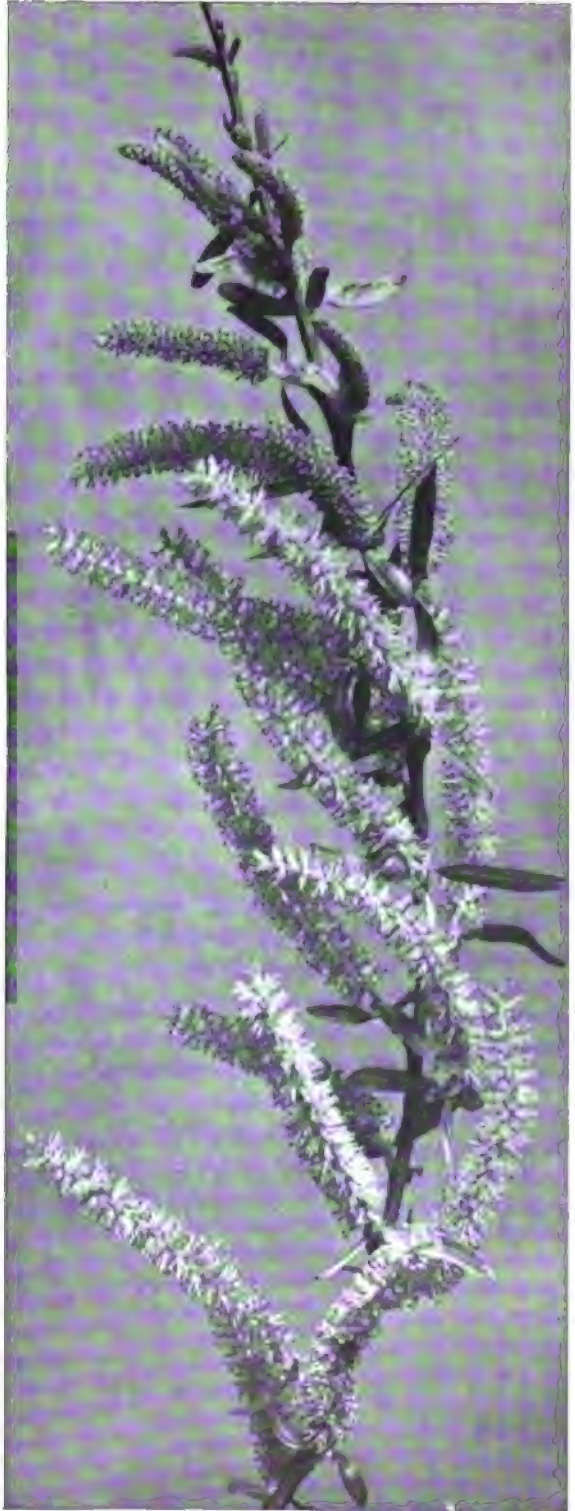
A NOBLE WEEPING WILLOW



of greens, grays, yellows, and browns, and even adds to the winter landscape touches of blazing orange and bright red across the snow. Before ever one has thought seriously of the coming of spring, the long branchlets of the weeping willow have quickened into a hint of lovely yellowish green, and those same branchlets will be holding their green leaves against a wintry blast when most other trees have given up their foliage under the frost's urgency. Often have the orange-yellow twigs of the golden osier illumined a somber countryside for me as I looked from the car window; and close by may be seen other willow bushes of brown, green, gray, and even purple, to add to the color compensation of the season. Then may come into the view, as one flies past, a great old weeping willow rattling its bare twigs in the wind; and if a stream is passed, there are sure to be seen on its banks the sturdy trunks of the white and the black willows at least. Think of an average landscape with the willows eliminated, and there will appear a great vacancy not readily filled by another tree.

The weeping willow has always made a strong appeal to me, but never one of simple grief or sorrow. Its expression is rather of great dignity, and I remember watching in somewhat of awe one which grew near my childhood's home, as its branches writhed and twisted in a violent rain-storm, seeming then fairly to agonize, so tossed and buffeted were they by the wind. But soon the storm ceased, the sun shone on the rounded head of the willow, turning the raindrops to quickly vanishing diamonds, and the great tree breathed only of a gentle and benignant peace. When, in later years, I came to know the moss-hung live-oak of the southland, the weeping willow assumed to me a new dignity

A BURSTING CATKIN OF THE WHITE WILLOW



and value in the northern landscape, and I have strongly resented the attitude of a noted writer on "Art Out of Doors" who says of it: "I never once have seen it where it did not hurt the effect of its surroundings, or at least, if it stood apart from other trees, where some tree of another species would not have looked far better." One of the great merits of the tree, its difference of habit, its variation from the ordinary, is thus urged against it most mistakenly.

I have spoken of the basket willow, which is scientifically *Salix viminalis*, and an introduction from Europe, as indeed are many of the family. In my father's nursery grew a great patch of basket willows, annually cut to the ground to make a profusion of "sprouts," from which were cut the "tying willows" used firmly to bind together for shipment bundles of young trees. It was an achievement to be able to take a six-foot withe, and, deftly twisting the tip of it under the heel to a mass of flexible fiber, tie this twisted portion into a substantial loop; and to have this novel wooden rope then endure the utmost pull of a vigorous man, as he braced his feet against the bundle of trees in binding the willow upon it, gave an impression of anything but weakness on the part of the willow.

Who has not admired the soft gray silky buds of the "pussy" willow, swelling with the spring's impulse, and ripening quickly into a "catkin" loaded with golden pollen? Nowadays the shoots of this willow are "forced" into bud by the florists, and sold in the cities in great quantities; but really to see it one must find the low tree or bush by a stream in the woods, or along the roadside, with a chance to note its fullness of blossom. It is finest just when the hepaticas are at their bluest on the warm hillside; and one sunny afternoon of a spring journey along the north branch of the Susquehanna River I did not know which of the two conspicuous ornaments of the deeply wooded bank made me most anxious to jump from the too swiftly moving train.

This pussy willow has pleasing leaves, and is a truly ornamental shrub or small tree which will flourish quite well in a dry back yard, as I have reason to know. One bright day in February I found a pussy willow tree, with its deep purple

buds showing not a hint of the life within. The few twigs brought home quickly expanded when placed in water, and gave us their message of cheer and promise of the spring. One twig was, out of curiosity, left in the water after the catkins had faded, merely to see what would happen. It bravely sent forth leaves, while at the base little white rootlets appeared. Its vigor appealing to us, it was planted in an arid spot in our back yard, and it is now, after a year and a half, a handsome, slender young tree that will give us a whole family of silky pussies to stroke and admire another spring.

This same little tree is called also the glaucous willow, and it is botanically *Salix discolor*. It is more distinct than some others of the family, for the willow is a great mixer. The tree expert who will unerringly distinguish between the red oak and the scarlet oak by the precise angle of the spinose margins of the leaves (how I admire an accuracy I do not possess!) will balk at which is crack willow, or white willow, or yellow or blue willow. The abundant vigor and vitality and freedom of the family, and the fact that it is of what is known as the diœcious habit—that is, the flowers are not complete, fertile and infertile flowers being borne on separate trees—make it most ready to hybridize. The pollen of the black willow may fertilize the flower of the white willow, with a result that tends certainly to grayness on the worrying head of the botanist who, in after years, is trying to locate the result of the cross!

There is much variety in the willow flowers—and I wonder how many observers really notice any other willow "blossoms" than those of the showy pussy? A superb spring day afield took me along a fascinatingly crooked stream, the Conodoguinet, whose banks furnish a congenial and as yet protected (because concealed from the flower-hunting vandal) home for wild flowers innumerable and most beautiful, as well as trees that have ripened into maturity. An earlier visit at the time the bluebells were ringing out their silent message on the hillside, in exquisite beauty, with the lavender phlox fairly carpeting the woods, gave a glimpse of some promising willows on the other side of the stream. Twilight and letters to sign—how hateful the desk and its work



A CHARACTERISTIC WHITE WILLOW CLUMP

seem in these days of springing life outside!—made a closer inspection impossible then, but a golden Saturday afternoon found three of us, of like ideals, hastening to this tree and plant paradise. A mass of soft yellow drew us from the highway across a field carpeted thickly with bluet or “quaker lady” to the edge of the stream, where a continuous hum showed that the bees were also attracted. It was

one splendid willow in full bloom, and I could not and as yet cannot safely say whether it is the crack willow or the white willow; but I can affirm of a certainty that it was a delight to the eye, the mind, and the nostrils. The extreme fragility of the smaller twigs, which broke away from the larger limbs at the lightest shake or jar, gave evidence of one of Nature's ways of distributing plant life; for it

seems that these twigs, parting company with the parent tree most readily, float away on the stream, and easily establish themselves on banks and bars, where their tough, interlacing roots soon form an almost impregnable barrier to the onslaught of the flood. Only a stone's throw away there stood a great old black willow, with a sturdy trunk of ebon hue, crowned with a mass of soft green leafage, lighter where the breeze lifted up the under side to the sunlight. Many times, doubtless, the winds had shorn and the sleet had rudely trimmed this old veteran, but there remained full life and vigor, even more attractive than that of lusty youth.

Most of the willows are shrubs rather than trees, and there are endless variations, as I have before remarked. Further, the species belonging at first in the eastern hemisphere have spread well over our own side of the globe, so that it seems odd to regard the white willow and the weeping willow as foreigners. At Niagara Falls, in the beautiful park on the American side, on the islands amid the toss of the waters, there are many willows, and those planted by man are no less beautiful than those resulting from nature's gardening. This spring I have greatly admired some splendid clumps of a form with lovely golden leaves and a small, furry catkin, found along the edge of the American rapids. I wonder, by the way, how many visitors to Niagara realize the superb collection of plants and trees there to be seen, and which it is a grateful relief to consider when the mind is wearied with the majesty and the vastness of nature's forces there uncovered? The birds are visitors to Goat Island and the other islets that divide the Niagara River, and they have brought there the plants of America in wonderful variety.

There is one willow that has been used by the nurserymen to produce a so-called weeping form, which, like most of these monstrosities, is not commendable. The goat willow is a vigorous form introduced from Europe, having large and rather broad and coarse leaves, dark green above and whitish underneath. It is taken as a "stock," upon which, at a convenient height, the skilled juggler with trees grafts a pendulous form known as the Kilmarnock willow, thus changing the habit of the tree so that it then "weeps" to the

ground. Fortunately, the original tree sometimes triumphs, the graft dies, and a lusty goat willow rears a rather shapely head to the sky.

This Kilmarnock willow is a favorite of the peripatetic tree agent, and I have enjoyed hugely one notable evidence of his persuasive eloquence to be seen in a Lebanon Valley town, inhabited by the quaint folk known as Pennsylvania Germans. All along the line of the railroad traversing this valley may be seen these distorted willows decorating the prim front yards, and they are not so offensive when used with other shrubs and trees. In this one instance, however, the tree agent evidently found a customer who was persuaded that if one Kilmarnock willow was a good thing to have, a dozen of them was twelve times better; wherefore his dooryard is grotesquely adorned with that many flourishing weepers, giving an aspect that is anything but decorous or solemn. Sometime the vigilance of the citizen will be relaxed, it may be hoped, he will neglect to cut away the recurring shoots of the parent trees, and they will escape and destroy the weeping form which provides so much hilarity for the passers-by.

The willow with its blood relation, the poplar, is often "pollarded" or trimmed for wood, and its abundant vigor enables it to recover from this process of violent abbreviation more satisfactorily than do most trees. The result is usually a disproportionately large stem or bole, for the lopping off of great branches always tends to a thickening of the main stem. The abundant leafage of both willow and poplar soon covers the scars, and there is less cause to mourn than in the case of maples or other "hard-wooded" trees.

If my readers will only add a willow section to their mental observation outfit, there will be much more to see and appreciate. Look for and enjoy in the winter the variation in twig color and bark hue; notice how smoothly lies the covering on one stem, all rugged and marked on another. In the earliest spring examine the swelling buds, of widely differing color and character, from which shortly will spring forth the catkin or aments of bloom, followed by the leaves of varied colors in the varied species, and with shapes as varied. Vivid green, soft gray, greenish yellow; dull surface and

shining surface above, pale green to almost pure white beneath; from the long and stringy leaf of the weeping willow to the comparatively broad and thick leaf of the pussy willow—there is variety and interest in the foliage well worth the attention of the tree-lover. When winter comes, there will be another set of contrasts to see in the way the various species lose their leaves and get ready for the rest time during which the buds mature and ripen, and the winter colors again shine forth.

These observations may be made anywhere in America, practically, for the willow is almost indifferent to locality, growing everywhere that its far-reaching roots can find the moisture which it loves, and which it rapidly transpires to the thirsty air. As Miss Keeler well remarks, "The genus *Salix* is admirably fitted to go forth and inhabit the earth, for it is tolerant of all soils and asks only water. It creeps nearer to the North Pole than any other woody plant except its companion the birch. It trails upon the ground or rises

one hundred feet in the air. In North America it follows the watercourses to the limit of the temperate zone, enters the tropics, crosses the equator, and appears in the mountains of Peru and Chili. . . . The books record one hundred and sixty species in the world, and these sport and hybridize to their own content and to the despair of botanists. Then, too, it comes of an ancient line; for impressions of leaves in the cretaceous rocks show that it is one of the oldest of plants."

Common it is, and therefore overlooked, which is my reason for this sketch, by which I hope some may be turned from things inward to things outward, from desiring views afar to seeing beauty close by. To watch the willow in spring and summer, with its bloom and fruit; to follow its refreshing color through winter's chill; to observe its cheer and dignity; to see the wind toss its slender wands and turn its graceful leaves—all this is worth while for the true lover of things outdoors and at hand which make for a better appreciation of this world of beauty.

## Reginald J. Campbell

**A**MONG the British visitors who in increasing numbers during recent years have appeared in American churches there has been no more "arresting personality" than that of the Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, who is to speak this summer at the Northfield Student Conference and elsewhere. Mr. Campbell recently became minister of the City Temple, which had become during the late Dr. Joseph Parker's ministry of more than thirty years a citadel of British Congregationalism.

There could hardly be a greater contrast in all outward appearance than between Dr. Parker and Mr. Campbell—the one massive, the other slender; the one rhetorical and dramatic, the other colloquial and simple, besides the difference of thirty-seven years.

Mr. Campbell is still a young man, thirty-six years of age. His first charge was at Brighton. He found a nearly empty church and quickly filled it, so that the congregation had to migrate to the larger edifice where Paxton Hood had preached, but which had been closed

when Mr. Campbell came to Brighton. The press of course gave publicity to this success; it seemed that the traditions of Robertson were realized again. But solid qualities underlay success and made it permanent.

The personal history of Mr. Campbell is peculiarly interesting. Of Scottish ancestry, the son of a Methodist preacher in London, brought up in the household of a Presbyterian elder in Ireland, confirmed in the Church of England, a student in Christ Church, Oxford, winning honors in his course there, and intending to take Anglican orders, he left the university for the Congregational pulpit at Brighton. Historical studies, searchingly reviewed in his conversations with Canon, now Bishop, Gore, convinced him that the true Church of Christ was not limited to the Anglican, the Greek, and the Roman communions. His soul revolted from what he regarded as the Anglican's unchurching of the Free Churches, with their large share of the religious life of England. And so he cast in his lot with them, and became a Nonconformist pastor.

Sincerity and earnestness, however indispensable to every preacher who would gain hold of his hearers, by no means give full account of Mr. Campbell's influence in the pulpit. People call him "magnetic," whatever that may mean. He has a lustrous eye, and a voice that is both musical and flexible. These, however, are the interpreters of a spirit that is thor-

some political as well as religious consequence in England. With Dr. John Clifford, the veteran leader of the Baptist Churches, and the Rev. Silvester Horne, his fellow-Congregationalist at the head of a great church of the people in Whitefield's old "Tabernacle," Mr. Campbell has come forward as a leader in the policy of "passive resistance" to the recently



REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL

oughly sympathetic with fellow-men, whom he addresses in entire simplicity as one with them in human experiences, speaking out of his own experience to their consciences and hearts. On religious themes he is enough of a rationalist to command intellectual respect and enough of a mystic to warm devotional feeling. He is at once broad and evangelical.

At present Mr. Campbell is a figure of

enacted Education Bill, under which Non-conformists are obliged to pay "rates" for the maintenance of schools controlled by the Church of England and teaching its peculiar doctrines. He announced to his congregation that he should refuse to pay rates for that purpose, and was quite ready to bear punishment for refusal by going to jail for it—an announcement received with enthusiastic applause.





THE STATELY FALL WITH QUIET POOL BENEATH



# I N T H E W O O D S O F O N T A R I O

BY

NORTON ADAMS KENT



ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"GUIDES and canoes will be ready July fifth"—such a telegram might well quicken the blood in the veins, and create in the imagination visions of Nature's wilderness, of stream and forest, of fish and game. So straightway my friend and I were off for the Canadian woods in eastern Ontario, a paradise whose door is the little town of Mattawa.

From the first fortune favored us, for the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, who had arranged for our guides, had chosen for us the best in the country. George Crawford and Frank Le Clair were half-breed Indians; Louis Souci, our cook, was French—a modernized "courrier du bois" whose forte, as he put it, was "biscuits rather than the paddle."

Three hearty shakes of three strong hands, and they were our friends at once.

From Mattawa to Temiskaming Station by rail, thence by steamboat forty-five miles up narrow Lake Temiskaming to a small farm-house at the mouth of the Montreal River—we shook the dust of civilization from our feet and entered "God's out-of-doors." So our two weeks' canoe trip began.

While George and Frank raised the tents and Louis prepared our evening meal, we, the "sports," took account of stock. Surpassing all things in importance was our photographic outfit, a five by seven camera and sixty plates inserted in separate double plate-holders packed in a water-tight box. Bitter experience had suggested this precaution, for the previous summer five dozen plates had been left in Maine, ruined by a compulsory bath. The wild waters of the Allagash even now course over them.

The next morning we were off, past the mouth of the Montreal River and up the small and winding Metabitchouan. Swift

<sup>1</sup> This article stood first among those to which honorable mention was awarded in The Outlook's "Vacation Experiences" contest.



ORDINARY LOADS

came the strokes of the paddles, and with each stroke the light bark canoe sprang forward. In the canoe the Indian guide cannot be beaten; nor is he easily surpassed on land, as we found when we reached Clay Hill Portage. This "carry" well deserves its name. The trail is of clay, its angle seemingly forty-five degrees, its length over a mile. The loads these Indians carry are immense, generally aggregating two hundred pounds. A strap passing over the forehead supports a box which forms the basis of the load—a mass of luggage which usually towers above the bearer's head. On this carry our men, without intervening rest, made a

second trip, George and Frank bearing in regulation style a canoe each, while Louis gathered up the precious utensils of his culinary establishment.

Soon we were off again through Second, Third, and Fourth Bass Lakes, small ponds separated by stretches of quick water through which we paddled and poled with much effort. Here the beauty and wildness of the country began to impress us. High cliffs crowned with pine bordered the stream at times. Young ducks swam from us in the haste of fear. Turning from the more traveled route, we "carried over" into Cooper Lake.

If you have never seen the king of the



northern woods in his glory, then you have missed a sight indeed. The hot afternoon sun beat upon lake and forest, and stillness reigned supreme. On such a day the flies bite hard both man and beast. The lake is their common refuge. We took to our canoes. We paddled into shallow bays where rushes and lily-pads grew, and had not gone far when from the stern of the canoe came to my ears a whisper, "A bull moose in the water ahead." I adjusted my camera while we cautiously approached. Soon we were a hundred yards distant; the animal raised his head from the water. We sat rigid, and the canoes drifted nearer. Undisturbed, he again buried his head, grubbing for lily-pad roots. Instantly the paddles again plied the water, and the distance lessened to fifty yards; then, finally, to but thirty feet. Then from the water emerged a superb head bearing the finest horns we had ever seen. The head turned toward us and I pressed the bulb. Then the old bull ran, and the two canoes dashed after him. Across the muddy shallows he clumsily swung his huge body; then took to the woods. A crackling of twigs in the distance and the forest was still.

The hours and days passed swiftly, the weather proving fine and Fate smiling

upon us. The country grew still more beautiful as we traveled deeper into the forest, along its fair waterways. On we went along Moccasin Stream, through a chain of beautiful lakes, small and thickly wooded, through streams lined here with grassy meadows, there bordered by abrupt cliffs. In places we pushed our way through bushes under overarching trees, and at times waded the stream, dragging and pushing the canoes. Leaving Rabbit Lake, famed for glacial markings and Indian paintings upon its rocky shores, we reached at last a small, nameless pond at the summit of the Rabbit and Temagami watersheds. We had gained the highest point of land in our trip; henceforth our course lay downward. Upon my mind that scene stands stamped indelibly—the wealth of upland foliage, the slender pine raising aloft its clean-cut fingers, the flashing white birch with leaves quivering in the breeze, the moss covering the rocks by the shore, the diminutive wooded islands breaking the expanse of glistening water.

A short climb over a rocky carry, an abrupt descent, and there came into view Temagami Lake, famed for the clearness of its waters and dotted with more than a thousand wooded islands. It is an upland



A COW MOOSE SWIMMING



"A SIGHT ONE SELDOM SEES"

sea—two of its arms stretching over fifteen miles. Upon Temagami we canoed two long and happy days. Here we met a glorious storm. We had hustled for shore and had quickly pitched camp; then, when the deluge came, driven on by a strong southeaster, we were lying in our tents in regal ease. Soon the wind changed, and, although midsummer, old Boreas touched us with his icy fingers. The sky cleared, and then appeared the setting sun, tinting huge banks of clouds with varying shades of crimson.

again supper and the cheery camp fire, conducive to the story-telling mood.

And what tongue can declare the beauties of Non-wa-kaming Lake, with its huge glistening cascade, well called "Diamond Falls;" and of Lake Lady Evelyn, too, graced with her dainty isles?

Five o'clock Friday found us turned westward near the mouth of Willow Island Creek. Memory serves me well. Here it was that, sunk deep in afternoon reverie with weary hands trailing in the cool water, I was suddenly aroused to



WILLOW ISLAND CREEK

Into a steaming lake we launched early the following morning, and about noon reached the Hudson's Bay post on Bear Island. All Canada, even to the Great Bay and beyond, is dotted with these small stations, supply centers for the hunter and trapper. That afternoon, after four hours' paddling against a northern breeze, we were making for an island when the wind suddenly quickened into a gale and both canoes shipped water. Many a frail craft has thus been swamped. With evening came a calm; then once

action by a word from my guide. A quick spurt, and we dashed between moose and shore and forced the animal, a huge cow, to attempt an escape by swimming. Four photographs of her crowned our efforts: the last was taken at a distance of ten feet. We even stroked the beast with a paddle, under the circumstances a dangerous liberty.

That evening our tents were pitched upon a rocky point at the bend of the creek. Here we established our base.

From this point we started up stream

after trout, carrying only gun, fishing-rods, camera, and a "snack" of food for lunch. That was a great day. Did Fortune favor here? No and yes. As a trout expedition the day's journey was a failure, for seven hours' paddling took us too short a distance up-stream. But the falls and the woods—what a country! To make camp ere dark we finally conquered the instinct of the explorer and the strong longing which impels every true angler to try yet one more pool. We turned back. The current, our foe of the morning, was now a friend. Again we carried by the foaming cataract where the stream, flushed with recent rains, leaped in abrupt plunges a total of nigh a hundred feet into the rock-bound caldron below. We shot many a small rapid and passed again through chains of lakes. Then came the stately fall with quiet pool beneath—an earnest of the calmer waters of Willow Island Lake.

Late in the afternoon, while pondering upon the fact that we had seen no moose that day, we came suddenly upon a bull. The old fellow was somewhat hidden by rushes. Still, he did not escape me, for he had just bade us adieu when I caught him at short range. Again a few moments passed, when, behold, down-stream, a pair of horns above dense water-rushes. My companion's canoe was leading; Frank cautiously paddled up to the reeds and peered through. Then four eloquent fingers told a startling story; there were four moose. As though alive, my canoe sprang forward and instantly was beside the other. I stood at full height, pointed at the center of the group, and pressed the bulb. I sat down, changed my plate, arose again, and found the animals almost as before—one old bull had merely lifted his head from the water in curious ease. And again the shutter closed. Then the group split up. A third plate shows but two animals. That was a sight one seldom sees; there were two full-grown bulls and two calves—a cow and a bull. This formed the climax of our experiences with big game.

On the Sabbath we rested. Monday afternoon we camped on stream-like Mattawapika Lake opposite a rocky bluff. This we climbed, and through the trees espied in the distant haze the mountain whose streams feed Willow Island Creek.

And what of the superb falls of Lake Mattawapika? It is here that Temagami, Non-wa-kaming, Lady Evelyn, and countless other smaller lakes pour forth their wealth of water in one grand discharge, which flushes to the brim the swift-flowing Montreal. Lucky for us that our course lay down-stream.

Wednesday the Montreal River was still urging us onward. We stopped for lunch, and kindled our fire on a small plateau well-nigh seventy-five feet above the river. Below us lay dark waters, hemmed in by tree-clad banks. We were at the parting of the ways. Should we follow the Haileybury trail or the Montreal River? We chose the latter, the less traveled and more dangerous route—children of destiny born under lucky stars! About the finest sport of the trip lay in shooting the rapids of that river. Hound Chute, Ragged Chute, Fountain Falls, rapid upon rapid, rough and long carries, a superb virgin flora, strong and quick bass gamy as trout—it was all like a dream, so quickly did the scene shift in that wild dash downward. The river continued steep-banked, narrow, and wild. Its furious energy had conquered the king of the woods himself, for at the base of Hound Chute we came upon the carcass of a huge moose. The animal had probably attempted to swim the stream above, too near the brink of the falls.

Several rapids we could not shoot with full loads. Here all five of us made one trip over the portage, our two Indians returning for the empty canoes. It was a fine sight to see them come down-stream, riding those mad waters. Canoe and man seemed one; for grace you will not see the like. The guide kneels amidships; force and agility mark his every move. A ragged rock seems straight ahead, when, quick as a flash, the animated canoe leaps aside and dodges like a boy at play. Then comes the rocky, chopping water at the base of the rapid. The smiling face and poise of victory show Nature again vanquished—her victor, man.

And the last day's episode! We left Frank and Louis to attend to the transportation of our outfit over the last carry, and my friend and I, with a young fire-ranger as guide, also our faithful George, started on another trout expedition. That



"IN THE DISTANT HAZE THE MOUNTAIN WHOSE STREAMS FEED WILLOW ISLAND CREEK"

day was a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. Where lies the much-desired pond we will not say. No law bids angler tell where lie the biggest trout. But perchance he himself may not know. Imagine the following scene: Time, 3 P.M.; locality, doubtful; scenic setting, ahead and behind, on right and left, forest; beneath, a first-rate cedar swamp with all its natural accessories; above, the vault of heaven thinly veiled with foliage. Furniture, two canoes, rifle, fishing-rods, etc., but no food. *Dramatis personæ*, three semi-weary individuals, seated; one serene Indian woodsman, standing, a latent smile lurking about the corners of his generous mouth. The young ranger mops his brow. "I reckon we are lost," he mutters. General concurrence with that reckoning— But—the trout, the fairest of all fish that swim! See the swirl of that proud tail as its owner flashes from the surface for the fly. "The landing-net, quick; I have him!" The stern hand of necessity rudely broke the spell; no trout for us that day. We must act—act quickly and wisely too. We left one canoe where we stood. George, the unconquered, led the way and set the pace—a pace indeed! Soon we found again that apology for a trail. Then came

a little lake—four men and but one small canoe. Two trips were necessary. *He* made them. Then a new way home, on territory known to him. For two miles we followed him. My friend and I carried almost nothing, but at times it took both strength and courage to keep pace with that ensouled, inverted canoe which rose and fell before us, crept deftly through the brush, vaulted the fallen log, and ever glided forward. We reached camp at 6:30. The events of that day furnish most pleasant memories. We failed; but experience is a good teacher, and some day our lines will whip that mystic pond.

Our trip was at an end; we had covered over two hundred miles of waterway and had emerged from the woods within two hundred yards from where we entered.

I have seen the gaunt Mount Kineo in Maine, and the rocky gorge of Ripogenus, which chains the Penobscot's western branch; I have camped beneath the shadow of Katahdin, wildest of the wild; I have shot the rapids of the rushing Allagash on its course to the famed St. John—but, for beauty and for charm, for unblemished loveliness, the Ontario woods stand supreme.



"HE HAD JUST BADE US ADIEU WHEN I CAUGHT HIM AT SHORT RANGE"

## Litany of a Tired Heart

By Caroline Atwater Mason

Lord, my cares are many;  
I lay them all on Thee.  
Lord, my sins are many;  
I lay them all on Thee.  
Lord, my griefs are many;  
I lay them all on Thee.  
Lord, have pity on me,  
Lord, look down on me.

# Jeanne de Lanier

By Francis Sterne Palmer

(The sprucewoods at night ; Jeanne, who has fled to join her lover :)

"Kindred of the moss and bough,  
Do you all desert me now?—  
In my own woods is there no heart  
To take poor Jeanne de Lanier's part?

"What stir was that!—a grouse's wing  
In a fir-tree fluttering.  
Be kind to-night, O good gray grouse—  
Friendless I fled my father's house!

"Red doe that listens in the wood,  
We are of one sisterhood;  
And, O my sister, I need you too—  
Doe, I belong to the woods like you!

"Black bear, to-night let ant-log be,  
Give o'er your quest for honey-tree;  
To me a brother's help is due—  
Bear, I belong to the woods like you!"

(Jeanne moves off wearily. On her track come woodsmen in the service of the Seigneur de Lanier.  
Pierre the Hunter:)

"Look, men, the runaway is near,  
Just now her foot trod mosses here;  
We'll have her back to kneel to priest,  
To lead the way to her wedding-feast,  
To take the husband chosen for her—  
To forget her Antoine the Voyageur!"

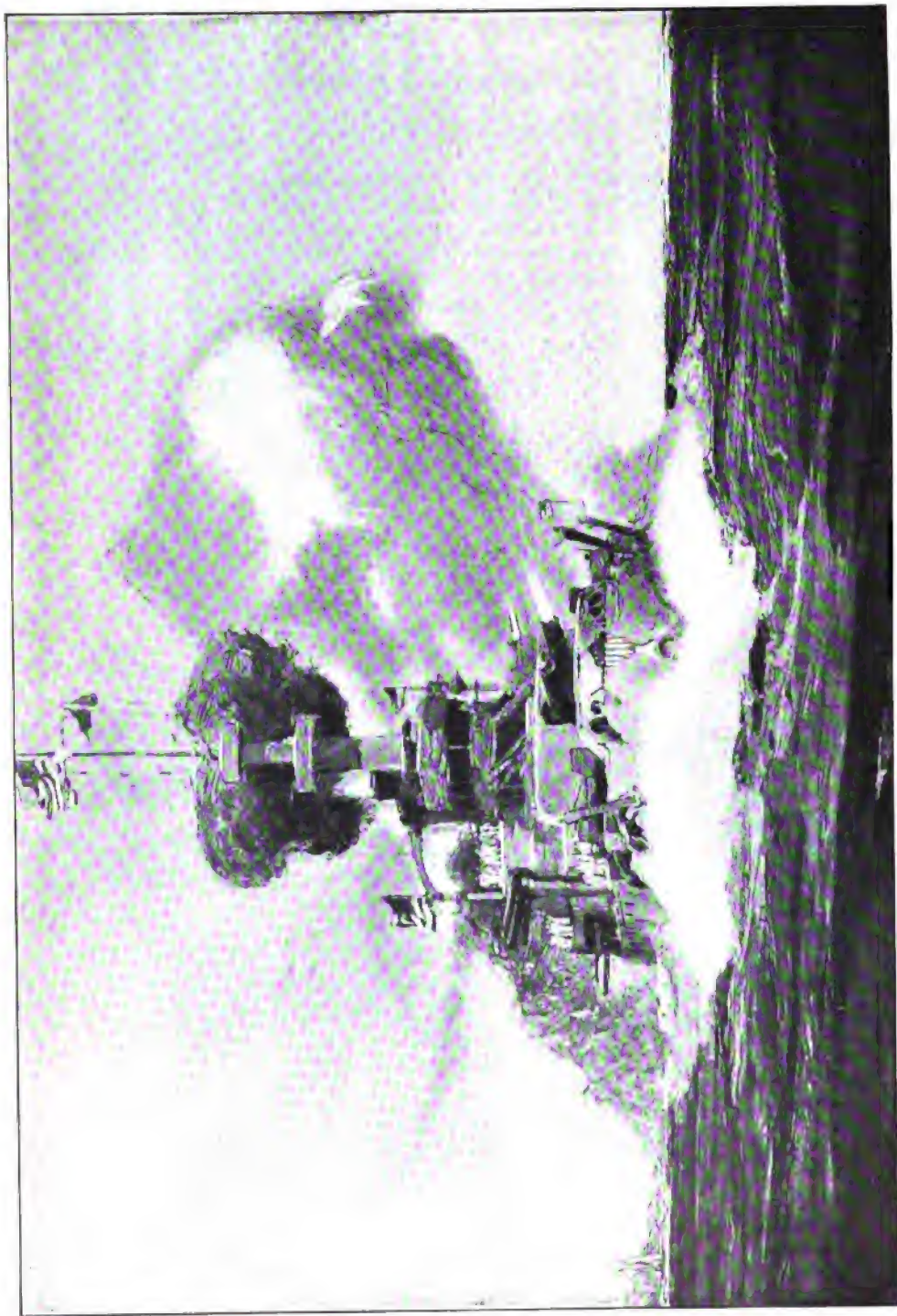
Pierre scarce had done, when reared a bear,  
Right in his path, and, swaying there,  
The hunter thought he heard it speak,  
"Back, Pierre! I guard the one you seek!"

The dark boughs of a fir-tree stirred,  
And from its depths a voice was heard:  
"Let Jeanne, our sister, freely go—  
Back, Pierre! the gray grouse wills it so!"

From darker shadows of the wood  
Leaped a doe and before him stood;  
"The deer of the spruce watch o'er her flight—  
Back, Pierre, we all are on guard to-night!"

Pierre the Hunter, with his men,  
Came to de Lanier's house again;  
"Seigneur, let Jeanne be the voyageur's bride—  
The whole sprucewood is on her side!"





THE OREGON AT SANTIAGO  
Drawn by Henry Reuterahl.





## THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

**B**Y the mobilization of our entire armored strength at Santiago on June 1, 1898, the Navy Department made the natural tactical move which must have been anticipated by the naval strategists of Spain before Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands. We know that such was the expectation of the Spanish Admiral and of his captains, though they considered either of the squadrons in which our fleet was divided sufficient to destroy their own. "Taking into account injuries and accidents to machinery, the necessity of renewing the coal supply, and other difficulties from which no ship is exempt," wrote Captain Concas y Palau, Cervera's chief of staff, "they formed only two squadrons instead of four, so that even if two or more of the most powerful ships were temporarily absent, the remaining forces would still be such as to exclude any doubt as to the result. This is an admirable military precaution even in case of overwhelming superiority." So convinced was Admiral Cervera that destruction would be the inevitable consequence of departure from Santiago that, in response to a request from the Captain-General of Cuba for an expression of opinion as to the plan that should be followed, he wrote:

"I, who am a man without ambitions, without mad passions, believe that whatever is most expedient should be done, and I state most emphatically that I shall *never* be the one to decree the horrible and useless hecatomb which will be the only possible result of the sortie from here by main force, for I should consider myself responsible before God and history

for the lives sacrificed on the altar of vanity, and not in the true defense of the country."

It was the conviction in Washington, also, that an attempt by the Spanish division to escape would result in its annihilation. Yet there was the chance of one or more vessels running the blockade at night or during bad weather; and we were decidedly nervous as each day brought nearer the hurricane season, with the possibility of disaster as its accompaniment. It was difficult to get out of one's head the doggerel used by the sailor in describing weather conditions in the Caribbean Sea:

June, too soon.  
In July, stand by.  
August, look out you must.  
September, remember.  
October, all over.

Sampson was as concerned about weather conditions as was the Department. Before leaving St. Nicholas Channel for Key West to obtain permission to go to Santiago, he had sent instructions to Commodore Schley to sink the collier *Sterling* across the narrow part of the entrance of the Cuban harbor. This was not done before the arrival of Sampson, though the *Sterling* had reported on May 30, and Sampson at once prepared to carry out the plan. By his direction, Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson attached electric torpedoes to the hull of the *Merrimac*, selected in place of the *Sterling* as the obstruction for the harbor; sea-valves were cut, cargo ports opened, and anchor chains holding the anchors were ranged on deck, so that the ship could be brought to a stop almost automatically. On the morning of June 3, with seven men composing his crew, Hobson gallantly took the collier into the harbor entrance, and, in spite of the

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company. All rights reserved.

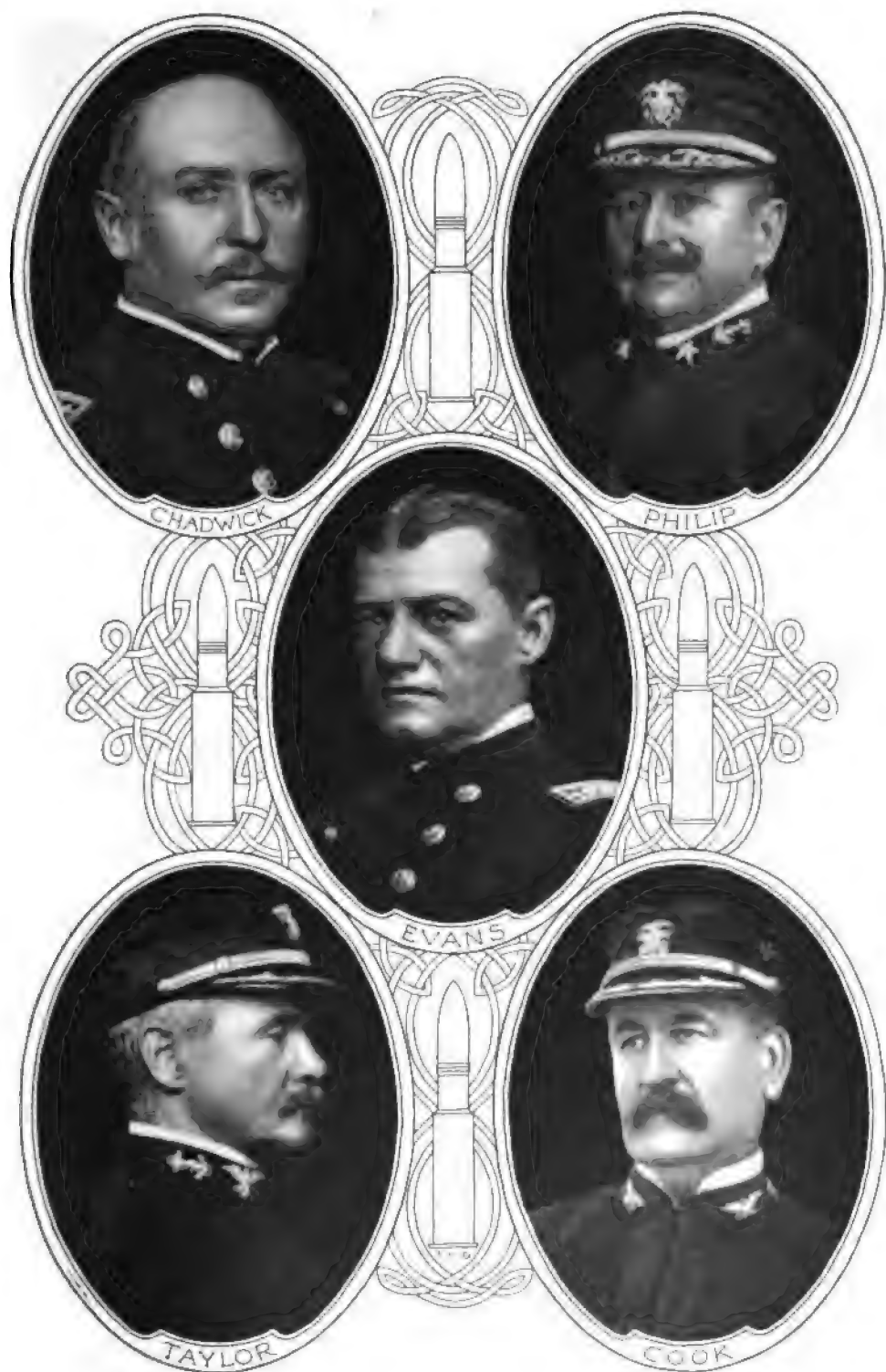
This is the tenth of a series of papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China.

tremendous fire to which he was subjected, coolly sunk her. Unfortunately, an injury to her steering gear and the failure of some of the torpedoes along her side to explode prevented the Merrimac from sinking until much higher in the channel than had been intended. Nevertheless, the plan which was so promising in conception was daringly executed, and Naval Constructor Hobson and his men cannot be praised too highly for the courage and patriotism which prompted them to beg for and carry out orders which seemed condemnation to death. Indeed, the rivalry, not only among officers, but among the men, for service on this forlorn hope, which meant almost certain death, was very striking. One man was taken from each ship, and in one case at least a disappointed seaman offered his accumulated wages for the chance of his successful shipmate.

The sinking of the Merrimac has been criticised; and yet, had it blocked the channel as intended, the Spanish fleet would have been ours and have been added undestroyed to our navy. Sampson quickly learned that the channel was still open, and that the enemy could leave if disposed to run the gauntlet before them. Our men-of-war remained, therefore, as they had been before the Merrimac was sunk, a wall against escape. Coaling operations were at first conducted in plain sight of the enemy; but Sampson recognized the need of a quiet harbor in which the vessels could receive fuel without disturbance from wind and sea. Before he left Key West for Santiago, the Department advised him that Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, commanding the St. Louis, who had been engaged in cable-cutting operations at Guantanamo, reported that Bay weakly defended. Sampson was advised to seize it for use as a coaling station, and he sent the Marblehead and the Yankee on June 7 to occupy it. No fortifications were found, though the ships were fired upon by a few old guns mounted at Cayo Toro and a small gunboat. Even before this reconnaissance, Sampson had telegraphed to Commodore Remey directing him to prepare to send to Santiago the battalion of marines which was in camp at Key West. The battalion had been organized at New York during the month of April, and was composed of

vigorous young men whose deeds were to show them equally gallant and courageous. It consisted of twenty-three commissioned officers of the Marine Corps, one surgeon of the navy, and six hundred and twenty-three enlisted men, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Huntington, U. S. M. C. The battalion was organized especially for service in Cuba, and the greatest care was taken to equip it for the arduous and trying work it would be called upon to perform. The auxiliary cruiser Panther, transformed into a marine transport, sailed with the battalion for Cuba on June 7, and reached Santiago three days later. She was immediately ordered to Guantanamo, and at two o'clock of June 10 the marines landed and established a camp at what Cuban officers pronounced to be the only position on the Bay which could be successfully occupied and defended by a small force. The marines were not to hold their ground without fighting for it. They were attacked on June 11 by a superior force of Spaniards, and were subjected to the enemy's operations constantly during the three following days. Protected by their valor, Guantanamo afforded the North Atlantic fleet a safe harbor in which to coal and make repairs. The marine battalion, which was the first American force to establish itself permanently on land in Cuba, remained until August 5. It speaks well for the equipment of the men and the vigilance and care of those to whom their health and comfort were confided that not a single life was lost and only two per cent. were afflicted with disease. Certainly this is a remarkable record, which has never been approached by any foreign force operating in Cuba. It was a splendid exhibition of brave and intelligent service.

Sampson lifted a heavy burden upon his shoulders when he assumed command at Santiago. He arranged for the sinking of the Merrimac, the occupation of Guantanamo Bay for use as a coaling base, and the organization of his command and the assignment of his vessels in the two squadrons into which he divided it. He prepared and promulgated plans of the naval battle that was sure to come, supervised the movements of the more than a hundred vessels within the range of his command, and was charged with the blockade of the



FIVE COMMANDERS AT SANTIAGO

whole Cuban coast and with co-operation with the army and the landing of its troops. His correspondence with the fleet and with the Department was large and constant. On the 2d of June he issued his general order providing for the most thorough precautions to prevent Cervera's escape and for battling and destroying his fleet in case he attempted escape. Under it our fleet line was kept in an inclosing semicircle day and night before the harbor, closely vigilant. Every night the faithful searchlight guarded against the enemy's escape or torpedo attack. Under the following clause of that order, "*If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore,*" the later famous battle of July 3 was actually fought and the great victory won in accordance with the plan of the commander-in-chief, to whom is due the credit that is always given to the man on whom is the responsibility of the command and of the preparation of the plans for execution by those under him.

Meantime he had not lost sight of the importance of ascertaining whether all of the Spanish fleet were at Santiago. On the morning of May 29 Commodore Schley had cabled to the Department that he had recognized the Cristobal Colon and Infanta Maria Teresa and two torpedo-boat destroyers. On May 30 the Commodore was asked to ascertain the whereabouts of the Almirante Oquendo and the Vizcaya, the remaining two armored cruisers, and on May 31 Sampson, when hastening to superintend operations, was told by the Department that it was essential to know the exact location of all of the armored cruisers, as the military expedition against Santiago must necessarily wait for the information. On June 3 Sampson cabled that a reliable Cuban, acting under his instructions, had ascertained and reported the entire Spanish fleet in Santiago.

"Beg troops move with all possible celerity," he added: "of paramount importance." Sampson believed, and this belief the Department shared, that Cervera's capture or destruction would terminate the war. Major-General Miles, commanding the army, had expressed the opinion that it would be extremely hazard-

ous and injudicious to put an army into Cuba during what is known as the "rainy" reason, and pointed out that another element of extreme danger would be the possibility of the navy being unable to keep the water between our territory and that island clear of hostile ships or fleets. Indeed, General Miles counseled that no troops should go to Cuba till our navy had destroyed the Spanish fleet. The War Department, more vigorous, determined early in May that an army under the command of Brigadier-General William R. Shafter should, with the co-operation of the navy, seize and hold Mariel, which was to be the base of operations against Havana. The appearance of Cervera's fleet caused the abandonment of this expedition. The arrival of the enemy's ships in Santiago and the convergence upon that point of our men-of-war to blockade them demonstrated the need of an army to assist the navy in forcing an entrance into the harbor, where it could destroy the Spanish fleet and compel the surrender of the city. On May 27 the Secretary of War was officially advised by the Navy Department that on receipt of absolute information of the presence of the Spanish fleet in Santiago "the movement to Santiago should be made without a moment's delay, day or night." Sampson was simultaneously instructed to organize a convoy for the thirty or more army transports, which convoy should include the New York, Indiana, and Oregon, and as many smaller vessels as could be gathered to guard against possible attack.

The presence of the Spanish division in Santiago made that harbor the center of war. Almost daily after his arrival Sampson cabled urgently requesting expedition in the movement of the army. He invited attention to the fact that if there were delay the city would be defended more strongly by guns taken from the ships, and he asserted that with ten thousand men the city and squadron could be captured or destroyed within forty-eight hours. On June 1 a memorandum was submitted to the Secretary of War stating that the battle-ship Indiana and a dozen smaller vessels were ready to protect the army *en route* to Santiago. This large force, under command of Captain Henry C. Taylor, was assembled to deter



SAMPSON, SCHLEY, AND HOBSON EXAMINING THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO  
Drawn by George Varian.

by the mere fact of overwhelming superiority any enterprising Spanish commander from attempting a dash which might have caused disaster to the transport fleet. The army transport captains, who were civilians, were concerned more about the safety of their ships and the interests of their owners than about the necessities of the government. Never having engaged in such maneuvers, they were unable to maintain formation which would permit concentration of the convoy for their defense. In case of attack, therefore, a panic might ensue, the consequences of which the Department was unwilling to contemplate. It was therefore decided to organize a force the formidable character of which would forbid any plan on the part of the enemy to prevent the army from reaching Santiago. As a further precaution, Sampson was instructed to send a ship to San Juan, Porto Rico, to blockade the torpedo destroyer Terror in that harbor while the army was afloat.

Commodore Remey telegraphed on June 4 that the convoy was ready to sail. The army was slow in embarking, and it was not until June 8 that a part of it was prepared for departure. While those of the transports which had their forces on board, five that day having sailed for the rendezvous down the bay, and two others then hauling out, were moving out of Tampa, the Department received a despatch from Remey giving a circumstantial account of the sighting off the northern coast of Cuba by the auxiliary gunboat Eagle of three Spanish men-of-war, one a protected cruiser and the others torpedo-boat destroyers; and this was subsequently confirmed by the Resolute. The Department could not understand this report. Sampson had positively stated that the four Spanish armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers were locked up in the harbor of Santiago, and the only remaining torpedo-boat destroyer in the West Indies flying the Spanish flag was at San Juan. The information was, however, of the most disturbing character. A request was immediately made of the War Department to delay the departure of the expedition, and men-of-war were sent to reinforce the blockade and to scour the vicinity in which the enemy's division had been

sighted. The five transports above referred to were ordered back. Remey was asked for further particulars. He telegraphed that the captains of the Eagle and Resolute based their reports upon personal observation, and that officers and crew of the former vessel confirmed the statement of their commander. Sampson was advised of the discovery of the enemy's vessels, and directed to send two of his fastest armored vessels to search St. Nicholas Channel and to reinforce the convoy which was to start immediately. In the light of information in his possession, necessarily more ample and accurate than that of the Department, Sampson discredited the report, and cabled that the vessels seen by the Eagle were the Armeria, Scorpion, and Supply of our own fleet, which had been at the point where the supposed hostile ships were sighted. Sampson properly declined to send any armored ships to Key West, asserting that even if the report were found to be correct there was sufficient force to furnish safe convoy. In its message to Sampson the Department had asked him if he were sure that all the Spanish cruisers were in Santiago. To place this point beyond all question, he instructed Commander Daniel Delehanty, commanding the auxiliary gunboat Suwanee, to get in communication with the insurgents and obtain reliable information as to the character and number of Spanish ships in the harbor. Unwilling to trust the insurgents, Commander Delehanty detailed Lieutenant Victor Blue to penetrate to the shore of Santiago, and by personal inspection ascertain the force that lay upon its protected waters. In the uniform of his rank, Lieutenant Blue landed, and upon his return on June 13 reported that he had seen and located all the ships of Admiral Cervera's command.

Decided relief followed the receipt of this information. Even before it reached Washington, however, and, in fact, prior to the inquiry to Sampson for confirmatory knowledge of the presence of the Spanish force at Santiago, Remey had been directed to reassemble and coal the convoy; troops were all the time embarking on board, and on the morning of June 12 it was reported ready for the service expected of it. It was not until 3 P.M. of June 14, however, that the transport fleet sailed from Tampa,





#### THE RETURN OF THE FLEET FROM SANTIAGO

This photograph was taken at four o'clock on the morning of August 20, 1898, from the deck of the Government boat Nina, which had brought a despatch from Secretary Long to Admiral Sampson, notifying him that peace had been declared. In the picture Admiral Sampson stands on the bridge of the New York, which heads the fleet.

soldiers continuing to pour upon the wharf and into the transports until the morning of that day.

To organize the convoy, it had been necessary to strip the blockade and coast defense force of men-of-war. For three weeks our blockade was hardly more than technically effective. Ostensibly to provide protection for Austrians in Cuba, the Vienna Government sent the cruiser *Maria Teresa* on a visit to the ports of the island. The Department was of opinion that the purpose was to determine whether the blockade was conducted in accordance with international law. This was also believed to be one of the objects of the presence in Cuban waters of the German cruiser *Geier*, which arrived at Cienfuegos on June 11, and which reported not a single vessel blockading that port. The commander of the *Geier*, in cruising on the north shore of the island, purposely "kept close to the shore, in order to inspect the harbor of Mariel and to see how far the American blockading-line extended." The *Geier* was somewhat inclined to neglect the customary amenities. On June 22 she was sighted off Havana by the *Wilmington*, to which she explained that she was from Jagua Bay bound to Havana. Commander C. C. Todd, commanding the American gunboat, signaled that the position of the senior officer was north of Havana, and he expected the German cruiser would communicate with that officer before proceeding on her course. But the *Geier* did not alter her direction, and shortly disappeared in a squall. She was not again seen by the *Wilmington*, having entered Havana.

Here were the men-of-war of two nations, both friendly to Spain, cruising in Cuban waters, apparently for the purpose of finding flaws in our blockade; and as their conduct was based necessarily on orders from their Governments, the President could not but consider the possibility of the interference of the latter in the conflict. The advisability of guarding our armored ships by every possible means, and of not permitting them to incur unjustifiable risk of injury by a shot from a shore battery, became more apparent. The need of strengthening our blockade was also plain, as indeed was the desirability of its extension. The Department had learned that the Spaniards

were receiving supplies from Jamaica, Mexico, Europe, and North America, and it feared that the demand for necessities would cause the establishment of lines of steamers connecting neutral countries with Cuban ports which were not mentioned in the President's proclamation of blockade, but which were in communication with Havana. The main object of the blockade was the reduction of Havana by the peaceful though necessarily distressing expedient of cutting off supplies. It was destined to failure unless the cordon about Cuba were extended. The Department therefore determined to recommend the blockade of the coast of Cuba from Cape Francis, near the Yucatan Channel, to Cape Cruz, a short distance to the westward of Santiago. As the vessels carrying supplies to Havana usually entered Batabano, which was in railroad communication with the capital, that port was necessarily included within the limits of the blockade. A few miles from Batabano lies the Isle of Pines. This it was determined to seize for use as a base and harbor of refuge for small vessels operating in its vicinity, and at the time the peace protocol was signed, the Marine battalion, which had done such excellent work at Guantanamo, was on its way to effect occupation.

A further complication was added to the war situation when the State Department was advised on June 18 that the reserve fleet of Spain, consisting of one battle-ship, one armored cruiser, six converted cruisers, and four destroyers, besides auxiliary vessels, under the command of Admiral Camara, was on its way to the Philippines from the Spanish Peninsula. A week before the report of Camara's departure reached the Navy Department, the monitor *Monterey* sailed from San Diego, California, via Honolulu and Guam, and on June 23 the *Monadnock* left San Francisco for the same destination—both intended for reinforcement to Dewey. But the monitors were slow, and we could not count upon their arrival in advance of the Spanish fleet. It became necessary to employ other means to reinforce Dewey. Commodore John C. Watson was detached from the command of the blockading division on the north coast of Cuba and directed to hasten with despatch to Santiago, where he was to



assume command of a squadron consisting of the battle-ships Iowa and Oregon, and the cruisers Newark, Yosemite, Yankee, and Dixie. That the vessels might not suffer from want of fuel, a number of steam colliers, carrying forty thousand tons of the best coal of the country, were assembled at Hampton Roads, and instructions were given them to join Watson in the Azore Islands. Hitherto the Department had attempted, with poor success, to keep news of its orders and plans from the press. On this occasion, however, the plan of an attack upon Spain herself was given the widest publicity, with a view primarily to alarm Spain and cause the recall of Camara, and secondarily to awaken Europe to the fact that the republic of the western hemisphere would not hesitate to carry war, if necessary, across the Atlantic. Announcement was made on June 27 of the organization of Commodore Watson's squadron, officially designated as the "Eastern Squadron," which "will sail for the coast of Spain immediately."

Departure of Camara's reserve fleet left the coast of Spain practically without naval defense, but public opinion and the desire to assert sovereignty in the Philippines forced the Madrid authorities to make the move. For a moment, Spain had considered the withdrawal of Cervera from Santiago, unaware that his return was impossible; but the Captain-General of Cuba frowned on such action. The inadequacy of their home fortifications was known to the Castilians better than to us. But Watson's real destination was not a Spanish port. It was intended that he should follow Camara's fleet, and, though reaching the East after its arrival there, he would have experienced little difficulty in arranging a junction with Dewey. A combined movement by them against the enemy's forces would have insured their annihilation.

The Spanish reserve fleet arrived at Port Saïd on June 26, and the fact was cabled to Dewey. Sampson was also advised of the distance it had made, but he was loth to part with any of his ships because of the opinion that the force he then had "insures a capture which I believe will terminate the war." But the Department could not leave Dewey with an inferior force. Our supremacy in the

Pacific, with all that it meant, must be maintained; the troops *en route* to Manila must be protected. So, disregarding Sampson's views, it was decided not to change the plan with respect to Watson's squadron. The departure of the battle-ships was delayed, however, in order that the remaining armored vessels might fill their bunkers and maintain for as long a time as possible without recoaling their position off Santiago.

Our difficulty in making a wise distribution of the armored vessels available was great; but the Spaniards, too, were having trouble. The Egyptian Government prohibited transshipment of coal to the Spanish battle-ship Pelayo, and on June 30 Camara was directed to leave Egyptian ports at once. His failure to pass without delay through the Suez Canal cast a doubt upon his destination, or indicated that he was not properly equipped for the long voyage to the Philippines. Watson's departure was suspended. The first of the Spanish ships began passage through the Canal on July 2, and others went through on July 5 and 6. In the meantime Cervera's squadron had been destroyed, and the defense of Spain compelled the return of the ships in the Red Sea.

Meantime not the slightest attempt was made by the Spanish gunboats lurking in the harbors of Cuba to prevent the American transports with the army on board from safely reaching their destination. The knowledge of the formidable character of the fleet conveying it was sufficient to deter even the boldest from making a dash upon it. Before the departure of the expedition, the plan of campaign to be pursued jointly by the army and navy upon arrival at Santiago had been fully discussed by the War and Navy Departments. Major-General William R. Shafter, commanding the military force, was directed by General R. A. Alger, Secretary of War, to proceed with his expedition "under convoy of the navy to the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba, land your force at such place east and west of that point as your judgment may dictate, under the protection of the navy, and move it on to high ground and bluffs overlooking the harbor or into the interior, as shall best enable you to capture or destroy the garrison there; and cover the

navy as it sends its men in small boats to remove torpedoes, or, with the aid of the navy, capture or destroy the Spanish fleet now reported to be in Santiago harbor." It was the confident expectation of the service that the army would attack from the rear the Spanish shore batteries which Sampson found no difficulty in silencing, and in which direction they could not fire. It was suggested to the President by the Navy Department that the important bridge of Juragua, reported mined and guarded by a small force of Spanish soldiers, should be seized and held by the army. With it in our possession a great advantage in the movement on the forts would be achieved. As the fleet would be employed in raising the mines and attacking the Spanish vessels within the harbor, the Department expressed the opinion that no body of seamen should be landed for participation in the attempt on the bridge. This memorandum to the President was transmitted by the Secretary of War to General Shafter.

On the day of the army's arrival on the 21st of June, Captain French E. Chadwick, commanding the armored cruiser New York, and Sampson's chief of staff, was sent to confer with General Shafter. Captain Chadwick pointed out on a chart which he brought the positions occupied by the eastern and western batteries, the carrying of which was regarded by the Admiral as of primal importance, to be done before attention was paid to the city. "The possession of these points," says Admiral Sampson in his official report, "insured the destruction of the mines by us, the entrance of the heavy ships in the harbor, and the assault on Cervera's squadron. To this General Shafter gave most cordial assent, and stated that he had no intention of attacking the city proper, that here (pointing to the entrance) was the key to the situation, and that when we had this we had all."

Following the conference of Captain Chadwick with General Shafter, the latter met Rear-Admiral Sampson and Generals Garcia and Rabi, of the insurgent forces, a short distance from Aserradero, and the plan of campaign was discussed. General Shafter claims that he announced at this conference his purpose to move against the city of Santiago. In his official report, Rear-Admiral Sampson reported that at

that time General Shafter repeated what he had stated to Captain Chadwick. "I do not know why a change of plan occurred," Rear-Admiral Sampson states, "unless it was that the troops on being landed advanced themselves so far on the roads toward Santiago, before any specific plan of operations had been decided upon, that it was found inconvenient to divert them to the other points. I believe that such adherence would have resulted in a much quicker surrender of the Spanish troops and with much less loss of life, excepting possibly to the navy, which would have borne the brunt of attack instead of the army."

By changing the plan and attacking Santiago, Shafter made the city his objective, when the motive of the expedition was the destruction of Cervera's command. From the moment of his arrival until the surrender of Santiago Sampson believed, and in this opinion he was supported by his subordinates, that the capture of the fortifications defending the entrance to the harbor was the first and only proper military move, and once it was carried out, not only would Cervera's division be sunk or captured, but the city would fall. As Shafter's position before Santiago increased in seriousness, his appeals to the navy to force the harbor of Santiago increased in earnestness. "Navy should go into harbor at any cost," he cabled to the War Department. "If they do, I believe they will take the city and all the troops that are there. If they do not, our country should be prepared for heavy losses among our troops." This cablegram was sent two days after the destruction of Cervera's squadron. The international situation, however, did not permit us to throw our armored vessels away on the mines in Santiago harbor when there were no Spanish vessels to attack and destroy. We could not afford to lose one battle-ship; our efforts to purchase war-ships before the war showed that the acquisition of a single battle-ship was impossible. Moreover, as has already been stated, the attitude of Continental Europe forbade the reduction of our armored naval strength, because upon it we might have to rely for defense, not only from the Spanish force in European waters, but from an attack by the navy of another country. Sampson never enter-

tained the slightest fear of the forts defending Santiago. "They cannot even prevent our entrance," he wrote to General Shafter the day before Cervera's fleet came out. "Our trouble from the first has been that the channel to the harbor is well strewn with observation mines, which would certainly result in the sinking of one or more of our ships if we attempted to enter the harbor, and by the sinking of a ship the object of the attempt to enter the harbor would be defeated by the preventing of further progress on our part. It was my hope that an attack on your part of these shore batteries from the rear would leave us at liberty to drag the channel for torpedoes." Sampson finally determined to bring the marines from Guantanamo to capture the batteries, but before the plan could be put into execution additional troops arrived and the city surrendered.

It was gratifying to the Department to find that it had at Santiago an officer who would not be turned from the course which was so clearly buoyed. The pressure upon Sampson to follow the procedure of Farragut was not greater than that applied in Washington. Sharp criticism was leveled at the Department and at Sampson because of their refusal to risk the loss of any of our armorclads. Secretary Alger wrote on July 15, urging that orders be given the fleet to force its way into the Bay. On the following day a cable was received from Rear-Admiral Sampson fully explaining the situation, and declaring that "to throw my ships to certain destruction upon mine-fields would be suicidal folly."

The Department needed not this explanation to understand Sampson's course. Before its receipt the determination had been reached to relieve him of criticism and to accept in Washington the responsibility for his refusal to enter Santiago. He was directed to confer with the commander of the army with a view to doing all that was reasonably possible to insure the surrender of the enemy. "I leave the matter to your discretion," the Secretary of the Navy cabled, "except that the United States armored vessels must not be risked"—except, of course, in encountering the enemy's vessels.

The events described cover the period between the ~~military~~ military expe-

dition at Santiago and a few days prior to the capitulation of the Spanish forces in the eastern end of Cuba. Before the departure of Shafter's expedition from Tampa, the attention of the War Department was called to the need of supplying General Shafter's command with means for landing at its destination. The navy was prepared, of course, to furnish all the assistance in its power, in the disembarkation of troops, stores, etc. The Secretary of War advised the Secretary of the Navy that "the Major-General commanding will land his own troops. All that is required of the navy is to convoy and protect with the guns of the convoy while the military forces are landed." Yet practically no preparations were made by Shafter to land his army, and this task fell upon the navy. How well it was accomplished is shown by the cordial acknowledgment of army officers. This satisfactory maneuver followed a feint on the west side of the harbor and the bombardment of Darquiri, which was the point of landing, and of several other available sites of debarkation. There being a possibility that Cervera would take advantage of the opportunity to attempt to escape, Sampson reinforced the blockading squadron by the battle-ship *Indiana*, which had accompanied the army expedition from Tampa.

With that bravery and gallantry which have characterized the conduct of American troops in action, the army under Shafter pressed forward toward Santiago. Its advance forced Spain to come to a decision in regard to Cervera's fleet. Captain-General Blanco expressed the opinion on June 28 that the situation of the vessels in Santiago was the most dangerous of all, and that if they should be destroyed without fighting the moral effect would be terrible both in Spain and abroad. Cervera replied that, on account of lack of batteries to keep the hostile squadron at a distance, it remained constantly near the harbor entrance, illuminating it, which made a sortie, except by main force, impossible. "In my opinion," added the Admiral, "the sortie will entail the certain loss of the squadron and the majority of its crews. I shall never take this step on my own account, but if your Excellency so orders I shall carry it out." The position of the Spanish troops defending Santiago became daily more

untenable, and on July 2 General Blanco cabled to Cervera that, in view of the exhausted and serious condition of Santiago, he should go out immediately.

Sunday, July 3, 1898, is a day which will live in the annals of the American navy. A fog rested over the Bay of Santiago. It was the pall which was descending upon the power of Spain in the Indies. Outside, when the morning blushed, it disclosed the American ships gently rocking at their blockading positions, their bows in semicircle pointing each to the narrow orifice through which Cervera was preparing to dash. In bold relief, rising from the blue of the ocean, was the rugged shore, covered, save at the mouth of the harbor, with verdure. Sampson had arranged to confer with General Shafter at Siboney during the morning, and at 8:55 A.M. he started for the rendezvous, signaling as he left, "Disregard movements commander-in-chief." The familiar signal, as is well known in naval parlance, is not a relinquishment or transfer of command, but a notification to the vessels of the fleet that the commander-in-chief is moving—in this case, save of his usual place in the blockading line. The blockading squadron was further weakened by the absence of the Massachusetts, which, needing coal, had left at four o'clock for Guantanamo. Having taken a leading part in the pursuit of Cervera and in keeping him in Santiago, it seems a hard fate that she was deprived of participation in the battle, and it was a source of especial regret to me that the Bay State was not among those the namesakes of which did so nobly for the honor of the flag.

The morning wore on with the monotonous round of duties imposed upon the crews of war-ships. These were at their day stations—further out than at night. They were ranged in the form of a semicircle, with the harbor as the center, the Brooklyn holding the extreme left or western end of the line, the Texas next toward the east, the Iowa still further east and south on the curve, then the Oregon, and as the line swept into the coast, the Indiana. Closer in shore, and not far from the Brooklyn and the Indiana respectively, lay the converted gunboats Vixen and Gloucester. The vigilance the ships had observed, the

rivalry between them to be the first to sight the enemy, the danger that neglect might result in death or the destruction of some of the ships, or, worse yet, the disgrace of the enemy's escape, caused constant scrutiny of the narrow channel leading into the harbor.

The fact that the enemy was coming out was discovered almost simultaneously on several ships. From a six-pounder of the Iowa, two sharp reports, the first to break the stillness of that peaceful Sabbath morning, reverberated toward the green-covered hills. From her signal mast fluttered "Enemy's ships coming out," but the breeze had not time to straighten the flags before there broke out from the Texas the same signal.

"We had just finished making the turn at Diamond Bank, amidst deathlike silence, everybody awed by the magnificent spectacle of the ships issuing from the Morro and Socapa," Captain Concas wrote. "It was a solemn moment, capable of making the calmest heart beat faster. From outside the conning-tower, which I did not want to enter, in order, if I should fall, to set an example to my defenseless crew, I asked leave of the Admiral to open fire, and, that received, I gave the order. The bugle gave the signal for the commencement of the battle, an order which was repeated by those of the other batteries, and followed by a murmur of approbation from all those poor sailors and marines who were anxious to fight; for they did not know that those warlike echoes were the signal which hurled their country at the feet of the victor, since they were to deprive Spain of the only power still of value to her, without which a million soldiers could be of no service; of the only power which would have weight in the treaty of peace; a power the destruction of which would place Spain at the mercy of her enemy—the old Spain of Europe, not Cuba alone, as many ignorant persons believed. The sound of my bugles was the last echo of those which history tells us were sounded at the capture of Granada. It was the signal that the history of four centuries of grandeur was at an end and that Spain was becoming a nation of the fourth class."

Most of the crews of the American ships were at Sunday inspection when the enemy's vessels were discovered. In the

lead was the Infanta Maria Teresa, following her the Vizcaya, then the Colon, and finally the Oquendo. The two destroyers lagged behind, though the intention was that, under the protection of the larger ships, they should hug the shore and thus escape the fire of the American guns. To the lookouts on the American ships, the Teresa, as she slowly felt her way along the narrow, tortuous channel, looked like a small tugboat, but through their glasses they promptly identified her and the ships which followed in her wake as the enemy which they and their mess-mates had so long sought an opportunity to engage.

With an alacrity that bespoke gratification that the close of weary waiting and watching had come, officers and men sprang to their stations. As they ran, gunners and stokers stripped off their upper clothing. The moment was fraught with the risk of death, but it was filled with action, and the men who were the actors wanted nothing to impede rapid and accurate movement. Down in the bowels of the ships, the stokers, the firemen, and the engineers, deprived of the inspiration which the flash of the guns and the sight of the enemy give, feverishly threw coal into the furnaces, or sprayed the fuel and started the fans to put on forced draught, or watched the machinery and carried out the orders that the brazen bell or the speaking-tube brought from their officers. The men, grimed with coal-dust, knew that upon them depended to a large extent whether the enemy would escape. And who can describe the feelings of the men at the machinery, as they cursed at the steam for its slowness in rising, and at the fact that motives of economy and the desire to remain as long as possible before Santiago without recoaling had caused so many of their captains to refrain from keeping up steam on all the boilers? For only the Oregon was prepared for full speed—a condition due to Captain Charles E. Clark, the commander of that famous ship, and his Chief Engineer, Robert W. Milligan, who kept the furnace fires lighted—certainly a fortunate circumstance on that fortunate day.

"If the enemy tries to escape," Sampson had directed in the standing battle order of June 2, which had undergone no modification, "the ships must close

and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel." This was the command of the day. Toward the mouth of the harbor the American ships started. The Vixen, not to obstruct the fire of the Brooklyn, properly turned out to sea. The Gloucester, at the eastern point of the line, gathered steam waiting the appearance of the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, which Commander Wainwright, her commander, marked as his especial prey. And when the Furor and Pluton appeared, he slipped the leash, and the Gloucester, herself a mere pleasure yacht without armor and with an inferior battery, sprang at them—David at Goliath—a lightly clad youth fighting armored gladiators. The example of the commander inspired the men. It was one of the most intrepid and brilliant heroisms in all naval history. Calmly and deliberately they aimed at the destroyers, the most dreaded vessels of the Spanish navy, and shell after shell struck the target. Upon the destroyers also our armorclads turned their guns. The Pluton was soon disabled; she turned and labored toward the rocks upon which she struck. The Furor, a wreck, aimlessly maneuvered in circles. Practically broken in two by a large shell which pierced her midships, her bow shot up from the water and she sank.

Before the tragedy of the destroyers began, that of the armored cruisers was in course of consummation. As the Teresa moved out of the harbor, upon her was concentrated the awful fire of four battle-ships and one armored cruiser. Captain Concas states in his book that the plan agreed upon before the ships came out contemplated the ramming of the Brooklyn by the Teresa; but if this were really the purpose, it was abandoned before attempt was made to put it into execution. Captain Taylor, of the Indiana, observed that the Teresa showed no intention to ram the Brooklyn; so did Commander Wainwright. There were a few minutes when uncertainty prevailed as to what the Spanish ships would do. Would they separate, and, each pursuing a different direction, attempt to confuse the fire of the American squadron? But Cervera, whose flag flew from the mast-head of the Teresa, quickly settled this

point, and took a westward course, closely followed by the remainder of his command.

The New York and Brooklyn were the only American vessels credited with the speed the Spanish cruisers were reputed to possess. The distance away of the former vessel, therefore, made it even more imperative that the enemy should not be allowed to pass the blockading line. As the Brooklyn was rushing in, she repeated the signal of the Iowa, "Enemy's ships escaping," then gave "Clear ship for action," and a third signal, "Close up"—all in execution of Rear-Admiral Sampson's standing order. Signal that the enemy was escaping had been hoisted on the New York, which, though out of the line, was in plain sight of the Iowa, Indiana, and Gloucester, and not much farther from the Indiana and Gloucester than the Brooklyn was from those vessels.

Thus the first move of the action was in exact accordance with the instructions of the Commander-in-Chief. Their complete observance was, however, prevented by the failure of the Brooklyn to hold the position which had been assigned to her. As this cruiser was steaming in toward the mouth of the harbor, Commodore Schley explained to Captain Cook, commanding the vessel, and a very brave and competent officer, that the signal, "Close up," meant that he was "to keep somewhere about one thousand yards from the enemy, so as to be outside of her broadside torpedo range"—although no such interpretation seems to have been placed upon it by the Commander-in-Chief. To this may possibly be ascribed Captain Cook's direction to port the helm as the ship was nearing the enemy—an order immediately confirmed by Schley—and the Brooklyn began to turn away from the battle-line until her stern was presented to the hostile cruisers. This maneuver was executed while from the masthead of the vessel was flying the signal, "Close up"! Having gone to the southward a distance not fully established, but ranging between eight hundred and two thousand yards, the Brooklyn turned and ran parallel with the Spanish ships. Schley declared this maneuver the crucial and deciding feature of the combat, and that it removed him from "dangerous proximity" to the enemy—a claim which Presi-

dent Roosevelt sharply criticised in his reply to Schley's appeal from the Court of Inquiry. But it almost precipitated a collision with the Texas, which was compelled to stop and lose distance, in order to escape the danger which was thus thrust upon her, and it left a hole in the blockading line, through which the enemy promptly steamed. Had the Spanish cruisers been able to make their estimated speed, this disobedience of Admiral Sampson's order to close and sink or force them to run ashore in the channel might have resulted in their escape. The Spaniards themselves expressed surprise that they were able to leave the mouth of the harbor at all. "When the Oquendo came out of the harbor," Captain Concas states, "it is strange that the American battle-ships which ought to have surrounded her did not capture or sink her then and there, because with the superiority they had they ought to have accomplished more than they did." To those on the Texas the moment of greatest danger in the battle was when the Brooklyn loomed out of the smoke. "Suddenly a whiff of breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall," wrote Captain Philip, of the Texas, "and there bearing toward us and across our bows turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the Brooklyn. She looked as big as half a dozen Great Easterns, and seemed so near that it took our breath away. 'Back both engines hard!' went down the tube to the astonished engineers, and in a twinkling the old ship was racing against herself. The collision, which seemed imminent, even if it was not, was averted, and as the big cruiser glided past all of us on the bridge gave a sigh of relief. Had the Brooklyn struck us then, it would have probably been the end of the Texas and her half thousand men."

Once turned and straightened out on a course to the westward about 2,400 yards from the parallel line of the Spanish ships, the Brooklyn did splendid and conspicuous work, lost the only man killed on our side, and did everything to redeem the error of her first maneuver.

In the meantime all the American vessels were covering the Spanish ships with a steel hail which smothered the men at the guns and prevented an accurate return.

The Teresa could not stand up under the deadly fire to which she was subjected. Two twelve-inch shells from the Iowa or the Texas smashed in her armor and entered under the berth-deck, exploding in the stern torpedo-manipulating room, cutting the beams of the berth-deck on the port side away from the frames and completely wrecking everything in that compartment. A ragged hole four feet square on the starboard side showed the point of exit. Three eight-inch shells struck the ship, two of which exploded and the third passed through the hull without bursting. Other projectiles also penetrated the vessel, killing and wounding men, driving the gunners from their stations, and setting the woodwork on fire. The Teresa was soon a burning hulk, and at 10:15 A.M. she turned to the shore and was beached six and one-half miles from the Morro. As she struck the rock, the tars of the Texas, with the elation natural to the victorious, began to cheer. But, gazing with pitying eye upon the sufferings of the men lying wounded upon the decks of the cruiser or frantically endeavoring to escape from the flames which were licking up the masts, Captain Philip, his heart bursting with the awfulness of her disaster, cried to his crew, "Don't cheer, boys: the poor devils are dying."

The murderous fire which had been poured upon the Teresa as she made her exit from the harbor was also suffered by the Vizcaya and Oquendo. By the time the Oquendo appeared, the gunners of the American fleet had recovered from their first excitement, and they aimed at her as coolly as they had done a few days before at the batteries defending the entrance to the harbor. The precision with which they shot was shown by the effect on the target-ship. Her sides, smokestacks, ventilators, hatchtrunk, practically everything above the water line, were riddled by large shells or fragments and by numerous small projectiles. One eight-inch common shell struck the hood of the forward eleven-inch gun at the edge of the port and burst, its fragments killing every one in the turret and wrecking the gun and its mount. Six other eight-inch shells entered the ship, causing frightful damage. Like the Teresa, the Oquendo was soon on fire, which could not be extinguished, and she was beached half a

mile to the westward of the point where the Teresa had sought a resting-place. The Vizcaya and the Colon were now left to carry on the battle with the uninjured American ships. The Indiana, which had used her guns with terrific effect upon the Spanish ships as they left the mouth of the harbor, was unable to keep up with the flying cruisers. She used her guns at long range upon the Vizcaya until Captain Taylor observed that vessel on fire and heading toward the shore.

By the loop of the Brooklyn the Texas had lost distance and position. Nevertheless she steamed gallantly after the chase, and, with the Oregon and the Iowa, drove shell into the enemy's vessels. The Iowa dropped behind, and Sampson, when he came up, signaled to her and to the Indiana to return to their blockading stations off the mouth of the harbor and prevent the egress of any man-of-war which might enterprisingly attempt to destroy the transports lying not far away. This was the only strategic fleet order during the action.

Far out to sea the Brooklyn, which had been doing magnificent work with her battery after the loop was made, and the Oregon pressed on, after the destruction of the Teresa, Oquendo, and Vizcaya, in chase of the Colon, which was scudding along the shore. Laboring to overtake the fleeing Spaniard also was the New York, which had now attained seventeen knots, the highest speed of any ship in the action. The Oregon, with a great white bone in her teeth, was overhauling the Colon, and, when within what was believed to be the range, a shell was fired from her forward thirteen-inch gun. The projectiles soon began to fall beyond and around the last of the Spanish cruisers. Further effort to escape would have resulted only in death to its officers and men. Following the examples of her sister ships in flames forty-five miles away, the Colon turned into the shore. The fight was ended.

We in Washington knew nothing of this dramatic struggle at the time it was occurring. The President and members of his Cabinet sat discussing the distressing despatch from Shafter saying that he contemplated withdrawal of his troops a distance of five miles, and considering the means to be employed for his immediate

at the over-apprehensive urgency of General Miles, commanding the army. The battle-ship Massachusetts was made flagship of a co-operating squadron. A division, Captain Charles H. Davis commanding, consisting of the Dixie, Annapolis, Gloucester, and Wasp, captured Ponce on July 28; three days later the Gloucester and Wasp took possession of Arroyo; the Amphitrite landed a detachment at Cape San Juan on August 6 and occupied the lighthouse, and the easy capture of the island was insured. Eleven United States men-of-war were in Porto Rican waters during the operations on the island of the army under General Miles, who—it is one

of the humorous incidents of the war—sent an amusingly transparent telegram to the Secretary of War on August 9, stating that he was “informed the naval vessels at this place [Ponce] have been ordered round to San Juan. In order that there may be no conflict of authority, I request that no aggressive action be taken against that place, that no landings be made or communication held with the Spanish officials or forces on this island by the navy.” I think that even the Secretary of War could not help smiling when he read me this unhappy despatch. Three or four days later the war was over and there were no more battles to win.

## Aftermath

By Madeline Yale Wynne

Author of “The Little Room and Other Stories,” etc.

“**S**PEAKING of love,” said John, craning his neck to peer up among the branches of an apple-tree where two squirrels were keeping up a mighty chatter, “speaking—of—love,” he was now balancing his words unconsciously in unison with his motions as he adjusted to a nicety his aim of the apple in his hand. The moment arrived, and he “fired” the apple with a swift jerk; even while it cut through the air the squirrel-talk broke off, and two incarnate bits of motion bridged the chasm between the trees, then passed out of sight down the leafy highway over our heads.

“But nobody was speaking of love,” said I, “and it is simply ridiculous the way you men throw things at things. Women never want to throw things; it is purely a masculine inclination. Why should a squirrel suggest a missile to a man?”

“As I was saying,” continued John, unmoved, “speaking of love—for we may be said to be speaking of it now, mayn’t we?” he asked, meekly.

“Why, yes,” I admitted, “of love and men and squirrels.”

“Well, what I wanted to ask is this: is love a back number, has it gone out of fashion in the era that has come in on bicycle and on golf-sticks?”

“John, before we discuss that subject,” I suggested with dignity, “I wish to

remind you that to-day happens to be the ninth anniversary of our wedding-day. Not that I would for a moment wish that insignificant fact to color your views; I only mention it as a coincident of interest.”

“Have you really been married nine years?” asked Susette, with mild wonder in her eyes; and how very long she made the “nine years” sound! I was not quite sure that this was an auspicious time for random views on life and love, for there was a something about the relations between Lewis and Susette that was as yet too intangible to be named, too tenuous to be put to the strain of even a far-off parallel of a suggestion. Some one has said that “engagements should not be pulled up by the roots to see how they are getting on,” and I thought of this as I answered lightly, “Yes, John and I have forged a chain of nine links; we are celebrating the event in this our smoke-talk under the trees.”

“For men must smoke and women must talk,” recited John, mournfully.

“How sweet the hay is!” said Susette, with her appreciative, informal little nose high in the air.

“Aftermath you should say,” corrected John.

“Rowan, isn’t it?” asked Lewis.

“What is aftermath but rowan, and what is rowan but hay?” asked Susette.



"Aftermath is second crop; it costs six dollars a day to get it in; we lose two dollars on every load. This is Jane's pet economy; she invests her losses in more fertilizer; consequent upon that comes more hay, and therefore more loss every succeeding year. That is the true inwardness of aftermath."

It is needless to say it was John who made this summary, and that I am Jane.

Susette seemed to suspect that an effort had been made to get the subject of love decently out of sight, and to bury it in the hay that our Swede was raking up into cocks for the night. Therefore she deliberately set herself to bring us back to the subject, in order to prove her unconsciousness. "We may have changed our point of view regarding what is called love," said she, "but I certainly think this generation takes a wiser and wider point of view."

Susette is a graduate from two colleges. She is straight physically and mentally, but to my thinking she is much too flagrantly innocent of the fact that Lewis has been spending the very best part of his vacation between college and his professional studies in a minute and painstaking investigation of her nature, and she not at all on his list of prescribed studies, either. She, for her part, it seemed to me, had been deliberately and successfully baffling him in this elected, post graduate course.

John was bent just now on provoking a crisis, a most dangerous thing to do; I never want to be around when submarine mines are set off. Fortunately, John is so mercurial as well as impressionable that he often defeats his own aims; and possibly he had no definite end in view this time, for he said the next minute, "Lewis, you must be sure and come up here in June some time. I want to show you some prime fishing—fishing for bats."

"For bats?"

"Yes; it is great sport. They come bumbling round here by the hundreds in June. All you have to do is to throw out some lines from the upper porch there, use a nice bamboo rod, light and springy, with a reel, and—"

"Why, John, you know you never caught a bat in all your life," interjected I, in one of my prosy moods.

"No, come to think of it, I don't believe

I ever did really catch one. They must be uncomfortable and uncanny beasts to handle; but it is not the catching that attracts, it's the fishing." I thought he winked at Lewis, but I am not sure—John is so very much of a child, even since his adoption of what he calls the silver standard as to hair and beard. He now went on to say, with the sportsman's enthusiasm, "It's great sport—early evening—half twilight—shoals of bats just getting their night-eyes on—breathless excitement! Oh, you must come up and try it, Lewis, though I warn you that Jane is quite right. I don't know as I ever thought of it before, but we never did really catch a bat."

"Love," said Lewis, slowly, oblivious of this long interlude of fishing enthusiasm, "love needs favorable conditions. Women to-day are centering themselves on the things that do not make for love. This is true of all their interests. They have proved everything that they have claimed; they are exactly what they wish to be, and they inspire exactly the sentiment they say they wish to inspire. Love to them is a superfluity; in matters psychological as in matters economic, the supply and demand are co-ordinate. Have you seen anything like the old-time love lying round of late?" asked he, in a cynical tone, of John.

"Lots of it," I answered, before John could speak.

"Give us a sample," suggested John, in the slang way he delights in—he always insists that he knows better what he thinks when he hears his thoughts spoken out in every-day words and terms.

"Well, I was thinking, when I spoke, of Hilda, our red-headed Hilda; you know her story, John."

"If it was on humble lines," suggested Lewis, "it may have had some of the old-time flavor. I was thinking more of what we call educated classes. She probably was not up to the times."

"Tell us about her!" exclaimed Susette, her enthusiasm growing as she purposely ignored every remark made by Lewis.

"Hilda was not young even when I first knew her; it was toward the end of her romance. I suppose she might have been thirty years old. She had wonderful red hair; I think it was that that recommended her to me—and afterwards I kept her because she wouldn't go away. John,

was her story a romance—old-fashioned love, as you style it?"

"I'm no judge; let us have it, and the others shall say whether it fits."

"As I say, I particularly delighted in Hilda's red hair. She was a note of Venetian splendor in our dismal, smoky city, and when we had occasion to move to another city to live I supposed, of course, she would have to be left behind; but she announced immediately that she was going with us, and, by way of making herself invaluable, she developed a wonderful ability in packing our duds; all of our gods, demigods, and skeletons were packed by her with great skill and despatch, and at the other end of the route she redistributed these impediments, placing the gods in the niches and the skeletons in closets with surprising intuition. Thenceforth she managed the household. At this time I became aware of her extraordinary power in making friends; her Swedish contingent far outnumbered my own more modest and conservative assimilation of intimates."

"Yes," said John, "and all her friends seemed to be named Jung, or Yonson, or some other name with an interchangeable J or Y. She held regular tåker fests, to coin a word, and our kitchen was too small to hold the numerous contestants. I didn't care about the below-stairs names, but I resented being called 'Yones' and having 'yems' for breakfast; as I used to say to Jane, 'her juse of the J ceased to be a yoy and a yoke.'"

"That is true; but her hair was a beautiful red, wasn't it?"

"Yes, 'twas a fine color scheme, and I did not mean to discourage any interest Susette and Lewis here had begun to feel in her romance; you admit her speech was broken, now prove to us that her heart was broken also."

"I can't prove it—I cannot even give you the delightful quality of her story—that was only to be felt by one who saw her as I did one night in the firelight, standing against the dull blue of the portière with the brass tray in her hand, her head thrown back and her hair shining like a halo. Imagine that, and you might possibly hear more than my clumsy words. 'My fad r' said she in answer to a question of mine, 'he had a bakery in Sweden; not poor like I am here, and we no

need to work for anybody; we have mens to work for us, we been rich and have blenty and we no need to work for anybody. My fader he make de dings in the bakery, and my mudder she been in de shop to sell de dings, and my sister and me we have blenty company all de time; we give blenty to eat and dey like to come all de evenings. One jung man, he named Carl, he come often and he sit ard sit, and so I t'ink he mean to ask me to marry him, but he never say one word; I t'ink it been because I so rich and he haf no money, so he not dare say nottings, but he yust sit and eat and not say anydings; he yust look all the time at me. One Christmas night we have blenty to eat and I t'ink *now* he speak, he stay so late, but he not speak; he yust eat and eat and look at me all de time. Den he get up and he say, "Good-by, Hilda," and he go away. I cry all dat night and t'ink him no good, why he not speak! But I t'ink he come back again some odder time, and I wait and wait; but he never come, and den we hear dat Carl he gone to America. So pretty soon I tell my fader and mudder I been tired of everydings and I go to America, and I come over here and I go to Baltimore, for I hear Carl he go dere. And den I get to know all the Swedes, and I ask everybody do dey know my Carl Yonson, and dey say, "Yes, he here," and I look and look but I never find him. I go and I see very many Yons-sons, but I do not find my Carl, and after a while I grow pale and t'in and I 'fraid I grow old, but I t'ink some day I see him soon, and because I not been rich any more, he speak. I been in Baltimore t'ree year and I never see my Carl. One night I go to see some gardens where dere been dancing and music and everybody go, so I t'ink now I find my Carl; and den yust as I stand on some high steps while my young man he go to get tickets so we can dance, I feel so as if somebody look at me behind, and I turn round quick and dere stand my Carl Yonson looking at me. I feel his eyes in de back of my head he look at me so hard, and nobody stand between us, and den my heart it go right up in my t'roat, and I feel so weak, for he look at me yust as he did when he come to our house and eat; den I t'row my head back so, and yust laugh at him. I laugh out loud at him,'

" 'Why, Hilda!' I exclaimed.

" 'Yes, I yust laugh. I been hunting him all dese years, and when I find him I yust laugh at him; and he grow red in the face, den he turn and go away. I call to him, 'Carl, come back, come back, I been looking for you everywhere,' but he never turn, he yust go away, and I never find him some more.'

" 'Never, Hilda?'

" 'No, I never see him some more. I ask everybody, and dey say he gone to Philadelphia. and den I gone to Philadelphia, and I get t'inner and I grow old fast, but he not dere. Den I hear he go to de West. I know many Sweeds and dey say, "Yes, you find your Carl out in de West," so I go West, and I hear everywhere, "Carl Yonson, yes, he been here, but he gone somewhere else," and I never find him now. I grow old, and I never find him.'

" 'Then that is why you wanted to come here with us?' I said.

" 'Yes, de Sweeds dey all say Carl Yonson he been in de new city, but I never find him.'

" 'Why did you laugh, Hilda? I don't see why you laughed.'

" 'I don't know; I didn't feel like myself; I just t'row my head back so, and laugh at him.'

" Now tell me, Lewis, what should you call the propelling power behind Hilda's quest for her Carl, if it was not love."

" Jane," said John, "finish the story first."

" Oh, of course; well, to be sure, Hilda married somebody else after a while. Nobody is consistent. She married frankly for a settlement; that was business, I admit. She herself said so. She didn't pretend to any love; in fact, she was bent on a good investment; and it marks exactly my point and emphasizes the difference between love and business. I confess I tried to make her see her own romance as I saw it, but she couldn't take the outsider's view. She didn't see what we may call the literary value of it. I suppose it was dead earnest to her. 'I never find my Carl, so I marry the best I can,' was the summing up of her experience. She made a miserable bargain, poor, red-haired Hilda, but she had loved."

Our man Yonson had raked the hay up quite close to us during the time I had

been telling of Hilda. He was so dull I did not believe he would understand what I said, even if he heard. He was making up the hay in cocks for the night and tying on some white nightcaps to keep the dew off. He was one of those dreadfully light, faded-out, blue-eyed Swedes, a faithful, colorless creature who had always exasperated me because his eyes were so inadequate. Of course his name was Yonson; most Swedes seem to have that name. Maybe that was why Hilda always was hearing of "Carl Yonson." From behind me the Swede spoke quietly and in an unmoved way:

" Mrs. Yones, I been Hilda's Carl."

" You, *you* Carl Yonson!"

" Yes, I been Hilda's Carl."

" Really! And did you know that she followed you over to America, and that she is married now? And did she laugh at you when she found you in Baltimore?"

" Yes," said Carl, simply. "Hilda she laugh, she laugh out loud, but I not know, till you tole me, that she been married. It will be a good ding that Hilda she marry. It will be a good ding if her man—" Here Yonson paused to find an English equivalent for a Swedish idea that was in his slow mind. "It will be a very good ding for Hilda if sometimes her man he lick her, for Hilda she get too sassy sometime. Yes, it will be a very good ting if he lick Hilda."

John lay back on the grass and frankly laughed, Lewis and Susette very considerably strolled away, after a glance at each other, and Yonson went off trundling his wheelbarrow, now emptied of the nightcaps, which gleamed in ghostly whiteness on slumbering, giant cocks. John lay at full length at my feet; night settled down solemnly between the hills, while the katydids' synchronous chant filled the air.

" Jane," said John at last, "love may be a back number. I do not know much about love; but isn't it curious I found this little old French ring with a tiny little love-knot on it in my waistcoat pocket to-day, and now it turns out that this is our wedding anniversary."

John was hunting for my hand in the darkness, and when he found it he slipped the ring on my finger—he had woven sweet-grass all through the true-lover's knot while I had been telling Hilda's story. So like John.

## Recent Fiction

**I**N a survey of recent activity in the field of American fiction a few weeks ago, *The Outlook* called attention to the fact that while no novels of high importance had been published, a number of stories had appeared of distinctly fine quality. To this list of novels, admirable in form, excellent in style, and wholesome in tone, must be added a few which have since come from the press; and among them a foremost place must be given to Mr. William Garrott Brown's "A Gentleman of the South" (The Macmillan Company), a comparatively short and a tragic story, dealing with a family feud and ending in a duel. The charm of the story is twofold. It is an admirable interpretation of the social ideals of the Old South; a sympathetic study of the standard of personal honor which, while it took conventional forms and imposed conventional duties, developed certain fine strains of character and bred men of great personal distinction. To this must be added the charm of style. It is not always easy or even possible to decide at the moment whether a piece of fiction is literature or not; but "A Gentleman of the South" has qualities of style which convey the sense of literature and which entitle the story to very careful reading. Mr. Brown, it will be remembered, is the author of that admirable interpretation of the part played in American politics by the South during the twenty-five years before the Civil War in "The Lower South in American History." He knows the field thoroughly; his knowledge of the historical background is accurate and sympathetic; and in this story he has dramatized the spirit of the Old South.

Mr. Howells, on the other hand, in his latest book, "Questionable Shapes" (Harper), deals with the most modern subjects, and ventures for the first time into that borderland which of recent years has tempted, perplexed, and bewildered a great many people to whom the problems of modern psychology are full of fascination. These stories constitute a new species of ghost stories, and in dealing with his elusive and spectral themes Mr. Howells has used all the delicacy and subtlety of his art. The tales are not blood-curdling;

they do not terrify, and in most cases they do not deceive us by the semblance to reality; but they are carefully told; and their grouping in this volume indicates that Mr. Howells is seriously interested in this recurrence in dramatic form of the problems of immortality, of thought-transference, and kindred things.

One passes into another world when he lays down Mr. Howells's stories and opens Charles G. D. Roberts's "Earth's Enigmas" (L. C. Page & Co.)—a series of comparatively brief chapters dealing with incidents and episodes in the lives of men and of animals for which there is no apparent explanation. In one of these stories, for instance, Mr. Roberts draws the picture of a solitary hut in the far woods to which a little child has wandered. The father, returning, hears the cry of the child, does not recognize it as his own, is doubtful whether he ought to pay any attention to it, but, the fatherly instinct prevailing, turns and makes his way towards the hut, discovering at the same time two half-famished wolves who are approaching from another direction. The cries of the child increase his speed, and draw the wolves still more rapidly towards their prey. At the last moment the father shoots the wolves, discovers that he has rescued his own child, and then later, in a cave in the side of the mountain, finds the bones of the young wolves whose hope of life was destroyed by the rifle-balls that killed their parents. It is such situations as these that Mr. Roberts presents with that charm of style which rarely forsakes him when he deals with animal life and with landscape.

In "A Specter of Power" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Miss Murfree does not keep her readers wholly within the range of the Appalachian Mountains, but moves them towards the Atlantic coast. The story opens during the French and Indian War, and its principal figure is a young Frenchman who goes on an embassy to an Indian village in the Mississippi, and is left in the hands of the Indians, who are infuriated by the attack and flight of his fellow-commissioner. He is finally transferred to the care of a Scotch trader, under whose roof he is successfully nursed

through a severe attack of fever, only to fall in love with the Scotchman's sister. The story is not as interesting as some of its predecessors from the same hand. There are charming passages of description in it, and it is done with care; but it does not convey the same sense of familiarity with the subject that the Tennessee stories conveyed.

Those who read Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," "The Wind of Destiny," and "Passe Rose" will not overlook "His Daughter First" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which has been appearing of late months in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." Mr. Hardy's work has never been notable for great vigor of invention or of style, but it has had unusual qualities of refinement, delicacy of characterization, and epigrammatic speech. This latest story is as delicate and well done as any of its predecessors; and although not entirely convincing, it is less romantic and conveys a deeper sense of reality than some of its predecessors. It is a delightful piece of work, somewhat shadowy, but well thought out, skillfully constructed, and delightfully written.

Mrs. Banks's "Oldfield" was one of the most charming novels of last year; indeed, it deserved to rank with the best American novels of late years. Her latest story, "Round Anvil Rock" (Macmillan), has the same atmospheric quality. It is a story of the blue grass region; but it deals with a period much anterior to the period of "Oldfield." It is a study of pioneer conditions in Kentucky at the beginning of the last century, and brings out very clearly that combination of rough conditions with great dignity of manner and refinement of character. It is more distinctly romantic in tone than its predecessor, and has a more highly articulated plot. One of its chief figures is a man whose romantic story and mysterious fortune have long been part of the traditions of Kentucky. The heroine is a beautiful creature, full of lightness and grace, with an ethereal quality that will rank her among the rare creations of fiction. The love story which runs through the novel is extremely well told, and is idyllic in its purity and grace.

"The Captain's Toll Gate" (Appleton) is the last piece of writing that can be expected from the pen of Mr. Stockton.

The story was completely finished before his death. It is a very characteristic piece of work—droll, quaint, whimsical, full of unexpected situations, abounding in those qualities which make Mr. Stockton's best fiction easy and refreshing reading. He has more than once written a story upon a more original motive, but he never has applied his characteristic method to more amusing ends than in "The Captain's Toll Gate"—a fabrication of impossibilities from beginning to end, told with an unfaltering confidence in the fact as narrated, and with the directness of the most commonplace story. It is this combination of an entirely impossible situation with a perfectly matter-of-fact manner that is one of the most original aspects of Mr. Stockton's humor. This book is to be commended as a piece of pure refreshment.

To the series of short stories which bear the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and which were designed to fill the leisure hours of summer travel, two recent additions have been made—Mr. Crawford's "Man Overboard" and Mr. Churchill's "Mr. Keegan's Elopement." Those who recall Mr. Crawford's harrowing and blood-curdling tale of "The Upper Berth" will not be slow to lay hands on "Man Overboard," a carefully told story, very adroitly managed, less appalling than the earlier tale, but an excellent piece of ghost-story literature. Mr. Churchill's book, on the other hand, is in a very light vein—a little comedy, told with a good deal of skill, which holds the reader's attention to the end.

If "Because of Power" (G. W. Dillingham Company, New York) is the first long story which Mrs. Ella Stryker Mapes has written, it must be regarded as a book of real promise. It is well planned, the plot carefully thought out and worked out, and the details of the story well looked after. There is very little amateurishness in its structural quality, very little fumbling with materials and situations. The first impression which the reader receives from it is that the writer has the gift of storytelling. She sees incidents in dramatic perspective; she knows what to omit and what to emphasize; she is not afraid of the dramatic. The second impression is that she has command of several unusual gifts, and among them the power of de-

pecting passion. This story has passionate movement throughout. It is a profound love touched with imagination and with power of self-surrender which belong to the great emotions. This power is not common in our literature, and when it is revealed is often lacking in restraint. Mrs. Mapes not only possesses the power of using this element of the strongest and most original fiction, but she holds it in control. Her story has, therefore, throughout a moving element; it takes hold of the reader, too, by its freshness of feeling. The story is not without the faults of inexperience; but there is so much promise in it that the writer deserves to be encouraged and the emphasis laid upon what she has achieved rather than upon what she has missed. The story is not commonplace.

The anonymous "Kempton-Wace Letters" have a strong interest as dealing cleverly with the psychology of love. They pass between a brilliantly endowed young American professor of economy and an ardent English idealist. The fact that they center about the actual engagement of the American keeps them from being merely academic. Naturally, the Englishman maintains the higher, more spiritual

and imaginative view of the subject, the American the material and even sensuous view. Both are gentlemen, both are made to argue keenly and often wittily, and the personal failure of the materialist's theories in his own application of them presents a real, if not a dramatic, story-interest. The ending is well managed. The book is certainly one to provoke discussion on a subject which is of universal attractiveness (Macmillan).

Mr. Quiller-Couch always has that indefinable charm which we are wont to call the literary touch. In his new story, "The Adventures of Harry Revel," and especially in its earlier chapters, one finds that delicate treatment of character and humor, that leisurely presentation of surroundings and incidental matters, which were so evident in the masters of fiction in the last generation. The odd, kindly matron of the orphan asylum, with her repressed sentimentalism and her excruciating "poetry," might be a character from Dickens. The tale has movement and life; indeed, in the latter part it is somewhat crowded with plot and even a bit sensational. As a whole, it will gain for its author many new friends in this country. (Scribners.)

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: An Autobiography.** In 2 vols. By Charles Kingsley. (Library Edition.) J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5x7½ in.

**Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People (The).** By John R. Dos Passos. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½x9 in. 242 pages. \$1.35.

A glorification of the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race and a plea for its unification through the voluntary incorporation of Canada within the United States, and the negotiation of treaties between that country and Great Britain establishing common naturalization laws for the two countries, complete freedom of trade between them and a common coinage system, and, finally, a supreme court of arbitration for the settlement of all their international disputes. The weakness of this ostensibly practical programme for unification lies, of course, in the present extreme hostility of Canadians toward the annexation proposed, and the extreme hostility of one party in the United States toward free trade with Great Britain and of the other party toward a com-

mon coinage system with her. While collecting striking evidence of the essential unity of the English-speaking countries, Mr. Dos Passos has not sufficiently considered the currents running counter to the outward unification he proposes.

**Anne Carmel.** By Gwendolen Overton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x7¾ in.

Reserved for later notice.

**Anthology of English Poetry: Beowulf to Kipling.** By Robert N. Whiteford, Ph.D. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5½x8 in. 432 pages. \$1.

**Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte (The).** Edited by William Dallam Armes. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 337 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Reserved for later notice.

**Christian Endeavor Manual (The).** By Rev. Francis Edward Clark, D.D. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 5x7½ in. 306 pages. \$1.

A statement of the principles and the methods of the Societies of Christian Endeavor by the

founder and head of the movement. It is in the form of a text-book.

**Church and its Organic Ministries (The): A Plea for the Headship of Christ.** By Samuel J. Andrews. David Hobbs & Co., Glasgow, Scotland. 5½×8½ in. 131 pages.

The writer of the letter thus entitled is known as the author of one of the standard Lives of Christ, and also as the most prominent representative in this country of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," popularly termed "Irvingite," whose special tenet is the revival of the peculiar ministries and gifts of the Apostolic age. His contention in this letter is that no scheme of church unity that depends on episcopal organization can succeed; that episcopacy is an ineffective substitute for the primitive organization under Apostles and Prophets, which has terminated because of the decline of spiritual life. Inasmuch as these, should they reappear, would be rejected, the only solution seems to be in the miraculous return of Christ. It is impossible not to admire the religious spirit of the writer, however dissenting from his pseudo-supernaturalism and its misconceptions of evolution and sociology.

**Cornhill to Cairo. Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.** Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 443 pages. \$1.

**Earth's Enigmas.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 285 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Egmont.** By Goethe. Edited by Robert Walder Deering, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 180 pages. 60c.

**Empire and Sovereignty.** By Ernst Freund. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press Chicago. 8×11 in. 32 pages.

**Erasmus.** By Ernest F. H. Capey. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 226 pages. \$1, net.

**Essays.** By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Second Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 358 pages. \$1.75.

**Essentials of German.** By B. J. Vos. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 222 pages. 80c.

**Few Remarks (A).** By Simeon Ford. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 340 pages. \$1, net.

Mr. Ford has few rivals as an after-dinner talker. His dry, whimsical fun is irresistible largely because of his imperturbable and even solemn manner of utterance. It loses a great deal "in the cold gray dawn of the morning after," and in the severe test of type and binding.

**Finances and Administration of Providence (The).** By Howard Kemble Stokes, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9½ in. 464 pages.

**First Lessons in United States History.** By Edward Channing. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 260 pages. 60c.

Professor Channing's "Student's History of the United States" will prejudice parents and teachers familiar with that work in favor of this smaller volume as a study and school book for their children and pupils. Nor should these be disappointed. The work is compre-

hensive and the style is clear, albeit with a shade of "talking down" to children. The book's merit lies in the compactness and in the practicability of the knowledge given; for instance, appended to each chapter is a summary under the caption "Do not forget;" that on Chapter XXV., for instance, is:

1. Slavery existed in all colonies before the Revolution.
2. It died out in the North.
3. Whitney's cotton-gin fastened slavery on the South.

For older students the work would have been more valuable if the dates given had been more plentiful; for instance, we are informed as to the date of the discoveries of Coronado; but there is no date given for the far more important discovery of the Mississippi River by Hernando de Soto.

**Foundations of Latin: A Book for Beginners.** By Charles E. Bennett. (Revised Edition.) Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 238 pages. 90c.

**Geography of Commerce (A): For Academies, High Schools, and Business Colleges.** By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D., and Albert Clarke, M.A. Illustrated. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 6¼×9½ in. 145 pages. \$1.25.

**Guide to Switzerland.** With Maps and Plans. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 235 pages. \$1.60.

A new handbook showing novel and excellent ideas in arrangement, laying out of routes, and choice of areas for maps. An examination of the information about those places with which the reviewer is most familiar gives notable good results. The notes on history are excellent. The maps are admirably clear.

**Higher Realism (The).** By Duston Kemble. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 167 pages. 75c., net.

The design of this brief treatise by a layman in philosophy is to show that human life, especially mental life, can be accounted for only by the existence of an infinite Being of similar characteristics as the Author of life.

**Historical and Critical Discussion of College Admission Requirements.** By Edwin Cornelius Broome, Ph.D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 157 pages. \$1.

**History of American Literature, 1607-1865 (A).** By William P. Trent, M.A., J.L.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 608 pages. \$1.40, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Juf Polonais (Le).** By Erckmann-Chatrian. Edited by Edward Manley. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 108 pages.

**Kinship of God and Man.** By Rev. J. J. Lanier. In 3 vols. Vol. III. The American Church. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 184 pages. \$1, net.

The author is a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, attracted to it years ago from the Southern Baptist communion by its scheme for church unity. He is a "broad churchman," and in his preceding volumes has shown himself to be an independent thinker. The present volume was originally presented to a mixed audience in Milledgeville, Georgia, in a series of discourses intended to show the simplicity of religion, and how simple the organization required to manifest its essential unity. The scheme is that of the Chicago-Lambeth "Quadrilateral,"

applied within the limits of a Southern county. Waiving the feasibility of this, we hope that Mr. Lanier's book will be read wherever a stiffly sectarian spirit or a divisive theological dogmatism prevails.

**Lake Country Sketches.** By Rev. H. D. Kanner. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 241 pages. \$1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

**Man Overboard!** By E. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 96 pages. 9c.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue.

**Macedonian Folklore.** By G. F. Abbott, B.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 372 pages. \$2.50.

Packed with the strange myths, superstitions, legends, and traditional customs of the Macedonian peasants. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore and symbolism. The author got most of his material at first hand through oral tradition.

**Merchant of Venice (The).** Edited by Thomas Marc Parrott, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. 220 pages. 50c.

**Mère de la Marquise (La).** By Edmond About. Edited by Murray Peabody Brush, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼x6½ in. 168 pages.

**Mr. Keegan's Elopement.** By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 73 pages. 9c.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue.

**New Grammar School Arithmetic.** Part I. and II. By John H. Walsh. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in.

**Nine Points of the Law.** By Wilfrid S. Jackson. John Lane, New York. 5x7½ in. 305 pages. This book is an account of the laughable adventures that befell one John Wayzgoose, a London counting-house clerk, who, on a holiday stroll through Windsor Forest, discovered a buried treasure. His efforts to obtain safe possession of this and to safely rid himself of it when later he learns it to be the booty of thieves and the property of his own employer, father of the girl he loves, are so sympathetically related as to keep one well amused until the last word is read.

**New International Encyclopædia (The).** Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, L.L.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. X. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7x10 in. 986 pages.

**Old Puritanism and the New Age (The):** Addresses before Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches at Malden, Massachusetts, April 1903. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5x7½ in. 106 pages.

**Personality of Emerson (The).** By F. B. Sanborn. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. 6x10 in. 135 pages. \$5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Primer of Palmistry (A).** By Emma Talbot Odell. Illustrated. Frederick J. Drake & Co., Chicago. 5x8 in. 127 pages. \$1.

**Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.** The Great Hoggarty Diamond, etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 411 pages. \$1.

**Quo Vaditis? A Call to the Old Moralities.** By Bouck White. The Civic Press, New York. 5x8 in. 203 pages. \$1.

The age needs a prophet of the old Hebraic

kind. Mr. White's indignation at existing evils is Hebraic, and his form of speech is often such, though with some consciously imitative effort and striving for effect. It is too much to expect a prophet of reproof always to keep his intellectual balance, and one must not rail at him if he sometimes screams; there is much to provoke him. One will find much here to assent to among points of dissent, and not a little that is pat and quotable. "The only true Apostolic succession is a succession of Apostles. . . . Brother, there is something rotten in an orthodoxy that believes in Christ and Quay at the same time."

**Round Anvil Rock.** By Nancy Huston Banks. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 356 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Soldier of Conscience (A):** Edward Perkins Clark. The Eagle Press, Brooklyn. 5x7½ in. 80 pages.

A simple and worthy tribute to a writer and thinker whose work was always governed and infused with conscientious purpose. If Mr. Clark's writings had not been anonymous, as required by the custom of journalism, his name would have been as highly honored by the entire body of thinking, public-spirited men as it is now by those who know what in fact he did and stood for.

**Spectre of Power (A).** By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 415 pages. \$1.50.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue.

**Tales from Wonderland.** By Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Adapted for American Children by William S. M. Silber. A. Lovell & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 122 pages. 30c.

These stories have been taken from the German and simplified for the reading of young children, who will enjoy their quaint fancies and their talking animals who can give counsel and work magic charms.

**Tarr and McMurtry Geographies.** Supplementary Volume: Texas. By E. G. Littlejohn, A.M. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x7½ in. 94 pages. 35c.

**Thomas Campion: Songs and Masques.** Edited by A. H. Bullen. (The Muses Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4x6½ in. 288 pages. \$1.75.

**Thoughts from Maeterlinck.** Chosen and Arranged by E. S. S. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 282 pages. \$1.20.

**Twilight of the Gods (The), and Other Tales.** By Richard Garnett. John Lane, New York. 5x7½ in. 323 pages.

Mr. Garnett has a singular faculty of treating stories of the ancient times and of classical setting in such a way as to satirize modern follies and weaknesses. These tales have distinct originality, and are clever in an unusual way.

**Ventures into Verse.** By Henry Louis Mencken. Marshall, Beek & Gordon, New York. 4½x7½ in. 46 pages.

**Victim of Conscience (A).** By Milton Goldsmith. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 318 pages.

**Zwischen Himmel und Erde.** By Otto Ludwig. Edited by Edward Stockton Meyer. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7 in. 240 pages.



# Correspondence

## Temperance and Prohibition

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

The Outlook says in an editorial April 11, "State prohibition is the act of one community imposing its will on another community. It cannot be enforced because it ought not to be enforced."

The Outlook, in another article headed "Tennessee Almost Saloon Free," calls attention to Tennessee's law, which forbids the sale of liquors within four miles of any institution of learning, in any incorporated town of less than five thousand people. The Outlook assures us that there are only eight cities left with saloons in Tennessee, and that "this State has achieved the enviable position of suppressing the saloons, wherever this is made practicable, by the honest sentiment of the people, without enacting a State prohibitory law, to be nullified by perjured officials or genuine public opinion in the larger cities."

Here is a State law, and I ask The Outlook if this is not "the act of one community imposing its will upon another," and if it does not violate The Outlook's principle of the "community's" rights, as much as though it included the other "eight" cities, and brought the whole State under prohibition.

In its editorial April 11 The Outlook says: "In some States, perhaps eventually in all, we would have the State assume the exclusive right to manufacture and sell liquor." Again we would ask The Outlook if this State law would not be "the act of one community imposing its will upon another community." In the same editorial The Outlook says, "Christ . . . did not forbid the use of wine. On the contrary, he drank it himself, made it on one occasion by a miracle, and commended it to his followers in the sacred supper." I will not use The Outlook's position regarding the Bible as my argument, for I do not agree with The Outlook on religious matters. What the wine may have been which Christ made we do not know, but certainly there is no mention of any one becoming intoxicated on this "good" wine. I certainly believe that if Christ were in America to-day he would be a total abstainer.

The Outlook says: "If we had the influence, we would persuade all men to remain out of the saloon; but if we had the power, we would not compel any man to remain out; just as we would persuade all men to attend church, but would not compel any." The Outlook could have no object whatever in either local option or State control—both of which it approves—unless it would do just what it expressly states it would not do if it had the power, compel some man to remain out.

In conclusion, let me say, I do not believe that prohibition makes people thirstier, or induces them to buy more liquor; and, to use an old argument, if it did, the liquor men would want that law. A great quantity of liquor is sold in all prohibition States; and I think in Tennessee saloons could be found outside the "eight" cities. I believe the laws are constantly being broken, and will be so long as conditions exist which call for a law. It would be idle for a State or town to take measures to prevent an evil which did not exist; but I do not believe there are more "perjured" officials in prohibition than in local option States.

I will submit The Outlook's own testimony regarding the great corruption exposed during the recent investigation in New York, which has high license by local option. Many State legislatures have been scandalized within a few weeks.

My acquaintance with the people of Vermont has been close, traveling and selling goods, and I never saw any people with better morals, or more industrious and law-abiding. The credits are the best of any State in the Union. The law was not perfectly, but well, enforced. Traveling in various States, I have found the conditions always best in prohibition States, and I believe that prohibition is the only honest way to deal with the problem.

D. O. S.

## "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics"

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

In your issue of June 13 was printed a communication signed "Churchman" which contains two errors so glaring that it seems hardly necessary to call attention

to them. In his article, "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics," "Churchman" writes: [These are] "words inseparable to all good churchmen from the Good Friday service; as is also the claim of those using the prayer, that *they alone* are the remnant of the true Israelites." (Italics mine.) Nowhere does the Anglican Church either in England or America claim that *they alone* are "the remnant of the true Israelites." That is an assumption pure and simple on the part of "Churchman."

His second error is equally absurd. He writes: "Think of our classifying the Jews, his chosen people, with Turks, infidels, and heretics!" Here are four classes prayed for—the Jews, the Turks, the infidels, the heretics. The Jew is classed by himself, the Turk by himself, etc. The fact that they are all mentioned in one prayer does not constitute a classing together in any sense. In the Prayer for the Church Militant, prayer is offered for Rulers, Bishops and other ministers, thy People, all men, all in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, etc. Does "Churchman" think that mentioning these various classes in one prayer classes them together? Possibly Mormons, Christian Scientists, Seventh-Day Adventists, etc., might be classed together under the term "heretics" in the mind of "Churchman;" but how he could possibly wrench the English language so as to class Jews therewith I fail to comprehend.

Unless a person believes that "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics" are beyond the help of prayer, there ought not to be any objection to praying for them once a year, unless, like David Harum, he thinks that is too often, and "couldn't stand the strain." (Rev.) ARTHUR W. HIGBY.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

#### Fresh Air

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

About this time of year I like to address a hundred thousand nice people, be the same more or less, who read their Outlooks on Sunday on some shady piazza by the seaside, in the Adirondacks, or in some forest or mountain glen.

The address is wholly on the outings for people who are not quite so prosperous as the reader.

At the office of "Lend a Hand" we know that before the summer is over we shall have perhaps a hundred of pathetic stories about nice old men who are cabined and confined in one "apartment" or another, sixty or seventy feet above the sidewalk in the city; and we shall know that these poor old fellows would feel much nearer to God if they were lying on haycocks, or sitting in the shade of an elm, and listening to crows or bobolinks or the plash of the waves or the babble of water.

A few years ago one man at Beverly, in this State, sent me fifty dollars for such people. I do not know his name. But I know he was a child of God, and a man of good sense. For he marked his envelope, "The value to me of one sniff of sea air."

Now I wish that a few hundred of the "readers" named above would send to us at No. 1 Beacon Street, Boston, one dollar, two, three, ten, or twenty, in that same spirit, to give us a chance to find and use country or seashore homes for our old men. Also, as you shall see, there is sometimes a young man. Of women I do not speak here.

Here are, for instance, the entries on one left-hand page of an Outing's Day-book:

S. S., 63 years. Convalescing from bronchial pneumonia. English; recommended by L. P.

G. S., 36 years. Spinal trouble, probably consumption; very sick boy; recommended by E. M.

I. J., 26 years. Blind piano-tuner. Mrs. W. pays expenses. Comes to us for return ticket.

Here are the corresponding entries on the right-hand page:

W. W., returned after fourteen days; was happy every moment he was there. \$8.

H. H. called to thank and say how happy he had been.

L. L., "good rest," most grateful, called to see me. Deformed.

I am writing these lines because, while we are quite sure of our left-hand pages, we want the *Readers* to make us sure of the right-hand pages.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Lend a Hand Office, 1 Beacon Street, Boston.



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**Outlook**

*Saturday, July 11, 1903*

Porto Rico, 1900-1903

By George Marvin

Passive Resistance in England

By C. Silvester Horne

What the Post-Office Might Do

By James L. Cowles

Speaking of Charity

By Marguerite Merington

The Forest: On Woods Indians

By Stewart Edward White



Mother Shipton's Prophecy

"Carriages without horses  
shall go"

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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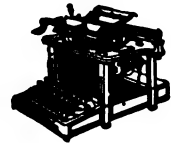
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# The Outlook

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## The Iowa Republican State Convention

Following the Democratic State Convention reported in these columns last week, the Iowa Republicans met in Des Moines on July 1, nominated a ticket with Governor Cummins at its head, and adopted a platform. The measures advocated by this platform include the regulation of trusts by the Government, the continuation of the "progress made in the preparation of the Philippine people for the fullest practical degree of self-government," the maintenance of the gold standard, and the rigorous enforcement of law (evidently in reference to lynchings). Earnest opposition is expressed to the disfranchisement of citizens upon lines of "race, color, or station in life." Governor Cummins's administration in the State is approved. So also is the National administration of President Roosevelt; in particular the course pursued by the President in his dealings with the trust problem and interstate commerce. This platform also is to be added to the list of those State platforms which have specifically advocated the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt. Interest has naturally, however, centered in the tariff question as it has been discussed in Iowa, and for that reason the tariff plank is regarded as the most important. It reaffirms belief in the principle of protection, with an unqualified pledge to maintain it. On the other hand, it apparently does not present the present protective tariff as something sacred and inviolable, for it states that tariff rates "must from time to time be changed to meet the varying conditions incident to the progress of our industries and their changing relations in our foreign and domestic commerce. Duties that are too low should be increased, and duties that are too high should be reduced." Reciprocity is indorsed as the complement of

protection, reciprocity with Cuba being specifically mentioned as a measure which ought to be promptly completed. The fact that agitation for revision of the tariff at the hands of Republicans has been carried on by a group within the party in Iowa, headed by Governor Cummins himself, who by this convention has been renominated, and that this agitation has been opposed by other leaders, has given to this tariff plank peculiar prominence. The fact that it states that the duties must be changed from time to time seems to indicate that the Republicans of the type of Governor Cummins are being heard and their demands attended to. On the other hand, the statement of the platform regarding the way in which these changes should take place is enigmatic, not to say Delphic. To say that duties which are too high should be reduced is hardly more enlightening than to say that duties which ought to be reduced ought to be reduced. The real tariff question is whether duties are too high or are too low. Those who believe in absolute free trade (and in this country they are very few) merely believe that every tariff duty, no matter what it is, is too high. For any one else, even for those who believe in tariff for revenue only, the tariff question resolves itself into the question, How may the duties that are too high and those that are too low be discriminated from those that are just right? Upon this question, that is, to the tariff question as it really is, so far as the Republican party is concerned, the Iowa platform brings no enlightenment. Perhaps an astute student of politics may be able to gain some idea as to how the tide is running in Iowa by watching the progress of one phrase in the current or the disappearance of another, but for the information of the ordinary intelligent voter this plank in the platform can hardly be called valu-

able. The framing of such a statement, which, when finally analyzed, means nothing more than "whatever is, is," may be recommended to the admiration of those who believe that political platforms are meant for phrase-making—but to no others.

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#### The Case of Mr. Metcalf

A committee of the United Typothetæ of America, as the result of an investigation of the dismissal of Mr. Metcalf, waited upon the President, and subsequently interviewed the Postmaster-General, for the purpose of urging the impropriety of recognizing such a bid as that presented by Mr. Paul Herman for supplying money-order forms, on the ground that he could not and did not comply with the conditions of the specifications. These specifications provide, as we stated week before last, that no contract shall be given "to bidders whose places of business are unfavorably located, nor to those whose establishments are provided with limited facilities, nor to those who shall not satisfactorily guarantee ability to fulfill such contracts to the satisfaction of the Department." Mr. Herman had no place of business, no establishment, and therefore, in the judgment of the United Typothetæ, was not in a position to compete. This protest of the Typothetæ has been overruled, and the contract has been granted to Mr. Herman, and we judge from the official report of the Postmaster-General to the President, which lies before us, that it is not intended to reconsider the dismissal of Mr. Metcalf. In this report it is stated that Mr. Metcalf, in the investigation already had, conceded that it was not his business, but the business of the Postmaster-General, to determine whether the bidder for such a contract was responsible or not, and it is implied that in assuming this responsibility so far as to advise Mr. Herman to withdraw his bid and re-enter the employment of the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company, in which his son was employed, he acted in a suspicious manner. With this implied judgment of the Postmaster-General The Outlook does not agree. The Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company had facilities for carrying out the contract. Mr. Herman had no facilities, but had experience which would

be of value to the Department in the execution of the contract. Mr. Metcalf may very well have believed that it would in the end cost the Government more than the forty-five thousand dollars difference between the two contracts to give the contract, apparently in violation of the terms of the specifications, to a bidder who possessed no establishment and no facilities for doing work. In endeavoring to secure the combination of the establishment on the one hand and the practical working experience on the other, he did exactly what a good business man would have been very likely to do in the conduct of his own business. It was certainly an error in judgment on his part to do this without previous conference with his superior, and his action might well have been overruled and he might well have been warned against assuming in the future a responsibility which possibly tradition might devolve upon him, but which certainly the law does not. But for such an error of judgment an officer who has proved both his competence and his integrity by years of faithful work for the Government ought not to be summarily dismissed from his position.

⊙

#### Booker Washington Defines His Position

Last week, before the Afro-American Council at Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Booker Washington, addressing a large audience of his own race, gave a very characteristically heartening and stimulating address. It was suggested by the recent series of lynchings. "Let no man of the race become discouraged or hopeless." "Let nothing lead us into extremes of utterance or action." These were his two messages. To substantiate the first, he called attention to the men who, like Judge Jones, of Alabama, are determining that justice shall prevail. To substantiate the second, he called attention to the fact that "every race that has got upon its feet has done so through struggle and trial and persecution." He urged two lessons: one to his race, the other to the Government. The first was abhorrence of idleness and especially of the crime for which lynching has frequently been the punishment. The second was the determination that the same law should apply to both negro and white man. In

connection with this address some statements which Dr. Washington made in an interview with Mr. Raymond Patterson, of the Chicago "Tribune," are fitting. Dr. Washington has been thought by some indifferent to the political aspirations of negroes. Those who know Dr. Washington will recognize his position on this subject to be fairly stated in this interview. The matter of politics, he said, was not a question of first importance in the development of *any* race which is in the economic and educational condition of most of the negroes of the South; but, he added, "I do believe, however, as I have often stated before in the South as in the North, that the negro should have constantly held out before him a hope of reward for right living; the law that rewards righteous living should be the same for both races." Dr. Washington's position regarding the so-called higher education of the negro, often misunderstood, he explicitly defined. "It is not at all true," Dr. Washington is reported to have said, "that the educated negro fails to find work in the South and is driven northward. On the contrary, literary colleges find it difficult to supply the demand for teachers, and I am quite positive, so far as our own students go, that those who are trained in industrial pursuits can find instant employment. . . . I have never yet discovered any indication of any bar to the intellectual growth of the negro. . . . Up to about ten years ago we found great difficulty in obtaining negroes to handle our electric plant. . . . Now all this has been changed. The scientific departments can readily be equipped with negroes who have a highly technical training. . . . I cannot see that there is any great difference between the mental capacity of a pure-blooded negro and that of a man of a mixed race." Then, citing instances of men and women of distinctive negro types who have done brilliant work in education, he commented: "All these and many other men of pure negro blood have apparently demonstrated that whatever achievements are made by negroes are not to be credited to any white blood they may have, but rather to their perseverance in obtaining a good education." And as a commentary on the criticisms sometimes made of Dr. Washington, that in his endeavor to promote the negro's

bodily and material welfare he overlooks the soul and mind of the negro, it is suggestive to read this sentence of Dr. Washington's: "The negro's most prominent trait undoubtedly is his imagination."



#### The Educational Solution of the Negro Problem

Before the annual convocation of the University of New

York last week Mr. Charles A. Gardiner made an address on the constitutional and educational solution of the negro problem which was admirable for its comprehensiveness of statement, for the clearness and orderliness of its thought, and for its constructive spirit. He began by saying that the problem was a National one, although the conditions under which it must be solved must be determined by the States. He pointed out that the civil, social, and political rights of the negro are subject to the power of the separate States, though the way by which this power should be exerted is limited by the Federal Constitution. Regarding political rights he said:

These are three: To vote, hold office, and act as jurors. Nor are they rights even, but mere privileges. They are not inalienable. The Creator never endowed any one with them. . . . Never in the history of this Republic has the right to vote been possessed by more than twenty per cent. of the people.

Thus stating the limitations under which the problem must be worked out, he set forth the conditions of the problem itself. It is one that concerns chiefly an agricultural people. In all the land in which it is practically concentrated "there is only one city larger than Albany, only two larger than Utica," New York. In that region the political question has been temporarily eliminated until its settlement by the courts. In the meantime the real problem, presented by an illiterate and ignorant race in an undeveloped country, must be solved by education. How this education should be brought about is the real negro problem. That the old slave States themselves can educate the negroes within their borders he demonstrated to be impossible, by referring to the resources of the States themselves; and this was his conclusion:

Thus it is not because the States lack constitutional powers, or have failed to discharge their duties, but simply because their financial

resources are utterly inadequate to meet the enormous demands of their negro citizens. Here the South has collapsed, and it is distinctly a financial, not a constitutional, breakdown.

In contrast to this rehearsal of the impotence of the States themselves alone to solve the problem by education, he advanced the "broad proposition that the Nation has both the power and the duty to educate every negro to perform every obligation of American citizenship." The constitutional power he held to be derived from the permission given to Congress to regulate elections. If Congress has power to make an educational qualification for elections, it must, according to all canons of constitutional interpretation, have the power to provide means by which citizens may meet that qualification. The system of National education he declared to be a corollary to the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution, and to the Ordinance of 1787. He urged most strongly that merely negative or repressive acts on the part of the Federal Government, no matter what their nature might be, would be at best inadequate. He dismissed as out of the question all talk about repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, as impracticable the reduction of Southern representatives and electors on account of disparity in votes, and as unconstitutional any measure of rearranging representatives according to voting rather than resident population. The problem, he concluded, is to be solved, not by any legislation of mere police character, but by appropriating the wealth of the Nation not only for the bayous of Louisiana and the harbors of Alabama and the bays of Florida and the inlets of Georgia, but also for the improvement of the minds and the souls of its people.



**Another Negro Suffrage Case**

Paul Sigg, a negro citizen and taxpayer, through his attorney, Armand Romain, has instituted mandamus proceedings in the Civil District Court of New Orleans against Jeremiah M. Gleason, supervisor of registration of voters for the Parish of Orleans, to test the constitutionality of the suffrage law. The attack is mainly directed against section 5 of article 197 of the Constitution of 1898, and all laws

and ordinances based thereon. It is the purpose of the petitioner and his counsel to endeavor to take the case to the highest court in the land—the Supreme Court of the United States—as a Federal question is raised in the application of the mandamus. This will not be the first effort to have the Louisiana suffrage law, and particularly the "grandfather clause," stricken from the statutes of the State, however, and no new questions are suggested in Sigg's petition. Sigg's petition sets forth that he is a resident of the parish of Orleans and the State of Louisiana, is also a taxpayer, and is entitled to the right of suffrage, being able to qualify under the suffrage law of Louisiana; and it charges that many of his race are unable to qualify on account of the requirements and exactions of the law; that the educational and property qualifications were intended to debar the negro citizen from the right to vote; that such are its avowed and declared purpose and intent; and that this is in violation of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. The petitioner further asserts that the poll-books will show 5,000 illiterate whites registered who have no right to be registered voters under the law, and he prays the court to make a mandatory order compelling the defendant, Jeremiah M. Gleason, to cancel these names from the books, and to expunge them of the said illegally qualified voters. And the petitioner also prays that section 5 of article 197 of the Constitution of Louisiana be declared contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and that all laws and acts of the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana based on this provision be declared null and void and of no effect. The reader will observe that this case differs radically from that brought by an Alabama negro, and passed on by the Supreme Court of the United States in a decision recently reported in these columns. In that case the petitioner asked to be registered under a law which he declared to be fraudulent, unconstitutional, and void, and the court decided that it was impossible for it to enforce a law on the assumption that it was fraudulent, unconstitutional, and void. In this case the petitioner does not ask the court to register him under the law, but to strike from the regis-

tration those who have been registered, and this on the twofold ground, first, that they have no right to be registered according to the terms of the law, and, second, that the law itself is unconstitutional and void. Without wishing to anticipate the decision of the Supreme Court, we are inclined to the opinion that in this case, as in the Alabama case, the petitioner will fail to secure the relief for which he asks. The Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, providing that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude" also provides that "the Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." Until Congress shall have taken some action under this clause to enforce the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment, we very much doubt whether the Federal courts will interfere to declare the suffrage provisions of the State void, and to direct the names of voters under that provision to be stricken from the register. While all that the Supreme Court decided in the Alabama case was that it could not be asked to enforce a law alleged by the plaintiff to be void, it implied that the appeal by any voter who counted himself as wronged must be, in the first instance, to the political branch of the Government for appropriate legislation. In our judgment, if the registrars in any State refuse to register as voters citizens who are entitled to registry under the laws of the State, the remedy of the citizen is, in the first place, an appeal to the State courts; if the State law is itself unconstitutional, the remedy is, in the first place, to Congress for the necessary legislation to enforce the clause of the United States Constitution which the State law is supposed by the complainant to disregard.



#### The American Pacific Cable

There was peculiar fitness in the fact that the Fourth of July witnessed the formal opening of the cable which not only is a new route of telegraphic communication around the globe, but connects with the United States its outlying possessions—Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines. A few enthusiastic newspapers have carelessly

announced that this is the first submarine route of telegraphic communication through the Pacific; the fact being, as most of our readers may know, that a line by way of the Pacific was completed some eight months ago in the cable from Brisbane, Australia, to Vancouver. The new cable extends through four long stretches—San Francisco to Hawaii, 2,276 miles; Hawaii to Midway, 1,254 miles; Midway to Guam, 2,593 miles; and Guam to Manila, 1,490 miles. Its average depth from the surface is nearly three miles. The construction of the cable has been carried on by the Commercial Cable Company, which was organized for the purpose less than two years ago by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay. The rapidity with which the actual work was carried on shows how the science of cable construction and laying has advanced since Cyrus Field made his first attempt to lay the Atlantic cable. The entire work has been done in less than eighteen months; and this includes the laying of over nine thousand miles of cable and the handling of nineteen million pounds of iron and steel wire, to say nothing of at least ten million pounds of other material surrounding the core of the cable. The first message was one formally declaring the cable completed, sent by President Roosevelt from Oyster Bay at eleven o'clock on the night of Independence Day to Governor Taft at Manila. The response from Governor Taft included a wish for the better mutual understanding and closer union of the United States and the Philippines, and a plea for the reduction of the tariff on Filipino products. Immediately afterwards a message was sent round the world from President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay to President Mackay, of the Cable Company, at the same place; the actual time of transmission was only twelve minutes. The course of the message was westward, and, of course, during its encircling of the world it first gained and then lost approximately twelve hours in apparent time. It may be noted that, while the United States has no ownership or supervision of this cable, it has very properly aided the Cable Company materially by allowing it to use Government charts and reports made long ago under the belief that a Government cable might at some time be constructed by the United States.

#### The American Squadron at Kiel

No unpleasant incident marred the visit of the Kearsarge, Chicago, and San Francisco to the Kiel regatta. On the contrary, the cordiality and exchange of courtesies between Germans and Americans seemed to be more than perfunctory. The German Emperor inspected the Kearsarge with that lively curiosity and professional knowledge which he shows in all naval matters, and Admiral Cotton and our Ambassador, Mr. Tower, were impressed by the sincerity and earnestness with which the Emperor declared that whenever the German and American standards met they together symbolized peace and civilization. In the races our war-ships entered several boats, both for sailing and rowing, and bore off at least a proportionate share of the honors and prizes. The German press, on the whole, has been well impressed and not inclined to renew the carping tone toward the United States which it has fallen into so often of late, although one paper could not refrain from reverting to the Coghlan and Dewey incidents to show that the "friendly spirit of the American navy for Germany is a new thing and is due to President Roosevelt's energetic steps." An interesting comment on the personal appearance of the American sailors is that of the "Kreuz Zeitung," which pictures them as "young, slender, sinewy fellows, with intelligent faces, but in appearance and bearing exhibiting a carelessness unknown among us." It adds that their lack of accuracy in giving and returning military salutes would make a Prussian corporal's hair stand on end. Perhaps the ease of manner which might shock a martinet is a sign of the presence of that individual initiative and self-reliance which, as we believe, under proper but not excessive discipline, make the American soldier and sailor what they are.



#### Governor Pennypacker's Vetoes

There has been so much criticism of Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, because of his approval of the libel bill, that much of the good work he accomplished during the session of the Legislature recently closed has been overlooked. He has an unparalleled record of vetoes—ninety-two in

number. No other Governor the State has ever had was so careful in his scrutiny of bills presented to him for approval. In this respect his policy is in marked contrast to that of his predecessor. Governor Pennypacker vetoed the Pennsylvania Railroad's bill giving railroads the right to take dwelling-houses under eminent domain proceedings, although no one protested against the bill. He vetoed the bill abolishing deputy constables, a bill conceived by the enemies of law and order societies; he vetoed the bill to give county treasurers commissions on the liquor licenses. He vetoed bills providing for extra judges who were not needed except to provide additional places for party workers. Moreover, he caused a number of bills to be recalled for further amendment, and in this way has prevented much serious trouble through faulty legislation. His influence for good was also felt most convincingly in the final defeat of three or four most iniquitous franchise measures, which he plainly and unequivocally declared he would not sign. So the leaders in the Legislature took the hint and sent them back to committee, from which they never emerged. Moreover, he has made an excellent reputation for himself in the character of some of his judicial appointments, one of which in particular, that of Judge Jacobs, at Harrisburg, has been declared "ideal" and has been complimented by the machine in nominating another man for the full term. It is unfortunate that a record so full of admirable accomplishments and one which was winning for him widespread commendation should be marred by the unfortunate message accompanying his approval of the libel bill, which, whatever its "structural strength," contained misleading and unwise phrases, and gave his critics an opening for attack and ridicule.



#### Labor Arbitration in View

It seems all but certain that definite settlement of the labor troubles in the building trades in New York City is at hand. The fact that this settlement takes the form of arbitration will be welcome to all who have encouraged the extension of reason and common sense in discussions between employers and employees. Last week one very large employing company

reached an agreement with its mechanics which included elaborate provision for arbitration. The plan provides, among other things, that if a controversy exists between employers and employees, work shall go on during the negotiations; that the matter in dispute may be submitted to a Board of Arbitration consisting of five persons, two to be chosen by each party to the dispute, and the fifth to be selected as umpire by the other four. Similar action is pending, it is believed, between the representatives of the several labor unions connected with the building trades and the Board of Governors of the Building Trades Employers' Association. The essential points involved are that arbitration shall be resorted to in all difficulties; that neither the union as a whole nor any single union shall order a strike against a member of the Building Trades Employers' Association, nor shall a union man leave his employer, nor shall the employer lock out his employees, until the matter in dispute has been brought before the general arbitration board for settlement. This board will be made up exactly like that provided in the agreement made by the Fuller Company, above outlined. Some amendments and minor propositions are still under discussion as we write; but all reports indicate a most hopeful prospect of settlement on an amicable and conciliatory basis. The loss, delay, and ill feeling caused by this group of strikes in this vicinity have been almost unprecedented; yet if a workable and fair system of arbitration results, the gain may be regarded as almost equal to the loss.



**The Crisis in  
the East**

Several circumstances combine to indicate a storm brewing in the East, in which not only Russia on the one hand, Japan, England, and possibly the United States on the other, may become involved, with China at the storm-center. America is negotiating with China for free ports in the Manchurian provinces. Great Britain and Japan are equally interested in freedom of trade in Manchuria, and have been more interested in Russia's evacuation of that territory. When we appeal to China, its Government makes no objection to the opening of free ports, but declares in vague terms that the time is

not opportune. When we appeal to Russia, Russia declares herself entirely ready to grant what by her treaties with us she is under obligation to grant, freedom of trade with the East. But when we propose that the Russian representative shall go with our representative to the Chinese Government to secure its approval of the treaty, we are met with procrastination and excuses for delay. This process has been carried on so long that the patience of the three Powers is nearly exhausted. Last week despatches stated that British and Japanese Ministers at Peking have presented a joint note to the Chinese Government calling on China to demand from Russia the immediate evacuation of Manchuria, and declaring that if that evacuation is indefinitely postponed the English and Japanese Governments will take the necessary measures for the protection of their several interests; that they will acknowledge no treaty between Russia and China which does not bind Russia to evacuate Manchuria, nor any treaty after the evacuation in regard to the civil administration of Manchuria which is not approved by England and Japan; and they demand a reply to this ultimatum within five days from its date, which we believe is July 4. The President of the United States has indicated his intention to forward to the Czar the petition being circulated in this country in behalf of the Russian Jews, notwithstanding the unofficial intimation that the Czar will not receive it, and unofficially has expressed in significant terms surprise that the Russian Government should choose to give such an intimation, when, "by methods which are certainly the reverse of friendly to the United States, it has sought to make China join in breaking the plighted faith of all the Powers as to the open door in Manchuria, and has endeavored to bar our people from access to the Manchurian trade." In addition to these diplomatic incidents is the further fact of a concentration of a considerable American navy, involving three separate squadrons, in the Gulf of Pechili, to the south of, and immediately adjoining, Manchuria. The designs of Russia on Manchuria are plain to be seen. How resolute is its determination to pursue those designs is yet to be determined. It will hardly pursue them



if the pursuit involves war with England, Japan, and the United States; doubtful whether it will pursue them if it involves war with England and Japan, with the diplomatic hostility of the United States. Students of the East have for some time prophesied that the controversy of the future would be between the Slavic and the Anglo-Saxon civilizations, as the contest of the past has been between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon civilizations. In any such conflict it is certain that Japan would be ranged on the side of the Anglo-Saxon; certain that American sympathies would be on the same side. What America's *action* would be would depend on circumstances. Where the sympathies of China would lie, and what her action would be, it is probably impossible to foretell.



#### Socialism in Germany

The official returns of the German elections show a larger Socialist vote than was at first published, the latest figures being 2,911,317, an increase of more than 800,000 votes over 1898. The second ballots, made necessary in all constituencies in which no candidate received a majority, have been held since our last account of the elections in the issue of June 27, and the Socialists have made much the largest gains of any party in the Reichstag, increasing their representation from 54 to 81. The composition of the Reichstag is now as follows: Clericals, 102; Socialists, 81; Conservatives, 52; Free Conservatives, 19; National Liberals, 51; Richter Radicals, 21; Barth Radicals, 9; South German Radicals, 6; Poles, 16; Alsatians, 9; Anti-Semites, 9; Agrarians and Peasants' League, 7; Independents, 11; and a few members classed as Hanoverians and Danes. The steady and formidable increase of the Socialist vote is scarcely less noticeable than the disintegration of the Radicals and the decline of the Agrarians. It is partly at the expense of the Radicals, as we have already pointed out, that the Socialist gain has been secured; but the latter party has now shown such a progressive increase for more than thirty years that its preponderance, in point of numbers at least, is indicated in the not distant future. It is instructive to note the various stages of this progress. In 1871, out of a total

vote of about 4,000,000, the Socialist vote was only 124,655; in 1878, out of a total vote of 6,000,000, the Socialists had 437,158; in 1884 their vote was 549,990 in a total of 5,500,000; in 1890 they had made a great advance to 1,427,298 votes in a total of 7,000,000; in 1898 they had more than 2,000,000; and now they have nearly 3,000,000, more than a third of the total vote of the Empire. Doubtless this increase is due not only to the discontent with military burdens and the prospect of dearer food, but also to the substitution of a more moderate programme for the revolutionary collectivism of Marx. The demands of the party in the recent elections were as follows:

One vote for every man and woman; a holiday on election day; payment of Members of Parliament.

Responsibility of the government to Parliament; local self-government and the referendum.

Substitution of militia system for great standing army.

Freedom of speech and the press.

Legal equality of the sexes.

Disestablishment of the churches.

Free non-sectarian schools, with compulsory attendance.

Gratuitous legal proceedings.

Free medical attendance and burials.

Progressive income and inheritance taxes.

This, it will be seen, is in several respects frankly opportunist and practical as compared with the sweeping changes of the old programme, and without doubt broke in upon the vote of other parties whose programme it overlapped. It remains to be seen whether the Emperor's attitude will continue to be as hostile to Socialism as before. He has been challenged and rebuked in the very districts where he personally showed his hostility.



**British Ship Subsidies** The intention of the British Government to abolish existing subsidies for merchant ships which may be used as cruisers in time of war was announced in the House of Commons last week. The change will not go into effect until April 1, 1905. It is the result of a report of the Parliamentary Committee which investigated the subject. Mr. Arnold-Foster, Secretary to the Admiralty, said that it was not the intention entirely to abandon the idea of subsidizing any vessel, as there were certain qualifications for naval serv-

ice which could be obtained in that way only, and the Government reserved the right to subsidize when necessary. The abolition affects eighteen ships belonging to the Cunard, White Star, Peninsular and Oriental, Orient, Canadian Pacific, Royal Mail, and Pacific lines. Of these the White Star Line belongs to the International Mercantile Marine Company recently formed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The amount of money withheld by the change is relatively small, being less than \$40,000 a year from the White Star Line. It is the intention, except in the special cases referred to, to substitute for subsidies the chartering of ships in war time. The same day there were also made public the reports of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, showing that for the fiscal year ending June 30 there were built 1,535 vessels of 456,076 gross tons, as compared with 1,657 vessels of 473,981 gross tons for the preceding year. A decrease, however, is not peculiar to the United States, but has been noted in the leading ship-building nations since 1901, the year of highest output in the history of this industry.



#### The Coronation Oath

Earl Grey's bill to abolish the words in the coronation oath which are offensive to Roman Catholics was defeated in the House of Lords on the second reading. The majority against it, which was 47 in a vote of 109, was not conclusive, by reason of the qualified approval of the object of the bill as expressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter said that the bishops would accept a form of words which should not be offensive, but must not be ambiguous. The offensive terms, which speak of the Pope as Antichrist, have so long been resented by the Catholic citizens of the British Empire that it was confidently expected by them that a change would be made shortly after the King's accession. Earl Grey, in introducing the bill, expressly urged the interests of imperial unity in its support, an argument which intelligent opinion from all sides abundantly justified him in using. A larger attendance in the House of Lords at the time of voting would have resulted, it is said, in the passage of the bill, and it is the declared intention of its supporters to bring it up again. The King

is known to favor it, and the knowledge that it would be passed in the House of Commons by a large majority may probably be relied upon eventually to overcome opposition among the Lords.



**A Great Canal** The construction of a canal across Scotland from the Firth of Forth to the river Clyde is credibly reported to have been decided upon by the British Government. Apart from the commercial importance of such a canal, the fact that the new British North Sea naval station is being built on the Firth of Forth is a strategic reason for it, as the largest war-ships at that station would be able to reach the Atlantic in a short time, the distance being only forty miles. It would also greatly promote trade between Edinburgh and Glasgow, making each city a port in practical command of North Sea as well as Atlantic trade. The cost is to be \$50,000,000. The new naval station and the canal are said to be the answer to the long-continued criticism which pointed out that there was no adequate naval defense on the eastern Scottish coast against any hostile power which was able to put a strong fleet in the North Sea. Recent German literature of aggressive quality had emphasized that defect, and the combination of naval and commercial advantages resulting from a canal has, it is said, compelled support of the latter project in connection with the naval station. By this means any scheme of home defense, in case of an attack by a foreign fleet, would be able to concentrate British war-ships by using the canal instead of steaming around the northern coast.



#### A Colossal Conception

Some time ago Mayor Low, of New York City, asked Mr. Lindenthal, the Bridge Commissioner, to prepare designs for the erection of a bridge terminal which should do away with the present unendurable crowding and delay at the New York entrance of the old Brooklyn Bridge. With the assistance of two consulting architects, Mr. Lindenthal has now not only submitted plans for this purpose, but also has offered as a suggestion or possibility an architectural scheme for the

treatment of the City Hall and the adjoining streets—a plan which is truly magnificent, architecturally speaking. If this elaborate and, of course, extremely expensive idea is carried out, the City Hall Square would, Mr. Lindenthal says, rival in beauty such famous squares as Trafalgar Square in London, the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and the Rathhaus Platz in Vienna, with double the area of any of these. In its full extent the plan calls for the removal of the Post-Office, the County Court-House made famous by Tweed's thefts, and the buildings now in the City Hall Park, with the exception of the City Hall itself, the architecture of which has long been admired by artists and critics of architecture. Opposite the northern end of the Park there would be a building or row of buildings, single in design, to be used for administrative purposes by the city. Where the present Bridge terminal stands would be a new terminal harmonious in design with the new Hall of Records; it would have seven floors, and from it would rise an enormous tower or campanile, represented by the plans to contain forty-two stories and to be about six hundred and fifty feet high. This also would be used chiefly for city offices. To carry out this design in full would require an expenditure of not less than thirty million dollars. It is certainly most interesting to have such a proposition before the people for discussion and as a project not improbably to be taken up in the future. Whether the unquestioned gain in municipal beauty and usefulness would justify the expenditure is a fair question for debate. It is quite possible, in any event, to make the changes now proposed in such a way as to form a basis for the more elaborate scheme if it is decided upon later. The immediate and practical part of Mr. Lindenthal's plans contemplates a structure of seven or eight floors in height which shall bridge over Chambers Street and Park Row and have its ground floor reserved for trolley-cars, the first floor above for elevated railroads, and the floor above that for Brooklyn Bridge trains. The plans include ample accommodation for switching purposes and for the continuous movement of trains and cars. The terminal itself would cost about nine million dollars, and the upper stories would

give room for the offices of the city now rented in private buildings.



#### Successful Farm Colonies

At Fort Amity, Colorado, there is a farm colony which has made a very remarkable record. The account of it which recently appeared in the New York "Sun" would be almost incredible if it were not confirmed by Commander Booth-Tucker, head of the Salvation Army in this country, under whose direction the project has been carried out. Four years ago last April about a score of men, without property except for some household furniture, were transported by the Salvation Army from various large cities—several of them from New York—to Colorado. There each was allowed a plot of land—from ten to twenty acres—a house, a cow or two, one or two horses, pigs, and poultry. The expense of transportation, land, buildings, stock, and implements was placed as a debt owed by each man to the Salvation Army. Commander Booth-Tucker has explained the idea behind this loan as follows:

Ambassador Joseph H. Choate once said that he started in life with no capital but a letter of introduction from his Uncle Rufus. Now, I think it is the duty of society to play the part of Mr. Choate's Uncle Rufus to the average man. . . . There is no one so helpless as the poor man with a little money in his pocket. Every one is trying to get it away from him. . . . If he is sick and destitute, charity will step in and take care of him. But if he is on his feet, everybody is trying to push him down. The man who begs for money is treated better than the man who asks for work.

The theory that the Salvation Army could thus play the part of Mr. Choate's Uncle Rufus has been thoroughly vindicated. The men have been eager to meet their obligations. At times the Salvation Army has had \$2,000 in excess payments on hand. In three years the first colonist paid up his whole debt and owned twenty acres, besides building his house and supporting his family in the meantime. In four years these nineteen or twenty men have reached a position which has enabled them to pay \$50,000 in freight last year. Commander Booth-Tucker indicates shrewdly that this is a suggestion to the railroads of a way by which they could build up communities of freight-payers. The Army has given no money;

it has paid wages and has accepted produce—that is, it has supplied capital and, in Commander Booth-Tucker's words, "organizing and administrative ability which we cannot expect from the ordinary individual." The amount generally considered by contractors as necessary to set a man to digging is sufficient, so the Commander estimates, to start out a family of colonists. Land sold to the colonists at Amity for \$81,000 is now worth \$200,000. Similar results have come from two other colonies established by the Salvation Army in the West.



#### American Library Association

The meeting of the American Library Association just held at Niagara Falls was one of the most important and satisfactory gatherings of librarians yet held under the auspices of this Association. The attendance ran to nearly six hundred, and included representation of the most important public and university libraries in this country and in Canada. Eight general sessions were held and twelve department sessions (including one session of the Bibliographical Society of Chicago). The papers and discussions covered every phase of library theory and practice. Perhaps the greatest interest was manifested in the development and added efficiency of small libraries, and in library work for children. The rapid growth of this last feature of public library activity has been a surprise to the librarians themselves, and as yet is by no means appreciated by the general public. The discussion over the relations of the libraries to the book trade developed the fact that there is an intense feeling in the ranks of the librarians concerning the present agreement between the Booksellers' League and the Publishers' Association, and net book rates and general conditions were discussed with considerable vigor. The reports were said to indicate that books are costing the libraries nearly twenty per cent. more than heretofore, an increase of expense which the librarians claim is unwarranted by existing conditions in the general world of trade, and is not acceptable to the publishers themselves. The outcome of the discussion was the appointment of a committee to take the whole matter under advisement,

and to counsel with the librarians as to how they may best avoid (as far as possible) this burden. The committee appointed last year to secure, if possible, reduced postal rates to libraries was continued, with instructions to make every legitimate effort to secure the passage by Congress of a book postal bill equivalent to that introduced by Senator Lodge last year. It was resolved to hold the meeting of next year at St. Louis, in October, in the form of an international library congress; and Mr. Herbert Putnam, the librarian of the Congressional Library, was wisely chosen President of the Association. It is the determination of the members to make this a notable gathering of foreigners as well as Americans.



#### The Canadian General Assembly

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada which has just come to a close is the twenty-ninth since the union of the four Churches in 1875. Last year the representation from Presbyteries was changed from one-fourth to one-sixth. Notwithstanding the reduction, the attendance at Vancouver this year has been proportionately larger than that of any Assembly in the past. This was the first Assembly that has been held west of Winnipeg. In many respects, a correspondent writes us, it was the best Assembly that the Presbyterian Church in Canada has ever held. A deputy from the Presbyterian Church in the United States brought greetings from the Assembly which closed in Los Angeles a few days before the Canadian Assembly opened in Vancouver. In what may be termed the greatest home mission field in the world the Presbyterian Church in Canada is in the van of progress. The influx of population to the West is unprecedented, and the Canadian Church has coped with the conditions up to the present. Wherever there is a settlement there have been provided for it a school-house and a place of worship. One conspicuous feature in the Assembly of 1903 was the attention given to the aged or infirm ministers who have served, but whose day for active service is over. Through an endowment which already is large, through accumulations that are provided for by ministerial rates and congregational contribu-

tions, every aged minister in the denomination who has given forty years of service to the Church and is connected with the Aged and Infirm Ministry Fund is entitled to a retiring allowance of four hundred dollars a year. Those who have served for a shorter period have a proportionate annuity. It is confidently expected that before long the minimum of four hundred dollars will be raised to five hundred. An increase of income to the workers in the home mission field was another feature in this Assembly. Yet another was the improvement in the Augmentation Fund, which assures every ordained minister in the denomination an annual income of seven hundred and fifty dollars and a free manse. With this minimum assured to every minister, the Church, according to the ability of individual congregations, pays salaries ranging between seven hundred and fifty with free house up to nine thousand five hundred dollars. The century fund movement, which aimed at securing an extra million at the beginning of the new century, was finally reported upon at the Vancouver Assembly. Instead of a million, the Church responded with one million six hundred thousand dollars. Including the salaries of agents, secretaries, office staff, office rent, printing, and everything that properly pertains to administration, the cost of administering the mission and benevolent work of the Church last year was a fraction less than three per cent.

Leo XIII. The death of the Pope was momentarily expected on Tuesday morning of this week, and in all human probability has taken place before these words are read. Up to the very last Leo has retained in a wonderful way the vitality and lively interest in human affairs which have always characterized him; as late as Sunday he is said to have composed a farewell in Latin verse, and on the following day he insisted upon sitting up, taking part in official work, and disposing in detail of personal matters. The tenacity of life displayed by this man ninety-three years of age has been indeed extraordinary. An affection of the heart added to pulmonary trouble were the immediate causes of his last illness. It is stated that the fact that the Pope had all his

life been almost a total abstainer from wine aided the effect of the stimulants given him. We must reserve until next week any extended account of the Pope's life or estimate of his character. Even in the briefest note, however, we must not fail to recognize the fact that, in addition to high scholarship, executive ability of an uncommon order, and remarkable industry, Leo XIII. possessed a truly statesmanlike mind in that he did not fail to see that even the Pope had to deal with modern conditions, that democracy is now as great a force as monarchy, and that industrial and social questions of the day cannot be ignored. Cardinal Gibbons rightly says that the world will admire Leo "for his loftiness of intellect, for the strong refulgent light he has spread on all social, religious, and economic questions, but, above all, for his great and abiding sympathy with humanity." The Pope's family name was Vincent Joachim Pecci, he was born in 1810, was ordained as a priest when twenty-seven years old, became a Cardinal in 1853, was elected Pope in February of 1878, and was crowned with the triple tiara in March of that year.

## The American Army

Opposite the office of The Outlook there stood formerly a very creditable-looking building, occupied in part by stores and offices, in part by the Young Men's Christian Association. Some two months ago there was hung upon this building a great placard bearing the ominous inscription: Hausling & Co., House Wreckers. Then, the tenants having moved out, the work of destruction began, and for six weeks that corner, theretofore devoted to trade, education, and religion, has been a scene of falling walls, miscellaneous piles of brick, stone, broken boards, and old timber, while the passers-by have been warned off the sidewalk by temporary fences, and the air has been full of the penetrating dust of lime. One not looking forward might well say, What a wanton destruction of property; what a peril to life; what a commentary on modern civilization, that in the heart of a great city the business of house-wreckers should be carried on without prevention

from police or protest from the Christian ministry! Which is exactly what is said concerning the army by men who do not stop to perceive that house-wrecking is often a necessary preliminary to house-building.

War is house-wrecking. It marches through Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and when its work is done Bourbonism is in ruins, and the ground is cleared for the building of a new political order in united Italy, united Germany, and emancipated France. It spends seven years in destroying the government which Great Britain had organized and maintained in the American colonies. It marches through the South, and wrecks a feudal system built on slavery as its chief corner-stone. And what dust and disorder, what chaos and confusion, it leaves when its work is done! It goes into Cuba and wrecks the Spanish civilization which has existed there for three centuries—its unsanitary regulations, its robber system of taxation, its courts of injustice. It enters South Africa, and when its work is ended the Boer Republic, with its oligarchic government, its caste social order, its denial of religious liberty, is left a chaos of confused débris. And yet—how long would it have taken Rousseau to persuade Bourbon Europe that the peasantry have rights, or Jefferson to convince Great Britain that colonies were not proper fields for imperial plunder, or abolition tracts to convince the slaveocracy that slavery is economically unprofitable, or republican missionaries to work in the minds of Weyler and his ilk the conviction that governments exist for the benefit of the governed, or English Liberals to convert Kruger to the belief in equal taxation, religious freedom, and industrial liberty. In these and similar cases the new house could not be built until the old house was destroyed; the new civilization could not be erected until the old was overthrown. The house-wrecker had to precede the house-builder. In these and similar cases the moralist must not be so absorbed by a consideration of the dust and disorder of the house-wrecking that he cannot consider what sort of edifice is likely to go up in the place of the one which is being torn down.

In our time the army is not merely an

instrument for destroying the old; it is proving itself equally efficient as an instrument for building the new. It was not always so; but it is so more and more. Cromwell could destroy, but he could not rebuild; Washington rebuilt as well as destroyed. The modern army is inspired with the ambition of construction, and is displaying remarkable ability in construction. On its banner it might well bear the double legend, "House-wreckers and house-builders."

What England is doing through her army to build up a new civilization on the ruins of the old barbarism in Egypt all the world knows. What France through her army is doing to build up a new and better order in Madagascar Professor Bracq will tell our readers in an article which we shall publish before long. The American world does not know as well as it might what the American army has done and is doing in the work of reconstruction. The "Army and Navy Journal," in an article apropos of the recent Arbitration Convention at Lake Mohonk, gives an interesting account of this constructive work of the army done in times past. The army not only established the outposts of civilization, which gave security to the early settlements and cleared the way for the advancing tide of civilization, but it has staked out the paths civilization was to follow, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Army officers have conducted the surveys for and located and constructed our highways, railways, and canals; they have established our frontiers, opened our waterways and guarded them against encroachment; they have built our lighthouses and established our harbor lines, building sea-walls and breakwaters to protect them. Nearly all the great routes of internal communication in the interests of commerce and rapid transit now in existence in this country were first explored, located, and projected by officers of our army. The "Army and Navy Journal" names a number of great railroads in whose construction, and management after construction, army officers have taken a leading part.

More dramatic, and certainly not less interesting, is the constructive work which has been done by the American army in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico. A contributor, in another part of this

issue, gives a graphic account of the progress already made in the latter island toward a free democratic civilization, based on justice and equal rights. What made this progress possible was the constructive work of the American army. If that army had not laid the foundations, the present superstructure never could have been reared.

On the disbanding of the former Guard, maintained by the Spanish and hated by the people, there followed a saturnalia of crime, burnings, robbery, assassination, rape. The difficulties encountered in stopping these outrages were great, but they were overcome. Roads were patrolled, marauders pursued, rewards for apprehension and conviction offered, public order was restored, and protection to life and property was secured. Thus the army was a Police Department.

Courts of justice proved themselves incapable of acting with the promptness and energy necessary to discover and bring guilty parties to justice. Bandits continued to commit crimes of arson and murder without a single case of conviction. Therefore military courts were organized, and the evidence secured by them revealed the existence of well-organized bands of marauders, whose victims were mostly defenseless persons of Spanish sympathies residing in the rural districts, or men of wealth subjected to blackmail. Despite the difficulty of getting evidence, because witnesses were afraid to testify, when at last it became apparent that every captured bandit would receive a speedy trial before an American court, without partiality from either fear or favor, and, if convicted, would surely go to the penitentiary, vandalism began speedily to subside, and by the spring of 1899 it had practically disappeared. Thus the army was an organized Court of Justice.

The sanitary condition of the jails had been indescribably filthy and horrible. This was radically changed. Shops for the employment of convicts were established and equipped, and brooms, hats, shoes, and other clothing were manufactured in quantity not only sufficient to supply the prison and all the jails, but also to justify competition for supplying some articles to inmates of the orphan and insane asylums. For the first time in the history of the island punishment

became reformatory. Thus the army was a Prison Reform Commission.

The tax system of Porto Rico was oppressively injurious and unjust. It was conceived in oppression and administered by fraud. Under military orders provision was made both for a better system and for a better administration of taxation, and subsequently for the translation and publication of the Spanish statutes in force in the island, that the people might know the laws to which they were subject. Thus the army was a kind of temporary Legislative Body.

Epidemics of smallpox had been frequent, and the disease was present in the island for many years previous to 1899. In the early part of that year the vaccination of the entire population was undertaken under the direction of the chief surgeon of the military department. During four months 860,000 persons were vaccinated under military orders. As a result, while the average number of deaths from smallpox for the nine years ending with 1898 was about 621, from January 1 to April 30, 1900, there was not a single death from this disease. At the same time a general order of the Military Governor directed the formation of a Board of Health at San Juan, to be composed of an army officer as president, the health officers of the fort and city, and two members of the city council. This board was authorized to formulate regulations concerning the overcrowding of buildings and the proper inspection of houses, yards, and streets. By it local boards were appointed in the various municipalities, with instructions to forward regular reports about all sanitary matters. Thus the army was a Board of Health.

The poverty in the island was great; pauperism was common; methods of prevention were hardly thought of; provisions for relief were pathetically inadequate. Under the direction of army officers a Board of Charities was organized, the orphan and insane asylums were brought under its supervision, sanitary conditions and bathing facilities were provided, a physician of professional standing was appointed superintendent, separation was made between the sexes, the children were placed in a building separate from the insane, and the accommodations for the latter were largely increased. When



by hurricane and flood three thousand people were destroyed, together with millions of dollars' worth of property, including the greater part of the food supply of the island, the army came in to furnish relief, and it distributed over thirty-two million pounds of foodstuffs, besides clothing and medicines. Thus the army was a Board of Charities.

The census of 1899, taken about a year after the American occupation, showed that only about fifteen per cent. of the population were able to read and write, and only about one-half of one per cent. claimed to have more than an elementary education. The army made the schools absolutely free to all residents of Porto Rico between the ages of six and eighteen, established a graded system of schools in towns, limited the number of pupils for each teacher to fifty, eliminated church doctrine and religion from the curriculum, provided for the teaching of Spanish, English, arithmetic, geography, elements of United States history, civil government, etc., and opened a model training-school and a summer school for teachers. Thus the army was a Board of Education.

In July, 1900, the military commander ordered a general election under military supervision. There was great interest in the election, both parties striving to secure a full registration. This was the first fair and honest election ever held in Porto Rico to fill a public office. Thus the army was a Bureau of Election.

Thus the American army found in Porto Rico a people harried by bandits, terrified by unrepressed and unpunished crime, oppressed by irrational and unjust taxation, victims of poverty and ignorance, decimated by recurrent epidemics of disease, without tribunals worthy to be called courts of justice, and without the possibility of a fair and honest election, which is the very foundation of free institutions. The American army laid in Porto Rico the foundations of a modern, well-organized society, by acting for the unorganized community, as a Police Department, a Court of Justice, a Prison Reform Commission, a Legislative Body, a Board of Health, a Board of Charities, a Board of Education, a Bureau of Elections. For the results of this work of the army the reader may turn to the article by Mr. George Marvin on another page.

Lovers of peace should set before themselves a higher ideal than to dissolve the army. Their ideal should be to direct its energies in pacific and constructive work. For the army has certain essential qualities which peculiarly fit it for such work. The army is a highly organized body. The essential principles of its organization date from the days of King David. The efficiency of those principles has been verified by centuries of experience. The army is autocratic. While many minds are needed for counsel, one head is needed for executive action. When democracy has determined what is to be done, the army is an admirable instrument for doing it. The army is animated by the spirit of obedience. Obedience is not altogether a popular nor a too common virtue in America, but it is essential in an organization which is laying the foundations of future free civilization. For obedience is the mother of liberty. The army is pervaded by the spirit of patriotism or Americanism. Nowhere, not even in the public school, is this loyalty, not only to America as a Nation, but to American ideals, more to be seen than in the American army. The army is free from the spirit of commercialism. Its inspiration is ambition, not acquisitiveness. It is, therefore, of all twentieth-century organizations, the one which is freest from corruption. Civilization can find something better to do with this splendid instrument than to belittle, to dishonor, and eventually to destroy it. We can use it in destroying the barbarisms which ought to be destroyed, but no less in building on the ground, when cleared from the ruins of the past, the foundations of a new and better civilization.



## Passive Resistance in England

A well-informed contributor gives on another page an account of the attitude taken by a considerable section of the Nonconformists in England upon the new Education Bill. Mr. Horne is one of the leaders in this Passive Resistance movement, and in his interpretation of it speaks with authority. The Outlook has heretofore informed its readers respecting the new Education Bill. It possesses some

advantages. It simplifies what was before a complicated system, and gives to it a certain degree of coherence; it probably involves some economies in administration. On the other hand, in some localities it will depreciate the teaching and narrow the curriculum, and we doubt whether it will improve either in any locality.

But these considerations appear to us, as they appear to the Nonconformists of England, insignificant in comparison with the fact that the bill violates what they believe to be a constitutional principle in England, as it certainly is in this country—that men shall not be taxed to support a religious propaganda which violates their own conscience. Practically the educational system of England is put under the control of the Church of England, while it is to be supported by men of all churches. The difference between the Nonconformists and a very considerable section of the Church of England is not less radical than the difference between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. We do not say that it is the same; we do say that it is not less radical. Indeed, there are many Nonconformists who would object less seriously to a Roman Catholic school than to a school under the control of the High Church faction in the Church of England; they would be less afraid for their children of the influence of those whom they call "papists" than of those whom they satirically call "ape-ists." Whether this hostility is rational or not, it exists; and the constitutional provision to which appeal is made, we think with justice, is this: that no class in the community ought to be required to support a system for the education of their children in principles which are abhorrent to them.

The resistance which the Nonconformists are organizing to interpose to this bill they call Passive Resistance. They do not propose open revolt against the law; they propose simply to refuse to pay the rate and to allow their property to be sold, or themselves, if need be, imprisoned. This is wholly within the right of any body of citizens, or, for that matter, of any individual citizen. If a citizen believes a law is unjust, he may disregard it and suffer the penalty. This is what the Nonconformists in England propose to do. They will not resist the law; they will

refuse to obey it, and will suffer the penalty. If any large proportion of influential Nonconformists join in this movement, if they have enough of the spirit of Hampden and of Cromwell to see their property despoiled and to suffer, if need be, imprisonment for their convictions, they will certainly win in the end. The majority in England will not attempt the impossible task of indicting a large, influential, and entirely respectable portion of the community as criminals for refusing to cooperate in a movement which directly concerns their home, and which is against not only their judgment but their conscience.



## The Loyalty of Robert E. Lee

At the Commencement exercises of Emory College, at Oxford, Georgia, Judge Emory Speer made an eloquent plea for the honoring of Robert E. Lee, the commander of the Confederate armies, as a National hero. After a brief account of General Lee's ancestry and education, and an explanation of the motives which determined his decision to support the Confederate cause in spite of his dread and hatred of disunion, Judge Speer sketched in warm and vivid Southern phrase his career and comportment during the war, and, recounting incidents and estimates throwing light on his character, at once spiritual and human, chivalrous and practical, aggressive and unselfish, brave and mild, humble and dignified, concluded with an appeal to the Nation to accept Lee among the great patriots of America.

We call attention to this speech of Judge Speer's, not simply because of the honor it offers to a man who was worthy of admiration equally for his consummate military genius, his gentle courtliness, and his high Christian character, but more especially because of the explanation which it offers for the course of a man of these qualities in leading armed forces against his country's flag.

Robert E. Lee was never an advocate of secession. He was a devoted supporter of the Constitution and an earnest believer in the Union. When the acts of secession were passed and the Union

was menaced, he was distressed and dismayed as truly as any Northerner. In a letter to his wife in January, 1861, from which Judge Speer quotes, he says of Washington: "How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors! I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all grounds of hope are gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed and his precious advice and virtuous example will so soon be forgotten." And again, writing on the same day, he says of the dissolution of the Union that it would be the greatest of calamities, "an accumulation of all the evils we complain of," and "nothing but revolution." Judge Speer, himself a Southern man, sums up Lee's attitude with these words:

He knew that so soon as the cohesive influence of present danger was withdrawn, the States to compose the Confederacy might again separate. He clearly saw that instead of a proud and united Nation, which was winning the admiration and commanding the respect of the world, the American States, North and South, might soon present a shameful spectacle, the despair of the friends of popular government everywhere, a snarl of wrangling communities. . . . He might have seen the soil of the opposing republics in war after war drenched in fratricidal blood . . . and the genius of American freedom perish by the folly and fury of those who once worshipped at her shrine.

For a man with such devotion for the Union and such dread of anything that might destroy it to give himself to the cause which aimed at its destruction would have been absolutely impossible except for the strongest conceivable motive. Robert E. Lee found that motive in his loyalty to his convictions. No motive of self-advancement and personal glory could move him even when coupled with his belief in the prime importance of the Union. He was offered the command of the armies of the Union in which he believed passionately; but he answered the messenger from President Lincoln with the exclamation: "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four million slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union; but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native State?" To him duty meant duty to his State; honor meant going with his State to victory or defeat. We can well believe that he inflicted

upon his own sensitive soul wounds which never wholly healed when he took up the cause of disunion which he dreaded, the cause of anarchy which he denounced, for the sake of the State to which he felt himself in highest duty bound to cleave.

It is hardly possible that any man in the North could have gone through the spiritual struggle that Robert E. Lee went through during the days when war was threatened. In the North those men that wavered were choosing between a low motive and a high one. Robert E. Lee was beset by two conflicting high motives. That he chose to follow that high motive which kept him with his State The Outlook believes to have been an error of political judgment; but it was not a moral error, not even an error of political morality. He who is loyal cannot be a traitor, and Lee and the men of his stamp were as loyal to their conscientious convictions as were the men who fought against them. The test of patriotism, like the test of any other moral quality, is not success, but loyalty to conviction; and by that test Robert E. Lee stands to-day among the purest, though among the most tragically misled and misunderstood, of patriots.

One of the most pathetic, from one point of view, from another one of the most stimulating and enlightening, utterances that have come to us from the desperate days before the breaking out of the war is in a letter in which Lee mentions his own son, an officer in the regular army at the time: "The times are indeed calamitous. The brightness of God's countenance seems turned from us, and his mercy stopped in its blissful current. Tell Custis he must consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong, let him do better. The present is a momentous question, which every man must settle for himself, and upon principle." The man who wrote these words can teach lessons of patriotism to America of to-day. The defeat of his armies, which meant triumph to the South as well as to the North, may have changed his conception of what duty to his country signified; but his loyalty to that duty as he conceived it was as steadfast before as after his defeat. It is such steadfast loyalty that is the essence of

patriotism. At some other time we may inquire into the nature of the two diverse conceptions of patriotism which contended for supremacy during the days of the Civil War. It is our purpose here to emphasize the truth that those who were loyal to the one conception were as truly patriots as those who were loyal to the other. The real issue was not between patriotism and the want of it, but between two forms of patriotism, one State, the other National. If willingness to sacrifice what is passionately prized next to honor itself is any criterion as to the degree of patriotism that begets such sacrifice, then those Southerners of whom Robert E. Lee is the type are to be counted among the patriots whose lives constitute the real riches of the Nation.



## “Saved by His Character”

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

In the article entitled “A Text from Luther,” published in the issue of *The Outlook* for June 13, appears this statement: “No man is saved by his orthodoxy, but any man may be saved by his life; no man is saved by his churchmanship, but any man may be saved by his character.” Any Protestant will agree with the first clause in each of these sentences, but is the antithesis in each true, that “any man may be saved by his life,” and “any man may be saved by his character”? These statements seem especially inappropriate in connection with the name of Martin Luther, who was one of the sturdiest champions of the Bible doctrine of justification by faith alone, and of the Protestant teaching that we are saved “unto good works” and not by them, and that the good “life” and “character,” of which the writer speaks, are not the means unto salvation, but simply the evidences of it.

W. B.

Taken out of their connection, these sentences are fairly amenable to our correspondent's criticism. But if the article be read as a whole, we do not think that their meaning is ambiguous.

What is salvation?—character? or condition? In the ordinary language of the people, if not of the clergy and the theologian, salvation is condition. A man is regarded as saved when he is certain of heaven, and lost when he is in peril of hell. If this conception of salvation be accepted as legitimate, then the sentence which our correspondent criticises is absolutely correct. Nothing less than good character furnishes any sure hope of

heaven; nothing other than bad character puts a man in peril of hell. “Every one that loveth is born of God.” This is the one statement; the other is, “And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.” If by salvation is meant heaven, then it is true that man is saved by his life, saved by his character.

But we agree with our correspondent's implication that it is more correct to say that character is salvation and that heaven is a consequence of being saved. The possession of life is salvation; and eternal life begins here; we do not wait to have it given to us hereafter. And the condition of receiving life or obtaining character is faith and always faith. That is, life is imparted by a superior to an inferior, by the higher to the lower, by the teacher to the pupil, by the mother to the child, by God to man. Faith accepts what grace gives—faith of the pupil in the teacher, faith of the child in the mother, faith of the soul in God. Character is developed, not by mere spontaneous growth, but primarily by reception of influence from another; by heredity; by teaching; by example; by personal contact. Faith is the spirit which perceives, admires, reveres, receives. There must be a superior to impart; but the inferior must also be willing to receive. Loyalty in the pupil to the teacher, loyalty in the child to the mother, loyalty in the soul to God—this is essential to receiving. And this loyalty is faith. Faith is not believing something about God; it is the receptive mind towards God. The pupil does not need to know what diploma the teacher has; the child does not need to know how the mother became mother; the soul does not need to understand God, still less to accept some one else's definition of God. Understanding does not precede life; it follows life. Theology does not precede religion; it follows religion. Faith is loyalty; faith is love; faith is the welcoming attitude. We are saved by faith because this welcoming attitude is the first condition of the upbuilding of character. We are saved by character, because character is the essential condition of true fellowship with God: it is “holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.”

# Porto Rico, 1900-1903

By George Marvin

THE visible change at work at this time in the life of the people of Porto Rico and in the appearances of things there is impressive and significant. This process, the degree of transformation, is naturally less noticeable to the American who has lived here since the occupation than to one who, like the writer, revisits the island after an absence of three years. A unique process it is—the Americanization of a Latin community. Porto Rico to-day is a vastly different place from Porto Rico three years ago, and some of the signs of the times are plain enough for him who runs to read. Such judgments, formed on the appearances of things and on what people apparently think, are sufficiently confirmed in most cases, should they need support, by recorded facts and by what people frankly say.

As one goes ashore from the steamer at San Juan and walks up from the landing-stage through the shining, clean "Marina," evidences of change are at once forthcoming. Over the shouts of the stevedores and bull-boys on the docks, and the thin, shrill whistles of small craft in the harbor, sound the familiar gong and ascending whir of the American trolley. Soon around the corner from the Plaza swings a long yellow car guided by a white-coated motorman. As it straightens out and speeds away along the military road, under the ancient ruined walls of Fort Cristobal, on its way to Santurce, it works a magic transformation. The low, flat-roofed, bright-tinted Spanish buildings, with their dark arcades, the crumbling, grass-grown fortifications, the graceful palms along the harbor shores—the entire composition, from the archaic bull-carts close at hand to the distant, sleepy, shower-swept mountains, speaks one language, strikes one accord—the language of Spanish America, the minor note of arrested development, of eternal contentment *in statu quo*. That long yellow car just disappearing behind the Cuartel talks plain United States. It speaks the language of progress—its note is the note of progressive unrest.

In Ponce, across the island, another American trolley line connects the city with the Playa, or port, two miles away, supplanting slow bull-carts and a high-priced and totally inadequate coach monopoly. Each line in equipment and road-bed is fully up to the standard of the best suburban roads in the States. The San Juan line runs over the grades of the old Spanish tramway through the palm groves of Santurce and Martin Peña to Rio Piedras, seven miles from the capital. It provides fast, clean, brilliantly lighted cars in place of the old, dingy, badly ventilated Spanish coaches covered with soft-coal dust. Three years ago the steam tram, on an hourly schedule, was seldom filled. Running ten minutes apart, every trolley-car is filled to overflowing. That difference implies a great increase in the amount of necessary travel in and out of the two cities. But crowds of Porto Ricans, some with the evident enjoyment of children, ride up and down the length of the line every day for the pure pleasure of the journey.

A Ponce dry-goods merchant whose shop is in the Plaza said:

"The 'trowley' is more change Ponce to America than all de Americanos."

On fine nights this same merchant, complacently puffing his after-dinner cigarro, boards the "trowley" at his own door, and, with the subdued Señora and their two little black-eyed daughters beside him, traverses the long loop through Ponce streets and speeds down the two cool miles over the river and through the shadowy cane-fields of Señor Barros to the Playa. During the week in February when Admiral Higginson's fleet lay at anchor in the harbor of Ponce, one-third of the population of the city rang up fares on the electric road.

In addition to the trolley system, the automobile has invaded Porto Rico. A transinsular express and passenger service has been in operation from Ponce to San Juan during the past year, and the daily passage of these puffing, evil-smelling vehicles along the highway actually occasions no disturbance and attracts less

notice than would be the case on almost any American country road. The use of American horses' by civilians has greatly increased during the past three years. At San Juan, Ponce, and Mayaguez I saw several handsome teams belonging to Porto Ricans driven by native coachmen in neat white liveries, some of them close, possibly intentional, copies of the Governor's equipage. It is difficult to account for this change, unless the big horses are valued for their added importance and show. The small, wiry native horses, if properly fed and cared for, are handsome animals, fully equal to any demands made upon them, and much better adapted, either for riding or driving, to the climate and local conditions.

San Juan, as the seat of insular government, the headquarters of the military organization, and the chief port for navy and merchant marine, naturally is further advanced toward Americanization than any other city on the island. Ponce, however, with a very much smaller American colony, exhibits an even more progressive spirit, and Mayaguez, Cayey, and Aguadilla also show distinct change. One must in fairness except Caguas and Arecibo, where an anti-administration political spirit, fast dying out, is still strong enough to oppose American innovations. With the exception of Curaçao, that "Spotless Town" of the Caribbean, San Juan is the cleanest city in the West Indies; it is an object-lesson to most American cities. Every visitor notices the order and neatness of its clean, well-paved streets. In the summer of '99 it was a comparatively clean city, but Jupiter Pluvius, the then street-cleaning department, accomplished satisfactory results only on the declivities. Other cities on the island, without paving, suffer by contrast, but in Ponce and the other chief cities gangs of prisoners in uniform brown canvas systematically keep the gutters clean, the roads graded, refuse and garbage carried away. Dogs no longer batten on the principal streets, and the vital statistics are eloquent of reform,<sup>1</sup> not only in visibly clean streets, but also in the beginnings of a thorough sewerage system, and the introduction of aqueduct water in place

of the old-time disease-breeding cisterns, potent but less evident causes of improvement.

Three years ago ice was a luxury; now every town of importance on the island has its ice-plant, and many private enterprises, such as the large American sugar centrales, manage their own refrigeration with ice made on the premises. Delivery is made in San Juan by regulation American ice-wagons drawn by yokes of native bulls. At night the streets are brilliantly illuminated by electric arc lamps, and nearly all the Porto Rican houses in the three chief cities use electricity for lighting purposes. Near the new American electric light and power station, on the Playa road in Ponce, stand the remains of the old Spanish gas company's buildings. The American place is effulgent by night, a high-power lamp in front lights up spotless new white walls, clean ground and an orderly interior of machinery, stabled cars and bright offices. About the doors stand native employees neatly dressed in the company's khaki uniform.

At both San Juan and Ponce good local telephone lines are in operation, and the Spanish central responds "Hell-o." The Spanish-speaking population have been quick to appreciate this convenience, as the names in the directory books, hung beside the instruments, show. Each company is constantly extending its lines, but as yet no movement has been made towards the introduction of an insular long-distance service. Since the Bureau of Insular Telegraph received the telegraph system from the Signal Corps in February, 1901, the number of offices has been increased from ten to forty, and so prompt and efficient has the service become that it is used confidently by Porto Rican business men all over the island, who never made any customary use of the antiquated, unreliable tape-instruments of the Spaniards.

In view of the many American enterprises, successful and unsuccessful, launched on the island, and the steadily increasing tide of American travel to Porto Rico, it is remarkable that no capital has gone to the establishment of a good American hotel. The nearest approach to an American establishment of the kind is the recently finished Colonial Café in the Plaza at the capital, and the

<sup>1</sup> According to the report of Dr. H. M. Hernandez, President of the Board of Health, the total number of deaths during the year 1901 and 1902 was 13,821 less than in the preceding year.

American saloon, richly equipped with Jim Corbett's old bar furniture, near the Marina. By night this place gives a touch of Broadway to the Spanish street, flashing overhead, in red, white, and blue incandescent lights, constantly changing inducements to enter. If Porto Rico is ever to become established as an American winter resort, this need for good hotels must be met; the number of visitors during the past season was twice that in any former year; the hotel accommodations—in the mere matter of room—proved totally inadequate.

In the country the signs of transition are as plain as in the towns. At Guanica and Aguirre, sixty miles apart, in the long southern coast-strip of rich cane savannas, are situated the two great sugar centrales of the American companies. Enormous gray sheds of painted corrugated iron, covering nine roller-mills and complete plants of the newest evaporating and condensing machinery, topped by their six or eight black funnels, they make a striking contrast to the old muscovado mills of the Spanish time, nestled here and there among the cane, a solitary red brick chimney marking the situation of the antiquated structure.

The enormous material improvement of conditions in Porto Rico under the American régime is now well known, in a general way, through the recent publication at Washington of export and import statistics. From these figures we learn that our shipments to the island have multiplied eight times since 1898, while within the same period Porto Rico exports to the United States have increased from \$2,415,000 to \$12,000,000. But figures, although convincing, often need analysis, and these statistics about Porto Rico will be made more enlightening by a brief but careful examination of the conditions which underlie them.

The American occupation has revolutionized the methods of sugar and tobacco production in Porto Rico, yet it is a fact that the total output of sugar for the present year, 105,000 tons, an increase of fifty per cent. over the previous year, is more than 66,000 tons short of the largest crop produced by the Spaniards in 1879. This apparent inconsistency in favor of the banner years prior to 1898 is, however, easily accounted for

by the larger area at that time under cultivation, as well as by unusual conditions in those years. After the war the crop fell off heavily, no more land was taken up, and land already in cultivation was not properly harvested, by reason of the loss of the Spanish market, the disturbance created by the change of currency, and a general uncertainty as to just what the United States Government intended to do. Three years ago only 56,000 tons were exported, and there was a general expression of dissatisfaction by the Porto Rican growers, some of whom allowed their lands to go on mortgage foreclosure, or sold them under cane to American investors. The situation now, as far as the native growers are concerned, is completely reversed. A steady market and increased prices have brought confidence. Porto Ricans are not selling their cane lands now; they are holding on to them. A few have put centrifugals into their old mills. Others, on the south coast, near Guanica and Aguirre, have abandoned their mills and become colonos of the Americans, growing their cane and sending it to be ground at the big centrales. They keep their proprietary rights, and on a percentage basis make more money than under the former system by their own grinding. Where, three years ago, long lines of bull-carts slowly dragged small loads of cane over the stubble fields to picturesque old muscovado mills, narrow-gauge cane-railroads have been put in, and American locomotives haul trains of ten-ton cars all day and night to feed the ravenous centrales. Counting a section of the old French railroad, now controlled by an American company, sixty miles of track on the south coast are now in use for the transportation of cane.

What seems promising in all this, as well as in the other great agricultural enterprises, back of the visible material progress achieved, is the co-operation in business of Porto Ricans with Americans. In banking, shipping, and in several recently organized companies to carry on local enterprises, the same truth is noticeable. This at least seems plain; whatever they may think of us in other respects, the Porto Rican who wants to make money sees that his interests are bound up with the American. The Porto Rican acknowledges, at least by deed, that he is



behind the times. When he does that, his state of mind is enlightened; when he goes ahead, and, instead of blocking progress, helps to introduce and welcomes the new methods, he is unmistakably exhibiting American traits.

Go up in the tobacco district of Cayey. The transformation there is even more complete than in the sugar district. Valleys, hills, and mountains are planted almost continuously with tobacco. The regularly marked cultivation seems to be spreading with the rapidity of some great plague of nature into districts where it was never known before. Near Caguas the Porto Rican-American Tobacco Company has erected a large new factory, in addition to the building already occupied by it in San Juan. Before the American occupation, and within the last three years, most Porto Rican export tobacco was sent to Cuba for manufacture. The reason for this was twofold: lack of manufacturing facilities on the island, and the very small proportion of native product suitable for wrappers. Many a cigar with a Porto Rican filler has been sold in the States, wrapped in fine Cuban leaf, as a Cuban product. The establishment of new factories, which give employment to all the cigar-makers on the island, has obviated one defect. The wrappers are also coming along. A few miles out of Cayey two hundred acres of tobacco are being grown under cheese-cloth, a process which gives a leaf of the finest texture.

It is reassuring to know that the impressions gained from appearances of the tobacco district are more than confirmed by facts from the office of the Commissioner of the Interior. The crop for the present year, in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 pounds, is the most valuable ever produced in the history of Porto Rico.

While speaking of the benefit to the tobacco and sugar industries of Porto Rico, one cannot ignore the coffee situation. If you exploit tobacco and sugar to a dissatisfied person—and there are such in Porto Rico, plenty of them—he will always come back at you with coffee. Prior to the American occupation, 180,000 acres were cultivated for coffee; the present area, according to the records, is 122,000 acres. Coffee between 1879 and 1898 was the big thing in Porto Rico, exceeding the sugar crop six times,

and in 1896 being valued at more than four times the entire amount of sugar produced in that year. Much of the best class of the island population in the Spanish time was interested in coffee culture and export. All these people have suffered heavy losses, labor with capital. It is natural, perhaps, but unreasonable, to associate the cyclone of 1899, which destroyed two-thirds of the coffee-trees, with the American occupation. A juster contention is, of course, the great drop in prices directly attributable to the change in government. Brazilian coffee controls the American market, where the Porto Rican product at a higher price has not been properly appreciated, and much of the foreign market, formerly certain, has been lost. But even at the present low prices there is plenty of money in coffee. Redemption of abandoned lands and new plantings have been, and are, going forward rapidly, and, according to estimates in the Department of the Interior, the coffee crop for this year will be fully up to the normal again. Moreover, we learn from the recent statistics already alluded to, which are now common property, that the value of the coffee exported to this country has increased from \$21,000 last year to \$500,000 for the present year, 1902–03.

Such material evidences of change as trolley-cars, telegraph, telephone, and other electrical appliances, equipages on the roads, and the great transformation evident in agriculture, significant in themselves as they at first seem, might not be any true indication of popular sentiment. Porto Ricans might welcome the wealth-producing or convenient reforms of the Americanos, with hate in their hearts all the time for the foreign invaders. Effective Americanization must go deeper.

Three years is a short time in which to work visible changes in the life of a people, but that changes have taken place during that time in the dress, manners, and customs of the Porto Rican people cannot be questioned. It is a hazardous venture, from the actions of people, to reach conclusions as to their states of mind, unless those actions be so often repeated as to make it highly probable that they are natural manifestations of sincerity or habit. Single instances here and there would be inconclusive, but in the multi-

plication of instances is apt to lie, inductively, the truth.

I noticed a little ragged boy in San Juan throwing a baseball with the manner and instinctive grace of an American street Arab. I have seen hundreds of other youngsters in the capital as well as in Ponce, Cayey, Mayaguez, Yauco, amusing themselves in the same way and with the same knack. In the yard of the charity school at Santurce I saw five or six games of baseball in progress; little fellows in their khaki uniforms scampering around the bases to an accompaniment of shrill English and Spanish coaching. And they were playing the game, not playing at it, as a moment's observation proved. Four years ago Porto Ricans had never heard of baseball; it is now becoming the insular game. A league has been established at San Juan, and the regular Wednesday and Saturday games between the four teams composing it attract large crowds to the grounds near Fort Cristobal. Enthusiasm among the spectators runs high at these regular games, but a majority of the players are Americans. More important as indicating popular tendency are the games played every afternoon on the grassy slopes along the roadside, near the rifle range, where crowds of men and boys amuse themselves each afternoon. From the range come the steady reports of the Krag of the Porto Rican regiment; from the baseball grounds the good, wholesome crack of ball on bat. A member of the Executive Council told me that, in his opinion, baseball was doing more to Americanize Porto Rico than express conciliation or legislative acts passed to that end.

Altered styles of dress, chiefly among the better classes, are noticeable. I well remember, three years ago, sitting in the Plazas at Mayaguez and Ponce on the Thursday and Sunday evenings when the band played. Up and down by twos through the lane of chairs rented by the municipality at five centavos paced the girls and women of the city; all classes, poor and rich, democratically assembled together. Some were bareheaded, with flowers in their loosely done black hair; some wore mantillas; all of them had their faces powdered to a pasty whiteness. Whatever charm their personal appearance created was of a "sweet disorder in

the dress;" a candid person would have called them a dowdy lot. Now, in the same familiar places, less than three years later, American and Parisian dressmaking is writ large over the same weekly parades. One scarcely ever sees a mantilla on these occasions; some of the women wear hats precisely like contemporary head-gear in New York. The passing of the mantilla is a misfortune; the hats are much less appropriate and becoming. But with the mantilla the unsightly powdering custom has nearly disappeared; at least it is no longer powder for its own sake. The naturally good complexions of the Porto Rican women glow now with a healthier color beneath a neat and well-ordered coiffure. The women are visibly better groomed. The band plays Sousa's marches, "Mr. Dooley," or airs from "The Country Girl," instead of the mournful minor music of the Danzas. The people laugh and talk as they walk; they are out to see as well as to be seen; young men walk with the women. The artistic value of the change is doubtful; there is a certain sense of incongruity. But unmistakably there is change; there is a stir about it, an added vitality, brightness, spirit.

Less change is noticeable in the local fashion of men's clothes. These have always been simple and rational, khaki and duck chiefly, material and style dictated by the climate. But English and American tailors have found many customers, and their Porto Rican brethren are being compelled to follow their styles. Panama hats, a variety of good grades, are now manufactured on the island, chiefly for export. The stiff and heavy American-made straw hat, by an odd reciprocity, actually has a larger sale at present among the native population than the more appropriate panama.

Dress has changed; manners and customs keep pace. At a ball—or baile, as they say here—given at the Ponce Casino last February in honor of Admiral Higginson and the officers of the fleet then lying in Ponce harbor, time-honored Spanish social conventions were abandoned, as they have been since on similar occasions. Dances were divided; young señoritas, after the northern fashion, sat out dances or intermissions in the foyer or boxes of the adjoining theater with

their partners—a performance bringing social ostracism or engagements under the old standards. This is merely an instance—there are many others indicating what to us seems a more rational and wholesome association between men and women.

It is, of course, quite natural that the English language in three years should have become more commonly used, and this in spite of the fact that the number of Americans now resident on the island is no greater than it was three years ago. The floating population of adventurers and carpetbaggers who flooded in after the war has been steadily drifting away again, for Porto Rico is no place for your very small man, and the legitimate increase by birth and the coming of a better and sounder class of investors and property-holders has barely made good the exodus of the unfit. The shopkeepers and merchants in the towns, the large number of Porto Ricans employed in subordinate positions by the Government, generally know enough English to carry on their transactions in that language without trouble. The stevedores and longshoremen, barbers and cocheros, the little boot-blacks who throng the curbs, even the beggars, and that conservative body in everything but politics, the Insular Police, all have a few necessary English equivalents with which to solicit business, strike a trade, or direct a stranger. But more effective than any other cause in the establishment of English are the American schools.<sup>1</sup> One thousand one hundred and thirty American schools, each filled to overflowing, are determining the speech of the coming generation; a result which of course is being anticipated by the increasing daily use made of English by the sixty thousand pupils enrolled, and its introduction by them into their homes. Spanish has been the language of Porto Rico during four centuries; English in a general way has been used four years. That the latter language has already gained such a place is significant, first, of the eagerness and promptness with which the people of the island have sought to acquire at least the speech of the new régime, and, secondly,

of the progress made towards assimilation since the occupation.

The schools are doing more than establishing the English language in Porto Rico. More than any other agency at work they are accomplishing a rational and thorough Americanization, the effects of which will be permanent. Mr. Brumbaugh, first Commissioner of Education, and his successor, Dr. Lindsay, have set up, in place of the hopeless confusion of the Spanish schools, a compact organization and system in the department of education. American and Porto Rican teachers are working together, teaching by American methods; the results are apparent in the children. I visited a dozen schools in various parts of the island, each representative of its type; industrial, rural, kindergarten, graded and high schools. With one exception, I found the teachers eager and interested in their work; the children attentive and quiet, progress very evidently being made. The schools form the most encouraging document in the records of this American colonial experiment. Over eighty per cent. of illiteracy confronted the Commission in 1900, according to the census of that year. An appropriation equal to the entire insular budget for the current year, by Dr. Lindsay's statement, could be expended in meeting the demand for further extension of the school system, yet, in spite of the inadequacy of funds at the disposal of the department, it is constantly meeting demands in excess of its equipment. Within the last month the long-hoped-for "University of Porto Rico" has been founded, with a board of Porto Rican and American trustees, one of whom is Governor Hunt, and Dr. Lindsay as first President. This institution has just been established upon a firm financial basis by the appropriation to the insular government authorized by President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, July 1st. By the terms of this order, provided for by Congress, 90,000 acres of unreserved government lands go to the people of Porto Rico. The money from the sale of these lands, valued at \$500,000, will be devoted to educational purposes.

Two other organizations in other ways are accomplishing the same fundamental kind of work that the schools are doing—the Porto Rican regiment and the De-

<sup>1</sup> The Porto Rican School Commission has adopted the unit of fifty as constituting a school. In many cases this enrollment corresponds with or exceeds the capacity of a school building. In other cases one building contains two or more "schools." There are six hundred and fifteen school buildings in use under the Commission.

partment of Charities. Five hundred of the little hungry waifs, ragged and dirty, half or wholly naked, who were running about three years ago, playing like chickens in the dust of the roadsides, have been rounded up into the girls' and boys' charity schools at Santurce. Now they are scrupulously clean, well fed, and neatly clad in the uniform costumes which, under the supervision of a master tailor, are made by the children themselves on the premises. The boys are under military discipline, with their own officers and a first-rate band composed entirely of charity boys. Their daily parade is an object-lesson in itself. These children are associating with the American flag which their proud color-sergeant carries, and with the English speech, their new life of health and something to do.

I have seldom seen a more soldierly, well-set-up body of infantry than the Porto Rican regiment. These young men are born soldiers as they are born musicians and horsemen. They love the martial music, the parade and glitter of military life. At guard mount and dress parade they are nearer West Point appearance than our average militia regiment. Whether they will prove good fighters in the actual business of war remains to be seen. Their American officers say they are sure of them, that men who can walk as these do, unafraid, into machete-play, won't balk at skirmishing or volley-firing with ball-cartridge. They cover hard practice marches at a swinging gait with ease. Of their marksmanship I can myself certify, after two days spent with detachments on the rifle ranges near San Geronimo. No white duck or glitter there; in blue flannel and khaki these dark-faced soldiers lay in the hot sand, under the blazing sun, during hours of steady firing. They were obviously not doing perfunctory work; each man was as keen over his elevation and wind-allowance, and watched the marking at the butts with as much eagerness, as if his pay depended upon his showing. They are stimulated to additional efforts by the presence among their officers of five out of the six best shots in the United States army. Whatever the efficiency of this regiment in time of war, it is clearly accomplishing results in times of peace to

much more than justify its maintenance. It sets a standard of physical excellence, order, and cleanliness before the people.

On the morning of Washington's birthday, February 22, 1903, I watched guard-mount at the Infantry Barracks, and afterwards crossed the street to the old Beneficencia building, where I had been invited to attend the commemorative exercises in the Public School. In the great court of the barracks, surrounded on its four sides by stories of arched galleries, a native military band in full uniform, with a perfect peacock of a drum-major at its head, paraded before the long, neat line of the guard for that day. As a special feature, I suppose, they afterwards played the National anthem. In the galleries across the court from where I stood, a crowd of soldiers, off duty, were watching the evolutions below. They were the Ponce companies who had just arrived after a hard march across the island. At the first bar of stirring music every man of them quietly stood erect, and, hat in hand, remained uncovered until the end.

With that picture of the shining barracks court and the motionless blue-clad figures in my mind, I sat a half-hour later at the Public School.

There were appropriate recitations and addresses by boys and girls, all but one in English, and several well-known songs were sung with English words by the whole school. Two girls at the piano and a black-haired boy with his violin played some familiar opera music. The exercises closed with the singing of the "Borinquena" and "America." The Porto Rican national air is haunting. In its minor cadences it seems to hold the melancholy of the tropics, the mournfulness of past greatness. It is a Spanish requiem. The children all knew it by heart; they sang it well, better than "America," but as they sang their faces were expressionless, their manner listless, in perfect sympathy with the music. When they sang our hymn, the unison and rhythm were not so marked, but every face was alert; they were trying, their eyes were bright, the hopelessness was gone from their shrill voices. Those two songs and the manner of their singing, at that particular time and place, seem to represent perfectly the difference between the old and the new—Spanish and American Porto Rico.

# Passive Resistance

By C. Silvester Horne<sup>1</sup>

THE opposition to the two great English Education Bills, the one dealing with England and Wales and the other with London, has taken an extraordinary line, and one which is being watched with curiosity and apprehension by many friends and foes of the present Government. Thousands of Nonconformists have publicly announced their determination to refuse to pay the new rate. An organization known as the Passive Resistance League has sprung into existence, with an executive composed of well-known leaders of the English Free Churches. Eminent counsel have given it as their opinion that this organized resistance to the Act brings the members of the League within the law relating to conspiracy, and exposes them to criminal prosecution. It has made no difference. Branches of the League have been formed in all parts of the country; at the present time over two hundred are in existence, and the work of enrollment is going on quietly but rapidly.

The situation is a strange one. A generation has passed since English Nonconformity had to fight for its own in this fashion. The last use made of the weapon of "passive resistance" by Free Churchmen was when they allowed their goods to be spoiled rather than pay a rate to support the established Episcopal Churches. In those days it used to be urged that the Church rate was for the purpose of maintaining the Church fabric, and that, as the parish churches belonged to all the parishioners, no injustice was done. Nevertheless, the stalwart Nonconformists retorted that it was a rate in support of a denominational institution from which they conscientiously dissented. Some of them were sent to prison; thousands had their goods distrained upon.

The battle lasted for many years, and ended in the complete victory of the Nonconformists. Church rates can no longer be levied.

As soon as the Education Bill of 1902 was introduced, the Nonconformists protested that a new Church rate was being levied under the guise of an education rate. The reason for this was that the schools of the Church of England were now to be put upon the rates, and yet were to remain under denominational management. Our contention has hitherto been that as soon as an institution becomes a State institution it must cease to be sectarian. This invaluable constitutional principle has now been ignored. The Nonconformist ratepayer will pay his money to Church of England schools, and will lose his ancient privilege of controlling the expenditure of his own money. American readers should understand that in eight thousand parishes in England and Wales there is only one public elementary school available in each parish, and that that school is under Church of England auspices, and that all children in the parish are by law compelled to attend it. The Nonconformist therefore asserts that the new education rate is worse than the old Church rate. The old Church rate went to keep up the parish church, but at least the Nonconformist was not compelled to attend the parish church. The new education rate goes to support a sectarian school, and Nonconformist children are compelled to attend this school. To understand the intensity of the Free Church opposition to this new system something must be known of the social and religious conditions which prevail to-day in many parts of England. The power of the Established Church in thousands of parishes is almost absolute. The squire of the parish, who probably owns most of the land, expects his tenant to be loyal to the Church of England; and multitudes of laborers and small shopkeepers are given to understand that their very livelihood depends on their conformity to the will of

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. C. Silvester Horne is the Chairman of the London Congregational Union, has been pastor of the Kensington Congregational Church, and has lately accepted a call to the Central Hall formerly known as Whitefield's Tabernacle. This church is in the Tottenham Court Road, and will be the center of many religious and philanthropic agencies which are to be brought to bear in a congested London district.—THE EDITORS.

the squire and the parson. The latter is very usually, nowadays, what is known as High Church. The old priestly notion of the ministry has been revived with great success. He repudiates the name Protestant. He regards the Nonconformist as a schismatic and a heretic, and the children of Nonconformists as proper subjects for his priestly influence. Even the "Pilot," which is an Anglican weekly paper of conspicuous moderation and great influence due to its statesmanlike opinions, declares that if the Church of England is to be re-Protestantized ten thousand clergymen must be turned out. These men are interested in the movement for reunion with Rome, and their teaching is hardly distinguishable from that of Rome. The schools which these men manage are the most valuable instrumentality they possess for proselytizing young England. Backed up, therefore, by the social influence of the squirearchy, they are able to make the position of the independent Nonconformist almost intolerable. He may be strong enough to take his own line so far as worshipping at a Nonconformist chapel is concerned, but when he sees his own children's minds set against him and the faith he holds most dear, he is driven to the verge of rebellion. So that when now he is required not only to expose his children to this peril, but to pay his rate that they may be seduced from their principles, he is astonishing the Government by asserting flatly that he will not pay, but will suffer loss of goods or even imprisonment.

By the side of this man who is thus cruelly tried, thousands of Free Churchmen are resolved to stand who live under more favored conditions. Possibly they live where a clergyman is more moderate and enlightened, and where the Church school is well managed. They do not object to the local administration of the act; they object to the act itself, inasmuch as it gives power to the clergy to govern even State schools, and takes away power from the ratepayer to decide how his rate is to be spent. To this they declare they will not submit. The grievance is further greatly aggravated by the fact that in these Church schools which are now to be entirely supported by public funds no Nonconformist can be a head teacher. To the power of the clergy is to be added

the sectarian influence of the principal teacher. Thus a further difficulty is placed in the way of the Nonconformist who desires to be loyal to the law of the land and at the same time to his own principles. We never expected to see, in any period of reaction, the reimposition of religious tests in any branch of the civil service. The payment of a rate that our children may be proselytized at the expense of their parents, and schools supported from the principal teacherships in which all people holding our convictions are expressly excluded, is to thousands of Nonconformists a moral impossibility. No section of the community has been more law-abiding than Free Churchmen. But it has come to this, that they can see no hope for England or for Protestantism in England save in the policy of Passive Resistance to the new Education Act. When a Nonconformist deputation waited on Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, to put their case before him, Dr. Fairbairn, speaking for the English Free Churches, declared that to this act they would not submit. But Mr. Balfour treats the gravest issues lightly, and it is probable that for such a statement he cared little. Bishops prophesied freely that the agitation would soon die down. They have never been celebrated for the accuracy of their predictions. The agitation is to-day spreading everywhere. It is, fortunately, very seldom that the English people is on the side of resistance to the law. But to-day, in the great citizens' meetings, the fiercest cheering is reserved for the declaration of Passive Resistance. Among the magistrates who are responsible for the administration of the law, scores have already declared that they will not pay this rate. The other day Mr. Edwyn Holt, of Manchester, resigned certain high public offices and paid a fine of two hundred dollars sooner than be a party to levying this rate; and Mr. Holt is one of the most respected of Manchester citizens. The Lord Mayor of Sheffield is prepared to lay down the Chief Magistracy of that city sooner than pay a sectarian rate. One of the leaders of the movement is Dr. John Manie, of Mansfield College, who was so recently honored at Yale with a doctor's degree. Dr. Manie is now the treasurer of the Passive Resistance

League. In Leeds at one meeting something like a thousand names were enrolled pledged to resist the law. At Coventry many of the leading citizens took the same stand. Well-known members of Parliament are public advocates of the movement. There is no considerable town where knots of men are not engaged in what is likely to prove a bitter and desperate struggle. From Oxford and from Cambridge notable manifestoes have been put forth stating the case for resistance and indicating the conscientious motives that lie behind the policy. It is safe to say that during the next six months there will be interesting and exciting developments. Rumors have already gone abroad that the Government will proclaim the Passive Resistance League, and prohibit public meetings under its auspices. It is even reported that criminal prosecu-

tion will be established and that some Nonconformist leaders will suffer. One thing, however, is certain. The conscience and reason of the country are against the Government and behind the Free Churches. A new feature in the agitation was seen in the recent enormous demonstration in Hyde Park against the bill for London. Nonconformity and the working classes made a great fighting alliance. Not far short of a quarter of a million people acclaimed the speakers and cheered enthusiastically the most uncompromising sentiments. The Government, in carrying out the clerical policy, has overreached itself. It has legislated what it cannot administer; and it seems probable that we shall witness another demonstration of the fact that no act can be operative that has not the moral convictions of the people behind it.

London, England.

## The Forest: More About Woods Indians'

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

**I**T must be understood, of course, that I offer you only the best of my subject. A people counts for what it does well. Also I instance men of standing in the loose Indian body politic. A traveler can easily discover the reverse of the medal. These have their shirks, their do-nothings, their men of small account, just as do other races. I have no thought of glorifying the noble red man, nor of claiming for him a freedom from human imperfection—even where his natural quality and training count the most—greater than enlightenment has been able to reach.

In my experience the honesty of the Woods Indian is of a very high order. The sense of *mine* and *thine* is strongly forced by the exigencies of the North Woods life. A man is always on the move, he is always exploring the unknown countries. Manifestly, it is impossible for him to transport the entire sum of his worldly effects. The implements of winter are a burden in summer. Also the return journey from distant shores must be provided for by food stations to be

relied on. The solution of these needs is the *cache*.

And the cache is not a literal term at all. It *conceals* nothing. Rather does it hold aloft in long-legged prominence, for the inspection of all who pass, what the owner has seen fit to leave behind. A heavy platform high enough from the ground to frustrate the investigations of animals is all that is required. Visual concealment is unnecessary, because in the North Country a cache is sacred. On it may depend the life of a man. He who leaves provisions must find them on his return, for he may reach them starving, and the length of his out-journey may depend on his certainty of relief at this point on his in-journey. So men passing touch not his hoard, for some day they may be in the same fix, and a precedent is a bad thing.

Thus in parts of the wildest countries of northern Canada I have unexpectedly come upon a birch canoe in capsized suspension between two trees; or a whole bunch of snow-shoes depending fruitlike beneath the fans of a spruce; or a tangle of steel traps thrust into the crevice of a

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

tree root; or a supply of pork and flour swathed like an Egyptian mummy occupying in state a high bier. These things we have passed by reverently, as symbols of a people's trust in its kind.

The same sort of honesty holds in regard to smaller things. I have never hesitated to leave in my camp firearms, fishing-rods, utensils valuable from a woods point of view, even a watch or money. Not only have I never lost anything in that manner, but once an Indian lad followed me some miles after the morning's start to restore to me a half-dozen trout flies I had accidentally left behind.

It might be readily inferred that this quality carries over into the subtleties, as indeed is the case. Mr. MacDonald, of Brunswick House, once discussed with me the system of credits carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company with the trappers. Each family is advanced goods to the value of two hundred dollars, with the understanding that the debt is to be paid from the season's catch.

"I should think you would lose a good deal," I ventured. "Nothing could be easier than for an Indian to take his two hundred dollars' worth and disappear in the woods. You'd never be able to find him."

Mr. MacDonald's reply struck me, for the man had twenty years' trading experience.

"I have never," said he, "in a long woods life, known but one Indian liar."

This my own limited woods wandering has proved to be true to a sometimes almost ridiculous extent. The most trivial statement of fact can be relied on, provided it is given outside of trade or enmity or absolute indifference. The Indian loves to fool the tenderfoot. But a sober, measured statement you can conclude is accurate. And if an Indian promises a thing, he will accomplish it. He expects you to do the same. Watch your lightest words carefully, an' you would retain the respect of your red associates.

On our way to the Hudson Bay we rashly asked Peter, towards the last, when we should reach Moose Factory. He deliberated.

"T'ursday," said he.

Things went wrong. Thursday supplied

a head wind. We had absolutely no interest in reaching Moose Factory next day. The next week would have done as well. But Peter, deaf to expostulation, entreaty, and command, kept us traveling from six in the morning until after twelve at night. We couldn't get him to stop. Finally he drew the canoes ashore.

"Moose-amik quarter hour," said he.

He had kept his word.

The Ojibway possesses a great pride, which the unthinking can ruffle quite unconsciously in many ways. Consequently the Woods Indian is variously described as a good guide or a bad one. The difference lies in whether you suggest or command.

"Peter, you've got to make Chicawgun to-night. Get a move on you!" will bring you sullen service, and probably breed kicks on the grub supply, which is the immediate precursor of mutiny.

"Peter, it's a long way to Chicawgun. Do you think we make him to-night?" on the other hand, will earn you at least a serious consideration of the question. And if Peter says you can, you will.

For the proper man the Ojibway takes a great pride in his woodcraft, the neatness of his camps, the savory quality of his cookery, the expedition of his travel, the size of his packs, the patience of his endurance. On the other hand, he can be as sullen, inefficient, stupid, and vindictive as any man of any race on earth. I suppose the faculty of getting along with men is largely inherent. Certainly it is blended of many subtleties. To be friendly, to retain respect, to praise, to preserve authority, to direct and yet to leave detail, to exact what is due and yet to deserve it—these be the qualities of a leader, and cannot be taught.

In general the Woods Indian is sober. He cannot get whisky regularly, to be sure, but I have often seen the better class of Ojibways refuse a drink, saying that they did not care for it. He starves well, and keeps going on nothing long after hope is vanished. He is patient, yea very patient, under toil, and so accomplishes great journeys, overcomes great difficulties, and does great deeds by means of this handmaiden of genius. According to his own standards is he clean. To be sure, his baths are not numerous, nor his laundry days many, but he never cooks



until he has washed his hands and arms to the very shoulders. Other details would but corroborate the impression of this instance—that his ideas differ from ours, as is his right, but that he lives up to his ideas. Also is he hospitable, expecting nothing in return. After your canoe is afloat and your paddle in the river, two or three of his youngsters will splash in after you to toss silver fish to your necessities. And so always he will wait until this last moment of departure in order that you will not feel called on to give him something in return. Which is true tact and kindness, and worthy of high praise.

Perhaps I have not strongly enough insisted that the Indian nations differ as widely from one another as do unallied races. We found this to be true even in the comparatively brief journey from Chisleau to Moose. After pushing through a trackless wilderness without having laid eyes on a human being, excepting the single instance of these French *voyageurs* going Heaven knows where, we were anticipating pleasurably our encounter with the traders at the Factory, and naturally supposed that Peter and Jacob would be equally pleased at the chance of visiting with their own kind. Not at all. When we reached Moose, our Ojibways wrapped themselves in a mantle of dignity and stalked scornful amidst obsequious clans. For the Ojibway is great among Indians, verily much greater than the Moose River Crees. Had it been a question of Rupert's River Crees, with their fierce blood laws, their conjuring lodges, and their pagan customs, the affair might have been different.

For, mark you, the Moose River Cree is little among hunters, and he conducts the chase miscellaneously over his district, without thought to the preservation of the beaver, and he works in the hay marshes during the summer, and is short, squab, and dirty, and generally *ka-win-ni-shi-shin*. The old sacred tribal laws, which are better than a religion because they are practically adapted to northern life, have among them been allowed to lapse. Travelers they are none, nor do their trappers get far from the Company's pork-barrels. So they inbreed ignobly for lack of outside favor, and are dying from the face of the land through dire diseases, just as

their reputations have already died from men's respect.

The great unwritten law of the forest is that, save as provision during legitimate travel, one may not hunt in his neighbor's district. Each trapper has assigned him, or gets by inheritance or purchase, certain territorial power. In his land he alone may trap. He knows the beaver-dams, how many animals each harbors, how large a catch each will stand without diminution of the supply. So the fur is made to last. In the southern district this division is tacitly agreed upon. It is not etiquette to poach. What would happen to a poacher no one knows, simply because the necessity for finding out has not arisen. Tawabinisáy controls from Batchawanúng to Agawa. There old Waboos takes charge. And so on. But in the far north the control is more often disputed, and there the blood law still holds. An illegal trapper baits his snares with his life. If discovered, he is summarily shot. So is the game preserved.

The Woods Indian never kills wastefully. The mere presence of game does not breed in him a lust to slaughter something. Moderation you learn of him first of all. Later, provided you are with him long enough and your mind is open to mystic influence, you will feel the strong impress of his idea—that the animals of the forest are not lower than man, but only different. Man is an animal living the life of the forest; the beasts are also a body politic speaking a different language and with different viewpoints. Amik, the beaver, has certain ideas as to the conduct of life, certain habits of body, and certain bias of thought. His scheme of things is totally at variance with that held by Me-en-gan, the wolf, but even to us whites the two are on a parity. Man has still another system. One is no better than another. They are merely different. And just as me-en-gan preys on amik, so does man kill for his own uses.

Thence are curious customs. A Rupert River Cree will not kill a bear unless he, the hunter, is in gala attire, and then not until he has made a short speech in which he assures his victim that the affair is not one of personal enmity, but of expedience, and that anyway he, the bear, will be better off in the Hereafter. And then the skull is cleaned and set on a pole near

running water, there to remain during twelve moons. Also at the tail root of a newly deceased beaver is tied a thong braided of red wool and deerskin. And many other curious habitudes which would be of slight interest here. Likewise do they conjure up by means of racket and fasting the familiar spirits of distant friends or enemies, and on these spirits fasten a blessing or a curse.

From this it may be deduced that missionary work has not been as thorough as might be hoped. That is true. The Woods Indian loves to sing, and possesses quaint melodies, or rather intonations, of his own. But especially does he delight in the long-drawn wail of some of our old-fashioned hymns. The church oftenest reaches him through them. I know nothing stranger than the sight of a little half-lit church, filled with Indians swaying unctuously to and fro in the rhythm of a cadence old Watts would have recognized with difficulty. The religious feeling of the performance is not remarkable, but perhaps it does as a starting-point.

Exactly how valuable the average missionary work is I have been puzzled to decide. Perhaps the church needs more intelligence in the men it sends out. The evangelist is usually filled with narrow, preconceived notions as to the proper physical life. He squeezes his savage into log houses, boiled shirts, and boots. When he has succeeded in getting his tuberculosis crop well started, he offers as compensation a doctrinal religion, admirably adapted to us who have within reach of century-trained perceptions a thousand of the subtler associations a savage can know nothing about. If there is enough glitter and tin steeple and high-sounding office and gilt good behavior card to it, the red man's pagan heart is tickled in its vanity, and he dies in the odor of sanctity—and of a filth his out-of-door life has never taught him how to avoid. The Indian is like a raccoon; in his proper surroundings he is clean morally and physically, because he knows how to be so; but in a cage he is filthy, because he does not know how to be otherwise.

I must not be understood as condemning missionary work; only the stupid missionary work one most often sees in the North. Surely Christianity should be

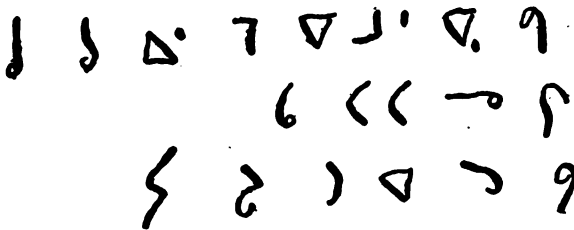
adaptable enough in its little things to fit any people with its great. It seems hard for some men to believe that it is not essential for a real Christian to wear a plug hat. One God, love, kindness, charity, honesty, right living, may thrive as well in the wigwam as in a four-square house—provided you let them wear moccasins and a capote wherewith to keep themselves warm and vital.

Tawabinisáy must have had his religious training at the hands of a good man. He had lost none of his aboriginal virtue and skill, as may be gathered from what I have before said of him, and had gained in addition certain of the gentle qualities. I have never been able to gauge exactly the extent of his religious *understanding*, for Tawabinisáy is a silent individual and possesses very little English, but I do know that his religious *feeling* was deep and reverent. He never swore in English; he did not drink; he never traveled or hunted or fished on Sunday when he could possibly help it. These virtues he wore modestly and unassumingly as an accustomed garment. Yet he was the most gloriously natural man I have ever met.

The main reliance of his formalism when he was off in the woods seemed to be a little tattered volume, which he perused diligently all Sunday, and wrapped carefully in a strip of oiled paper during the rest of the week. One day I had a chance to look at this book while its owner was away after spring water. Every alternate page was in the phonetic Indian symbols, of which more hereafter. The rest was in French, and evidently a translation. Although the volume was of Roman Catholic origin, creed was conspicuously subordinated to the needs of the class it aimed to reach. A confession of faith, quite simply, in One God, a Saviour, a Mother of Heaven; a number of Biblical extracts rich in imagery and applicability to the experience of a woods dweller; a dozen simple prayers of the kind the natural man would oftenest find occasion to express—a prayer for sickness, for bounty, for fair weather, for ease of travel, for the smiling face of Providence; and then some hymns. To me the selection seemed most judicious. It answered the needs of Tawabinisáy's habitual experiences, and so the red man was a good

and consistent convert. Irresistibly I was led to contemplate the idea of any one trying to get Tawabinisây to live in a house, to cut cordwood with an ax, to roost on a hard bench under a tin steeple, to wear stiff shoes, and to quit forest roamings.

The written language mentioned above you will see often in the Northland. Whenever an Indian band camps, it blazes a tree and leaves as record for those who may follow a message written in the phonetic character. I do not understand exactly the philosophy of it, but I gather that each sound has a symbol of its own, like shorthand, and that therefore even totally different languages such as Ojibway, the Wood Cree, or the Hudson Bay Eskimo, may all be written in the same character. It was invented nearly a hundred years ago by a priest. So simple is it, and so needed a method of intercommunication, that its use is now practically universal. Even the youngsters understand it, for they are early instructed in its mysteries during the long winter evenings. There follows a message I copied from a spruce-tree two hundred miles from anywhere on the Mattâgami River.



Besides this are numberless formal symbols in constant use. Forerunners on a trail stick a twig in the ground whose point indicates exactly the position of the sun. Those who follow are able to estimate, by noting how far beyond the spot the twig points to the sun has traveled, how long a period of time has elapsed. A stick pointed in any given direction



A short journey    A medium journey    A long journey

tells the route, of course. Another planted upright across the first shows by its position how long a journey is contemplated.

A little sack suspended at the end of the pointer conveys information as to the state of the larder, lean or fat, according as the little sack contains more or less gravel or sand. A shred of rabbit-skin means starvation. And so on in variety useless in any but an ethnological work.

The Ojibway's tongue is soft, and full of decided lisping and sustained hissing sounds. It is spoken with somewhat of a sing-song drawl. We always had a fancy that somehow it was of forest growth, and that its syllables were intended in the scheme of things to blend with the woods noises, just as the feathers of the mother partridge blend with the woods colors. In general, it is polysyllabic. That applies especially to concepts borrowed of the white men. On the other hand, the Ojibways describe in monosyllables many ideas we could express only in phrase. They have a single word for the notion, Place-where-an-animal-slept-last-night. Our "lair," "form," etc., do not mean exactly that. Its genius, moreover, inclines to a flexible verb form, by which adjectives and substantives are often absorbed into the verb itself, so that one beautiful singing word will convey a whole paragraph of information. My little

knowledge of it is so entirely empirical that it can possess small value.

In concluding these desultory remarks, I want to tell you of a very curious survival among the Ojibways and Ottâwas of the Georgian Bay. It seems that some hundreds of years ago these ordinarily peaceful folk descended on the Iroquois in what is now New York, and massacred a village or so. Then, like small boys who have thrown only too accurately at the delivery wagon, they scuttled back home again. Since that time they have lived in deadly fear of retribution. The Iroquois have long since disappeared from the face of the earth, but even to-day the Georgian Bay Indians are subject to periodical spasms of terror. Some wild-eyed and imaginative youth sees at sunset a canoe far down the horizon. Immediately the villages are abandoned in haste, and the entire community moves up to the headwaters of streams, there to lurk until convinced that all danger is past. It does no good to tell these benighted

savages that they are safe from vengeance, at least in this world. The dreaded name of Iroquois is potent even across the centuries.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The editors are sure that the readers of "The Forest" will mourn the loss of Deuce. Many of them have, in writing to Mr. White or the editors, expressed a real personal interest in Deuce, whose portrait, by the way, appeared in the June Magazine number of The Outlook. Mr. White, who is now exploring a little-known part of California, writes us:

"We crossed the Kern alkali desert; the day turned out the worst in ten years. My two companions and myself gave him all our shares of water as well as his own; we carried him in front of our saddles; we even walked afoot carrying him in

our saddle-blanket. In this way we got him to a cottonwood-tree and a little muddy water. The others then pushed on with all the horses. I stayed with the dog and did all I could for him, but it was no use. The others pushed on to a water-tank. There R—— fell from his horse, and T—— was done up. I lay flat under a bush for three hours until R—— got back with water. You can get some idea of the heat from the fact that the brass buckle on my belt, *even in the shade*, got so hot I could barely touch it.

"Poor Deuce! he was game to the end. He was pluckier, had more intelligence, faithfulness, and affection than most men are capable of. In the dog heaven he must be in the best of it, pointing partridge and quail without number, romping in the surf, climbing the trails, as he loved. But I know he misses the pat of my hand."

## Speaking of Charity

By Marguerite Merington

THE little minister walked home with me from choir-practicing. He was full of plans for re-roofing his church and adding backs to the planks that, bridged between boulders, form the unrestful seats for worshipers at Ingonish. To raise the necessary funds, he thought, our Brooklyn lawyer might be induced to give a lecture on Shakespeare or something to the native fisherfolk, reinforced by the handful of summer colonists within hailing or sailing distance. To all of which I cheerfully assented, though, when he suggested my broaching the project to Mr. Jevons, "Ask him yourself," I replied.

It was as beautiful an evening as one may see on the Cape Breton coast. A fleecy little cloud left over from noonday hung over the squat figure of Ingonish Light, giving it the appearance of a Dutch housewife in a celestial nightcap. In the far west a steady golden glow threw into bold relief the dark chain of hills that anchor Cape Smoky to the shore. Over the meadows came pungent whiffs from the stages where innumerable cod were drying ready for their apotheosis through the medium of the prandial fish-ball into the tissue of New England conscience and

philosophy. I sat outside on the cool doorstep, while in the stuffy parlor of Castle Macallum the minister sought the lawyer and the lawyer's wife, reading their week-old papers from the States.

They heard him out in silence—an ominous sign, since, had these worthy people approved the plan, they would have picked it to pieces, as their wont was, before making it their own. Unencouraged, therefore, the little man ended his petition lamely, with a text that did not apply.

My eye was fixed on the mowing-machine that stood in the haphazard manner of the Cape, its teeth ingenuously shed beside it, patiently rusting in the evening dew, but I felt in my backbone that Mr. Jevons had removed his glasses from his commanding nose and was gesticulating with them in a way that on cross-examination has made a self-convicted liar of many a good man and true.

"Young man!" A pause. "Young man!"

By the shuffle of his boots and the uneasy creaking of his chair a blind person could have seen that the very young man addressed was trying to look superior to his first incumbency and failing dismally.

"Young man, if my understanding did

not belie me, last Sunday you preached a sermon in defense of—I might almost say, advocating—Charity!”

“Yes, indeed, Mr. Jevons. I’m so glad you were awake—I mean, glad you were present! As St. Paul says anent Charity—”

“I know what St. Paul has to say anent it, by which I suppose you mean about it. I knew what St. Paul had to say of Charity before you were born! But you took upon yourself to supplement St. Paul’s brief with some miscellaneous comments of your own on what you were pleased to term the Duty of Giving!”

“Assuredly, Mr. Jevons. As Christians, assuredly it is our manifest duty—yours and mine, sir—to Give!”

“Manifest to whom, sir? I know my own duty, I may be permitted to believe. I don’t need a lad of your youth and inexperience to point out to me my duty! And as a busy man, and a perhaps not wholly useless member of the community, I have not time to hear what you may conceive yours to be. However, what I am trying to get at is that you really believe—for I credit you with sincerity—”

“Thank you, Mr. Jevons! Indeed, I—”

“With sincerity!—you really believe that provident folk should be admonished, nay, bullyragged, into bestowing the substance accumulated by their frugality and thrift upon the wasteful, contemptible creatures that are the scum of the earth, the dregs of humanity, the Poor?”

“Admonished, Mr. Jevons; not bullyragged! As a minister of the Gospel, I—”

“Don’t take refuge in that, young man! When you pound the cushions and lay down pulpit-law to the simple souls of Ingonish, without allowing the other side of the case to be presented to them, what is that, I ask you, but intellectual, rhetorical bullyragging?”

“Excuse me, Mr. Jevons—not that I concede your point, sir! but to come back to Charity: the poor, the destitute, the outcast, however they may have become so, we have them always with us, and we oughtn’t to!—I mean, we ought to!—er, I should say, assuredly in some form they have to live and be provided for.”

“Not necessarily to live and be provided for! Certainly not at my expense.”

“My *dear* sir! You don’t mean—You wouldn’t see them— No, no, Mr. Jevons, I can’t believe that of you! You must be joking, sir. If you’ll allow me, I’ll read you a passage concerning Charity. Like the poor, I have it always with me—ha, ha, ha!” From the nervous laugh that filled in the hiatus, I knew that the little man was fishing among the brown hackles in his pocket for his Bible. “Ah, here it is! Ecclesiastes, eleven, first. About casting thy bread upon the wat—”

“Stop, sir! Pray understand that the foodstuffs left over from my table are not to be disposed of according to the ravings of some mentally disqualified old Hebrew prophet.”

“My *dear* Mr. Jevons! There is no strain of mental disqualification, nor indeed of prophecy, in Qohéleth. Ecclesiastes, you know, who may or may not have been Solomon, and who—”

“There you go. May or may not have been! These are the facts on which theologians try to establish law.”

“Moral law, Mr. Jevons, which has nothing whatever to do with legal law, nor, indeed, with fact! Besides, in addition to Qohéleth, there are other authorities for almsgiving. For example, our old friend St. Paul, ha, ha, ha! God loveth a cheerful giver, saith St. Paul, who, you will remember, was by no means an exclusivist, and—”

Mr. Jevons remembered nothing of the kind. “Young man, I am sixty years old,” he began, albeit wearing his age so debonairly as to render it the shabbiest of shifts in argument. “I am sixty years old, and all my life I have been an ass, sir—an ass! Giving right and left in charity! But I have come to my senses at last! Henceforth I put my hand in my pocket for the benefit of no man but myself! Do I make myself clear? Do you understand?”

“I understand, Mr. Jevons!” The minister’s tone was tearful; he was recalling how, on the preceding Sabbath, into the rusty tin pie-plate that serves Ingonish for alms-basin the lawyer had dropped an unprepossessing wad, which, when tenderly stroked out after service, had shown itself a bill of generous denomination.

“I understand, sir, but natheless—”

“I am glad you do, sir!”

"But natheless I cling to my tenets, and shall continue to preach them to my flock."

"Of course you will, my boy! I don't expect my having been an ass to hinder you from proving yourself one!"

"I am sure I could not have a nobler example, Mr. Jevons."

"And though pitiably, hopelessly in the wrong, you at any rate have the merit of being consistent." The rustle of an interrupted "Eagle" warned the petitioner that his case was closed.

"Er—assuredly—good-night, Mr. Jevons, and God bless you, sir."

"Going? Good-night to you, sir. Good-night!"

"Have you arranged about your lecture," I asked, as the little minister passed out.

"We didn't get to that," he answered, with professional cheeriness, hurrying down the pebbly path.

Half an hour later the squint-eyed woman called.

A jaunty sailor hat of cast-off summer tourist elegance, the jetted velvet jacket over her shabby gingham dress, betokened the occasion of a company-mannerliness that in Cape Breton we usually reserve for funerals. When we had installed her in the one arm, though far from easy, chair the Castle's hospitality affords, she produced a crumpled document, dated that morning, in the minister's hand, and affirming that the bearer, having a consumptive husband and four small children to support, was destitute and deserving of all charity.

This legend Mr. Jevons read, first to himself, then slowly and severely to the bearer, who already knew it by heart. Then, after an impressive pause, "I am sixty years old," he rehearsed, with mournful eloquence, "and all my life I have been an ass, madam—an ass! Giving right and left in charity!"

Meanwhile his wife sat by, loyally striving to banish all sympathy for misfortune from her kindly countenance. The third member of the group owns shamelessly to have waived all theoretical scruples, and, knowing the moral support of a hand-clutch on the weapon that fights the world, to have thrust the contents of her purse into the toil-hardened hand that hung limply from the royal jacket sleeve. One

wandering eye shot a grateful gleam in her direction, but its unmated fellow stared, fixed in fascinated bewilderment upon the orator. At last, "I trust," ended Mr. Jevons, "that I have made myself clear," which he certainly had not done. "I trust you gather that I do not intend to deprave you (addressing you as an average sample of an unprofitable class whose mere existence excites in the bosom of the judicious no higher feeling than contempt!)—to deprave you with a gift of money?" Realizing that something was expected of her, the average sample muttered an inarticulate assent.

"Good!" cried the lawyer. "Then, eliminating money, what is it you need? What do you want?"

"Everything!" gasped the squint-eyed woman.

The lawyer and his wife exchanged glances in which contempt for an unprofitable class was not uppermost. Speaking with one voice, they said, "Come!"

I followed, as, marshaling her like a culprit between them, they led across the meadows to Macallum's store.

"The amount of her husband's credit?" was demanded of King John, who was found in his shirt-sleeves, making up his books.

"A quarter-candle!"

By this King John, who is a master-fisherman, meant that the squint-eyed woman's husband was entitled to redeem the fourth of a quintal of cod, which is the coast medium of exchange, in commodities.

By a whispered transaction between the lawyer and King John, the credit waxed like a mustard-seed till it included a barrel of flour, peas and beans in bags, potatoes in sacks, bacon by the yard, butter by the tub, tea, coffee, sugar, treacle in proportion, not to mention sundry things in tins. When from an upper shelf he was for bringing down a bottle of Orientally named pickle, expensive in proportion to the time it had stood undemanded in stock, Mrs. Jevons tugged at her husband's sleeve and suggested that for their own sakes the poor dears must not be endued with false notions of luxury; accordingly the lawyer reluctantly compromised on several pounds of peppermint-drops for the children, and tobacco for the consumptive husband, as

essential to the maintenance of life. Also, as Maggie-the-Blacksmith's Red-headed Angus, who keeps cows, opportunely happened in for something to chew, to him was a standing order given for daily quarts of milk to be furnished to these wards of Heaven.

Ecky Macallum and a wheelbarrow accompanied the squint-eyed woman home.

We all parted for the night in some constraint, making conversationally much of very ordinary weather, and forbearing any invidious reference to Qohéleth, who may or may not have been Solomon, and

our old friend St. Paul. But when the lawyer and his wife had shot their door-bolt for the night, on the third member of the group descended the spirit of making things pleasant, that, quaintly enough, however, does not always say with making one's self popular. Her lips to their key-hole, she remarked: "I am sixty years old, and all my life I have been an ass, sir!—an ass! giving right and left in Charity—"

A heavy boot was thrown across the floor, followed by a word that may be pardoned to hot blood, but never in cold print!

## What the Post-Office Might Do

By James L. Cowles

We have the worst postal service of any civilized country in the world. There are improvements adopted in England, France, Germany, and Italy, twenty and thirty years ago, which we have not yet adopted at all or only partially or imperfectly.—R. H. Dana, "The Appointment and Tenure of Postmasters."

ON the 13th of May a gentleman presented a suit-case at the Sub-Post-Station, Seventeenth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, to be mailed to New Haven, Connecticut. The clerk eyed him curiously. Baggage is seldom mailed in this country, save perhaps under Congressional frank, and this person made no pretense to Congressional privileges. He persisted in his demand, however, and the weight of the parcel was found to be eleven pounds three ounces.

The question then arose as to its classification and the consequent postage. Here the stranger became greatly troubled, for he quickly discovered that his tax was to be determined, not by the cost of the service to be rendered his parcel, but by the character of its contents. What difference, he asked, would it make in the cost of handling his suit-case whether it contained magazines or bound books, or seedling potatoes, or pearly barley?

Why should the tax vary from sixteen cents a pound on general merchandise to eight cents a pound on bound books, one cent a pound on magazines posted by publishers to newsdealers and publishers, four cents a pound on magazines sent by one private individual to another, and eight cents a pound on magazines posted by a printer to his publisher?

As to his being a publisher or not, "What had that to do with the cost of the service?" he demanded. Whose business was it whether he intended to eat the things in his suit-case or to plant them, and why should he pay sixteen cents a pound postage in the one case and eight cents a pound in the other?

Once more, what was the particular intent of the law of 1896 that limited the transport of general merchandise by the post-office to four-pound parcels? Finally, why should he be obliged to give up his key to the Government in order to entitle him to second, third, or fourth class postal rates? Was the object of the post-office espionage and taxation, or was its end the public service?

To all of these questions the only possible reply was, "Such is the law and you will have to abide by it. If you would mail your parcel to day, you must mail it letter post and pay letter-post rates."

But there still remained one further recourse. If it could make the round before the inauguration of the contemplated Department improvements(?) which are to reduce the weight-limit of our parcels post conventions from eleven pounds to four pounds six ounces, our parcel (brought within the eleven-pound limit) might be sent to New Haven via New Zealand or Germany. The postage via New Zealand would be \$2.64; via Germany, \$1.95.

This well illustrates the railroad adage, "The longest way round, the cheapest

way home"—the longest haul, the cheapest rate—and probably accounts for the recent arrangements extending our domestic service to Shanghai, China, the intent undoubtedly being to facilitate communications between the Post-Office Department at Washington and the American publishers.

To the ordinary American, however, promptness and despatch are usually of some importance, and it was therefore concluded to send the suit-case to New Haven by the more direct, if more expensive, domestic letter post. Six fifty-cent stamps, one eight-cent stamp, and a ten-cent special delivery stamp (costing in all \$3.68) were accordingly affixed to the right-hand corner of the package, and about 5:30 P. M. May 13 it was duly mailed. At thirteen minutes before eleven o'clock the same evening it was delivered at 91 Park Street, New Haven.

We were very fortunate in our experiment, for a few days later there came to the author of this paper a letter dated Washington, D. C., May 18, 1903, but dictated apparently in Peking, China, Year 1. The letter was signed R. J. Wynne, First Assistant Postmaster-General:

I have to inform you that the postal service is intended for the interchange of correspondence and *not to convey freight or express matter.*

A trunk weighing two hundred pounds, if presented for mailing, prepaid at the letter rate of postage, would not be accepted for mailing were the attention of the Department called to it. Section 3,879, Revised Statutes, is as follows: No package weighing more than four pounds shall be received for conveyance by mail except books published or circulated by Congress. The Department does not *at present* enforce the limit of weight against mailable matter of the first class upon which the full postage is prepaid.

The parcel weighed over four pounds and it was express matter.

Now, I think that Section 3,789 of the Revised Statutes was abrogated, in so far as it relates to both first and second class matter fully prepaid, and as to single books, by the law of 1885, which established the Cent-a-pound Publishers' Post and the Two-cent-an ounce Letter Post, and the rules and regulations of the Post-Office are in accord with this position. In any case, the above letter places the Department in this dilemma. Either it does not know the law or it does not obey the

law. If it be true that the great publishing interest of this country is doing its business, sending out periodicals and newspapers in parcels up to a 150-pound mail-sack contrary to law and at the mere will of a postal official who is knowingly disobeying the law, it would seem to be time that the public should know it.

One thing is made certain. The Department has placed itself on record in favor of restricting the service of the Post-Office to mere correspondence and to a weight-limit of not more than four pounds, even on correspondence packets. Post-Office Auditor Castle took practically this same position last fall in his speech to the New England Postmasters at Boston, when he earnestly prayed them to use all their influence against any further extension of the postal service. It is in direct accord with the thrice-repeated statement made by the ex-Chairman of the House Postal Committee, Mr. Loud, of California, in each of the reports on his bills attacking second-class matter, in which he declared that the Post-Office was not a public necessity, its business could be better done by private corporations, and, finally, that the very existence of the Post-Office is a wrong because it is run so cheaply and so well that its continuance implies its extension and advancement.

It is this powerful opposition to postal advancement and to the very existence of the Post-Office, in Congress and in the Post-Office Department itself, that leaves us subject to-day to the stigma of the Hon. R. H. Dana that we have the worst postal service of any civilized country in the world.

Since 1885 our postal movement has been practically one step forward, two steps back. Never in any corresponding period of the world's history has there been such a decrease in the cost of transportation to the carriers, and yet since 1885 there has been no decrease whatever either in the taxes levied by the carrying companies on the Government or in the postage. Our re-forwarding service has been cut down to first-class matter. The principle that the Post-Office should be confined to correspondence was re-enacted again in 1896, when the merchandise post was restricted to four-pound parcels at sixteen cents a pound.

Our system of postal insurance, con-



fined to first-class matter and to a \$25 indemnity, is little more than a farce. Our one step taken in postal advancement has been the inauguration of free rural delivery, and in that France and Switzerland preceded us by upwards of half a century.

As long ago as 1880, Dr. Stephan, the great Postmaster-General of Germany, called round him the representatives of the leading nations of Europe and established the International Parcels Post Union. To-day this service covers thirty-five of the countries of the World Letter Post Union, and more than half the civilized world, but not the United States. Under it eleven-pound parcels go to-day from Germany to Italy for a quarter, to Egypt for forty-five cents, and, by virtue of our one parcels post convention with a European power, to the United States for fifty-eight cents plus our surtax of five cents—in all sixty-three cents.

Switzerland takes eleven-pound parcels from any post-office in the Republic to the most distant chalet on the farthest Swiss Alp for eight cents, this charge also covering an indemnity of three dollars for a delay of over twenty-four hours beyond the proper delivery, and insurance against loss or damage up to three dollars a kilogram.

The Swiss post takes a forty-four-pound packet from the post-office to the address for thirty-three cents. There seems to be no limit to the weight of the Swiss parcel, and its only limit in bulk seems to be the size of a railway car door, two meters in any direction.

The German post would have taken the suit-case—eleven pounds—any distance up to forty-six English miles for six cents, and greater distances within the combined area of Germany and Austria for twelve cents. The German parcels limit is fifty kilos, one hundred and ten pounds; and parcels up to this weight are now interchanged between Germany, Austria, and Switzerland by post.

France, inaugurating her parcels post with a three-kilo weight-limit in 1880, extended the limit to five kilos (eleven pounds) in 1892, and to ten kilos (twenty-two pounds) in 1897; with this result: "The radical measure of 1897, which involved an increase of one hundred per cent. on the weight of the parcels, proved

a success. The business increased very rapidly, proving once more that cheap rates of postage never fail to gain popular favor and that a simple and comprehensive tariff largely contributes to the development of traffic."<sup>1</sup>

The English parcels post commenced operations in 1883, and though seriously hampered by the eleven-pound limit imposed by the railroad power in Parliament and heavily burdened by the railway tax of fifty-five per cent. of the postage on railroad-borne parcels, it was also a success; from the outset checking the long-prevailing extortions of the private carriers and compelling them to give better and cheaper services. The English railway rates on parcels under three hundred pounds weight, called "smalls," have been increased in recent years from four per cent. on the larger parcels up to five hundred per cent. on the smaller, but on parcels of eleven pounds and under subject to the parcels service not only was no increase possible, the postal rate has been decreased by a third on all these parcels weighing over a pound.

The great commercial nations of the earth are now handling in their domestic and international parcels services over 375,000,000 a year, having a value of thousands of millions of dollars.

There is an annual interchange of some 50,000,000 international parcels a year. The share of the United States in this international service last year, parcels received and despatched, was less than 150,000.

As long ago as 1901, thirty-five of the great countries of the world had a common international parcels service; seventeen, a common C.O.D. service; thirty-one, a common service for the interchange of letters and boxes of declared value; fifteen issued international letters of identity; nineteen had a common arrangement concerning subscriptions for newspapers and periodicals. In none of these arrangements had the United States a share. Her parcels post conventions with a few countries amount practically to nothing. And yet our Consul from Formosa writes: "I know of no convenience in respect to commercial matters that our Government could offer that would so soon show a profitable return as the institution of a parcels

<sup>1</sup> L'Union Postale, February, 1901.

post with the East. The United States is noted in the East for the superiority of its small manufactures. Countless catalogues of attractive novelties reach the East, and the magazines and trade journals convince us that our wants are many; but so complicated, unreliable, and expensive are the private express services that one finds it impracticable to send to America for anything unless the amount of the order is sufficient to justify having the shipment sent by freight. . . . A parcels post service to the East would be of inestimable value and directly enlarge the sale of our small manufactured articles, novelties, etc., to the East, while, indirectly, by rendering possible the cheap, safe, and speedy transportation of samples, it would be of benefit in increasing the volume of our general exports which are shipped to the East by freight."

As to the inability of our private express companies satisfactorily to perform this service, it would be difficult to find better

evidence than the following reply by a New York forwarding company to a Connecticut manufacturer not long ago as to the possibility of sending a package by express to Teheran, Persia: "We cannot undertake to guarantee any limit of time as to its delivery, nor can we guarantee its safe delivery, nor can we prove delivery if required by the shipper."

The truth is that neither in our domestic or our foreign business can any or all of our private express companies taken together give to our people such a parcels service as the Post-Office can easily perform. No other institution has even now so complete a machinery of collection and delivery either for domestic or foreign service, and this machinery is extending with lightning-like rapidity. The Post-Office, moreover, is the only agency that can subject our private transport companies to effectual competition. Only through the extension of the postal service can the public be protected from extortionate express charges.

## The Souls of Black Folk<sup>1</sup>

"THE Souls of Black Folk" is defective, valuable, pathetic: defective because it is so characteristically personal, racial, and controversial; valuable, because it gives with absolute frankness a view of the race problem, and still more a feeling concerning the race problem, which are doubtless entertained by thousands of our fellow-citizens; and pathetic, because the situation of a cultivated Afro-American in this country is one of indescribable pathos.

Mr. Du Bois was, we judge, born in New England. His earliest portrayed recollection is as a school-boy in a New England school-house; his first remembered experience one of bitter protest against a God who had made him an outcast and a stranger in his own land. This is the key to the volume. It is a cry, and a bitter cry, not against human wrong merely, but against what, in his feeling if not in his thought, is an irreparable injustice of life. The cry is Greek rather than American, pagan rather than Christian, a protest against fate. It is not easy to read without tears the extraordinary

self-revelation afforded by the chapter on the birth and death of his boy, the irrepressible revolt against the tragedy of the child's prospective life, and the commingled grief and consolation in his death—a consolation more pathetic than the grief. "She who in simple clearness of vision sees beyond the stars, said, when he had flown, 'He will be happy There; he ever loved beautiful things.' And I, far more ignorant, and blind by the web of mine own weaving, sit alone winding words and muttering, 'If still he be, and he be There, and there be a There, let him be happy, O Fate!'"

The old-school physiologists told of a man who had received a gunshot wound so situated that through it the observer could watch all the processes of digestion. Through his own wounds Mr. Du Bois bids the reader look and see the sorrows of a race—not its outward oppressions, but its inward tragedy. Says Shylock to Bassanio: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." Let the reader, if he can, imagine what it would be to live in a country whose edu-

<sup>1</sup> *The Souls of Black Folk. Essays and Sketches by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.*

cated, cultivated, Christian people said this to him; let him imagine himself enjoying art, literature, music, all the higher elements of a scholarly and cultivated life, but shut out from the companionship of nearly all scholarly and cultivated ladies and gentlemen, banished from their society, forbidden their friendship, and his culture and scholarship regarded by them, not as a bond of fellowship, but as a curious psychological phenomenon, a strange exception to the laws of nature, to be wondered at but never to be admired. Something such is the experience of the educated and cultivated negro as Mr. Du Bois experiences it in his own person and portrays it in his pathetic volume.

It must be said, however, that this is not a true portrayal of the "Souls of Black Folk;" it is a portrayal only of the souls of a few black folk. We believe that only thirty-five per cent. of the negroes in the South can read and write; and of these thirty-five per cent. probably only a small minority could be called in any sense educated and cultivated. The souls of some of these educated and cultivated black folk Mr. Du Bois portrays: specifically of a certain class of mulattoes. He writes in singular ignorance of the great mass of careless, idle, happy-go-lucky negroes. It may be said that their condition is even more tragic; but it is a different kind of tragedy. And yet we cannot doubt that in them there is also a potentiality of the bitterness in Mr. Du Bois's soul; that they also feel, though in a dumb, inarticulate, hardly conscious fashion, the sense of isolation, separation, social excommunication, which is so intolerable a wrong to him.

This is the pathos and the partialism of the book; but this is also its value. The Anglo-Saxon, to understand the race problem, must understand how it appears to the exceptionally educated members of the subordinate race. He must understand that the problem is one that cannot be solved by education. Education, in the ordinary sense of that term, meaning thereby the education that gives literary and scientific culture, does but complicate the problem. There are probably very few negroes in the South who are more highly educated than Professor Du Bois. And he is and avows himself to be even

to himself a problem. The most that he can say for his education is that it enables him at times to forget the problem. "I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all with no scorn nor condescension. So wed with Truth, I dwell above the Veil." This is fine; but it is no solution of the problem of nine millions of negroes, for whom and for whose children there is but little possibility of even such temporary flights from the twentieth-century realities into a land of imaginings. It is no solution even for the few; for from the land of imaginings even they must return to the twentieth century. They cannot *dwell* above the Veil; they can at best only make excursions thither.

And this brings us to the grave defect in this volume: its failure to point to any solution of the problem. It describes present conditions with great dramatic vividness, too partially and pessimistically to be altogether truthful, and yet conditions of inward experience which we Anglo-Saxons ought to know, and have known too little. We wish that the volume might be read sympathetically by many white Americans and by no negro; for it ought to stir and broaden the sympathy of the one, and we fear it would only excite the bitterness of the other. But, vivid as it is in description, it offers no remedy, and can hardly be said even to suggest any. It attacks the remedy proposed by Dr. Washington, in a chapter which seems to us singularly unjust. Mr. Du Bois implies that since Dr. Washington came into leadership the negro has lost his political rights. He surely ought to know that long before Dr. Washington was recognized as a leader every Southern State had been taken out of negro control, and negro suffrage had been practically eliminated as a political factor in the Nation. Mr. Du Bois affirms that Dr. Washington's doctrine "has tended to make the whites, North and South, shift the burden of the negro problem to the negro's shoulders, and stand aside

as critical and pessimistic spectators." He surely ought to know that no one man, black or white, has done more than Dr. Washington to arouse Southern interest in the negro's education, and no one man, white or black, excepting only General Armstrong, has done so much as he has to interpret the negro's need to Northern audiences and win from Northern givers aid in supplying it. Mr. Du Bois affirms that "Mr. Washington distinctly asks that black people give up . . . higher education of negro youth." We venture to say that he cannot point out a single utterance of Dr. Washington to justify this accusation. Mr. Du Bois charges Dr. Washington with preaching a "gospel of work and money." He ought to know that Mr. Washington's gospel is character. It would hardly be too much to say that Mr. Du Bois urges the negro to self-assertion, Dr. Washington to self-respect. The whole of the latter's doctrine has been summed up by himself in the four words, "Property, economy, education, and Christian character."

It would seem almost axiomatic that for a race sixty-five per cent. of whom are illiterate, and probably seventy-five per cent. of whom are industrially dependent, first in order of importance, if not in order of time, should come primary and industrial education. But were it otherwise, were it true that Dr. Washington over-emphasizes that phase of education which many of us think pre-eminently needs emphasis just now for both black and white, it would seem that the lover of Shakespeare and Balzac and Dumas, of Aristotle and Aurelius, might emphasize the other phase of education without attacking his fellow-laborer. The development of the negro race of this country in "property, economy, education, and Christian character" needs to be pushed forward by every means and in every department; and the work is so great and the corps of laborers is so small that there is no time or energy to be spared from the common work, no surplus time or energy for one wing to expend in criticising the work of the other.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Answers to Prayer.** From George Müller's Narratives. Compiled by A. E. C. Brooks. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 128 pages. 50c., net.

The founding and maintenance of George Müller's Orphan Houses at Bristol, England, in reliance solely on prayer for the necessary income, enjoy unique celebrity in the history of philanthropy. The history of Müller's work has long been in print. The present volume, authorized by Müller shortly before his death, is a compilation of experiences not heretofore recorded.

**Buddhist India.** By T. W. Rhys-Davids, LL.D., Ph.D. Illustrated. (The Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 312 pages. \$2.25.

That the progress of research into the past requires the rewriting of history is by this time well understood. In this volume a most competent scholar has undertaken the task of rewriting the story of India during the period of Buddhist ascendancy—that is, for rather more than a thousand years from the sixth century B.C. It is not unlikely that the yet unworked part of the new material which warrants this undertaking has still more correction in store for current opinions than is here presented. Professor Rhys-Davids finds

no ground for the opinion that is crystallized in the phrase, "the immovable East," but, on the contrary, evidence of constant progress from the Vedic period onward. He does not believe a word of the Brahmanic story of the extirpation of Buddhism by a furious persecution in the eighth century A.D. The current conceptions of Indian history have been derived from Brahmin sources. Professor Rhys-Davids writes from a very different point of view—that of the rajput, or noble of the ancient warrior caste, in which many facts appear that have been ignored by the comparatively small Brahmin group who have been generally relied on as authorities.

**Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington.** Edited by her Daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 220 pages. \$2.50, net.

These letters of Wellington to his niece, the wife of his favorite aide-de-camp, cover a period of nearly half a century, the first being dated several years before Waterloo and the last two days before the Duke's death in 1852. Giving as they do new light on the intimate social and domestic side of the great Duke's character, they form a most important contribution to the literature concerning Wellington.

**David Hume: His Influence on Philosophy and Theology.** By James Orr, M.A., D.D. (The World's Epoch Makers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 246 pages. \$1.25.

Hume's mission in the world was chiefly negative—to sweep away antiquated modes of thought that needed to be replaced by better. His service to theology and philosophy was great, if measured by the reaction which it caused against his destructive treatment both of religion and of reason. As a master of literary style his merit is unimpeachable. Professor Orr has done full justice to his work and to his character.

**Dean of St. Patrick's (The): A Play in Four Acts.** By Mrs. Hugh Bell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 94 pages. \$1.

The dramatic interest of this five-act play centers in the strange romance of the great satirist's life—the love of the two women, Stella and Vanessa, for Swift, of which so much—and so little—is known. How closely Mrs. Bell has followed the lines of such authentic history of this mysterious connection as has come to us we cannot say; nor how well the play would act. But of its human interest and entire readableness we are altogether sure.

**Ethel.** By J. J. Bell. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½x7 in. 197 pages.

Distinctly bright and amusing, though rather too reminiscent of the "Dolly Dialogues," are these conversations between a young Englishman and his fiancée. Like them also, they are of a gayety a bit too sustained for entire spontaneity and naturalness.

**Farmer Kilroy on "Ivilooshin."** By Kilroy Banks. W. T. Keener & Co., Chicago. 5¼x8 in. 57 pages. 60c.

**Geography of Disease (The).** By Frank G. Clemow, M.D., D.Ph. (The Cambridge Geographical Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 624 pages. \$4.

This is mainly a descriptive work, exhibiting the areas of distribution, the factors of distribution, and the comparative virulence in different regions of the various diseases of mankind, together with their etiology, so far as the causes of disease are known or suspected. Epidemic diseases, such as the "grip" and the plague, are also traced in their propagation from place to place. A large amount of interesting information has been compiled in this volume, with many valuable suggestions, and the number of unsettled questions is equally remarkable.

**German Ambitions: As They Affect Britain and the United States of America.** Reprinted, with Additions and Notes, from The Spectator. By "Vigilans Sed Aequus." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 132 pages. \$1.

That these ambitions run crosswise, as well as parallel, to those of the English-speaking peoples is generally admitted. The author of these Letters, and the editor of the London "Spectator," who writes an introduction to them, regard enlightenment as better than ignorance concerning German public opinion, for the purpose of avoiding collisions, so far as practicable. The points of friction and possible collision, so far as we are concerned, are, of course, the Monroe Doctrine and the

tariffs. While the sincerity of the Kaiser is as indubitable as that of the President in their interchange of courtesies, the letter-writers, editors, publicists, and pamphleteers of Germany are by no means a negligible factor in the determination of public policies. The numerous utterances of these embodied in this volume are not put forward to foment resentment and ill will, but simply as cautionary lights, and in the interests of international prudence and peace.

**Great Revival (A): The Story of R. A. Torrey and Charles Alexander.** Edited by David Williamson. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 7x9½ in. 87 pages. 50c., net.

**History of Franklin and Marshall College.** By Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Published by the Franklin and Marshall College Alumni Association, Lancaster, Pa. 6½x9½ in. 402 pages. \$2.50, net.

**History of Roman Literature (A).** By Harold N. Fowler, Ph.D. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 311 pages.

This is a fit and attractive companion book to the author's "History of Ancient Greek Literature," published early in 1902, and, like that, pursues the subject to a late period, ending with the Christian philosopher and statesman Boethius in the sixth century. Like that, also, it is not only a history of the literature of Rome, but an introduction to it. Its personal sketches and critical estimates of Roman authors are finely drawn. Yet it seems that these authors should have been more frequently introduced to speak for themselves. Cicero needed illustration by more than extracts from his orations and letters; he was a philosopher also; his thoughts on immortality, as in *De Senectute*, are apposite to our century as well as to his. As to Pliny, also, it could hardly have been anything but an oversight that failed, in the account given of his letters, to mention and to quote the earliest extant account of Christian worship from his letter to Trajan, about 112 A.D. The value and interest of the work would be considerably enhanced by an additional score or two of such well-chosen selections.

**Idyls of the Gass.** By Martha Wolfenstein. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 295 pages. \$1.

These tales and sketches of Jewish life in a German village a generation ago have both humor and pathos, and moreover are imbued with true literary sincerity and feeling. They are full of quaint and, to most of us, novel bits of tradition and custom as they were in the old Judengasse. These stories may be compared not unfavorably with Mr. Zangwill's early work in this direction. The author writes with simplicity and naturalness, and her characters, though types, have also the breath of individual life.

**Influence of Christianity upon National Character Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints (The).** Being the Hampton Lectures Preached before the University of Oxford, 1903. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 385 pages. \$4, net.

These lectures mainly consist of biographical memoranda of the men and women of England,

from the earliest times down to the separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome, who were canonized for their piety. Their influence on the national character is inferred from their canonization. The legends gathering about their names show to what moral qualities they attracted popular admiration; e.g., the mythical St. George, the patron saint of England, had "courage, devotion, loyalty, faith." The inference of the lecturer is not to be accepted without large qualification. Christianity undoubtedly molds national as well as individual character. But to instance the Chinese convert to present-day Christianity, and his consequent substitution of progress for stagnant immobility, as illustrative of any change wrought by mediæval saints on English character, puts a strain on belief. The religion of mediæval England was hardly more than a baptized paganism, and the virtues of its saints were by no means alien to the Teutonic blood of England before its conversion. Mr. Hutton's sacerdotal point of view appears in his uncritical admiration of Saint Thomas Becket, and in his justification of the saintship of King Charles I. as a martyr to the English Constitution, dying in defense of his trust. Some curious lore will be found in this volume; e.g., the *Blutabergglaube*, which occasioned the massacre of Jews at Kishenev, originated in England in the twelfth century, but, except in a single judicial trial in the thirteenth century, with no fatal result.

**Jewish Encyclopædia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.** Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists under the Direction of the following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D.; Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D.; Richard Gottheil, Ph.D.; Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., LL.D.; Joseph Jacobs, B.A.; Isidore Singer, Ph.D., and others. Vol. IV. Chazars—Dreyfus. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼×11 in. 688 pages.

A prominent article in this volume is devoted to the Dreyfus case—twenty-nine pages. The article on Chronology is exhaustive and valuable. The Hebrews are found working with round numbers and uncertain eras thousands of years after the Babylonians had introduced precise method. Christianity, in the long article devoted to it, is recognized as not an end, but a means to lead up to the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. In this Jews and Presbyterians are found agreeing. This volume exhibits the learning and ability that have marked its predecessors, and, like them, is copiously illustrated.

**Life and Letters of Sir George Grove, C.B.** By Charles L. Graves. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 484 pages. \$4.

Reserved for later notice.

**Life of Father Dolling (The).** By Charles E. Osborne. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 357 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Man at This Earth to the Man Possible of an Essential Being of the Universe.** By Leonidas Spratt. The H. & W. B. Drew Co., Jacksonville, Fla. 6×9 in. 412 pages.

**Master of Millions (The).** By George C. Lorimer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 588 pages.

In this melodramatic novel a poor Scotch laddie is driven from home, the victim of circumstances. Half a century later, as the "master of millions," he returns incognito, dispensing lavish poetic justice to the innocent and guilty in any way concerned in his early and unmerited disgrace, or to their bewilderingly numerous surviving descendants. The incidents, characters, and conversations that crowd the pages of this over-long book are often unnatural or improbable.

**Moral System of Shakespeare (The).** By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 381 pages. \$1.50.

This is a work of the first rank in critical literature. Its extent and complexity are such that a brief account of it must be limited to its regulative ideas. Professor Moulton thinks that Shakespearean commentators have systematized to excess, yet, so far as a morally ordered world is discovered in the creations of the dramatist, a moral system is discovered, and as much of this may be found as is found in real life. Our study of real life, Professor Moulton justly says, requires, like the study of physical nature, experiment as well as philosophy, and for lack of this is still in a backward state. The physicist contrives peculiar combinations in his laboratory, and discovers what nature will do under given conditions. Just this is what the poet and fiction-writer do in the combinations they create with the common material of human life; their work is the experimental side of the philosophy of life; their range is as much wider than that of the daily observer of things about him as the world revealed by the telescope and the microscope is larger than that seen by the naked eye. The study of plot is the basis of Professor Moulton's treatment of his subject. What Providence is in the real world, that is plot in the dramatist's world, its providential scheme, ordered on moral principles that may be co-ordinated into system. Among the great questions of a moral system are the connection between character and fate, and the unseen forces that determine the issues of voluntary action. In the exhibition of these, in the contrived course of events, in the sympathetic response of the spectator to the spectacle, is the moral system of the poet to be traced. In working out these conceptions through a critical study of the plays, Professor Moulton exhibits, first, the root-ideas of Shakespeare's moral system; next, Shakespeare's world in its moral complexity; then, the forces of life in Shakespeare's moral world. All this is for the general reader. The technical critic has also his share, perhaps his surprise, in the Appendix, containing formal schemes of plot for all the plays. Professor Moulton regards the current schemes as in bondage to the principles of the Greek drama, antipolar as its severe simplicity is to the complexity and free play of the Shakespearean. But the new literary material of the Shakespearean drama demands a new method of dramatic analysis to bring out its

on the mainland around all the inlets or arms of the sea; that this territory was to be ten marine leagues wide unless there existed inside that limit a chain of mountains which constituted a watershed between the two countries. Now, on the summits of the Chilkoot and White Passes there is a natural watershed less than ten marine leagues from the coast, and hence, under our present *modus vivendi* with Canada, our boundary has been brought nearer to the coast line at these points. If it can be shown that such a watershed exists elsewhere, the boundary line should be changed accordingly; but the Canadian claim that the line should follow, not the actual indentations (as provided for in the Treaty), but the general trend of the coast, is shown by the diplomatic correspondence leading up to the treaty to rest on insufficient basis. Though the above letter comes from a distinguished Canadian Judge, it does not change our views regarding the justice of the American position that the Alaska boundary question is one for adjudication, not arbitration.—THE EDITORS.]

#### Unions and Earnings

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Under the heading "Do Unions Restrict Earnings?" in *The Outlook* for May 30, "C. A. B." raises a point which he considers a weakness of labor organizations and an injustice to extra-skilled laborers, namely, that the minimum-wage principle adhered to by labor unions "ignores the premium that civilization places upon individual skill."

But, first, the fear expressed by "C. A. B." that the minimum wage discourages the acquirement of skill is needless, for the personal nature of employment is never lost sight of, never lacking—I am always working for Mr. Smith, who is apt to discharge me at any time; that aptness recedes, of course, as my skill advances, but it never ceases. There is selfish incentive enough to increase skill, not to mention the most powerful urgings of pride.

But the most potent of all inducements to acquire skill and use it is the spirit of fairness to fellow union men. This spirit involves an essence of true unionism, is not selfishness and is not the pride that

may fringe upon vanity. A man who has been a member of a union long enough and intelligently enough to love it has a motive for excellence by far more laudable than the selfish scramble for a slight advance in wages which would be his spur were he ignorant of the best that is in unionism.

The motive of the skilled laborer, of the true union man, which transcends the every-man-for-himself scramble is: To do his more with an equal expenditure of energy to that with which his inferior does his less, because he owes it to his weaker brother, because he owes it to his employer, and because he owes it to his sense of fairness.

It is as if a strong man and a weaker one contracted with an employer to carry five hundred pounds of material a certain distance. The weaker man is able to shoulder two hundred pounds. The stronger man owes it to the weaker to take up the three hundred pounds remaining, if it costs him no more of energy. The stronger man owes it to his employer to work as hard as the weaker, since both are to receive equal wages. The stronger man owes it to his sense of fairness to do his seemingly larger part. A. C. G.

#### Christodora House

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In the paragraph on Christodora House in *The Outlook* of May 30 an old address of Mr. Sexton, the Treasurer, is given. His present business address is 7 Maiden Lane. Contributions may be sent at any time, however, addressed simply to Christodora House, 147 Avenue B, New York City. E. S.

#### A Short Creed

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

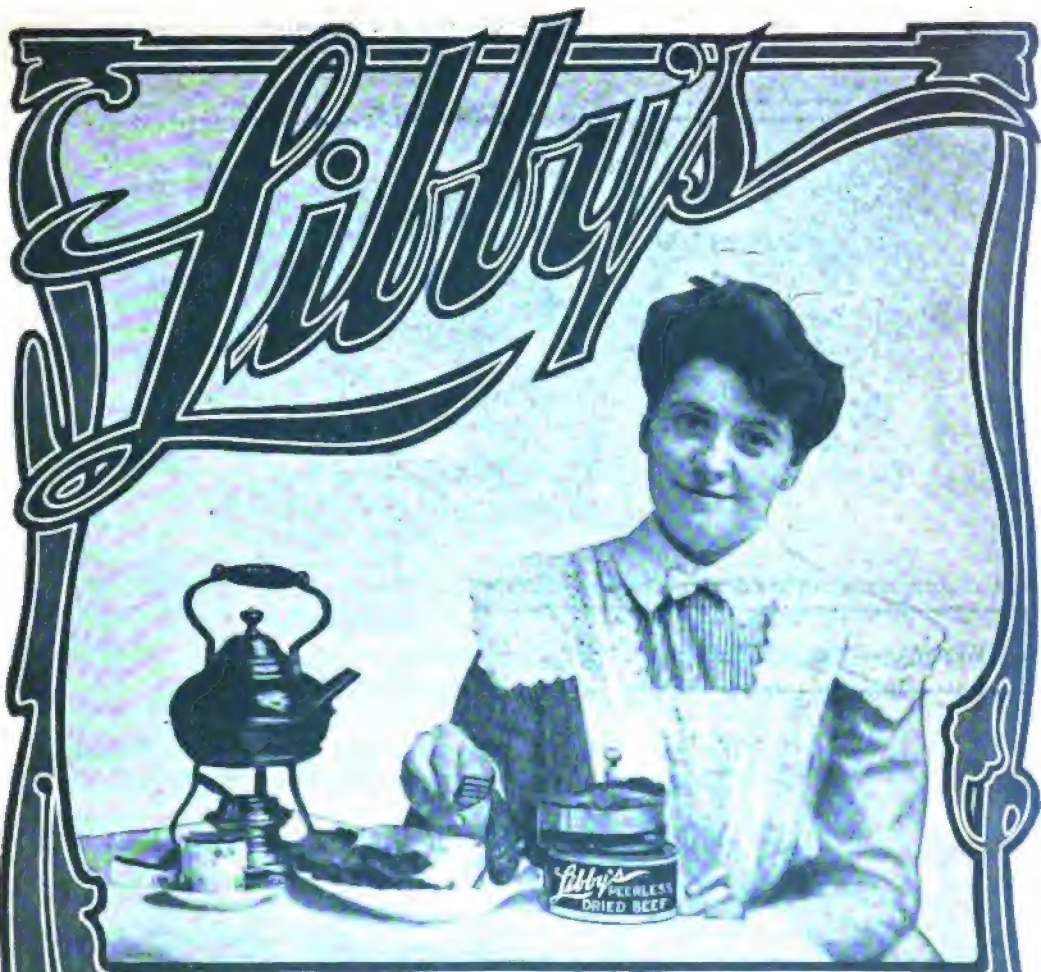
The following may be added to the brief statements of beliefs collated by Professor Herbert D. Foster, of Dartmouth College, in *The Outlook* for June 27:

The following satisfies me as a definition of What is Christianity?

1. The life of Christ in the soul.
2. The love of Christ in the heart.
3. Loyalty to Christ in the life.
4. Giving Christ to others; our work.

(Rev.) E. J. FOOTE.





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# The Outlook



*Saturday, July 18, 1903*

Where is the West?

By W. R. Lighton

The Pan-American Railway

By Charles M. Pepper

Among the Deep-Sea Fishermen

By Wilfred T. Grenfell

International Police

By Lucia Ames Mead

The Catching of a Certain Fish

By Stewart Edward White



# TOLSTOI THE MAN

UNDER commission from The Outlook, Edward A. Steiner, whose work has already attracted much attention, has been spending some months in Russia, in intimate association with the family and friends of Count Leo Tolstoi. A part of the result of his work will be published in several illustrated articles in The Outlook during the autumn. His knowledge of the subject is intimate, his ability as a writer is unusual, and the illustrations which will accompany the articles are reproduced from paintings made expressly for the work by Pasternak, the eminent Russian artist and friend of Tolstoi.

# The Outlook

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July 18, 1903

No. 12

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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**There is a right way and a wrong way to wash flannel outing garments. Try this—the right way:**

Cut some Ivory Soap into shavings and dissolve; add this to the water and wash quickly by repeatedly immersing in the suds and drawing through the hands. The water for both washing and rinsing should be warm, never hot or cold.

Wring, stretch into shape and hang to dry in a place where there is no exposure to wind, sun, too hot or too cold air. Iron before they are entirely dry.

Shrinking is caused by the interlacing of the wool fibers, that have small, sawlike teeth which catch on each other. In washing, therefore, it is desirable to keep the material well stretched out to prevent the fiber from becoming matted. A washboard should not be used, nor should the soap be rubbed on. Pure soap and an even temperature are essential.

# The Outlook

Published Weekly

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No. 12

**The Evansville Mob** Successful crime incites to crime. Every unpunished mob breeds another mob. The tragedy at Wilmington, Delaware, has been followed by another greater tragedy at Evansville, Indiana. In the latter case a negro shot a policeman who was attempting to arrest him. A mob took possession of the city; raged unchecked for two or three days; stormed the county jail; and was not finally dispersed until eight or ten rioters were killed and at least one innocent spectator—innocent except for the criminal folly of going to the scene of disorder to look on. There are some parallels and some contrasts between the Wilmington and the Evansville mobs. In both cities a tolerated political corruption, which ought to have been intolerable, drew to the city considerable numbers of shiftless, idle, vicious negroes, ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder; in both cases the universal habit, North and South, of segregating the negroes in negro quarters, made these corrupt colonizers the neighbors of honest and industrious negroes and brought public but undeserved disgrace upon them; in both cases the mob was largely made up of the dregs of the white population, the so-called "poor whites," who are the hereditary enemies of the negro. But in Wilmington the mob was organized and was led by reputable men, as it was not in Evansville; in Wilmington a horrible crime and a judicial delay which amounted to a miscarriage of justice, constituted some excuse for the mob; there was no such excuse in Evansville; in Wilmington the authorities, both State and local, were either paralyzed by the mob or sympathized with it and offered it little resistance; in Evansville both the State and the local authorities showed a determination to preserve peace and a courage in preserving it worthy of all praise.

## Causes and Cure of Mob Law

Mob law is becoming an epidemic in America. For this there are two causes—a vicious courage and an almost equally vicious cowardice. There is in America, especially in the cities and larger towns, a lawless element, to whom a riot is a lark and a broken head no serious penalty. This element is quite as apt to be native American as foreign, and any occasion will serve which gives it an opportunity for an exhibition of its lawlessness. It is not enough to disperse by vigorous measures a mob so composed, even if the measures involve death to some of the rioters, or even to reckless spectators; when it is dispersed, the men who have instigated it should be arrested, tried, and sentenced by expeditious justice to a term of imprisonment at hard labor, which they would respect more than a broken head. Unfortunately, the application of this remedy is rendered difficult by reason of the fact that the orderly citizens and the officials who represent them take counsel of their fears instead of their courage; temporize with the mob which ought to be dispersed at every hazard; acquiesce in the crime which it commits; and are satisfied to leave its leaders unpunished when the violence has spent itself. The apathy of law-abiding citizens is scarcely less responsible for these ever-recurring outbreaks of violence than the passion of the lawless and the criminal classes. It is said, and probably truly, that the majority of the people in every mob-cursed city are "peaceable, law-abiding, kind-hearted people." But this is not enough. They must be also an aroused and a brave people, who dare to face a mob, not only in the street when they have stones in their hands, but at the polls when they have ballots in their hands.

**A Victory for  
Equal Rights**

The lynching of criminal negroes fills a large place in the daily press, and gives to Northern readers an impression that the whole South is pervaded by a passionate prejudice against the negro race. That impression is intensified by the inexcusable and lawless endeavor in some sections of the Black Belt to re-establish slavery under the name of peonage. Meanwhile few readers realize, or, if they do, reflect upon the fact that in all the Southern States the whites are taxing themselves heavily to give their negro fellow-citizens an education as nearly as possible equal to that which they give to their own children; and that they are doing this despite a poverty which puts narrow limits on all education. It is true that there are men in the South who wish to leave the negro race to provide for its own education out of its own meager resources; but their endeavor only emphasizes the fact that they are in a small minority. These facts are illustrated anew by the following telegram which we clip from the New York "Sun":

Atlanta, Ga., July 6.—Advocates of schemes to block negro education by State aid are in a bad minority in the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Georgia. To-day, after a sharp debate, the House, by an overwhelming vote, rejected the resolution introduced by Representative Byron Dower, of Decatur county, calling for a distribution of the State public school funds according to the taxes paid by the races. This would mean the death of negro education in Georgia, as the blacks pay only one-fifteenth of the taxes, while they get nearly half the funds voted to common schools by the State. Several times attempts have been made to pass laws restricting negro suffrage in Georgia, but each time they have met the same fate as the tax division act.

Equal educational rights are far more important to the negro than equal political rights. In its insistence upon securing to the negro the best education practicable, the South is supplying the fundamental remedy, which is education, for the fundamental evil in the negro condition, which is ignorance. For the benefit of the careless reader it may be desirable to add that education means nothing less than the development of the whole man, as ignorance means nothing less than the undevelopment of the whole man.

**Thanks to Mr. Low**

The country as well as the city of New York owes thanks to Mayor Low for refusing his assent to the hurried passage of a permanent franchise for a tunnel under the North River between Jersey City and New York. It may be that this franchise ought to be granted; that the proposed contract will be mutually advantageous; that the company is prepared to pay the city an adequate price; that the conditions are such—the tunnel being inter-State—as to require a permanent franchise, with provision for readjustment from time to time of the payments to the city; and, finally, that the tunnel is important to the welfare of the city. But it is not enough that this *may* be; there should be such care in deliberation as to make it *sure* that these conditions exist. In this case there was no such deliberation. The great peril to our cities is corruption creeping in secretly in hasty and ill-considered contracts; and it is far more important that all contracts should be so carefully considered as to prevent, not only fraud, but bad bargains to the city, than that any particular contract, however important, should be signed in July rather than in October. Mayor Low, in resisting the urgency of associates whose honesty no one questions, has, under great difficulties, set an example worthy of universal recognition and following.

**The Pope's Fight for Life**

Leo XIII. appeared stronger at the beginning of this week than at any time since the first severe attack, that of Saturday, July 4. On Tuesday morning of last week the Pope's life was generally believed to be very close to its end—indeed there were persistent rumors that death had actually taken place, and dispatches from Rome stated that an official announcement of the fact was hourly expected. The surprising vitality which has excited the wonder of the world was not, however, by any means exhausted. A minor and not very painful operation (the removal by means of a hollow needle of the pleuritic accumulations) gave relief, and later in the week the operation was repeated, again with good effect. Another specialist was called into consultation, although there seemed no evidence that the two

eminent physicians in charge of the case were not doing everything possible. All over the world the most discussed topic of the day was the brave fight for life, and every one, Protestant as well as Catholic, admired the serene, calm, and undisturbed manner in which the Pope faced death, ordered his own affairs, participated in papal and ecclesiastical business so far as permitted, and in an interval of improvement drew his favorite Horace from its shelf and placidly read the "Ars Poetica." The dictum of one of the doctors seemed to express perfectly the only truth as to Leo's condition, "The Pope is ninety-four; he is very ill; all else is smoke." On Monday of this week the opinion was expressed that the Pope might very possibly live at least two weeks, and Dr. Lapponi was quoted as saying, "Yes, the Pope is better; but I beg you not to exaggerate optimism in order to avoid a disillusion later." Nevertheless, preparations continue to be made quietly for the conclave of cardinals which according to ancient custom will meet for the election of a new Pope ten days after Leo's death. Cardinal Gibbons, the only American cardinal, sailed for Havre last week and will go to the south of France, within easy call from Rome. Speculation about the cardinal upon whom the choice of the conclave may fall seems altogether futile; as usual, there are several groups of cardinals, each with a candidate, and there are many interests, political and ecclesiastical, involved. The conditions of the election are such as always to make a compromise more probable than the choice of one of the most prominent faction leaders. There can be hardly any doubt that an Italian will be the next Pope, and this probability is not at all affected by the fact that according to precedent Austria, France, and Spain claim the right each to veto the choice of a particular cardinal.



President Loubet  
in England

President Loubet's visit to King Edward, which occupied almost the first half of last week, was by far the most notable of the recent international courtesies which are believed to carry political results. The welcome to the French President was cordial in the highest degree, and his brief speeches in acknowledg-

ment were not only felicitous but diplomatically suggestive. In reply to the address of welcome at the Guildhall luncheon he said: "The presence at my side of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic is a pledge to you of the value which the whole French Government attaches to the development of those happy relations of friendship between our two countries." The development of those happy relations, however, is a matter of negotiation and compromise, and it is more than likely that the long conference between M. Delcassé and the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Lansdowne, was held to facilitate a closer mutual approach of the two countries concerning important questions still unsettled. Of these the chief are the Newfoundland west shore difficulty, and a further delimitation of the possessions and spheres of influence of France and Great Britain in Africa. It has been reported from time to time that France would consent to relinquish her fishing rights in Newfoundland waters only on condition of receiving compensation in Africa, and the success of Great Britain in the Fashoda affair, which assured her control of the Nile valley, has made her more ready to offer France a *quid pro quo* in other portions of Africa. What England wants is that the west shore of Newfoundland should be free henceforth from the vexatious French rights whose exercise continually angers the colonists and retards enterprise and settlement; that British trading rights in the French Congo should be recognized and secured; and that with Morocco and Tunis things should remain as they are, for strategic naval reasons affecting the Mediterranean. France, on the other hand, while apparently acquiescing in the present status of Morocco and Tunis, wants a further delimitation of West African territory, which should consider French intentions and ambitions with regard to the territory around Lake Tchad, north and east of the newly organized British protectorate of Lokoto. France would doubtless insist upon increased territory in those regions, and might also require an enlargement of her sphere of influence in Siam. If, viewed in regard to world policy, there should result from the negotiations such a *rapprochement* between Great Britain,



France, and Italy as should weaken the grip of Russia, the preponderant partner of the Dual Alliance, upon French finance and upon French foreign policy in the East, it is difficult to exaggerate the important readjustments that would ensue among the world powers.



**The Congo Charges** A vote taken in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies on July 8 shows that the Government of King Leopold will do nothing to reform the administration of the Congo Free State. By a vote of 91 to 35 the Chamber refused to sustain the charges made against Congo administrators, and expressed confidence in the moral development and prosperity of the great African region under their charge. The phrase "confidence in the moral development" is, of course, a rebuke to those who, both in Belgium and outside of it, have repeatedly charged the Belgian authorities in the Congo with odious and exasperating cruelty to the natives. The debate in the Chamber showed a fairly strong minority in favor of reforming abuses, but it was urged that nothing could be done unless the Powers represented at the Berlin Convention, by which the Congo Free State was created in 1885, agreed to change the provisions of the constitution then agreed upon. Belgium having declined to intervene, there is consequently no likelihood of reform, and that reform is needed there is no doubt. It is in the highest degree improbable that the allegations as to cruelty and oppression of natives which have appeared during the last ten years in the public press, in magazines and reviews, as well as in books written specially to expose the existing abuses, should lack some reasonable foundation. American interest in the question is emphasized by the fact that the International African Association, from which the Congo Free State was developed, was first recognized by the United States. The plain inference from the Belgian vote, therefore, is that the cruelties and illegal trade restrictions practised in the Congo Free State will be continued until outside pressure impels Belgian reform, or until a new international convention shall be brought about to accomplish the needed change.

#### Reconstruction in South Africa

Three recent events in South Africa have revealed several phases of progress in the work of reconstruction. On July 2 the Intercolonial Council, presided over by Lord Milner, opened at Johannesburg. Lord Milner's inaugural speech, a brief summary of which appeared in the despatches, declared the financial situation to be reassuring, forecasted steady and certain though not rapid progress, and predicted federation as the inevitable outcome of the new state of things. The statistics by which he supported this optimistic forecast were not given in the despatches; but his recent official report upon the progress of settlement since the war explained the plan and emphasized the success of placing on farms those burghers who, in the latter part of the war, sided with the British or were opposed to the irreconcilables. It was feared on all sides that the difficulty of settling these burghers would be insurmountable, owing to the hatred and persecution of their former comrades; but Lord Milner has solved the problem by placing them together on new lands or in company with British settlers of sympathetic views, and he regards his success as practically assuring peaceable reconstruction. Another grave difficulty has been removed by the acceptance by the Cape legislature of the new preferential tariff scheme which was adopted a few months ago by representatives of the colonies. It was believed at the time that, although Natal, Rhodesia, the Transvaal, and Orange River colonies would give Great Britain a twenty-five per cent. preference on foreign imports, Cape Colony would reject it and thus block the whole scheme. The favorable attitude of the legislature is due largely to the influence of the Premier, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who has done much to conciliate the Africander members, though he has alienated many of the loyalists. The result is a good omen for the future, and it has also become known that some of the strongest irreconcilables have modified their attitude since Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa. On the whole, this first official review of the situation since the opening of the mines gives ground for hope, and puts the authorities in a better position to grapple with the labor problem.

**Canadian Railways** Canada is just now entering upon schemes of railway construction unprecedented in its history. Two transcontinental lines, the Canadian Northern and the Trans-Canada, are now being built, and a third, the Grand Trunk Pacific, has just been decided upon by the Government under conditions which mark an interesting departure in railway construction. The Dominion Cabinet, according to the latest despatches from Ottawa, has resolved to build a Government line from Monckton, New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, after which the road will be leased to and operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years. The latter company will build the road from Winnipeg to Port Simpson on the Pacific coast. As to the western part of the road constructed by the company, the Government will guarantee the latter's bonds up to seventy-five per cent. of actual cost of construction. On this section the rates charged will be subject to Government control, but on the eastern or Government section the rates will not be too low to prevent the company from paying the annual rental. Construction of the eastern section is to be carried on under a Government commission. The railway will thus present the interesting experiment of a simultaneous competition between public and private enterprise in construction, though in both sections the line will be operated by private enterprise. It proves a suggestive progress in public opinion in Canada toward Government ownership and control of railways, being a departure from the old system of direct land and money subsidies which often enriched and corrupted private corporations at the public expense. It is expected that the whole line will be finished within three and a half years, as the urgent demands of settlement and transportation of grain call for the utmost rapidity in building. The Canadian Northern has been built from Port Arthur nearly to the District of Alberta, via Winnipeg, a stretch of 1,200 miles, and it will be extended either to Bute Inlet or to Port Simpson on the Pacific coast. The Trans-Canada line is in some respects the most interesting of the three. It has been chartered and will be built by private enterprise in an almost direct course from Quebec to the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, thence

west until it crosses the Rocky Mountain range at Pine River Pass, reaching the Pacific coast at Port Simpson. A glance at the map will show this route to be far more northerly than the others, combining the military advantages of a line whose terminals could easily be protected by British fleets, the line being from 250 to 500 miles shorter between oceans than the other transcontinental lines, and much less accessible to an invading force by land. Thus within the next ten years it is expected that three transcontinental lines, exclusive of the Canadian Pacific, will be built in Canada.



**William Ernest Henley** If William E. Henley, who died at Woking, England, last Sunday, had not so large a following of admirers as some contemporary poets and essayists, it must be admitted that the intensity of admiration felt by those who did appreciate his work was unusual. His "Book of Verses" certainly contains evidence of deep feeling and of a rare instinct for poetic form. One poem in particular will long keep Henley's name in mind, the cry of dauntless independence called "The Captain of My Soul," beginning

Beneath the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.

Mr. Henley had a long and varied career as newspaper writer, critic, editor, essayist, and dramatist. His reputation as a reviewer was largely gained through notable contributions to the "Athenæum" and "Saturday Review." His friendship for Robert Louis Stevenson was an intimate one, and the two collaborated in four plays; two of these, "Deacon Brodie" and "Beau Austin," had some measure of success on the stage, and are even better as reading plays; the first is a powerful study of criminality in a man of outward respectability, the second a light and playful comedy of eighteenth-century polite society at a watering place. Many readers will remember the perturbation caused in literary circles two years ago by Mr. Henley's curious article on Stevenson; it was doubtless pettish in tone and exaggerated in statement, but it was misunderstood by those who did not

see that Henley's object was not to depreciate the real Stevenson but to protest against what he (rightly or wrongly) considered the mawkish and untrue adulation which obscured the real Stevenson. Mr. Henley's second volume of poems appeared in 1892 under the title "The Song of the Sword," and some years later a collected edition of the poems appeared.



**Emigration from Harput**

Among the demands made by the United States Government upon Turkey, there is one concerning men who have become naturalized in America and who are not allowed to return to their families; namely, that these men shall be allowed to send for their families to come to them. Recently Mr. Leishman, United States Minister at Constantinople, elicited a promise from the Sultan that thirty five families, the heads of which were in the United States, should be allowed to leave Turkey. The list of names was sent to Harput, Asia Minor, the families being in the district of Mr. Norton, the United States Consul there, with instructions to secure passports and to start the families on their journey. Application was made to the local Turkish authorities, but they declined to issue passports without direct and definite instructions from the central Government. On the Consul's report of this, Mr. Leishman telegraphed to Mr. Norton, that if passports were not forthcoming, he should gather the women and children and bring them to the seacoast himself. The Governor of the province was then informed that the families could wait no longer for passports, and that on a certain day they would start for the coast under the protection of the United States Consul. This fact was telegraphed to the central Government, and only then was an order wired to Harput to issue the desired passports. The families were surprised to receive them upon payment of the legal fee of \$2, whereas the general cost has been from \$20 to \$50. The statement that the demands of the United States Government upon Turkey have been conceded by the Sultan would thus seem to be somewhat premature. Negotiations are still pending, and there is some justifiable hope of ultimate success. It is to be hoped that there will be more speedy success in

this matter than there was in securing the indemnity for damages at Harput done during the Armenian massacres. It is disheartening to note that the Turkish Government is still harrying the Armenians. It does not permit them to move about from place to place except by special permission, and these permits are often issued in return for bribes; but even then the Armenian has to provide more than \$200 in additional security that he will not leave the country. It will be remembered that, for a time, passports were given to those who wanted to go to America, but only upon condition that the Armenians should renounce their nationality and promise never to return to Turkey. As this surrender of nationality did not seem to be a particularly painful thing to do, a great many availed themselves of it, upon which the central Government, withdrew it altogether. Clandestine emigration, however, still continues. Some Turks are also leaving their own country, and many Kurds. The latter do not take out passports, but only permits to go to some place near the Mediterranean coast to find work, and when they reach a seaport, a bribe passes them on to a steamer. Turkish misrule is thus evident everywhere.



**The Rhodes Scholarships**

The conditions under which American candidates for the Rhodes scholarships must qualify have been made known in a memorandum prepared by the trustees of the will of the famous South African. The first election of American scholars will be held between February and May, 1904, and those who are successful will begin residence at Oxford in October of that year. A committee has been selected for each State and Territory, and each committee is to make an appointment from the list of those successfully passing the qualifying examination. The latter is not competitive, but must satisfy the examiners that candidates are acceptable to enter on the course prescribed at Oxford. A list of the subjects is published. Applicants must be unmarried, and must be American citizens between nineteen and twenty-five years old. No candidate may compete in more than one State. In view of the numerous inquiries which will be made we publish a list of the authorities from whom information may be

obtained. In most of the Western and Southern States the president of the State university or college is chairman of the committee of selection. For the other States the following chairmen have been named :

Connecticut—President Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., Yale University.  
 Illinois—President W. R. Harper, Ph.D., D.D., University of Chicago.  
 Kentucky—President D. B. Gray, D.D., Georgetown College.  
 Maryland—President W. A. Remsen, LL.D., Johns Hopkins University.  
 Massachusetts—President Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Harvard University.  
 New Hampshire—President W. J. Tucker, D.D., Dartmouth College.  
 New Jersey—President Woodrow Wilson, LL.D., Princeton University.  
 New York State—President Nicholas Murray Butler, LL.D., Columbia University.  
 Rhode Island—President W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., Brown University.

In the following States appointments will be made by the chartered colleges and universities in rotation :

California—University of California, Leland Stanford University. Smaller colleges every seventh year.  
 Maine—The order of rotation yet to be fixed.  
 Vermont—University of Vermont, Middlebury College.  
 Washington—The order of rotation yet to be fixed.



#### The National Education Association at Boston

The number of people who were drawn to Boston last week by the meetings of the National Education Association was more than twice that of the normal population of the largest city in the State of Vermont, and about equal to the total population of the State of Nevada. The headquarters were in the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the churches of the Back Bay were put to service. Meetings were held simultaneously day after day in eleven separate places. The large Mechanics Hall was thronged for the evening sessions; Symphony Hall was utilized for two performances of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*; and many other buildings were occupied as committee rooms, reception rooms, exhibit rooms, an emergency hospital, a temporary post-office station, and the like.

To give a complete report of the proceedings of such a convention, even in outline, would require a small volume. It was for the time being a city within a city, all of whose inhabitants were given over to the consideration of the one subject, Education. Men and women, philosophically enduring the heat, thronged the streets. Blue badges, green badges, red badges flashed from trolley cars, on the pavements, in the hotels. Here a group of women, headed by a bearded, rugged man, strolled by in the crowds, wearing gay yellow ribbons, bearing the name "Nebraska" printed conspicuously. There a group guided by an official usher, with bright red sash and epaulets, inspected the old burying-ground by King's Chapel, or examined appreciatively the Shaw monument. Excursions of teachers were manifest in all the environs of Boston, in the Harvard Yard, at Salem, at the Bunker Hill Monument, at the beaches. At the same time audiences were gathered listening to discussions, in the "new Old South Church" on Manual Training, in the "First Church" on Business Education, in the First Baptist Church on Child Study, in the Arlington Street Church on Normal Schools, and in other places on the Kindergarten, on Secondary Education, on Indian Education, and so on up to seventeen distinct topics. And for each topic there was some large or small group of teachers to whom it was of paramount importance as their specialty.



#### The Spirit of the Convention

To the most casual observer the spirit of this remarkable and, so far as the Association is concerned, unprecedented Convention was evidently that of candid, free discussion. The expression of individual opinion, no matter how conventional or unconventional, was to all appearance absolutely unhampered. No session more typically embodied this spirit than that which was concerned with the question of shortening the baccalaureate course and adjusting it to the courses in the professional schools. President Eliot of Harvard, Dean West of Princeton, President Harper of Chicago, and President Butler of Columbia courteously but firmly told one another, in the presence of an audience that crowded

the Central Church, that the baccalaureate course was too long, too short, exactly short and long enough, that it was unnecessary, essential, and partly both and partly neither, that it was fit only for mature minds, that it was adapted only for immature minds, and that it did not matter so much about the minds as about the system; that it was bound up with the future of the professional schools, that it had nothing to do with the professional schools, and that it might be taken sometimes with and sometimes without professional training. This disagreement among the doctors may have been a somewhat shocking revelation to some hearers of the chaotic condition of American education as a system, but it certainly was very strong evidence, on the other hand, that education in America is not suffering from the coma of traditionalism. In the course of the discussion that followed these addresses President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, indicated that this very disagreement was a sign of a wholesome condition, as uniformity was not to be desired in higher education; the same freedom which is now pretty firmly established in respect to choice of studies he regarded as quite as desirable in respect to the length of the college course. As President Eliot said in closing the discussion, the intelligent way out of the difficulty is "experiment, continued experiment." With a touch of humor, he included "that most interesting experiment of all . . . continuing the old requirement for a four-year residence." President Eliot, who is also president of the Association, also made, in his presidential address at the opening of the Convention, a fine statement in his "New Definition of the Cultivated Man." This, he said, included sympathetic acquaintance with both nature and humanity, character formed, not in seclusion, but in the world as it is, power to understand and use language, some store, though it may be only a small portion, of human knowledge, and a trained and constructive imagination. One passage is worth quoting for its stimulating ethical quality. In speaking of the mastery of some portion of the store of knowledge, he said:

What portion, or portions, of the infinite human store are most proper to the cultivated

man? The answer must be: those which enable him, with his individual personal qualities, to deal best and sympathize best with nature and with other human beings. It is here that passion for service must fuse with passion for knowledge.

These are words worthy to be bound for a sign upon the hand of academic learners and teachers, and to be written upon the doorposts of college halls and upon university gates.



#### The Legal Aid Society

The Legal Aid Society of New York City has for twenty-seven years been doing, without noise or ostentation, a work of high value and usefulness. The Society is founded upon the conviction that legal justice should be within the reach of all men and women, no matter how poor or ignorant, and grew originally out of observation of individual cases of wrong and oppression of which newly arrived immigrants, unacquainted with our language and customs, were the victims. The work has enlarged, and the Society now employs a corps of lawyers and office assistants, who give their entire time to hearing and adjusting, by advice or by legal procedure, the difficulties of the oppressed poor. The Society occupies four offices in different parts of the city: the main office, on Broadway, through which pass each month from five hundred to six hundred cases, embracing those of all nationalities; the Seamen's Branch, on State Street, which offers legal redress to sailors hailing from all ports; the Rivington Street branch, whose clients are mostly Russians and Poles; and the uptown, west side office, on Tenth Avenue, where the majority of the applicants are Americans and Irish. The large expenses of the Society are defrayed by the annual dues paid by its members, and by outside contributions; but in order that the relation between the Society and the applicant for help may be that of lawyer and client, and not that of complainer and benefactor—that there may be a business and not a charitable basis—a retainer fee of ten cents is charged in each case taken up, and ten per cent. of the money recovered, if that amount be over five dollars. A large number of the cases—from four hundred to five hundred a month, in the four offices—are those for the recovery of withheld wages. The

number of the strong who with impunity refuse to pay to the weak a part of their earnings is almost incredible. The locksmith's assistant, the bartender, the errand-boy, the housemaid, discharged on some slight pretext and denied the \$3 or \$7 due, unable to pay an ordinary lawyer for the recovery of so small a sum, is absolutely helpless unless he happens in some way to hear of this Society, which, for a fee within moderate means, will do all that the law can do, in most cases recovering the amount due. Another class is that of the intelligence office cases, where the victim pays his fee—perhaps his last dollar—on the promise of an immediate "job" in return for it, and is then turned coolly and heartlessly away, boiling with wrath and hatred, but wholly helpless. Then there are the will cases, where the heir to some small but precious sum—perhaps \$100, perhaps \$500, in many cases the result of a lifetime's savings—is enabled to receive his legacy intact, aided by the advice and backing of the Society's lawyers, instead of having it eaten up by unnecessary or unprincipled litigation. There are also the domestic trouble cases, of greatest possible range, and largely brought by women, who without this Society would be without redress. As for the sailors, the stories of the impositions practiced upon them would fill more than one book. Few, in fact, have even the slightest idea of the hundreds of ways in which the poor and ignorant in this city are constantly being made to accept unjust treatment in rebellious but impotent silence; and such of these as learn of the Legal Aid Society and are assisted by it to obtain what is lawfully theirs are made happier and more contented men, and hence better and more desirable citizens.

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#### A Fitting Memorial

Not only Boston and Massachusetts, but the whole country, owe a debt of gratitude to the late Charles Eliot for his truly great contributions to the cause of outdoor art and recreation. The great metropolitan park system of Boston and its environs owes its inception, and very largely its execution, to his public spirit, foresight, and skill, and it is fitting that his friends should seek to perpetuate his memory and the history of his connection with the work by some appropriate memorial.

To be sure, as they say, the system itself "is the noblest monument to him," but there should "be some visible record that the people of his own time appreciated the man and what he accomplished in his too brief career." It is proposed, inasmuch as the erection of a monument in the park system would violate the principle which he so strongly urged, to construct the "Charles Eliot Path," encircling the summit of the beautiful Great Blue Hill, so as to disclose the most commanding views. Such a path, with the incidental bridge needed to carry it over one of the ravines, and a bronze memorial tablet, would indeed constitute a most appropriate memorial to one who gave his life to arousing "an intelligent general interest in the opportunities for making the earth beautiful instead of ugly when adapting it to the use of man." Not the least significant feature of the memorial is the fact that it is in harmony with one of Eliot's fundamental contentions that no structure or object, no matter how beautiful or commendable in itself, should be introduced into a system like that of metropolitan parks unless it tends to serve directly the uses for which alone they were created—namely, to provide permanently rural and sylvan landscape for the enjoyment and inspiration of the people. The Park Commission has undertaken to construct the path, and Mr. Eliot's friends propose to erect the bridge and tablet.

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#### Education in Municipal Government

The need for intelligent and adequate instruction in governmental matters, and especially in municipal government, is one that has been increasingly felt by educators generally. Appreciating this fact, the National Municipal League has appointed a Committee on Instruction on American Educational Institutions, President Drown, of Lehigh University, as Chairman. This Committee devoted two years of consecutive activity to the preparation of courses, outlines, and syllabi for colleges, and its two reports constitute an important contribution to the subject, and have resulted in stirring up considerable interest, leading to the introduction of courses in municipal government in a number of institutions. A new committee, with City Super-

intendent William H. Maxwell, of New York, has been appointed by the League to consider the question in relation to elementary and high school. This Committee, which is made up of leading city superintendents, supervisors, principals of high and grammar schools, and publicists, has taken up its allotted task with vigor, and has just held a meeting in connection with the National Educational Association to outline an extended inquiry to ascertain to what extent instruction of any kind is given in these branches, what fundamental ideas should be developed, and what text-books are most helpful. The high character of the personnel of the Committee, and the keenness with which it has entered upon the discharge of its duties, give promise of a report of the first importance and value to the schools of the country. If it can suggest a course of study which will produce a more intelligent and enlightened generation of American citizens, especially in regard to their municipal duties, it will have achieved a result of untold value.



#### Women's Christian Work

The eleventh Summer Conference for Eastern college women under the auspices of the American Committee affiliated with the World's Christian Student Federation has just held its session at Silver Bay, Lake George. Nearly six hundred students were present from colleges, normal and private schools. Vassar sent a delegation of seventy, and the numbers of Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and Wellesley followed close after. Personal inspiration and practical training in different forms of Christian work are characteristic of the Conference. R. J. Campbell, of London, Dr. Lloyd Tompkins, Bishop Thoburn, Robert E. Speer, and John R. Mott were among the platform speakers. Mr. Mott's recent trip to Australasia and his close touch with the world of students brought a strong feeling of unity with the effort for service all over the globe, while Dr. Campbell's open-minded reverence was a benediction. There were several sectional conferences, each a normal school of its kind. The College Conference furnished hints for organized religious and philanthropic work during the academic year. The

Alumnæ Conference, conducted by Miss Eleanor Brownell, has been particularly valuable in the presentation of various forms of church work by experienced workers, along lines of missionary settlement and Sunday-school work. The Bible classes, led by the Rev. John Timothy Stone, of Baltimore, Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, Assistant Secretary of the American Board, and Miss May Blodgett, used as bases the courses of Bible study outlined by Mr. Sharman and Professor Bosworth for the devotional Bible classes of students. The Missionary Institute has emphasized service regardless of geography, but service where the need is greatest and the workers few. Intercollegiate athletics have filled the afternoon hours, and the spirit of fellowship among the colleges, the deepening of genuine loyalty on the part of alumnæ and undergraduates for the best interests of each college, has been one of the most important features of the Conference. The spiritual impression left is strong, objectively as well as subjectively. The financial session was an unusual object-lesson of spiritualized giving, and the potentialities of these days will show in many other ways in the coming year, both in academic institutions and in church and civic life.



#### Religious Pedagogy

The Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, incorporated last spring by the Connecticut Legislature, was formerly known as the Bible Normal College of Springfield, Massachusetts, where it was organized in 1885. Its removal in 1902 to Hartford secured it an advantageous affiliation with the Hartford Theological Seminary, through which, with no organic connection of the two institutions, each of them is open to students in the other. It is now admitted by leaders of Sunday-school work, though not with uniform appreciation of the fact, that sound pedagogical method is requisite for wise religious teaching; that the teacher of religion needs training in right methods no less than the teacher of language. What the normal school and the teachers' college do for teachers in the public schools, such institutions as the Hartford School undertake to do for the teacher of the church school. Every year witnesses an increasing demand for well-

trained superintendents, secretaries, and teachers. The field of training includes four departments—the Bible, the Child, the Home, the Teacher. These are covered by a three years' course for persons intending to make religious teaching their life-work, and a course of one year for others. The three years' course is not less exacting in its requirements than that of the theological seminary, from which it is differentiated by the stress laid upon teaching. Where such a school is affiliated with the seminary, each is complementary to the other, and the best-prepared ministers are likely to be those who have had the advantages of both and are thus equipped on all sides.



## Peonage

One of the strongest arguments against a falsehood is a fair presentation of the strongest showing its advocates can make for it. For this reason we transfer here to our columns from the New York "Herald" a reported argument for peonage as an "economic necessity," attributed by the interviewer to a Georgia planter. After saying that if he were to discharge an idle or incompetent laborer, the whole family connection, from thirty to sixty people, "would skip, and half a dozen such cases of discipline would paralyze the plantation," and that therefore whipping of lazy laborers is necessary, the interview proceeds as follows:

"But you never did whip a negro, of course?"

"Yes, I have. We have to do it once in a while. A negro ran away from me and hid on the next plantation, eleven miles away. I went after him with my negro foreman. I took him out of a cabin with a revolver in my hand and drove him home. There I took it out of him with a buggy whip, while the negro foreman held him. That sounds very shocking to you, no doubt, but I am telling you the fact. If you were the only responsible white man on a plantation and were surrounded by more than five hundred negroes of the most debased and ignorant character, who cannot be reached by any moral suasion, who are influenced by neither gratitude nor resentment, you would go to the field every day with a revolver in your pocket, as every one of us planters is forced to do, and you would either maintain discipline in the only way the negro understands it, or else you would give up your plantation to your creditors or your executors, as the case might be."

A little further on in the same interview we find another statement of the same doctrine:

"Whether Judge Jones has declared this law constitutional or not, the planters in the black belt will have to maintain their right to reclaim their contract labor, or else they will have to go out of the business. Under any other system you would find it impossible to get in your cotton, because the negroes at the critical time would simply sit down and refuse to work. When they are well, we compel our laborers to go to the field by force. This is the truth, and there is no use lying about it."

It is not true that compulsory labor is necessary to the cotton industry. Experience has demonstrated that intelligence and hope are better incentives to industry than ignorance and fear. Some of the best cotton in the South is raised by free labor. The difficulty in the Black Belt is the incompetence of the planter even more than the ignorance of the laborers. If the planter does not know enough to carry on a cotton plantation with free labor, he should go out of business. That is the resolve of the Nation; and the sooner the peonage planters understand that resolve, the better for them and for the country.

But if it were true that cotton cannot be raised by free labor, it would not alter the resolve of the Nation. If we cannot have both cotton and liberty, we will have liberty and get along without cotton. The argument of the peonage planter is the argument of the sordid money-getter in all sections and at all times. "We must close our mines and factories if we cannot employ children," is the argument for child labor. "We cannot get an adequate return for our money if we are compelled to build sanitary houses," is the argument of the coffin-building landlords. "We cannot compete with the shrewd and shiftless Jews, therefore their massacre is an economic necessity," is the argument of Kishenev. And the answer is always the same: manhood is worth more than money. It is better that the factories fail and the children live; better that the landlords go to the poorhouse than that the tenants be carried to the cemetery; better to endure debt than to commit murder. It does not alarm the lovers of liberty in the least to be told that if the peonage planters are not allowed to whip their laborers they will go out of the busi-



ness. On the contrary, the Nation has resolved that they shall go out of the business as at present conducted. Philistines to the contrary notwithstanding, when money is put in one scale and manhood in the other, manhood always outweighs money. Peonage is simply slavery under another name; and its re-establishment on this continent is prohibited alike by the Constitution and laws of the United States, by the moral sentiment of the South, and by both the moral and the labor sentiment of the North. These forces are more than sufficient to overcome the "economic necessity."

The best sentiment of the South is resolved against peonage. Bitterly has the South suffered the curse of slavery. Great is the price it has paid for redemption. The peonage planters are a very small minority in the South. It is true that they are acting under color of law; true that justices of the peace and local policemen have helped them to enslave American citizens. But it is also true that it is the voice of the South which, in the person of Judge Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama, has declared this law to be as palpable a violation of the Constitution, both of the State and of the Union of States, as it is of the principles of liberty and humanity. His judicial decision is interesting reading; to the peonage planter it should be very valuable reading.

Peonage violates the Constitution of Alabama, which declares that "all men are equally free and independent, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It violates the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees the right of every citizen to be free from slavery or involuntary servitude of any kind, except upon punishment for crime. It violates the fundamental principles of equity, because "it is designed solely in the interest of the employer or landlord," and "gives the renter or laborer no unusual recourse against his employer or landlord, while it in effect, though not in name, pronounces practical outlawry in favor of the landlord against the laborer or renter." Such a law, so palpably in violation of the fundamental principles of the Commonwealth, affords no protection to those who plead it as a justification for their wrong-

doing. No magistrate is liable for mistakes of judgment; but on adequate evidence that the machinery of the law has been corruptly used for the purpose of enslaving freemen—and such appears to have been the case in more than one instance—"such magistrate or other judicial officer cannot escape criminal responsibility to the United States for the conspiracy and its natural and designed effect."

That this judgment of Judge Jones expresses the best sentiment of the South we do not doubt; as little do we doubt that it represents the sentiment of both the State and the National administrations. Unless we are greatly mistaken in his character, the Governor of Alabama is as little inclined to indorse the peonage system as is Judge Jones; and certainly the President will not be more complaisant toward it. Neither Pierce, Fillmore, nor Buchanan is in the President's chair. Inhumanity to man always arouses President Roosevelt's indignation; and he has it in large measure when it is aroused.

And his indignation would represent that of the Nation. Especially among workingmen, North and South, whether they work with brains or hands or both, there will be little patience with any legal system which leaves employers free to break their contracts, and makes it a crime, punishable with slavery, for workingmen to break theirs. Already in Georgia three peonage planters have been convicted, and have had their sentence suspended by Judge Speer "during good behavior." In Alabama, under Judge Jones's instructions, ninety-nine indictments have been found by the Grand Jury, and one peonage planter has been brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The reader should recollect that these cases have been tried in Southern courts, and these verdicts rendered by Southern juries. We do not suppose that *The Outlook* has among its subscribers many peonage planters. But if we could reach them, it would be to counsel them, in their own interest, to abandon this system without delay. The determination of the best men in the South, reinforced by the Administration and the free-labor sentiment of the Nation, is not one to be disregarded with impunity.

## Negro Graduates

About six weeks ago a Southern correspondent wrote to us calling our attention to a letter in the Washington "Post," by Mr. Gordon McDonald, a lawyer of Montgomery, Alabama, the spirit of which is indicated by the following extract from it: "Living in Montgomery, a county adjoining Macon, wherein Tuskegee is situated, I speak whereof I know, in saying that for one genuine, hard-working husbandman or artisan sent into the world by Washington's school, it afflicts this State with twenty soft-handed negro dudes and loafers, who earn a precarious living by 'craps' or petit larceny, or live on the hard-earned wages of cooks and wash-women whose affections they have been enabled to ensnare. The girls graduated at this school are taught to scorn hard work, while their poor mothers toil over the wash-tubs and cook-stoves, that their daughters may be taught music and painting, and to rustle in fine dresses in a miserable imitation of fine ladies."

This statement was contrary to the opinions entertained at the Outlook office, and contrary to incidental information obtained from various sources, among others a personal visit to Tuskegee Institute by one of the staff; but the letter appeared in a reputable paper and was signed by its author. The Outlook, therefore, sent a representative to make inquiries as to the facts, that it might give the results to its readers. The representative called upon Mr. McDonald, who was at the moment unable to give any more definite information. He declared that he had known many graduates of Tuskegee brought into court upon criminal charges, though he could not give names; that his wife could give the names of women graduates who had been taught to scorn hard work while their poor mothers toiled over the wash-tubs and cook-stoves, and he promised to furnish names and details at a later interview. A second interview brought no results. A third one brought this information: "My wife mentioned one old woman thus afflicted, but does not wish me to reveal her name, for fear of hurting the old woman's feelings. But there are hundreds of such cases here, of which everybody in Montgomery is aware. It is a matter of common noto-

riety. I cannot give their names, but every one knows about them." But no information was furnished as to Tuskegee graduates brought before the courts under criminal charges. A fourth interview produced no better results. Then our representative decided to investigate the court records for himself. As a result, the names of three men were given to him, one indicted September, 1897, for burglary, one in April, 1897, for grand larceny, and one in April, 1903, for robbery. But on going back to Tuskegee for the purpose of identifying the persons whose names were thus given, he discovered that none of them had been students at the Institute. The result of The Outlook's investigation, then, is this:

Mr. McDonald thinks he knows of one old woman whose daughter is idle, but declines to give her name for fear of hurting her feelings. On this information he bases his statement, "I speak whereof I know in saying that for one genuine, hard-working husbandman or artisan sent into the world by Washington's school, it afflicts this State with twenty soft-handed negro dudes and loafers."

Our representative, however, did not stop his investigation here. He went carefully through the catalogues of Tuskegee Institute, and made a note of every man and woman who had received from that Institute an academic diploma or industrial certificate, whose residence was in the city of Montgomery. He also made a note of many others who have received neither certificate nor diploma, but who have pursued their education at that Institute. He found that there were residing in the city of Montgomery thirty-eight ex-students of Tuskegee, graduates and others. He personally investigated the present condition of each one of these ex-students, and he has sent to us his report concerning them. From his report we take at haphazard his account of the conditions of a dozen of these ex-students. The other accounts are equally creditable:

J. W. P., class of 1889, is farming. He controls 150 acres, owns five head of cattle, and teaches school six months in the year.

J. T. learned sewing and dressmaking at Tuskegee. She lives with her brother on South Ripley Street, working at her trade, and has all the work she can do.

Mrs. W. T. is the wife of a man employed in J. P. Adam's store. They have a good

religious experience has often been supposed to be religious education. But religious education is more than the deepening of religious experience. It may include instruction in dogma; it may include the deepening of experience; but if it is real education, it must be concerned primarily with the development of the complete life.

This is the problem that is peculiarly the religious problem of this day and land. A democracy must seek for the solution of its religious problems, like that of its political and social problems, in education. Only as religious education, as distinct from dogmatic instruction on the one hand and cultivation of the emotions on the other, is achieved will the religious questions of the age, even such pressing ones as those concerning the authority of the Bible, the overcoming of superstition, and the union of the Church, find answer.



## A Viking of To-day

Somewhere off the coast of Labrador this time of year there is a steamship called the *Strathcona* cruising about among the fishermen. In command of this vessel there is a young Englishman, an Oxford man, bronzed, athletic, who is not only a surgeon, a friend and pupil of Sir Frederick Treves, famous as surgeon to the King, but also a certificated master mariner, a founder of a system of co-operative stores, an explorer, an agent of Lloyd's, the great maritime insurance institution, an author, whose book, "*Vikings of To-day*" (bearing the imprint of Marshall Brothers, London), is full of stirring anecdote and human feeling. He combines all his functions in meeting the opportunities of the one office, Superintendent of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. This surgeon-mariner, unconventional missionary, rugged, enterprising, modest, so forgetful of self that he would be likely to resent being termed unselfish, adventurous, brave, indefatigable, is Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. In another column he tells something of what it means to be a surgeon "*Among the Deep Sea Fishermen.*"

The inhabitants of Labrador subsist on "fish," which is the legally recognized term there for cod. During the summer

the population more than doubles, for then is the fishing season. But whether it be summer or winter, the people suffer hardships of peculiar severity. In the first place, storm and snow, merciless ice and rocks unite in bringing disaster to ships at sea and settlements on land. In the second place, the isolation of the fisher settlements on a barren soil renders the fisher folk absolutely dependent upon the traders for supplies of food, so that it has been usual for next year's catch of fish to be mortgaged in advance in payment for this year's food. In the third place, the fishing fleets have been accompanied by vessels selling grog and pandering to worse vices than drunkenness. To the need occasioned by accident and disease Dr. Grenfell brings an answer with medicines and bandages, surgical instruments, physicians, nurses, hospitals, and a hospital ship. To the pauperism and destitution brought about by the abominable "truck system" Dr. Grenfell has brought relief by establishing co-operative stores. To the challenge thrown down by the grog vessels Dr. Grenfell has replied by supplying games, wholesome amusements, and the tobacco the fishermen demand, in vessels that are veritable, though unconventional, "mission ships."

If there is any better preaching of the Gospel of Christ in the world than this we do not know it. The evidence of its character is almost literally that which Jesus gave in answer to the disciples of John the Baptist. The blind receive their sight, those crippled by wreck and exposure are restored to usefulness, those stricken with disease are healed, those who are in the power of death are raised to life, and the poor are relieved and have good news told them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended by such preaching. As Sir Frederick Treves has said in his comment on Dr. Grenfell and his work, the spirit of daring that fired the hearts of old-time adventurers is still active; for "the modern rover of the sea differs from his predecessor in little save the motive of his expedition." Indeed, even in his motive he does not differ from some of his predecessors; for it was the same motive that made adventurers of St. Paul, of St. Columba, and of Count Zinzendorf.

## Both Creditor and Debtor

The joy which comes from a sense of the breadth and depth of the love of God for his children is more widely felt to-day than in the years when men were in bondage to the fear of God's wrath; but in every age there have been those who have divined the fullness of the infinite love, even when the thought of the time limited and circumscribed it. Good Bishop Hall, whose "Meditations and Vows" are full of devout thought and peace of spirit, knew in whom he believed and was at rest. Thomas Fuller said of him that he "was commonly called our English Seneca, for the pureness, plainness, and fullness of his style. Not unhappy at Controversies, more happy at Comments, very good in his Characters, better in his Sermons, best of all in his Meditations." A little younger than Shakespeare, he was the contemporary of the great group of Englishmen who enlarged the world of action and of thought as well, and by the range and vitality of their deeds and words gave life a wider meaning. In such an active age, the tide of energy at the flood, the Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich kept the faith with the simplicity of a pure heart, and found his strength in those secret places where the holiest natures are nourished. He was still a young man when the "Meditations and Vows" were published; but he had learned much, for he tells us that he made them "not for the Eye, but for the Heart."

The spiritual insight of this seeker after God is revealed in a passage so full of truth and of strength that, brief as it is, it may stand by itself as a statement of the fullness of the love of God:

"It is a wonderful mercy of God, both to forgive us our debts to him in our sins, and to make himself a debtor to us in his promises. So that now, both ways the Soul may be sure; since he neither calleth for those debts which he hath once forgiven, nor withdraweth those favors and that Heaven which he hath promised: but, as he is a merciful creditor, to forgive; so is he a true debtor, to pay whatsoever he hath undertaken. Whence it comes to pass, that the penitent sinner owes nothing to God but Love and Obedience, and God owes still much and all to

him: for he owes as much as he hath promised; and what he owes by virtue of his blessed promise, we may challenge. O infinite Mercy! He that lent us all that we have, and in whose debt-books we run hourly forward, till the sum be endless; yet owes us more, and bids us look for payment."



## The Spectator

Wanted—a lost word and a lost recreation! Every one knows how elusive the right word is at times, and how we vainly attempt to find it by a dozen well-worn methods of suggestion, often abandoning all to let the mind settle and, in the clearing process, come to its own. The Spectator's lost word, however, is not one of the kind which thus disappears from memory; it stays by him only too faithfully. His trouble is that he cannot "place" it; nor can his friend to whom he is indebted for it.



"I've found a new word and a new amusement for you," said this friend the other day. "It's seradipity." The Spectator acknowledged that he didn't recognize the article, and craved enlightenment. "I don't know exactly what it means," was the answer, "but it's an amusement. I know that because I found it given among the *Recreations* attached to the brief biographies of 'Who's Who.' I'll show it to you." But for once the tenacious memory of the Spectator's friend failed him; he could not recall the famous man who had invented this remarkable recreation. And after glancing over a number of the 1,532 pages of "Who's Who," the Spectator also finds it not. His confidence in his friend's memory, however, is not shaken. That word, or something like it, will yet turn up.



Incidental to his search for "seradipity," the Spectator had an hour's amusement in learning what amuses other folks, as described by themselves in the pages of "Who's Who." In the first place, he notes an international difference. The English book of that name, which is the one here referred to, apparently regards a man's or woman's recreations as a matter of special significance; the Ameri-

can "Who's Who" does not report them. Probably most Americans are still somewhat reluctant to admit in print that they have any amusements; it would seem that they did not take life seriously enough. An occasional American, however, finds his way into the pages of the transatlantic "Who's Who," and is not unwilling to let his English cousins know that he too can unbend. One notices that many Americans find it difficult to "sink the shop" even in their recreations. That dean of American printers, for instance, Mr. Theodore De Vinne, has for his recreations: "Books and prints"! Another American, Edgar Saltus, gives as his only recreation, "Work." How much pleasanter it is to read of the habits of athletic Englishmen such as, for instance, C. J. Longman, of the well-known publishing firm, who is put down as the champion of England at archery, and as a devotee of football; Arthur J. Balfour, "Captain Royal and Ancient Golf Club, President Cyclists' Union, Motorist;" John Burns, the labor member of Parliament, whose recreations are "cricket, skating, rowing, boxing." But as a boxer John Burns might not be in the same class with our own Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia publisher, whose only recreation is given as "boxing—boxed exhibition bouts with many of the leading professional pugilists; encountered Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, for three rounds at the Pen and Pencil Club, Philadelphia, 1894."

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Some of the more amusing or characteristic of these entries under the head of Recreations the Spectator notes at random, as follows: Israel Zangwill, "All forms of locomotion except ballooning." Lord Roberts, "Hunting, bicycling." Herbert Spencer, "Was given to salmon and sea-trout fishing until prevented by ill health." Sir Robert Giffen, "Whist and chess." Julia Ward Howe, "Reasonable society, music, club meetings." George Meredith, "A great reader, especially of French literature; has in his time been a great walker." George Bernard Shaw, "Anything except sport." (This should perhaps be accompanied by the preceding sentence as an explanation: "Diet—vegetarian.") Tommaso Salvini, "Very fond of billiards." Poultney Bigelow, on the

other hand, "No indoor sports." Sir Henry Irving, "Acting" (another illustration of a man's inability to get away from his work). Thomas Hardy, "Cycling, architecture." Father Ignatius, "Eight services a day in Llanthony Abbey Church." Miss Jeannette Gilder, "Loafing in Europe." John Burroughs, "Walking, fishing." Sir Charles Dilke, "Rapiier fencing, light-pair rowing, best-boat sculling, riding." Lady Dilke, "Riding, book-collecting." Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to have no recreations, but her husband is addicted to "shooting, formerly cricket." The Countess of Warwick has "the encouragement of gardening as a hobby; is an expert horsewoman; hunts with Warwickshire and Essex hounds; both at Warwick Castle and Easton Lodge has established a complete organization for welfare of poor and nursing of sick; is a great reader; reads every important new book." Major-General Eardley-Wilmot, "Polo, cricket, shooting, fishing, pig-sticking, tent-pegging, lime-cutting." The two last-named amusements seem to have the flavor of novelty to an American. But they are a long way off from seradipity.

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One of the strangest revelations of character here given is that of General Weyler, formerly of Cuba, now of Madrid. His gentle spirit finds refreshment in "country life, and (most favourite) riding; he does not smoke nor drink spirits; he is not fond of bull-fighting, very little of music, theater, and all public recreations." A Spaniard, and not a smoker or drinker! A Weyler, and not fond of the bull fight! Perhaps it is true, however, that soldiers like to get away from suggestions of gore in their recreations; it seems to be so in the case of another soldier of better reputation, namely, General Baden-Powell, who amuses himself with "ballooning, yachting, and cycling," as well as with shooting. The Spectator will close his quotations with one about a war correspondent of some note, Mr. Charles Williams, who recreates himself with "fishing, photography, ritual, reading, naval trips." Pray what precisely may "ritual" mean in that connection? The Spectator would include this among the unsolved problems suggested by his search for the elusive amusement.

# Among the Deep-Sea Fishermen'

By Wilfred T. Grenfell

**I**N 1883, while I was studying medicine at the London Hospital in White-chapel, I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent in the slums of Stepney. There was singing going on inside, and curiosity led me in.

As I left with the crowd, I came to the conclusion that my religious life was a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up or make it real. It was obviously not a thing to be played with.

I was then playing on several athletic teams, and confess that the idea of a sneer and a cold shoulder had no attractions for me, and it had never occurred to me that popularity might be too dearly paid for at the price of my own independence.

Some time later I heard that one of England's famous cricketers, whose athletic distinctions I greatly admired, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, was going to speak in the neighborhood, and I went to hear him. Seated all in front of me there were two or three rows of boys from a training-ship, all dressed in the same uniform. At the end of his speech Mr. Studd invited any one who was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Master for this life, rather than a kind of insurance ticket for the next world, to stand up. I was both ashamed and surprised to find that I was afraid to stand up. I did not know I was afraid of anything. One boy out of all this large number rose to his feet. I knew pretty well what that meant for him, so I decided to back him up and do the same.

With this theological outfit, I started on my missionary career. What to do was the next question. I went to the parson of a church where I occasionally attended, and offered myself for a class of boys in his Sunday-school. They were down-right East Londoners, and their spiritual education needed other capacities than those I had, in my mind, till then endowed the Sunday-school teacher with. I remember being surprised that one boy, whom I carried to the door by the seat

of his trousers and heaved into the street, objected by endeavoring to kick, while his "pals" in the school were for joining him in open mutiny. He got the last word, however, by climbing up outside the window and waving a hymn-book which he had stolen.

The next time I arrived the boys had got in before me (and out also), and the pictures and furniture were not as I had left them. I started to reform them in the ways that appealed most to myself, and, having a house of our own, with four other medical students, we used to clear our dining-room furniture through the window, and replace it with a horizontal bar and a couple of pairs of boxing-gloves. We were able to lead in these things our noisiest boys, and they learned to control their own tempers and respect our capacities more.

We amalgamated with the boys also for the purpose of escaping together from the slums when the summer holiday came on. After my first experience of some of my poor lads' masters, we felt like starting a physical missionary enterprise of a different kind for their behoof.

We hired a car and went to North Wales, taking with us tents, etc. The simplest possible outfit of food and clothing was provided. The boys developed in every way—one, indeed, bloomed into the strong man in a traveling circus.

My medical course being finished, I began to cast about for some way in which I could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man and combine it with a desire for adventure and definite Christian work. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner, who had twice helped us at our camps, and for whom I had been doing the work of an "interne" at the London Hospital, suggested my seeing if a doctor could live at sea among the deep-sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the Society of which he was a member of the council. Work in the London docks had made me familiar with the sailing vessels that one associated with "deep sea" voyages, and I innocently went to the east coast expect-

\* An explanatory statement about Dr. Grenfell's personality and work among deep-sea fishermen will be found in an editorial on another page.—THE EDITORS.

ing a two-thousand-ton vessel. Only a fear for my reputation prevented my backing out of it when I stepped aboard a fishing-smack of sixty tons burden—about the size of a canal barge.

The idea of the mission was to preach the Gospel to these men of the sea, whose inclinations did *not* lead them to prayer-meetings when, for a few days, after months at sea, they patronized the land. Before one of their smacks, on arriving in port, had heard the last of her anchor-chain running through the hawse-pipe, some one was over the rail—and that some one was not a missionary.

To complete the circle, grog vessels had found their way to sea and accompanied every aggregation of vessels. They were known by the genial name of "hells," for they pandered, whenever a man could leave his ship, to every lust of a strong nature.

The indescribable scenes on these vessels almost passed belief. A number of skippers had been drinking all one night. A quarrel arose while they were sitting half intoxicated in the cabin. One man threw the lamp at another, and the paraffin quickly soaked his clothes. My informant told me: "Bill wuz spread snorin' on the floor, 'is jersey soaked in paraffin, when one of 'em threw the match 'e wuz a-lightin' his pipe with on 'im. Bill wuz a mass of flames in 'arf a minute. Swore like —. 'E cleared up on deck and I wuz jus' in time to see 'im jump over the rail. . . . No, we never saw any more of 'im."

The outlook for success in a "mission" ship was not very encouraging. Generous prophets predicted a three months' existence when a small smack was hired by a few independent laymen and was sent to sea with a net alongside to help her to maintain herself. She had no missionary on board except the skipper, whose best qualification was that he had been turned out of his own vessel because he had refused to fish on Sundays, though he was a well-known successful fisherman. He had preferred to walk about on the quay, and see his children hungry, to surrendering his principles and doing that which he believed to be wrong. There were not *many* such men in the fleets in those days. To encourage him, the necessary qualification for success was engraved on his

wheel: "Jesus said, *Follow Me . . . and I will make you fishers of men.*" To solve the problem of fishing on Sundays he was told he must catch more fish in six days than any one else did in seven—which he did, and that this is possible twenty years' experience of many mission fishing-boats has never failed to confirm.

The skipper's first sermon was preached in this wise: The admiral of the fleet and three burly skippers had come aboard to inspect the new arrival, and had given it as their solemn opinion that what fishermen wanted was not "this 'ere cant, but more whisky." For a fisherman is always dry inside, if he is wet out. The skipper got them below, showed them the cheerful bright cabin, treated them to the most generous pot of tea that they had had for a long time, and then produced four long, well-knitted, and warm mufflers.

"Look yere, Joe," he said to the admiral, "do y' see them 'ere mufflers?"

The admiral took them and overhauled them. "What do they cost, Bill?" he said.

"If ye like 'em, I'll give 'em ter ye, on one comdishment."

"What's that?" said the admiral.

"W'y, that ye'll admit there is love in 'em, fer the ladies as knit them 'ere mufflers never seed yer, did they?"

"That's right," said the men.

"W'y, then, they must 'ave loved yer to send yer these mufflers."

"That's right," they all chimed in.

"Well, then, there ye are—take 'em."

The four men took the mufflers and thanked the skipper, whereupon he replied, "'Ow much more must Jesus Christ 'ave loved yer, when 'e gave 'imself for yer!"

If sermons are to be valued by their success, this was a great sermon, for three men not only admitted it as a theory, but before leaving the ship that night, after tears had stained those bronzed cheeks, to which they had been foreign for many a year, they decided to try and return that love, and to the day of his death Joe Quester, admiral of the "Short Blue Fleet," was an effective missionary among his admiring followers.

There seems to be a love of music in all those who do business in great waters, and this has been turned to good account in attracting men to the mission vessels.



I have heard the solitary watch, as he jumped up and down by the mast during the long hours of a wintry night, while the wind was howling through the cordage and every now and then the top of some watery mountain struck the ship and left her shivering like an aspen, singing to himself, hour after hour.

The men love getting together for singing. When the bulkheads between the cabins were removed, and the large hold thus made was crowded with men gathered round the rolling harmonium, balancing themselves on seats made of fish-boxes, their stentorian voices raised a pæan of praise, which did not jar on one's ears, though some did not know the tune, and, unwilling to be left out, were impressing the nearest tune they did know into the service.

Cheerful reading matter, especially pictures which all can read, was an attraction to the men, and so was always kept on the mission ship. Checkers, or draughts, is a great fishermen's game. They have regular "checker tournaments" and "checker clubs," so these in plenty and other simple games were provided to help to lure the men under the influence of the mission ship and to solve the question of the long hours in calm weather formerly devoted to "sprees" on the grog ship. But there was one influence fatal to complete success. Deprived of almost every form of relaxation and luxury, almost all the fishermen used tobacco. This could be bought off the floating grog-shops for thirty-five cents a pound, as it paid no duty, most of these vessels being from Holland or France. Work as the skipper would, there was ever a stream of visitors to the grog vessels for tobacco, and it must indeed be bad weather when a fisherman wouldn't throw out his boat to board the grog-shop if he wanted tobacco. I have seen them do it more than once in a double-reef breeze.

What could be done to turn the tide?

Things reached a climax at last. A young Yorkshire skipper who had left a wife, two young children, and a happy home on the land—himself pledged not to touch the liquor—had weakly visited the grog vessel to get tobacco. He was at once asked to drink, but refused. He was dared. He refused. He was dared to take "von leetle drop." In a fatal

moment he mistook what real courage meant, and tossed off a glass of aniseeded brandy. Alas, it didn't end there!

At night, as he had not returned, and the wind was rising, his mate came for him, and the crew of the grog vessel dumped the now unconscious skipper into the small boat. With great difficulty the crew dragged his insensate body on to his own vessel and laid him in the lee scupper to cool off, while they reefed the ship down to meet the threatening storm.

A little later the spray driving over the ship roused the skipper, and, staggering to his feet, he came aft to the tiller. "Give us the tiller, Ben," he said. "No, no, skipper, you are not well enough to steer. Go down and turn in; we'll look after the ship." "Give us the tiller," roared the skipper; "I'll steer the old ship to hell if I like." He had scarcely seized the helm when a sea struck the rudder, she kicked, and the tiller, catching him in the belly, flung him over the side.

He was lost in the darkness, without a sound.

Sadly, with flag half-mast, the craft picked her way homewards, and the mate had the duty of telling the wife that her children were fatherless and that her fine young husband had found a drunkard's grave at sea.

Efforts were at once made to get the British Government to allow the mission vessels to clear for the high seas with tobacco in bond. Permission was refused, so, to enable the ships to compete with the grog vessels, a consignment of tobacco was sent to Ostend. A mission ship was detailed to leave her fishing-gear at sea and run in as a trader and fetch it.

Some reliable fisherman in each fleet where there was no mission ship accepted the responsibility of a supply for his fleet, thus preaching the Gospel in one of the only ways he could. A fathom and a half of blue bunting on his foretopmast stay was the text he preached from; it was called "The Tobacco Flag." He was instructed to sell it at twenty-five cents per pound, which just paid the expenses, and also to lay as far away as possible from the grog vessel, that men coming for the cheaper tobacco would not be able to visit the grog vessels the same day.

The measure met with complete success; the tide of men was turned to the mission

ships, and the day of the grog vessel was closed. The Government, recognizing the great value of the work, now gave the required permission for a bonded store, and this was soon followed by an international convention permitting a gunboat of any nation to search and seize any vessels selling liquor on the high seas. A faddist once reasoned with the skipper about the wickedness of selling tobacco. "You ain't tried it," he replied; "it's the best 'baccer anywhere."

It was very soon found that a still further incentive to bring the fishermen aboard could be found in a small dispensary added to each ship. Concentrated mixtures plainly labeled for their purposes were supplied. The skippers were sent to London, and not only were trained to take the ambulance certificate, but were sent to hospitals and taught how to attend minor ailments. The fisherman has an inordinate love for medicine, and especially for anything that sticks—in the way of a plaster. This tendency was turned to good effect.

One day aboard a ship I moved a sailor's long boot; a bottle of medicine fell out which I had given him an hour or so previously. I asked him, "Why do you keep your medicine in your boot, skipper?" "Lest the other men should find it out; they drank the other bottle you gave me before I had a chance."

Serious cases were sent, lashed on a newly invented stretcher, by fish-carrier to London. More than once I have admitted to the London Hospital injured men who had thus traveled up for several days, and had been carried from ship to ship, over a rough sea, and eventually landed at Billingsgate with the fish.

Creditable as the results were to the mission skippers, it was a patent fact that in the larger fleets a doctor was the only efficient preacher in this line, so when it was found that doctors could live at sea, larger vessels were built, a hospital added below decks, and quarters provided for a mission surgeon.

I must not forget, however, that which, most of all, makes it easy for a fisherman, shy as he is, to begin an acquaintance with mission folk, especially a man whose notorious life would have been a bar against his coming aboard "one of them Gospel ships" at all. This was the fact

that in the mission ship all were brother fishermen. Many a man has first come aboard, as he said, "to lend a hand scrap-in' down the spars" or "to give yer an hour mendin' the net" that had been torn in the night, or to "lend a hand to clear up the fish"—using an excuse that made him feel that he had a right to come.

The factor which helps largely to take a fisherman into a saloon is the five cents in his pocket; it gives him a *right* to go. This, too, has been turned to good account by the mission on the land. For the work begun at sea had to be supplemented by Homes on the land, where the men had a right to go. Each of these Homes was influenced and inspired by some consecrated Christian lady, who voluntarily came and lived near it, and so lent the influence of a good woman (a most powerful factor in influencing sailors). But the caretaker was always a fisherman steward, who had graduated with first-class honors on a mission vessel at sea, a man who, the fishermen knew well, *really loved* to listen to their conversation about fish—fish—fish—or, say, the direction of the wind ten years before. No landsman but would be bored in time by it. Our object was to provide, not for what pleased us, but what would attract them. The Home was theirs. They had a *right* to go in and *buy* the refreshments there offered, and pay for a bed not attached to the saloon, when, as was often the case, their own home was in the country away from the sea. They could rent and be conscious owners of a locker to keep their "store clothes" when they were fishing out of some port alone, away from their own wardrobes.

When the steam fishing vessels began to replace the more picturesque yawls, the mission had either to follow suit or fall astern. It has at sea, at the present moment, besides ten other vessels, four large hospital steamers, three having cost over \$60,000 each. The best testimonial to the social revolution that has been so long taking place has been from the police magistrates and the police themselves. Encouraged by results in 1892, I was loaned the largest of the sailing vessels, a craft of ninety-seven tons burden, in which we sailed to the Labrador coast to see whether among English-speaking fishermen of the

Northwest Atlantic similar results might not be achieved there.

In three months we had nine hundred patients, to whom we could thus commend our Gospel with pills and plasters, without fear of denominational interference, besides witnessing a condition of poverty to which we had been quite strangers over on the other side. Unable to do on the ship to those men as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances, we called on the way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land, and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if they built it.

We have now three hospitals on that desolate coast—not palaces for pain such as one sees in these great cities, but humble wood buildings where a qualified doctor and trained nurse reside, where besides their own rooms they have a dozen beds for sick people, a convalescent room, an operating room, and an isolation ward. These places are not hospitals only but hostels, places to which any one and every one is expected to come in sickness or any other kind of trouble whatever. Needless to say, they come often very long distances in their boats in summer, or in dog-sleighs in winter. We do our part in the summer, cruising in the hospital ships, the largest of which I serve as captain, and in winter by traveling from place to place—moving practically all the time, only making the hospital, which is kept open by the nurse, the headquarters to which we return whenever we think it necessary.

Here other methods of commending our Gospel are also open to us, owing to the extraordinary poverty and isolation of the people. Lack of experience made us satisfied for the first three years to try and cope with the question of hunger and nakedness, by collecting and distributing warm clothing, and assisting the people in various ways to get food.

It was not until 1896 that, seeing the futility of giving financial help to men who had to pay from \$7 to \$8 for a barrel of flour worth \$4, and \$2.50 to \$3 for a hogshead of salt which could be bought at St. John's for \$1, we set to work to find a new sermon to preach on this subject. Many of our most piteous cases

at hospital were the direct fruit of chronic semi-starvation. Thus our people fell victims to tuberculosis of glands and bones, only owing to the marasmus induced by insufficient food. This was more especially the case among children. A universal system of truck business prevailed: the "catch" of to-morrow was mortgaged for the food of to-day. The people seldom or never saw cash. The inevitable results were poverty, thriftlessness, and eventually hopelessness. The contention of the trader was always that the men's poverty was because they did not catch enough to support themselves. The answer was that they got enough, to support at least thirty traders.

We started a sermon with a co-operative store as a text. The people round it were all heavily in debt; most winters they received so much government relief to keep them from actual starvation that the place was known as "The Sink." The people were almost all illiterate and knew nothing about business, and the little store went through varying fortunes. They had very, very little money to put in, and even that they were afraid to put in under their own names, for fear the traders should find out and punish them. One trader wrote me denying our right to interfere with *his* people, as if those whom he had tried to lead me to think were only the recipients of his "charity" existed solely for the benefit of his trade. I need not say that we had now to regret gaps in the prayer-meetings once filled so fervently by our friends the enemy.

Looking at the results of the sermon seven years afterwards, I find the people clothed, fed, independent, with a new little church building, and children far-and-away better clad and educated. The movement has spread; there are now five co-operative stores, with a schooner called the "Co-operator" which carries their products to and from the markets. The price of flour has uniformly kept under \$5 a barrel; the price of salt has been reduced nearly 50 per cent., and other things in proportion. We have had many troubles, owing to poor fisheries, our own ignorance of methods of business, and to our isolation. But our storekeepers and crew are Christian men, well aware that the best Gospel they can preach is to keep the store for Christ. As a contrast,

I sent down a young friend from Boston, who had once been a preacher on the coast, giving him \$100 for his holiday to stay at this first store and "teach them how to manage a co-operative store." He was some three days at the store himself, seeing "nothing to do." The rest he spent preaching along the coast. The consequence was the store suffered very materially, for I was home next year, and the people, afraid to handle their money, left the whole of their capital in the bank. I don't know that the memory of his sermons is a justification for his view of what was "most important" to the kingdom of God on the coast.

One of our chief troubles with our people was the long enforced idleness of the winter and the consequent necessity of living largely on the summer "catch." This necessitated their remaining scattered on the chance of catching fur-bearing animals in the winter, even if the actual "catch," as was often the case, didn't amount to a barrel of flour for the whole time. This again prevented their children being reached for educational purposes. It was long a problem to us what ought to be done to meet the difficulty. Eventually we took up a grant of timberland on which the Newfoundland Government permitted me special conditions, and we started to aggregate the people in winter by affording them remunerative work about the mill. To this we have added a small schooner-building yard, and hope shortly to add a cooperage, as we use many barrels in the fish industry. We have gathered together about this small effort this winter some two hundred and fifty people. A small school-house has been erected, and those who are managing the mill know that this effort is their text from which they are to preach their sermon.

There can be no question that the Christ would to-day support all manly and innocent pastimes. So, to meet the needs of the long wintry evenings, we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods; and seal-

skin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

The toys which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the north had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Anyhow, the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations which formed oases in our own child life. We have turned the current of toys back to the north again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas trees no less a message of the love of God on the birthday of the Saviour to these many birthdayless children who thus keep their own on that day.

We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Some years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sand-spit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm; it was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children." I was glad she could not speak at the prayer-meetings. Perhaps, after all, we grade our Christians by a wrong standard.

How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? Is it one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?

In what relation would the Christ stand to-day to wrong-doing? On our wild and almost uncharted coast, where the visits of strangers are very rare, many wrecks occurred that, to say the least, suggested to the underwriters that no illegal efforts had been made to save them. We were

asked by Lloyds' Underwriting Agency to act as agents for them and furnish reports in case of losses occurring. At first we declined, fearing that the kind of espionage which would be necessary would be likely to interfere with our "spiritual" work. Later we began to think it was not necessary to knock all the spirit out of men to make them "spiritual," so we accepted the post of Magistrate for the coast, and also Lloyds' agency.

Steaming down a long fjord late in October, we picked up the crew of a small steamer wrecked on the north shore. After landing the men for the last boat south to take them home, we returned and raised the steamer—hailed her keel out of water at low tide, and found the only damage was a hole driven with a crowbar in her bottom. In endeavoring to tow her some six hundred miles south to St. John's, Newfoundland, we lost her in a gale of wind at sea, and with her our evidence of the crime.

It did not take us long to find out that this blow at unrighteousness had made us more enemies than many sermons. We have a saying that "it is only when you really tread on the devil's tail that he will wag it"—perhaps a modern synonym for "no cross, no crown." So long as the battle with sin is fought with kid gloves on, there will never be any need of the "fellowship of suffering." Last season, after every one had left the coast, report that a large vessel loaded with fish and fully insured had been lost on the rocks six hundred miles north reached St.

John's. Owing to the rapidly forming ice, we were doubtful if it was possible to get at the ship. But fortune favored us; we were able to get her, raise her, and, almost to our own surprise, we were able to tow her, in spite of December gales, safely to St. John's harbor. The consignee (the same man who had owned the steamer we lost, and who had "suffered other losses") was found guilty of barratry and sent down to penal servitude. It is said that the world consists of two kinds of people, "those who go out and try to do something" and those who "stay home and wonder they don't do it some other way." How would the critic look at this? Was it "missionary"?

One notices in the newspapers so much energy devoted to criticisms of what famous preachers say, some loudly declaiming against them for heterodoxy, others equally praising them. The most successful treatment for a tendency to confine religious zeal so largely to criticism would be to find more useful service in other directions. We are not told that the good Samaritan expressed any opinion of the priest or Levite. Is not the real problem of Christianity how best to commend it to the world? Can it most truly be advocated by word or deed? Can we afford to divorce the "secular" from the "religious," any more than the "religious" from the "secular"? It seems to me there is only one way to reach the soul—that is, through the body. For when the soul has cast off the body we cannot reach it at all.

## Love, Let Me Walk with You

By Hanford C. Judson

Love, let me walk with you,  
Love, let me silent be,  
While the great stars fill the heaven above  
With glimmering majesty.

God giveth the great stars names,  
Sweet names we can not know;  
But, Love, when I hear your footstep near,  
As light as the airs that blow,

They fill my heart with the joy of light  
That is from eternity.  
And my soul is glad of their mystic names,  
When, Love, you walk with me.

# Where Is the West?

By William R. Lighton

**A**MONG the people of that region which we Westerners know as "the East" there is a persistent belief that if one of their number stands facing the north, there will be on his left, more or less out of reach, a big stretch of country, with vague boundaries and still more vague characteristics, which for some reason or other ought to be called "the West." The idea can be traced through a long line of descent, and has thus gained a factitious respectability, so that the Easterner is now quite willing to admit the word "West" to his vocabulary without close scrutiny of its credentials. Along with the word he adopts a shadowy notion that Western men, manners, and morals are somehow radically distinct from those of other communities—that Western affairs must always wear a unique complexion. Just what constitutes that distinction it is not easy for him to say. Nine out of ten Eastern folk would find it inconvenient to explain their understanding of where and what "the West" really is.

In fact, the question is quite complex; and its complexity increases with the passing years, as the old barriers are broken down and the many parts of the nation are knit more closely together. Much depends upon the point of view; and there are many viewpoints. The geographer has one theory; the captain of industry another; and there are the politician, the moralist, and (most confusing of all) the literary man, each eager to tell all about it, each sure he is right, and each at variance with every other. The whole argument has become a labyrinth, whose passages lead nowhere. The more we try to pin the matter down by hard and fast definitions, the more it eludes us.

It will not do to fix upon a mid-continent meridian and say that all the territory on one side shall be East and all on the other side West. Other and subtler distinctions would dissolve such a line at once. In point of physical boundaries "the West" has always been something of a vagabond, possessing a name without a local habitation. Originally "the West" meant the primeval wilderness. To the

first white dwellers on the Massachusetts coast, everything outside their own little domain was West; they only were Easterners. Then the Dutch settled on the Hudson; and forthwith that region was added to the East. So it went on, as the tide of migration swept farther and farther inland, until Ohio was East, then Indiana and Kentucky. The progressive conquest of the wilderness crowded the West westward to the Missouri, then to the Rocky Mountains, then to the shores of the Pacific. In our day Illinois does not like to be called a Western State; Iowa is almost as sensitive about it; Kansas and Nebraska are not sure that the term does not carry opprobrium. These States prefer the name "Interior"—or, if you insist, they will compromise on "Middle West." It is only when you get into Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana that you hear the people say, with a defiant frankness, "Yes, maybe we are Western. What are you going to do about it?" But if you go on to the Pacific, new confusion awaits you—the Californian speaks of Denver as "the East;" and to the Denverite, Kansas City is hopelessly Eastern, while Boston and New York are fairly Oriental. No, the West is not a definite place; the name is merely relative.

Other arguments have sought to designate the West by means of social idiosyncrasies. The pioneering of a new land separates men from the conventional institutions of organized society, from constitutions, codes, and creeds, and throws them back upon the native resources of human nature. Naturally, they set up some rude standards of behavior, standards in which fixedness counts for much less than adaptability. While a new society is finding itself, its institutions must be more or less fluid. The value of precedent and rule is reduced to the minimum; the value of primal insight into the underlying principles of manly honor and integrity is at its greatest. This does not mean that the people of the frontier are endowed with unusual moral steadfastness; it means that simplicity of motive is the dominant note in their life;

that they live according to their own perceptions, more than by precept and maxim. That has always been true of the American Border. Twenty years ago western Nebraska was almost as primitive in its social life as was England in the time of the Norman Conquest. The whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been in the same condition at one time or another. It was lawless, in a narrow sense, in that it was independent of statutes; yet it was governed by those basic old Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct which are not easily reduced to print, but which make the substratum of our civilization. Formal statutes were wanting, but the spirit out of which wise statutes grow was in full force.

Naturally, too, such freedom reacted upon the people and resulted in the production of those quaint and picturesque "types" upon which the maker of literature has seized with such avidity. The familiar "bad man" of Western lore was the product, not of wickedness, but of untrammelled freedom; he was merely the normal good man of older States escaped from the law-fenced highways of "back East," going across a wide expanse of open country at his own gait. For a time those little differences in manners were regarded as the distinguishing traits of the West, until time showed them to be ephemeral. They were never so much in the ascendant, even when the West was at its wildest, as appears from the pages of the border romance. From Bret Harte on down to the latest disciple of that school, writers of Western stuff have, without exception, exaggerated outward signs, while failing miserably to appreciate underlying motives; they have worked the idea of frontier lawlessness until it has become an article of the popular faith. We ought to know by this time that rank, red-shirted, loud-mouthed outlawry cannot dominate any Anglo-Saxon society, even in the much-abused "West." We are made of better stuff than that. These so-called Western "types" do not speak very well for the honesty of our literature. As a matter of fact, flagrant unrighteousness of motive or conduct was never more pronounced on the Western frontier than it is on the streets of New York to-day. There has been plenty of flamboyant picturesqueness, I grant, but no excess of

lawlessness. If there exists a separate West, its separateness must rest upon some other basis than that. Even the old-time picturesqueness has disappeared in great measure, as population has thickened and first rough makeshifts have been supplanted by politer forms. Courts of laws have succeeded the vigilance committees. They may not effect a greater degree of absolute justice, but they are more in keeping with racial traditions, and give us a sense of greater stability. Other expedients of frontier life have yielded in the same way, and with their passing has disappeared every outward symbol of disorder. If you will look at the matter without prejudice, you will discover that the balance of the law-abiding spirit is decidedly in favor of the West. In proportion to population, there is to-day twice as much crime in Massachusetts as in Nebraska.

Neither does the distinction lie in matters of educational achievement, except as these also show a balance in favor of the West. In proportion to population, Nebraska's expenditure for educational purposes is annually twice as great as that of Massachusetts; and in the same proportion illiteracy is reduced by one-half. Prairies and mountains are speckled with college towns. In point of efficiency in preparing men and women for the serious business of life, Western educational institutions are second to none. Some of the greatest industrial feats of this generation have been wrought in the Far West by men born, bred, and educated on the sunset side of the Missouri.

The question in my title must be answered by attending to the most recent developments in our life. There is, indeed, a West; but it does not exist by reason of certain geographical boundaries; neither does it depend upon ethical variance or literary tradition. Its outlines are not arbitrary, but rational.

This is an industrial nation. More than any other nation of earth, it measures the motives of its every-day life by the industrial scale. If any part is able to show independence of other parts, it will be an industrial independence. In this particular alone can the West be said to have a separate existence in the present day.

Ten years ago the working West was hopelessly dependent upon the older



East. Everything it had to sell in the world's markets had to go through Eastern channels; everything it bought came by way of the East. The vast corn and wheat fields of the prairies—an empire in themselves—sent almost every bushel of their surplus product to Duluth or Chicago, and thence to the Atlantic seaboard. The West, which grew the grain, had nothing to say about the price it would get for it; the Boards of Trade in Chicago, New York, and London fixed prices and dictated all the conditions of traffic; the producer could do nothing but accept such terms as were offered him. His millions of pounds of wool went the same way, along with his millions of untanned hides—it was all shipped to the East as raw material. Then, if he wanted a suit of clothes or a pair of boots, he must buy them in the East, made of wool and leather of his own production. In neither case had he anything to say about price.

A change has been wrought within the last decade. It began with the establishment of the vast packing-houses at various points on the Missouri River. These, by moving the market for live stock several hundred miles westward, gave a new impetus to stock-raising on the big prairies. But cattle, swine, and sheep that have been brought to maturity on grazing land are not yet ready for the packing-houses; they must first be corn-fattened. The multiplication of the herds was thus of threefold benefit: it turned to profitable account immense tracts of land unsuited to other uses; it made an increased demand for prairie corn; and it brought the corn market to the grower's very gate. With every year these Western-grown, corn-fattened cattle and swine come nearer and nearer to consuming the one-time troublesome surplus. The corn-grower is relieved of a great worry, while the prairie packing-houses are enabled to put their meats upon the world's markets at prices that defy competition. Here is at once the solution of a mighty economic problem and a definite answer to the question, "Where is the West?"

Within a very few years it will be seen of all men that "the West" is no longer a wild and woolly sort of No-Man's-Land, where spurred and pistoled bravos do nothing all day long but fling defiance in

the face of Heaven and its laws; it will be seen that "the West" has, by hard, patient, persistent labor, won an unequivocal station and dignity as the chief source of the world's food supply. Very few persons appreciate the volume of traffic in Western foodstuffs. Secretary Shaw, in a recent address in Chicago, declared that a single Western city (Minneapolis) now manufactures and sends abroad a carload of flour for every ten minutes of day and night, the year round. He said also that the Detroit River (one of the links in the Great Lakes traffic) carries four times as much tonnage as does the Suez Canal. The significance of these figures is tremendous; but it must be remembered that they represent only a small fraction of the whole commerce. Since 1890 the trans-Mississippi country has discovered that the logical outlet for its export trade is by way of the Gulf ports, rather than by New York and Baltimore; a very large proportion of Western meat and grain and flour is now sent to the South, and thence to Europe, with a large decrease in cost of transportation. The West is thus evolving a commercial independence of the Eastern States, saving to itself the percentage once paid to Eastern middlemen.

Heretofore the bulk of exported foodstuffs has gone to Europe; but within three or four years Asiatic markets have begun to yawn for American corn and wheat. In 1901, for the first time in her history, Nebraska sent trainloads of grain across the mountains to the Pacific ports, for shipment to India and China. This is but the beginning.

The Eastern States can have no considerable part in this. It seems not unlikely that agriculture will soon be a lost art in the East. Minneapolis can sell flour to the New York farmer for less money than it costs him to produce it on his own land; Omaha and Kansas City can sell dressed pork and beef to the farmer of Massachusetts and Connecticut for less money than it costs him to feed his own pig or cow.

From the first round billow of the corn-prairies of Indiana to the last field of wheat in the sunlit vales of California—there is the real West; the independent, powerful, proud, modern West—the world's inexhaustible food-garden.

# International Police

By Lucia Ames Mead

**I** BELIEVE in arbitration, of course, and in a stated International Congress—I have worked to promote that,” said a Senator in the Massachusetts Legislature to me; “but when you peace people talk about ending war, I can’t follow you. I think you will have to wait until the millennium; for so long as there is sin in the world there must needs be force.” Doubtless there are some “peace men” who, like Tolstoi, decry all use of force; but the ordinary sensible man who is working to abolish national armaments, when the shrieks from Kishenev and the Congo ring in his ears, calls for a strong hand, and no milk-and-water policy. As he remembers the two thousand gangs of American anarchists who have torn open jail doors and hanged and burned untried men, and themselves gone unpunished, he believes there is still use in this world for the soldier.

But if he is a peace man who wants to make himself effective, he will not waste time in discussing the horrors of war and the beauties of peace. He will try to let in a light on a subject about which much sophistry has befogged the public’s mind. His first proposition will be that the organized, authoritative force of this world is of two essentially different kinds. The one that we know most about is of comparatively recent origin; it is the police force. Time was, and not more than two or three centuries ago, when every man carried his own weapon and avenged his own wrong. To-day, in thoroughly civilized communities, he who avenges his own wrong becomes a criminal. The State has established a disinterested method of settling disputes according to evidence and justice. Force is employed, but not to settle the dispute. The policeman brings the contestants to a court. That is his function—to bring to court—and he uses only that modicum of force which is necessary to bring contestants to court. Often they come of their own accord, or, when brought, they usually venture little or no resistance. Then twelve men hear evidence for and against. No man may

be a juror who is interested personally in the dispute. Witnesses are brought, lawyers employed, law books studied. When the verdict is given, an impartial judge decrees sentence according to statutes made by another disinterested set of men called legislators. The whole transaction means that the result depends upon law and justice, not accident or the bulk of the contestants. The child has as good a chance of justice as the man. The function of the police is to bring to court and to take to prison according as the court orders. The policeman himself inflicts no punishment, and uses only such force as may be necessary to bring a stubborn man to trial. Let this be emphasized, for this use of force is almost universally confounded with that totally different use of force employed by armies and navies. National armies and navies have no analogy with the police, though nine college graduates out of ten argue as if they were analogous. The function of the police is to bring to court. The function of national armies and navies and the powers behind them is to execute without trial. Were the nations not living in anarchic relations with each other, armies and navies would be simply gigantic, organized lynchings. They listen to no arguments, weigh no testimony, are not disinterested, and do not force their antagonist to come to any court. Their settlement is made, not according to justice, but by brute force. Almost every attribute of the police force is lacking in army and navy. And yet we are incessantly told by some of the best and ablest of men that the navy polices our coast, that the army is our national police. The most fundamental and palpable divergence of functions is ignored, and the solution of the world’s greatest problem is relegated to the millennium because of this curious kink in the reasoning faculties of many leaders of thought.

At the recent Mohonk Arbitration Conference I listened anxiously for one word on this confusing subject. Only one speaker, Mr. Edwin Ginn, the publisher, casually used the word that, if said with

emphasis and heeded, would have thrown a flood of light on what to most men seems hopelessly obscured. He said "the International Police." What would an international police do? It would bring stubborn nations to the World's Court with the same efficiency as the city police separate two men glaring at each other with murderous knives unsheathed, and drag them to the Police Court. Of what would the International Police be composed? Of a small body of armed men and battle-ships paid and organized by practically all the nations of the world and controlling them through a World Legislature which would make laws to be carried out by the Hague Court. We have the Hague Court. Next winter Congress will be asked to propose to the nations to establish an International Congress to meet at regular intervals to discuss international problems. This will not be a World Legislature, as its delegates will have, as at the Hague Conference, no power to do more than to refer questions to their nations for ratification. It must be a little time before the Congress can be formed. It may be decades before it develops into a genuine Legislature with power. But a World Legislature is as definitely bound to come as the Isthmian canal or the Cape to Cairo railroad. Not until it is established, and perhaps several decades after that, can we talk practically about forming an International Police; we must first, of course, all pledge ourselves to carry international differences to court. But though the period of complete national disarmament may be relegated to another century, it is of immense importance for the world to know that it is approximately near, that we need not wait until sin and quarrels have been banished from the earth before we find a rational way of treating them.

The police force will remain to bring men to court. The militia will remain to compel riotous mobs and lynchers to leave their quarrels and their vengeance to the courts. The international police will supplant the national, paid bodies of executioners who, under our present anarchic system of international relations, execute in absence of law, according to national whim or passion or prejudice. The reign of law has come in families, in cities, in the States, in the nations. It is coming

between the nations. There is no new principle to be invented, simply the extension of an old and tried principle.

We shall not arbitrate with savages, but the civilized nations will arbitrate about the lands and rights of savages. No one nation will be permitted by the other nations to steal their land and exploit them. The mutual self-interest of great nations, if nothing more, will demand justice for the weaker ones. Human nature will, no doubt, still have the tiger latent in it; but the tiger will be left dormant as there is less and less occasion to arouse it. Sin and cruelty and avarice will persist, but we shall treat them calmly, disinterestedly, not with the senseless passion of war. Civil war may remain an abstract possibility. The International Police is not an academic question, but a live, practical question. There is nothing that need prevent its being realized within a hundred years, if the leaders of thought in Europe and America see clearly and do what they are perfectly capable of doing. The action of the allied armies in China in the suppression of the "Boxers" gives a hint of what International Police may do.

For years Dr. Hale and others in America went up and down the land crying, "We must have an International Court;" when it came we welcomed it as a familiar thought. While we are busy making this court more and more efficient by enlarging the scope of cases brought to it, we must familiarize men with the next step to goals ahead of us—the World Legislature and the World Police. We must arouse the hopeless and give new courage to pessimists who assume that Christendom must continue to sink three billion<sup>1</sup> dollars annually simply to keep the peace. We must show a way out of the quagmires in which their hopes are sunk. City, State, and nation have been organized and put under the reign of law. The world will likewise be organized and put under the reign of law, and when that is done we shall not have abolished force, or wickedness, or punishment for wickedness, or civil war, but we shall have abolished wars between nations and national armies and navies.

<sup>1</sup> This includes interest on debt for past wars and part of the wages lost by millions of unproductive soldiers.

# THE FOREST'

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

## Chapter XVII.—On the Catching of a Certain Fish

WE settled down peacefully on the River, and the weather, after so much enmity, was kind to us. Likewise did the flies disappear from the woods utterly.

Each morning we arose as the Red Gods willed; generally early, when the sun was just gilding the peaks to the westward; but not too early, before the white veil had left the River. Billy, with woodsman's contempt for economy, hewed great logs and burned them nobly in the cooking of trout, oatmeal, pancakes, and the like. We had constructed ourselves tables and benches between green trees, and there we ate. And great was the eating, beyond the official capacity of the human stomach. There offered little things to do, delicious little things just on the hither side of idleness. A rod wrapping needed more waxed silk, a favorite fly required attention to prevent dissolution; the pistol was to be cleaned; a flag-pole seemed desirable; a trifle more of balsam could do no harm; clothes might stand drying, blankets airing. We accomplished these things leisurely, pausing for the telling of stories, for the puffing of pipes, for the sheer joy of contemplations. Deerskin slipper moccasins and flapping trousers attested our *dishabille*. And then somehow it was noon, and Billy again at the Dutch oven and the broiler.

Trout we ate, and always more trout. Big fellows broiled with strips of bacon craftily sewn in and out of the pink flesh; medium fellows cut into steaks; little fellows fried crisp in corn-meal; big, medium, and little fellows mingled in component of the famous North Country *bouillon*, whose other ingredients are partridges and tomatoes and potatoes and onions and salt pork and flour, in combination delicious beyond belief. Nor ever did we tire of them, three times a day, printed statement to the contrary

notwithstanding. And besides were many crafty dishes over whose construction the major portion of morning idleness was spent.

Now, at two o'clock, we groaned temporary little groans, and crawled, shrinking, into our river clothes, which we dared not to hang too near the fire for fear of the disintegrating scorch, and drew on soggy, hobnailed shoes, with holes cut in the bottom, and plunged with howls of disgust into the upper riffles. Then the cautious leg-straddled passage of the swift current, during which we forgot forever—which eternity alone circles the bliss of an afternoon on the River—the chill of the water, and so came to the trail.

Now, at the Idiot's Delight, Dick and I parted company. By three o'clock I came again to the River, far up, half-way to the Big Falls. Deuce watched me gravely. With the first click of the reel he retired to the brush away from the back-cast, there to remain until the pool was fished, and we could continue our journey.

In the swift leaping water, at the smooth back of the eddy, in the white foam, under the dark cliff shadow, here, there, everywhere, the bright flies drop softly like strange snowflakes. The game is as interesting as pistol-shooting. To hit the mark, that is enough. And then a swirl of water and a broad, lazy tail wakes you to the fact that other matters are yours. Verily the fish of the North Country are mighty beyond all others.

Over the river rests the sheen of light, over the hills rests the sheen of romance. The land is enchanted. Birds dip and sway, advance and retreat, leaves toss their hands in greeting, or bend and whisper one to the other; splashes of sun fall heavy as metal through the yielding screens of branches; little breezes wander hesitatingly here and there, to sink about kites on the nearest bar of sun-angles; the stream shouts and

gurgles, murmurs, hushes, lies still and secret as though to warn you to discretion, breaks away with a shriek of hilarity when your discretion has been assured. There is in you a great leisure, as though the day would never end. There is in you a great keenness. One part of you is vibrantly alive. Your wrist muscles contract almost automatically at the swirl of a rise, and the hum of life along the gossamer of your line gains its communication with every nerve in your body. The question of gear and method you attack clear-minded. What fly? Montreal, Parmachenee Bells, Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Professor, Brown Hackle, Cowdung—these grand lures for the North Country trout receive each its due test and attention. And on the tail snell what fisherman has not the Gamble—the unusual, obscure, multi-named fly which may, in the occultism of his taste, attract the Big Fellows? Besides, there remains always the handling. Does your trout to-day fancy the skittering of his food, or the withdrawal in three jerks, or the inch-deep sinking of the fly? Does he want it across current or up current? will he rise with a snap, or is he going to come slowly, or is he going to play? These be problems interesting, insistent to be solved, with the ready test within the reach of your skill.

But that alertness is only the one side of your mood. No matter how difficult the selection, how strenuous the fight, there is in you a large feeling that might almost be described as Buddhistic. Time has nothing to do with your problems. The world has quietly run down, and has been embalmed with all its sweetness of light and color and sound in a warm lethe bath of sun. This afternoon is going to last forever. You note and enjoy and savor the little pleasures, unhurried by the thought that anything else, whether of pleasure or duty, is to follow.

And so for long, delicious æons. The River flows on, ever on; the hills watch, watch always; the birds sing; the sun shines grateful across your shoulders; the big trout and the little rise in predestined order and make their predestined fight and go their predestined way either to liberty or the creel; the pools and the rapids and the riffles slip by up-stream as though they had been withdrawn rather than as though you had advanced.

Then suddenly the day has dropped its wings. The earth moves forward with a jar. Things are to be accomplished; things are being accomplished. The River is hurrying down to the Lake; the birds have business of their own to attend to, an' it please you; the hills are waiting for something that has not yet happened, but they are ready. Startled, you look up. The afternoon has finished. Your last step has taken you over the edge of the shadow cast by the setting sun across the range of hills.

For the first time you look about you to see where you are. It has not mattered before. Now you know that shortly it will be dark. Still remain below you four pools. A great haste seizes you.

"If I take my rod apart, and strike through the woods," you argue, "I can make the Narrows, and I am sure there is a big trout there."

Why the Narrows should be any more likely to contain a big trout than any of the three other pools, you would not be able to explain. In half an hour it will be dark. You hurry. In the forest it is already twilight, but by now you know the forest well. Preoccupied, feverish with your great idea, you hasten on. The birds, silent all in the brooding of night, rise ghostly to right and left. Shadows steal away like hostile spies among the tree-trunks. The silver of last daylight gleams ahead of you through the brush. You know it for the Narrows, whither the instinct of your eagerness has led you as accurately as a compass through the forest.

Fervently, as though this were of world's affairs the most important, you congratulate yourself on being in time. Your rod seems to joint itself. In a moment the cast drops like a breath on the molten silver. Nothing. Another try a trifle lower down. Nothing. A little wandering breeze spoils your fourth attempt, carrying the leader far to the left. Curses, deep and fervent. The daylight is fading, draining away. A fifth cast falls forty feet out. Slowly you drag the flies across the current, reluctant to recover until the latest possible moment. And so, when your rod is foolishly upright, your line slack, and your flies motionless, there rolls slowly up and over the trout of trouts. You see a broad side, the whirl

of a fan tail that looks to you to be at least six inches across—and the current slides on, silverlike, smooth, indifferent to the wild leap of your heart.

Like a crazy man, you shorten your line. Six seconds later your flies fall skillfully just up-stream from where last you saw that wonderful tail.

But six seconds may be a long, long period of time. You have feared and hoped and speculated and realized—feared that the leviathan has pricked himself, and so will not rise again; hoped that his appearance merely indicated curiosity which he will desire further to satisfy; speculated on whether your skill can drop the fly exactly on that spot, as it must be dropped; and realized that, whatever be the truth as to all those fears and hopes and speculations, this is irrevocably your last chance.

For an instant you allow the flies to drift down-stream, to be floated here and there by idle little eddies, to be sucked down and spat out of tiny suction-holes. Then cautiously you draw them across the surface of the waters. *Thump—thump—thump*—your heart slows up with disappointment. Then, mysteriously, like the stirring of the waters by some invisible hand, the molten silver is broken in its smoothness. The Royal Coachman quietly disappears. With all the brakes shrieking on your desire to shut your eyes and heave a mighty heave, you depress your butt and strike.

Then in the twilight the battle. No leisure is here, only quivering, intense, agonized anxiety. The affair transcends the moment. Purposes and necessities of untold ages have concentrated, so that somehow back of your consciousness rest hosts of disembodied hopes, tendencies, evolutionary progressions, all breathless lest you prove unequal to the struggle for which they have been so long preparing. Responsibility, vast, vague, formless, is yours. Only the fact that you are wholly occupied with the exigence of the moment prevents your understanding of what it is, but it hovers dark and depressing behind your possible failure. You must win. This is no fish; it is opportunity itself, and once gone it will never return. The mysticism of lower dusk in the forest, of upper afterglow on the hills, of the chill of evening waters and winds, of the glint

of strange phantoms under the darkness of cliffs, of the whisperings and shoutings of Things you are too busy to identify out in the gray of North Country awe—all these menace you with indeterminate dread. Knee-deep, waist-deep, swift water, slack water, down-stream, up-stream, with red eyes straining into the dimness, with every muscle taut and every nerve quivering, you follow the ripping of your line. You have consecrated yourself to the uttermost. The minutes stalk by you gigantic. You are a stable pinpoint in whirling phantasms. And you are very little, very small, very inadequate among these titans of circumstance.

Thrice he breaks water, a white and ghostly apparition from the deep. Your heart stops with your reel, and only resumes its office when again the line sings safely. The darkness falls, and with it, like the mysterious strength of Sir Gareth's opponent, falls the power of your adversary. His rushes shorten. The blown world of your uncertainty shrinks to the normal. From the haze of your consciousness, as through a fog, loom the old familiar forest, and the hills, and the River. Slowly you creep from that strange and enchanted land. The sullen trout yields. In all gentleness you float him within reach of your net. Quietly, breathlessly, you walk ashore, and over the beach, and an unnecessary hundred feet from the water, lest he retain still a flop. Then you lay him upon the stones and lift up your heart in rejoicing.

How you get to camp you never clearly know. Exultation lifts your feet. Wings, wings, O ye Red Gods, wings to carry the body whither the spirit hath already soared, and stooped, and circled back in impatience to see why still the body lingers! Ordinarily you can cross the riffles above the Half-Way Pool only with caution and prayer and a stout staff craftily employed. This night you can—and do—splash across hand-free as recklessly as you would wade a little brook. There is no stumble in you, for you have done a great deed, and the Red Gods are smiling.

Through the trees glows a light, and in the center of that light are leaping flames, and in the circle of that light stand, rough hewn the tent and the table and

compan-

ions. You stop short, and swallow hard, and saunter into camp as one indifferent.

Carelessly you toss aside your creel—into the darkest corner, as though it were unimportant—nonchalantly you lean your rod against the slant of your tent, wearily you seat yourself and begin to draw off your drenched garments. Billy bends toward the fire. Dick gets you your dry clothes. Nobody says anything, for everybody is hungry. No one asks you any questions, for on the River you get in almost any time of night.

Finally, as you are hanging your wet things near the fire, you inquire casually over your shoulder:

"Dick, have any luck?"

Dick tells you. You listen with apparent interest. He has caught a three-pounder. He describes the spot and the method and the struggle. He is very much pleased. You pity him.

The three of you eat supper, lots of supper. Billy arises first, filling his pipe. He hangs water over the fire for the dish-washing. You and Dick sit hunched on a log, blissfully happy in the moments of digestion, ruminative, watching the blaze. The tobacco-smoke eddies and sucks upward to join the wood-smoke. Billy moves here and there in the fulfillment of his simple tasks, casting his shadow wavering and gigantic against the firelit trees. By and by he has finished. He gathers up the straps of Dick's creel, and

turns to the shadow for your own. He is going to clean the fish. It is the moment you have watched for. You shroud yourself in profound indifference.

"Sacré!" shrieks Billy.

You do not even turn your head.

"Jumping giraffes! why, it's a whale!" cries Dick.

You roll a blasé eye in their direction, as though such puerile enthusiasm wearies you.

"Yes, it's quite a little fish," you concede.

They swarm down upon you demanding particulars. These you accord laconically, a word at a time, in answer to direct questions, between puffs of smoke.

"At the Narrows. Royal Coachman. Just before I came in. Pretty fair fight. Just at the edge of the eddy," and so on. But your soul glories.

The tape-line is brought out. Twenty-nine inches it records. Holy smoke, what a fish! Your air implies that you will probably catch three more just like him on the morrow. Dick and Billy make tracings of him on the birch bark. You retain your lofty calm; but inside you are little quivers of rapture. And when you awake, late in the night, you are conscious first of all that you are happy, happy, happy, all through; and only when the drowse drains away do you remember why.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## The Pan-American Railway

By Charles M. Pepper

Special Commissioner

**E**VERY great enterprise must wait its turn. Especially is this so if it be of an international character. The Pan-American, or Intercontinental, Railway project has had a long wait. Its turn seems now to be coming.

The origin and conception of the plan are old. First the dreamer, musing on waking the sleeping richness of continents. Then the statesman with imagination, who grasps the idea in its bolder outlines. After him the captains of industry, the practical men of affairs who also have imagination.

The broad events which are converging

and are focusing the intercontinental railway project as a measure of the not remote future are easily seen, though their bearing may not yet be understood fully by busy persons whose minds are occupied in other fields. Among them are the changes of a political character which have come since the results of the Spanish-American War established the international relation of the North American Republic to its neighbors on the south. This relation properly may be studied in its influence on industrial and commercial development.

Then there is the coincident fact of



New York striving successfully for supremacy as the money center of the world. Though it is only dimly seen even by those who are the strategists and generals in this campaign, the increased prestige of New York inevitably will bring the financing of future Central and South American operations there. The \$500,000,000 American gold which has gone into Mexico has overflowed naturally in that country into railway-building, and it is a simple process for it to flow on south with the geographical current.

A final, determinate, and positive factor, and one which gives promise of the earliest results, is the construction of the isthmian canal. With this Government enterprise under way, there is the certainty of private projects for exploitation and development, and of these railways on either side of the canal reaching out into Central America and into Colombia are sure to be the outcome. They will form links in the Pan-American route.

With this understanding of the controlling conditions and circumstances, it is well to look to the actual groundwork for the intercontinental trunk line which may make it possible to go by rail from New York or San Francisco to Buenos Ayres. The period of public receptiveness for the gigantic plan has come. Thirty years ago and more a United States consul in South America, Hinton Rowan Helper, began the agitation for a three Americas' railway. Others also took up the idea. When James G. Blaine's dream began to take form and the First International Conference of American States was held in Washington in 1889-90, the Pan-American railway project was strongly urged by him. To his mind it was a leading element in the policy of which he was the exponent. Among the delegates of the United States to that Conference were former Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, a practical railway-builder, and Andrew Carnegie. The idea appealed to them as it did to Mr. Blaine, and probably in its industrial and commercial aspects even more than to the great Secretary of State.

This Conference adopted a series of strong resolutions favoring the building of the intercontinental railway, and as a first step recommended an international survey. President Harrison, in full sym-

pathy with Mr. Blaine, approved the project as vast but practicable, and recommended to Congress the appropriation necessary for this purpose, which was made. This fund was supplemented by the various governments.

With this authority, three corps of engineers were placed in the field under the direction of a commission of which Mr. A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was chairman. The surveys were made under the immediate supervision of Mr. William F. Shunk, eminent in his profession. The results were embodied in a series of reports which covered the territory from the northern border of Guatemala and along the Andes to the northern frontier of the Argentine Republic. Estimates also were made for projected surveys and connections with the railway systems of Brazil and Paraguay, as well as for a branch across from Colombia to Venezuelan seaports. Furthermore, the route was mapped out for a branch to the Colombian port of Cartagena on the Caribbean Sea.

The principals in this international survey modestly spoke of their work as a railway reconnaissance. It was more. Its technical value was unquestioned. The exposition of the engineering difficulties was explicit enough to furnish those who might want to doubt with grounds for their doubts, but among experienced railway-builders there were few to question the conclusions reached by the survey corps. These conclusions were that no engineering obstacles existed which could not be overcome, and that the cost of construction would be reasonable enough to justify the enterprise from the commercial standpoint. Nothing led to the belief that the engineering problems of the Andes which are yet to be solved were greater than those which had been solved by Henry Meiggs in Peru. The justification of this international survey is shown in the extent to which it has been followed in actual railway construction, and also as the basis for supplemental and independent reconnaissances by private enterprise. The published volumes, in both the technical and the general information which they give, are convincing literature of the feasibility and utility of a Pan-American intercontinental trunk line.

When the Second International Ameri-

can Conference met in Mexico in the winter of 1901-02, the intercontinental railway was a leading theme. Reports were made by the delegates of the different countries of their existing systems and of actual and projected railway construction. These reports were a tonic. They showed that the international survey in several instances was being used as the basis for railways under construction, and in other instances it was being tested for variations and branch feeders which might prove useful in the development of natural resources. It was shown that the Mexican system was almost complete, and that the time was not far off when New York, Chicago, or San Francisco would be in direct communication by rail with the heart of Central America. Other information told how the gaps were being closed in South America.

Since these reports were made, the line from Cordoba, near Vera Cruz, has been completed to a junction with the Tehuantepec isthmian railway, and the Mexican Government is pushing the construction of the Pan-American line from San Geronimo south towards the Guatemalan border. When this work is a little further advanced, the Guatemalan Government will take steps to close up the gap of thirty miles necessary to bring its railway system to the frontier of Mexico. American interests identified with the two trunk lines which enter the United States through the gateways of El Paso and Laredo already are reaching out for the traffic which may be had when this Central American connection is established.

The Government of the Argentine Republic has pushed the building of its railway lines from Jujuy, formerly the northern terminus, till they are now close to the boundary of Bolivia, and Bolivia also is encouraging the extension of its system south along the route of the intercontinental survey so as to connect with the Argentine system. Chili, which has a most extensive railway network, is encouraging the trans-Andean project that will bring Santiago into through rail connection with Buenos Ayres. Peru is also having an era of railway-building, some actual, more in prospect. By the end of the present year it is likely that the gaps between New York and Buenos Ayres on the intercontinental route will not aggre-

gate more than 4,700 miles, as against 5,200 miles when the last reports were made.

The second American Conference took practical steps, not only to conserve what had been done, but to encourage progress along definite and clearly marked lines. It adopted a series of recommendations, among others one that a permanent committee be appointed and that the United States be invited to initiate measures for sending representatives to the various countries to further the common aspiration for building the intercontinental railway. The permanent Pan-American Railway Committee thus designated is composed of Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia; Andrew Carnegie, of New York; Manuel de Aspiroz, Ambassador from Mexico; Manuel Alvarez Calderon, Minister from Peru; and Antonio Lazo Arriaga, Minister from Guatemala. Mr. Davis was a delegate to the Conference held in Mexico. The headquarters of the Committee are in Washington.

The Congress of the United States, at its last session, authorized the appointment of a Special Commissioner to carry out the recommendations of the Mexican Conference with regard to the Pan-American Railway. The President, at the suggestion of the Secretary of State, made the appointment, and instructions have been issued to the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States to co-operate with the Special Commissioner. The Ministers of the various Governments of the Latin-American countries accredited in Washington also have taken measures to insure the success of the mission. The Commissioner will visit the capitals of all the countries to the south of the United States.

This is the status of the subject as it exists to-day. No illusions cloud it. The broad fact is that the Government of the United States and the Governments of the other Republics are disposed to work in unison, and with this co-operation and encouragement the links in the Intercontinental American Railway gradually may be welded together. On the part of the Central and South American countries there is the basic notion of affirming their own unity by the closer connection which railway communication establishes. There is, moreover, the substantial advantage

which comes from the exploitation of their natural resources and the development of their commerce. Railroads are built from many motives. They live by the traffic which they develop and create.

In a general way, it may be assumed that accurate information with respect to the existing systems of Central and South American railroads, the lines projected, the resources which are awaiting development by further building, the code of laws under which the railways are operated, the special inducements for foreign capital in the form of concessions, subsidies, land grants, guarantees of interest and principal of bonds, if presented under the sanction of official statements, will have a direct interest for the overflowing American capital which within a few years will begin to turn southward in search of greater returns than it gets at home.

Without reflecting on their ignorance, it may be said that the American people know little of the existing South American railways and less of the projects and possibilities. They do not know how the Brazilian lines are largely the work of Brazilian engineers; how near the little inland river-bordered Republic of Paraguay is to joining its line with the Argentine network; how complete are the systems of the Argentine Republic and of Chili, and how near realization is the trans-Andean project.

Kindred to this main subject of the Pan-American Railway is the question of river communication. It, too, is a vast subject, yet is thoroughly practicable. Those who would understand the full scope of connecting the intercontinental trunk line by means of branches with the inland waterways of South America should read the report made to the Mexican Conference by the distinguished Colombian, General Rafael Reyes. He, with his brothers, Henry and Nestor, both of whom perished in the work, explored the greater part of the Amazon and its affluents.

"The extension of the territory that these rivers irrigate," says General Reyes, "is more than 4,000,000 square miles, which are to-day virgin soil and which are offered to commerce and to human industry." In his intensely interesting graphic account he gives

hensive idea of the course which an American traveler might follow after going from New York to Buenos Ayres by rail. This would take the traveler on the Rio de la Plata and the Parana to the Amazon, and through its affluents into Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador; then to Colombia and to Venezuela through the branches of the Orinoco, and back to the Amazon.

Compared with the great transcontinental routes the Pan-American Railway project is not wonderful. Now that passengers may take their little journey to Moscow, and then proceed across Siberia to Port Arthur or Vladivostok, reaching the Pacific in less than eighteen days, the trip from New York to Buenos Ayres should be included in future itineraries. It is true that instead of an autocratic government, with cogent military and political reasons for building a vast railway line, the Pan-American Railway requires the co-operation of many governments. It requires also the confidence which these must inspire on the part of private capital. But, instead of costing \$400,000,000, with perhaps an additional \$200,000,000 to be expended within a period of five or six years, the Pan-American links, according to the estimates of the engineers, can be brought together for less than one total expenditure of \$200,000,000. It may be said that each of the Central and South American countries has the same political reason for completing within its own links a railway system that the Czar of Russia had for constructing the trans-Siberian line. Beyond this is the common interest which will be promoted by a trunk line and feeders joining three continents. Railway development means commerce, and commerce is civilization. The mightiest factor in South American civilization will be railroad communication.

The Pan-American Railway idea has the support of enthusiasts, but of enthusiasts who have behind them the record of achievement. It is these achievements that give encouragement to the younger generation, who also may catch some of their enthusiasm. When Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Davis, and men of similar persistent purpose, leave the doubters to discuss obstacles, and give the indorsement of their practical experience to the

general plan, others safely may follow them.

There are further measures which preserve the continuity of the idea. The second International American Conference, besides appointing a permanent Pan-American Railway Committee, provided that at a future date an assembly be called of authorized representatives of all the Republics of this hemisphere interested, for the purpose of perfecting a convention to arrange for the construction of the proposed intercontinental

railway. It also provided for the holding of a third International Conference within a few years, when the work that has been done towards carrying out its recommendations may be reviewed, and fresh impetus be given the general policy of drawing the nations of America into closer relation. It is almost needless to mention the sympathetic interest which President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have shown in this subject, of which the Pan-American Railway is one of the most important elements.

## The Heart of the Dream

By Katharine Holland Brown

"THIS is the way." Tom clutched her arm with a lean, eager hand. Harriet looked up at him, keenly anxious. From New York to southern Illinois had been a long ride for a man just up from pneumonia. She put up her hand and stroked his gray young head.

"Hurry slower, Tom. It has waited for you twenty years. Let it keep on waiting a minute longer."

"Just like a girl!" Tom's big-boy laugh rang challenging music through the sleepy orchard. Harriet's cheek burned to rose. When one has married at thirty, petting comes not amiss, even after eight wedded years. "So you're jealous! Jealous of the poor little brier-patch my youth lies buried in! I always did suspect it."

"I'm jealous of every rock and acorn and fence-rail on the place!" snapped Harriet, chin aloft. "You've been telling me of that wonderful woods, and the pasture, and the big brook where you learned to swim, ever since we were married, and you've sighed and languished for them till I've wanted to come out and cuff the Dryad's ears. The hussy! To keep you tied to her apron-strings all these years!"

"It was a good long string, and I had no end of sea-room." Tom pinched her cheek, then laughed again at her face of reproach. "There's not even a chipmunk to see us, child. This isn't Broadway. Come, let's run for it."

A chill of foreboding swept her heart. "Tom!" She caught his wrist and held him back, all too easily. "Have you thought—maybe—it won't be the same?"

"Oh, but Jim Burroughs was here last year, on his way through from California; and he said it hadn't changed, not a leaf nor a twig. Don't croak, Harry. Yes, I know; the town is awful." He swept East Clarkesville with a fling of scorn. "Poor Sis, you thought you were coming to classic vales and rural shades, and all that, didn't you? And you found brick walks and automobiles, and all the girls wearing Colonial shoes by mail order, with gilt buckles, and blue ribbon roses in their hair, just like the society leaders up in Chicago. It's too bad. But the real place will make up for it. Ah, it is a real place, Harry. You'll see!"

He scrambled over the low worm fence, then helped her dutifully from rail to rail, with serious regard for her crisp ruffles. Their way led past the orchard down a cool shaded road, all snow-flecked with clover, then up the railroad embankment, steep and glaring in the high spring sun. Harriet trod the hot sand with wary steps; these were her best shoes, and she quailed before the thought of scuffing them. Yet her eyes followed her husband; her breath caught sharply when he stumbled once and wavered a moment before he won his balance again. It was so hard not to help!

"It's right across there." Tom waited for her and pulled her free hand into his own, then dragged her on down the embankment. He laughed out, nervously. Transparent color brimmed the hollow of his cheek. "You're a good girl, and I'm a greedy, to haul you out here on our

first vacation, just because—but maybe you'll like it?" His eyes implored her.

"I wanted to come even worse than you did," she vowed, briskly. "Don't let's be sentimental, Tom."

"Well, then—" he snatched her hand and they ran like children down the sandy hill, then pushed their way through a hedge of wild crab-apple, tossing rosy and sweet. Here they stopped. Tom straightened his shoulders with a hard breath; Harriet looked down quietly into the wonderland of her husband's boyhood dreams.

It was just as he had described it, time and again. There was the wooded slope on which they stood, bedded thick in moldering leaves. A thread of a brook trickled brown past their feet; the hollowed intervale below was carpeted gray with pungent mint, and scrolled in pink with clover. Beyond, the brook widened to silver; a sea of young timothy, rippled with racing shadow, tossed misty waves against the keener green of hillside wheat.

"It's exactly as it used to be." Tom's voice was oddly subdued. "Look, Harry! Friar Tuck used to paddle up that slope, heaving like an old porpoise, his cowl hung back so he could puff; sometimes Don Quixote would come along on Rosinante and give him a lift up the hill; sometimes he climbed on behind the Black Knight and rode to the tilt-yard with him. See that big maple yonder? Rebecca used to kneel by it, all in her white dress, with her black hair streaming to her knees, waiting for her champion—it was only a sapling then, but it made a first-rate stake if you piled dead leaves around it for fagots. I couldn't begin to count the number of times I've spurred down the hill, into the lists, to rescue her," he chuckled softly. "And down there, where the brook slips under the fence, they used to come by shoals, the biggest crowd! Catherine de' Medici washing her bloody hands, and Edith searching for Harold, with her yellow hair all tied with pearls and her veil bound back with jewels, so that she could see; the only jewels I'd ever laid eyes on then were mother's cameo earrings, but they were splendor enough for me. And Saint Elizabeth with her market-basket, and Godfrey of Bouillon, and Henry the Lion, in his sackcloth, with ashes in his hair, and the

purpling cuts showing on his back and his arms! Not to mention Brunhild, and Alaric, and St. Francis with birds fluttering on his shoulders and popping out of his sleeves and his pockets, like a sleight-of-hand man! Oh! they were a great crowd, I tell you what!"

"And it's just the same?"

"Only through the wrong end of the opera-glass," he answered, with a rueful grin. "I know I learned to swim in that brook, all right, but it wouldn't hold a muskrat now. The whole intervale wouldn't be big enough for Rebecca's mule to turn round in, I don't believe. But it was big enough to dream in."

He strolled away, kicking the dry leaves as he went, and stooping to pull the clovers with dexterous pinches, which brought them up full-stalked, clear of the soil. "I'll be back in a jiff," he called, turning to meet her eye. "I just want to make sure of it that it's all here!"

Harriet sat down beside a clump of sweet-fern. So this was his Enchanted Forest! And even years and wider, fairer sights could never rob it of its joy for him.

A clump of straggling trees; a splash of running water; a dappled field. From these rude playthings what had he not built up? The love for wild, free, innocent things which had fed the springs of joy within him through grim disappointment and heart-sickening care; the delight of giving, even as they gave, his trees, his wild flowers, freely, happily; the spirit, the content, the faith, which framed his House of Life. And what had they won in return?

Ah! could his youth lie buried here, deep in leaf and anemone? The youth of the man whose manhood years alone were hers? Jealous, he had said? Perhaps. Never of the love that was hers to-day, secure as her own breath. But for her love of twenty years ago, the silent boy, shy, moody, whimsical, living his mystic days with the trees and the visions of his lone, wistful dream. Surely the wood and the brook had been first in his heart. Foolish she was, perhaps grasping, covetous, she told herself in sharp reproof. Yet the awful mother-hunger of the mother denied rose upon her, a whelming wave.

"The boy's mine!" She spoke through

**Hints to Golfers.** By Niblick. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. (Sixth Edition.) 5x8½ in. 147 pages. \$1.25, net.

This unique volume will be helpful alike to the beginner at golf and to the seasoned player. Its value lies largely in its simplicity. The author points out briefly the faults to be avoided, and, with the aid of excellent illustrations and diagrams, gives sound advice as to the perfecting of one's game. Special emphasis is laid upon the fact that golf is the game of all games into which enters the mental as well as the physical make-up of the player. The book as a whole is to be heartily commended.

**Cumulative Index to a Selected List of Periodicals.** Authors, Subjects, Titles, Reviews, Portraits, Illustrations, Maps. Fourth Annual Volume, 1899. Edited and Published by the Cumulative Index Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 8x11 in. 81 pages.

**Dowager Countess and the American Girl (The).** By Lilian Bell. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½x7 in. \$1.25.

A lively story of a social combat between an American girl and her English mother-in-law. There are passages which are distinctly offensive to all readers of taste.

**Dramatic Criticism: Three Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution, February, 1903.** By A. B. Walkley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 125 pages. \$1.50, net.

**Early Mackinac: An Historical and Descriptive Sketch.** By Meade C. Williams. (Fourth Edition.) The Presbyterian Book Store, 1516 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. 5x7½ in. 176 pages. 85c.

**Florence: Her History and Art to the Fall of the Republic.** By Francis A. Hyett, B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 600 pages. \$2.50, net.

It is rather singular that, with all the books which have been written about Florence, there has not seemed heretofore to be available a single volume of moderate compass which covers the political and art history of the place satisfactorily and in a really orderly arrangement. The little book of Mr. Gardner's, recently published, is capital, but is quite limited in scope. Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," in many ways an admirable and useful book, is planned in such a manner as to make the historical narrative disjointed. Professor Villari's great book is too elaborate for ordinary readers, and the same may be said of Napier's "Florentine History." The present author has succeeded admirably in so disentangling the political intrigues and partisan faction fights in Florentine history as to make it easy for the average reader to follow the story intelligently. He has also given due proportion of attention to the literary and art history of Florence, taking each period by itself and in close conjunction with the political history. While the style of the book cannot be called brilliant or dramatic, it is clear, and holds the attention fairly well. The book may be cordially commended to the historical student.

**Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ (The).** By Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu. Jennings & Pye, New York. 4½x7 in. 168 pages. 50c.

**History of France (The).** By Arthur Hassall, M.A. (The Temple Primers.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6 in. 246 pages. 40c.

To his other valuable volumes Mr. Arthur Hassall has now added a small "History of France," which should appeal to students, since, so far as we know, it is the first work of the kind to cover French history to the present date. Its value, however, is as a book of reference rather than a connected history. The necessity of condensation into the narrow limits of the little volumes of this series has played havoc with the description. Mr. Hassall has not been able to give more than the barest outline of the great movements which have made French history notable; for example, he has but *six pages* to discover the events from Napoleon's fall to M. Loubet's election! However, for the kind of book which this must perforce be, it is doubtful whether it could have been done better by M. Lavissee, M. Rambaud, or any other author of the admirable short histories of France now in use in the public schools of that country.

**In Quest of the Quaint.** By Eliza B. Chase. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5½x8 in. 253 pages. \$1.50.

A half-dozen or so sketches of travel through the picturesque region of the lower St. Lawrence, introducing pleasantly many quaint legends and chansons of the French-Canadian habitant and voyageur. The illustrations are from water-color and pencil drawings by the author, and a convenient index is placed at the back of the book.

**Japanese Garland (A).** By Florence Peltier. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7 in. 201 pages. 75c., net.

A Japanese lad who is being educated in this country is supposed to tell to his schoolmates during their hours of recreation these folk-lore tales of his own land. It is a slight criticism that occasionally the language put into Yone's mouth sounds somewhat mature for a boy of twelve.

**Laos of North Siam (The).** By Lillian Johnson Curtis. Illustrated. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5½x8 in. 338 pages. \$1.25, net.

This account of a little-known people by one who has spent many years as a missionary among them is religious in tone, and obviously written with a serious purpose. But for all that it is an entertaining book; the chapter on folk-lore and the curious burial customs of the country are especially interesting.

**Letters to M. G. and H. G.** By John Ruskin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 3x8 in. 149 pages. \$1.25, net.

These letters show Ruskin in his most sentimental condition. To Mary Gladstone he writes, for instance: "My dear M—, You were a perfect little mother to me last night. I didn't feel safe a moment except when I was close to you." He is in somewhat the same frame of mind when he speaks of art or social conditions. Even his pessimism is sentimental. Gladstone and Ruskin are shown in effective contrast. It is interesting to note a passage concerning Ruskin, quoted from an old journal, in which it is said of "all vile, dark, hateful

things" that "they are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, non-entities. 'God is—and there *is none else* beside Him.'" This has come to have a familiar sound in these days of science and health with key to the Scriptures.

**Life and Letters of Charles Butler.** By Francis Hovey Stoddard. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  in. 357 pages. \$3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Lions of the Lord (The).** By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 520 pages. \$1.50.

A novel with Brigham Young in it may safely be pronounced unusual. But Mr. Wilson's book is by much more than this fact removed from the commonplace. It holds in unique combination an absorbing story, a keen psychological study, and an animated historical chronicle of the establishment of the Mormon Church.

**Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-1846.** Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. D. Appleton & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 228 pages. \$1.35, net.

That one who guarded as scrupulously as did Margaret Fuller the many confidences reposed in her should have these personal, intimate letters of hers given to the public seems singularly inappropriate. That they were written, not to him who became her husband, but to a friend she met while living in the home of Horace Greeley, before her visit to Europe, only increases the infringement on her private life. And yet, with both correspondents long years dead, the letters themselves might well tempt to publication, so full are they of personal revelation, so charged with sympathy and tenderness, so overflowing with delicacy of fancy and feeling and with spiritual intuition. While written only for the eye of one beloved friend, they contain nothing that men and angels might not read. No word is given, of course, of any of the replies received from her correspondent, and his nature can be but conjectured from the trust and affection with which Margaret Fuller addresses him. "You are noble; I have elected to abide by you. . . . You have been to me as sunshine and green woods," she writes, and asks a blessing on "the true heart that consoles me for the littleness I must see in my race elsewhere." Why he did not win the hand of the woman whose heart was tuned to his is not revealed, though ground for many a surmise is given by hint and reference within the letters. Beneath all the exquisite beauty that clothes the thoughts suggested to her lover, the letters plainly show how warm and responsive a heart beat in the woman who, in an age when her sisters were cribbed and confined, stood a strong intellectual power that pierced and saw and was not afraid to speak. "I never had these feelings at all toward any other," she writes, this woman of whom Emerson said that "all the art, the thought, and the nobleness of New England seemed at the moment related to her, and she to it." Rich in friendship as she was, until she met the Marquis of Ossoli no other nature save this had awakened in her that life that reveals both

self and all other worlds, and as interpreters of such an awakening these letters have the charm of romance and the satisfyingness of reality.

**Mara. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden).** Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 341 pages. \$1.50.

More than one generation of girl readers have welcomed the "Pansy" books, so Mrs. Alden is sure of her audience. This time her lesson in the guise of fiction (wherein she introduces four young women separating at the end of their school days, and follows them thereafter through three hundred odd pages), is on the sacrament of matrimony. It is also an arraignment of Mormonism and the National Government for responsibility in its continuance in this country.

**Mrs. Pendleton's Four in Hand.** By Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $4 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$  in. 89 pages. 50c.

A very "light-weight" short story of the kind thought by some people desirable for summer reading.

**Norwegian By-Ways.** By Charles W. Wood. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  in. 384 pages. \$2.

Mr. Wood's "Norwegian By-Ways" is of the same charming and gossipy order as his books on Spain and Southern France. As in those, this volume is full of vivacious dialogue, which accords well with the author's lively and entertaining descriptions of scenery. His light touch reproduces for us scenes which we may have witnessed ourselves, and others which, through his words, we long to see. Norway is a solemn land, but Mr. Wood has brightened the picture with high lights here and there. Nor are they out of place on his canvas.

**Our Feathered Game: A Handbook of the North American Game Birds.** By Dwight W. Huntington. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  in. 428 pages.

One's attention is first attracted in this book by the half-dozen or more really charming color pictures of shooting scenes. When the book is read, it becomes evident that Mr. Huntington is entitled to the credit of being able to narrate the story of his own hunting expeditions after wild turkey, grouse, partridges, ducks, and other of our game birds in such a way as to interest even the non-sporting reader. This is really high praise, and it is not often that it can be given to a book of this sort. Sportsmen will find in it, not only these interesting narratives, but also very sensible and practical suggestions in regard to the sport, while an appendix contains well-arranged scientific information for the naturalist.

**Out of Kishineff: The Duty of the American People to the Russian Jew.** By W. C. Stiles. B. D. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 38 pages. \$1.20, net.

In a spirit of enterprise and to take advantage of the immediate timeliness, this book has been prepared apparently with some haste. Nevertheless, it contains a great deal of information on the conditions of the Jewish people in Russia, and the duty of the American people as it

appears to the author. A little more reserve in the writing would really have made the book more forcible and effective. An account of the recent massacre is included, and, in addition to chapters on the character and life of the Jews in Russia, the author discusses their position in New York, the general subject of Jewish immigration to America, and the international principles involved or violated.

**Out of the Past: Some Biographical Essays.**

By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. In 2 vols. 5x7½ in. \$5, net, a set.

These two volumes of essays are largely (but not entirely, as might be judged from the subtitle) biographical in character. The papers were obviously written for publication in English reviews, and have little in the way of a thread of common interest to bind them together. Among the biographical sketches, those most notable relate to Walter Bagehot, Dean, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and Cobden. The author is always cautious and conservative in expressing his opinion, but he is very happy in reproducing the atmosphere and personal surroundings which belong to his subject. Among the non-biographical topics treated are some so far removed in character as accounts of visits to Niagara and Palestine on the one hand, and treatises on religious liberty, Parliamentary reforms, and money on the other.

**Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Color Paintings, Pastels, etc.** Edited by Charles Holme. Parts VI. and VII. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. Complete in 8 parts. Each \$1, net.

One of the most instructive essays that have appeared in this series is A. L. Baldry's "The Development and Practice of Pastel Painting," which forms the text-matter of Part VI., and the most pleasing illustration of the number is a delicately colored drawing by Bernard Partridge entitled "Spring." Other reproductions are an etching by A. Lepère, oil paintings by Arnesley Brown and George Clausen, an auto-lithograph by Steinlen, and a water-color on silk by Charles Couder. To Part VII. Mr. Baldry also contributes an article on "Monotyping in Color," and the pictures are oil paintings by G. F. Watts, J. F. Raffaelli, and Bertram Priestman, an etching by A. Legros, a pencil drawing by P. Dupont, and a water-color by Gaston La Touche. This collection will be completed with the eighth installment, and a handsome portfolio is furnished in which the parts may be kept.

**Revival Addresses.** By R. A. Torrey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 271 pages. \$1, net.

**Selections from Homer's Iliad.** Edited by Allen Rogers Benner. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 522 pages. \$1.60.

**Short History of Christianity (A).** By John Horsch. Published by the Author, 107 University St., Cleveland, Ohio. 5x7½ in. 304 pages. \$1, net. This is a concise and plain narrative, interested rather in real Christianity than in churchly organization or doctrine, and in special sympathy with independent as distinguished from

established or State churches. In this it goes so far as to prefer Carlstadt to Luther. The long-misrepresented Anabaptists of the Reformation period are treated with at least full appreciation.

**Thompson's Progress.** By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x7¼ in.

If lively invention, rapid movement, and brisk dialogue can make a story popular, Mr. Hyne's novel must score a success. It is a distinct advance on his "Captain Kettle" tales, although, like them, it cares little for probabilities so long as the reader's curiosity is aroused, his attention held, and temporary entertainment is supplied to him. The Thompson whose Progress brings him somewhat too swiftly from being a nameless poacher lad, Tom's Son, to the position of a millionaire, financier, and political power, with a peerage impending, is a wonderful chap, and it is to Mr. Hyne's credit that one does, at least while reading, partly believe in him. There are some really delightful chapters about Tom's poaching experiences—he loves the fine art of poaching so well that he continues his nefarious acts after he is a rich man, and even secretly poaches his own estates, offering his keepers a reward for his own capture. The kind of interest this book excites—and we fancy very few people will leave it half-read—is something like that aroused by Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" or Sir Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes;" one must not take it too seriously, but it is decidedly amusing and clever.

**"Twixt God and Mammon.** By William Edwards Tirebuck. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 313 pages. \$1.50.

The Reverend Gomer Deen is a Ritualist curate and afterward a vicar of the Church of England, who succumbs to doubt and temptation and makes a worldly marriage, finally ending his life with a poisoned draught at the communion-table of his own church. Despite this lurid situation and three other sudden deaths, the book is not altogether sensational. It is chiefly a skillful portrayal of spiritual conflict. The Welsh scenes and characters are also admirably done, with the single exception of Joy Probart, who seems to us as exaggerated a type of virtue as is Miss Abercromby Moore of worldliness. The book is prefaced by a memoir and appreciation of the author by Hall Caine, who was his lifelong friend.

**Unfrequented Paths: Songs of Nature, Labor, and Men.** By George E. McNeill. Illustrated. The James H. West Co., Boston. 6x8¼ in. 115 pages. \$1.50.

**Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch (The).** By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. 191 pages. \$1.25.

This is a sad little story of defrauded mother-love, and it seems very real. Mrs. Hatch is the name assumed by a divorced wife, the penalty of whose wrong-doing has been disproportionately great. But her story ends more happily than is often the case with the Mrs. Hatches of real life.

**Vedanta Philosophy: Divine Heritage of Man.** By Swami Abhedananda. The Vedanta Society, New York. 5x7½ in. 215 pages. \$1.



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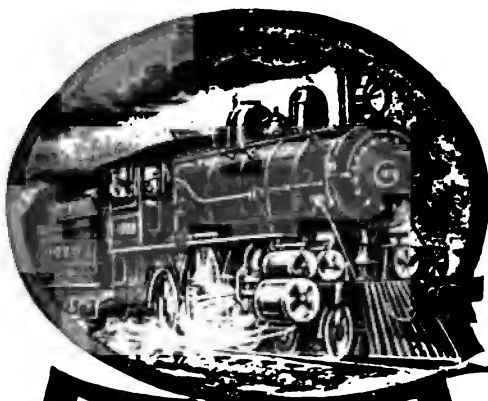
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# The Outlook



*Saturday, July 25, 1903*

## The Mission Indians

By Charles F. Lummis

## Colonial Administration: Sarawak

By Alleyne Ireland

## Memories of Johannes Brahms

By Sir Charles Villiers Stanford

## The Man Who Walks by Moonlight

By Stewart Edward White

## Diagnosing Insanity at Sight

By Stephen Smith, M.D.

# THE STORY OF A LABOR AGITATOR

**J**OSEPH R. BUCHANAN, who has been recently described as having "led more strikes than any other man in the country, yet never struck himself," has written for *The Outlook* the story of his experiences as a labor agitator in a series of articles which will shortly be published. He was for nearly twenty years in the thick of the labor conflict in the West, and is intimately acquainted with all the well-known labor leaders.

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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**The Death of Leo XIII.** On Monday of this week the Pope passed quietly away after a fight against illness lasting more than two weeks, the final exhibition of a surprising vital force. Among his last wandering utterances are said to have been these words: "The Church is triumphing," "My dear people," "Oh, the weight of these robes! Can I hold out to the end?" Elsewhere in this issue of *The Outlook* will be found an estimate of the character, purposes, and statesmanship of this remarkable man, who is admitted by all students of the ecclesiastical and civil history of our times to have been one of the ablest of modern Popes. Leo XIII., who was reckoned by some authorities of the Church as the two hundred and fifty-third, by others as the two hundred and fifty-seventh pontiff to fill Peter's chair, was in his ninety-fourth year. He was the son of Count Ludovico Pecci, and was baptized under the name Vincent Joachim (or Giacomo) Pecci. He was educated at a Jesuit college in Viterbo, in the ecclesiastical colleges of Rome, and at the Roman University. It is recorded that his youthful attainments were unusual not only in the classics and in philosophy, but also in mathematics and physics, and he was made a Doctor of Laws some sixty-five years ago. Taking holy orders, he received preferment of various kinds from Pope Gregory XVI., and in his administration of the church's affairs at Perugia and Benevento showed vigorous executive ability; in Benevento, for instance, he is largely to be credited with putting an end to a long-established system of brigandage. Pius IX. created Pecci a cardinal in 1853, after he had held the offices of Bishop of Perugia and Archbishop of Damietta. Just twenty-five years later he was chosen by the conclave to succeed Pius IX. As is more common

than otherwise the choice was a compromise between factions whose candidates were too strong to yield one to the other, but not strong enough to secure a majority. Pecci was regarded as a moderate compared with the candidates of the extreme conservative and radical parties.

**Leo's Reign and Policy** In matters relating to international politics Leo XIII. soon showed a tendency to placate enemies rather than to provoke contests; particularly was this so with regard to Germany, whose Government soon recognized the Pope's force and ability, and reached with him a peaceable understanding upon questions growing out of the kulturkampf controversy, which at one time seemed impossible of a reasonable solution. The same desire for conciliation was shown in Leo's dealings with Russia in regard to the treatment of Roman Catholics in that country. In American affairs he has always taken a warm interest; during his last illness he once exclaimed, "The Americans love me more than any other people." The position of Leo XIII. in the McGlynn case, in the Knights of Labor controversy, in the Hecker incident, and in the discussion about "Americanism" in the Church will readily be recalled. Leo XIII. has steadfastly maintained his claim to the temporal sovereignty of Rome, and, like Pius IX., has acted on the theory that he was a prisoner within the extensive buildings and grounds of the Vatican; in pursuance of this theory he has always refused to touch the income voted him by the Italian Parliament and has otherwise ignored the official acts of the Italian Government, although in many practical points there has been a good understanding between the two powers. Leo's en-

cyclicals relating to education, to socialism, to labor problems, and to church government have been regarded the world over as papers of marked ability. The Jubilees held successively to commemorate fifty years of his priesthood and twenty-five years of his papacy were occasions of great rejoicings at Rome and throughout the Roman Catholic world.



**Ceremonies and the  
Succession**

A curious ceremony attendant on the death of a Pope is the manner in which it is officially ascertained that he is no longer of the living. One of the highest dignitaries of the Vatican goes to the bedside and with a small gold mallet kept solely for this purpose taps three times upon the forehead of the Pope, with each blow calling upon him by his baptismal name: "Giacomo Pecci! Giacomo Pecci! Giacomo Pecci! Art thou alive?" Then and not till then the Pope is officially dead. Despatches from Rome state that the funeral of Leo XIII. is expected to be a magnificent spectacle, and Cardinal Oreglia, who is now in supreme command at the Vatican, says that he will revive the lying in state in the Sistine Chapel, yet the obsequies of a Pope are traditionally of the simplest nature, the assumption being that he is beyond all need of the pomps and ceremonies which are lavished upon the newly elected pontiff. During the conclave of the cardinals for the election of the new Pope, they are as completely isolated from outside influences as the members of a jury in a murder trial. The part of the Vatican where the conclave is held is securely walled off and kept under the strictest surveillance. The food and whatever else is admitted is rigidly examined. We shall publish next week an article by a well-informed contributor describing the cardinals generally regarded as candidates for the papacy and the parties within the church which they represent.



**A Famous Painter**

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, who died in London on Friday of last week, was a man of singular and sometimes contradictory personal traits, while critical opinions still vary as to his artistic achievements. There has been, however, a remarkable

change in the opinion as to Whistler's genius since the day when Mr. Ruskin declared that his exhibited paintings "nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture," and that he had never expected to hear of "a coxcomb's asking two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Mr. Whistler believed firmly in his "harmony of color" idea, scoffed at all realism and what is called story-telling in painting, and undoubtedly took sincere delight in his caustic and witty retorts to scoffing critics. Whatever may be said of his more ambitious paintings, no one would now deny exquisite beauty of a unique order to many of his water-colors, while his etchings are eagerly sought by collectors and rank with Seymour Haden's as the best work of recent years. His famous portrait of Carlyle and that of his own mother now in the Luxembourg show his power in portraiture. Mr. Whistler was an American by birth, was educated at West Point, studied in Paris with Gleyre, and was one of that jovial and brilliant band of young artists made familiar to novel readers by Du Maurier. When he first came to London, he lived for a time with Swinburne and Rossetti. The appreciation of his ability came slowly, and existed in Paris and America before it gained much ground in England. The attack by Ruskin in 1878, part of which is quoted above, led to a libel suit; the trial was a source of immense entertainment to the art-loving public, and to no one more so, probably, than to Whistler himself; the verdict was in Whistler's favor, and the damages were assessed at one farthing! Whistler was wont to describe himself as a past master in the gentle art of making enemies; but his fierce combats always had something of the mock-heroic about them; he was humorist enough to laugh at himself as well as others; and it is doubtful whether he really left an enemy behind him.



**Russia:  
Kishenev—the  
Open Door**

It is officially announced that the Russian Government has been courteously asked by our Government if it will consent to receive a petition from a large number of American citizens in relation to the Kishenev tragedy, and that it has



declined to do so. This probably closes the official connection of our country with this affair, though that the petition will get before the Russian as well as the American public by unofficial methods, to a greater or less extent, is highly probable. Whether it will ever get to the Czar is not so certain. One of the advantages which a bureaucracy derives from a censorship of the press and the mails, is its ability to keep the Czar in ignorance of matters which it does not wish him to know. Simultaneously with this announcement comes another that China and Russia have both agreed to the "open door" in Manchuria. Coupled with this agreement is another that all custom's receipts shall be collected at the ports, and all internal taxation on imports shall be abolished. The reader can better understand what this means, if he will imagine that prior to this date all goods imported into this country were liable to pay a tax on passing the border of each State, and each State might vary the tax at will, and that henceforth all duties were to be collected, as in fact they are now, at the port of entry. In the first case no merchant could know what his duties would be; in the other case he knows them exactly before the goods arrive. It is true that as yet what are to be the free ports in Manchuria is not announced, and it is stated that the freedom of the ports will not become an accomplished fact until Russia withdraws from Manchuria; but it is also true that the date of such withdrawal is fixed as about the first of September. If the treaty contained a promise only to China, or even to Japan, we might well be skeptical as to its fulfillment; but we are slow to believe that Russia is playing fast and loose with the United States. It cannot afford to do so. War between Russia and Japan is quite possible at any time; if Great Britain were to join with Japan such a war would be a serious matter; and if in such a war Russia had incurred the hostility of the United States by a broken treaty, it would be still more serious. There is at this writing every indication that Secretary Hay has won a new triumph for the "new diplomacy" as well as for America, by securing for China and for Christendom an extension of the freedom of commerce which cannot but be advantageous commercially to both, and

vitality and morally greatly advantageous to China.



**Addickism** The corruption of Addickism in Delaware seems to be on the increase if the present indications can be relied upon. With a firm hold on Kent and Sussex, the two lower counties of the State, Addicks and his forces are making inroads on the third county, Newcastle. It is true they were defeated in the recent mayoralty contest in Wilmington, but on the other hand they defeated the regular or Dupont Republicans. This has been their policy, so their defeat at this time is not to be taken as conclusive. It is an encouraging sign that some of the churches are beginning to feel the enormity of the present situation. The brave words of Bishop Leighton Coleman at the recent Diocesan Convention is worthy of reproduction and emulation. He spoke strongly, saying in part that political corruption "in one form or another has been associated with our civic life for many years; but I think that one is warranted in saying that it has been more extensive and more flagrant within the past few years, especially, but not exclusively, in our own State of Delaware. A transaction that is criminal and debasing in its character loses none of its criminality and baseness when it concerns the body politic, and just as the Church would denounce it between man and man, so she must denounce it when it concerns the commonwealth. A man must be made to feel that what he would be afraid and ashamed to do in his own business or social relations, he is to be equally ashamed to do in politics. He is not to be allowed to use his church membership as a cloak under whose protecting folds he may be guilty of all manner of deceit and fraud. A corruptionist is not really a Democrat or a Republican, but simply a hypocritical criminal, who, in his greed and dishonesty, is grossly violating the principles which he professes to espouse. It is the business of the Church by her emphatic condemnation of such cormorantic members to aid the actually honest and determined men of either party to eliminate these dangerous and disgraceful elements, and to make it impossible for them to regain the mastery. Let us, therefore, see to it that far from degrading

the standard of the Church to the baser spirit of the age, we raise the same spirit to the higher level of truth and righteousness."



#### Gains for Arbitration in New York

In New York City the Building Trades Employers' Association by conceding a minor point of form has won substantial victories. Its plan of arbitration, it will be recalled, was rejected by all of the building trades unions when presented as an "ultimatum," but it has now been accepted almost unchanged by the most important of these unions, when presented as a basis for conference. The incident illustrates the truth that questions of dignity have often as much to do with labor disputes as questions of wages or hours. Among the unions accepting it are the bricklayers', the plasterers', and one of the two carpenters' organizations. Were it not for the continued opposition of the housesmiths' union, which is able to arrest all work on structural iron, the New York building trades strike would be practically at an end. Even as it is, the Employers' Association claims that over thirty-five thousand unionists are back at work this week. Some of the unions which have accepted the arbitration plan have been expelled from the central association of the building trades unions on the ground that the accepted plan will prevent the unions from making common cause with one another, but now that the unions signing the agreement constitute a majority of all the men in the building trades, expulsion from the central body has lost its terrors as a measure of discipline. The first case for arbitration under the new plan has resulted in a verdict satisfactory to the unions, and there is hope that nine months of peace under arbitration may follow the three months of war now drawing to a close.



#### Labor Riots in Chicago

In Chicago the labor situation has been much more disturbing, though the strike at the center of the Chicago conflict has relatively little importance. It grew out of the employment of sixteen non-union hands by the Kellogg Switchboard Company, and most of these sixteen have since

joined the strikers. The Kellogg Company, however, succeeded in obtaining several hundred other non-union employees to take the strikers' places, and the cause of the strikers, for some reason not explained by our Chicago exchanges, took an unusual hold upon the sympathies of organized labor throughout the city. The teamsters' organization ordered a sympathetic strike, directing its members not to handle the goods of the Kellogg Company, and at one time last week it was feared that the freight handlers would take similar action. A score of freight handlers employed by the Chicago Terminal and Transfer Company did quit work when ordered to handle the goods of the boycotted firm, but the head of their union was soon brought to realize his mistake in sanctioning such a strike, which would have been—like the disastrous Pullman strike of 1894—an attempt to keep the railroads from discharging their duties as common carriers. With a Federal Court injunction impending, the freight handlers' strike was speedily called off. The sympathetic strike of the teamsters, however, involved no such legal complications, and was enforced with vigor. When, by the middle of last week, the Kellogg Company succeeded in engaging non-union teamsters to deliver their goods to the Terminal Company, union teamsters manipulated their own wagons so as to block the streets through which the non-unionists were attempting to drive. Other strike sympathizers joined in this work, mobs gathering in the streets and workmen on buildings throwing bricks at the boycotted teamsters. The police of Chicago showed great energy in dispersing the mobs, terrorizing the brick throwers, and arresting the union drivers creating the blockades, and succeeded in clearing the streets for the Kellogg Company's wagons. The courts also seem to have acted wisely in the crisis. They have freely and fully recognized the rights of the unionists to establish a peaceful picket line, but have secured the summary imprisonment of pickets who attempted in any way to terrorize those with whom they spoke. Thus the union workmen were secured their freedom of speech, but the non-union workmen were also secured their freedom of listening or not listening to what was said.

Chief Arthur's  
Career

Peter M. Arthur, for thirty years the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, died suddenly at Winnipeg, Manitoba, last week, while speaking at the banquet closing the annual union convention of his order. Some sense of his approaching end seemed to be upon him as he rose to speak. "I want to say a few things," he said, "as it may be my parting words to many of you." Then followed the words: "We are here to-night, no one can tell where—" At this point death came. Most of the labor leaders in this country are conspicuously young men—Mr. Mitchell is now hardly more than thirty. Mr. Arthur was forty-two when he became the head of his brotherhood in 1873, and has always been the "old leader" to the great majority of men to-day serving as locomotive engineers. He was born in Scotland, was brought to this country when six years of age, and a few years later entered the railway service. In nearly every trade it is the most skilled men who first and most effectively organize. The engineers' union dates back to 1863, and Mr. Arthur was in it from the start. He became the head of the order at the beginning of the hard times which for six years cut down wages more and more in nearly all trades, but by successful negotiations he was able to keep the pay of engineers steady or advancing. He was not a labor agitator, but a labor negotiator. He had no visions respecting the "solidarity of labor." As the head of the locomotive engineers he made the best contracts he could for his constituents, and succeeded in obtaining substantial concessions for them by engaging that his order would not support any other railway union by a sympathetic strike. In this policy Mr. Arthur was year after year sustained by a majority of his own union, but it cost him the enmity of nearly all other trades unionists. His success as a negotiator, however, did not rest exclusively upon his much debated policy of dissociating his union from the rest of organized labor. He had rare skill in formulating reasonable demands, and by consistently putting moderate demands strongly instead of immoderate demands weakly, he kept the good will of railroad managers, while steadily obtaining better terms for his men. One other

feature of his policy won for him universal regard. He steadily insisted upon the necessity of making membership in the brotherhood signify a high standard of skill and a high standard of personal responsibility. He was one of the leaders in the movement through which the railway unions have come to take so decided a stand against intemperance on the part of their members. In the view of *The Outlook* his life affords a fine illustration of both the best spirit and the best methods in labor leadership.

A Speculators'  
Panic

Again last week there was a spectacular fall in stocks—standard "investment securities" like New York Central and Pennsylvania selling for 114 and 120 respectively, or more than fifty points below the highest level reached last year. The same kind of reactions extended throughout the list, and imposing fortunes that seemed to have been created out of nothing when the markets were advancing vanished into nothingness. But the most striking as well as the most gratifying feature of the recent fall in securities, is the small number of bankruptcies resulting from them. According to "Dun's Review" the number of commercial failures has been actually less than a year ago, when the wave of prosperity at nearly all points was at the high-water mark. The present panic is thus far at least a speculators' affair, and had not the fever of speculation spread so alarmingly in all ranks of society relatively few would be suffering from its consequences. The effect of the reaction, however, is not entirely limited to the world of speculators. Stocks have tumbled because of the overstrained credit of those supporting them, and as they have tumbled credits have been still further weakened, and the demand for money has been greatly intensified. Interest rates have therefore risen for business men of all classes, and even so prosperous a corporation as the Union Pacific Railroad Company was last week compelled to pay six per cent. interest when borrowing ten million dollars for a year and a half. It is to be feared that this rise in interest rates may later result in an increase of commercial failures. Fortunately, however, its immediate effect has been to

stop the outflow of gold to Europe, which reached seven million dollars week before last. In the manufacturing world production is still on the largest scale that has yet been reached, and in the railroad world the traffic returns for last month largely exceeded those of a year ago. These evidences of prosperity, however, might easily be given an undeserved importance in forecasting the future, for activity in manufacturing and transportation is peculiarly the result of past contracts and often continues for a considerable period after business depression has set in. More important for the future are the crop returns, and these are now more favorable than at the beginning of the month, when the Government reports promised somewhat less than the average harvest for nearly all the important crops except winter wheat.



**American Trade  
with South Africa and  
New Zealand**

Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme may affect our exports to South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia long before the electorate of Great Britain shall have decided finally upon the proposed changes. It is easier for those colonies to give the mother country a preference and discriminate against the United States, because they have much less to lose and far more to gain in the near future than Great Britain. American interest in their discrimination is real because their preference for the mother country would be effective against us. Canada's preference has not been thus effective, because our exports to the Dominion continue to increase rapidly, the nearness and immense variety of our market proving too strong for the mother country even with the latter's 33⅓ per cent. advantage; but with the far-off colonies the case is different. For example, the United States exported to South Africa during the fiscal year 1902 over \$26,000,000 worth of goods, which was an increase of 36.8 per cent. over our exports for 1901. More than two-thirds of this amount is made up of goods in which we directly compete with Great Britain, and a 25 per cent. preference, which will probably go into effect soon, would seriously cripple that branch of our foreign

trade. With regard to New Zealand, to which country we exported \$7,000,000 worth in 1902, a diminution of trade would follow, and Australian trade would also be lessened seriously. In South Africa our interest is more pronounced because for some years to come there will be a very large and increasing demand for purposes of building, for mining machinery, and for agricultural development. All these colonies were formally pledged to a preference, so far as their prime ministers could speak for them, last year at the Colonial Conference in London; and everything thus far goes to show that the preference will be given. The whole question of our keeping this trade by some concession is therefore suggested in a very forcible way.



**Civic Improvement**      **The American League  
for Civic Improvement**

had its annual meeting in a novel fashion last week. In connection with the Chautauqua Institution, a "Civic Institute" was arranged for the entire week, the business sessions being subordinated. Thus the modern gospel of civics was attractively presented to a great throng of the rather acutely intelligent people who choose to take recreation with instruction along the shores of the beautiful lake in northwestern New York. The programme included lectures, addresses, and conferences. Mr. John Quincy Adams presented a series of inspiring studies on art in its connection with every-day life; Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, discussed in an unusually interesting way the relations of the individual in a series of lectures upon Wealth, Man and Woman, Politics, and Justice. Mr. J. Horace McFarland, re-elected President of the League, told a great throng of the graphic campaign for civic betterment in Harrisburg, and Mr. Albert Kelsey, who is engaged in the beautifying of the Chautauqua grounds, illustrated "The Model City." A significant address by Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, president of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association and secretary of the National Municipal League, told of the notable municipal progress of the year. There were other strong addresses, including one by Dr.

Charles B. Gilbert and one by Governor R. M. La Follette, of Wisconsin. Although these lectures and addresses were forceful and very largely attended, the most significant feature of the civic institute week was undoubtedly the series of conferences arranged to cover not only rural, town, and National improvement, but also to include a great number of women's clubs represented at Chautauqua. At these conferences earnest people from the ranks of civic workers spoke freely upon all phases of the subject, and a depth of interest and feeling was manifested that goes to prove the sincerity of the great civic awakening to which *The Outlook* has often referred.



**Outdoor Art** The movement for "a more beautiful America" proceeds apace and at a rate that should fill the hearts of the most zealous with reasonable encouragement. The annual meeting of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association has just been held this month at Buffalo. The sessions were largely taken up with reports of work actually accomplished or in hand, and these were highly encouraging. The most striking report was that of Superintendent Geo. A. Parker, of the Keney Park, Hartford, as Chairman of the Park Census Committee, in which he pleaded for extended park schemes to atone for the atrophy resulting from an industrial system. His suggestions as to the ways and means of increasing the use of existing parks by laboring men were eminently practical, and excited a discussion which gave evidence of a determination on the part of the members to put them into practical operation. President Woodruff's address on "Awakening America" and Professor L. H. Bailey's on "The Forward Movement in Outdoor Art" outlined in detail the remarkable advances along these lines within the past few years, and discussed their true significance and bearing. A marked spiritual tone pervaded the meetings, which told plainly alike of the earnestness and high ideals of those interested in this movement. The address of Superintendent Welch, of the Niagara Reservation, in which he spoke of the "Landscape Features and Problems at Niagara," was particularly characterized by these feat-

ures. He has accomplished a great work, and has gone far toward realizing his aspiration to provide a great national and natural reservation where the people "can behold nature and worship nature's God free from the suggestions of commercialism."



#### Religious Conventions of Young People

Since the eighth of July there have been held three conventions of religious bodies composed of young people. The first was the sixth biennial convention of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, an organization of undenominational character somewhat similar to the more widely known Brotherhood of St. Andrew, composed of young men of the Episcopal Church. This undenominational brotherhood met at a summer assembly in Pennsylvania. The objects of the assembly—to increase the religious earnestness of those who attended, to enlarge the usefulness of the brotherhood, and to provide wholesome recreation—were apparently accomplished. The second convention was an immense gathering at Denver, beginning on July ninth—the National Convention of Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor. This was the first to be held since the conventions were made biennial. During the present year two thousand new societies have been added. This fact, taken with the large attendance and the hope expressed by Dr. F. E. Clark, the president of the United Society, that the membership would be doubled in the next ten years, indicates that the Christian Endeavor movement is at least not waning. An exciting incident of the convention was the collapse of the huge tent "Endeavor" while occupied by eight thousand people. By alert action all serious injury was avoided. Under the leadership of Dr. Clark overtures were made to the Epworth League, the Methodist young people's society, and to the Baptist Young People's Union for amalgamation. Such overtures ought to be received with cordial acceptance. That they are not impracticable may be seen in the fact that such amalgamation already exists among the local societies of Christian Endeavor, each of which is just as denominational as the Church with which it is connected. The union of these local denominational

societies into the one common undenominational body—a union that has existed for two decades—is a signal illustration of the practical method by which the churches are approaching union if not unity. The third convention, that of the Epworth League, at Detroit, beginning one week later than that of the Christian Endeavor societies, has been marked by a very large attendance, hundreds of delegates being compelled to sleep on pew cushions in a Methodist church. The Epworth League, although it is a denominational organization, is doing service for church union in some measure, by bringing together in common convention representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Methodist Episcopal Church South.



#### Sex in Industry

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics has recently issued an interesting special report on "Sex in Industry," according to which more than eighty-eight per cent. of the women workers of that State are unmarried. More than 100,000 are in factories, 79,000 are servants, and 20,000 practice professions. It is significant that inroads are being made upon occupations hitherto exclusively reserved by custom for men. For example, there are 727 women employed as messengers and errand girls, 44 as hack drivers, 245 as photographers, 5 as steamfitters, 7 as marble cutters, 10 as brick masons, and 5 as butchers! The investigations seem to have disclosed a confident feeling as to the economic position and prospects of the women workers in that State. Very many are said to prefer freedom, work, and income of their own to the marriage tie. The State bureau has done a distinct service by the publication of the report, as the economic conditions in Massachusetts, especially the employment of women in factories, offer a richer field for investigating this subject than any other American community. The facts cited suggest a relatively greater proportion of working women in that State than in any other, owing to the greater development of the factory system there; but they also forecast a similar state of things as specialized manufacturing develops more highly in other States.

#### The Emerson Centenary at Concord and in London

The centennial of Emerson's birth has been already

celebrated by the issue of a number of books about Emerson, by sermons in churches, by articles in newspapers and magazines. Two other modes of celebration of rather exceptional character are now to be added to these. On Monday, July 13, the Emerson Memorial School began its sessions; the morning sessions were held in Concord, in the town hall, where Emerson often spoke, the evening sessions in Huntington Hall, Boston. The school consists of lectures delivered by admirers of Emerson, among them men who were personal friends of his, before what the Boston "Transcript" calls "a highly cultured audience," most of whom, not unnaturally, were women. Emerson's relation to the transcendental movement, to Harvard, to social reform, to slavery, to science, and his contributions to philosophy, to education, to religion, and to literature, besides subjects touching more directly Emerson's personality, furnish topics which will be under consideration until July 31, when the sessions of the school are to end. The spirit of the lectures has been that of eulogy rather than that of critical estimate. On July 15 a bust of Emerson was unveiled in Tavistock Square, London. Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, delivered an address on Emerson as a poet, philosopher, and reformer. Of this address, however, the cable gives us no adequate report.



## Pope Leo XIII.

### A Protestant Estimate

In estimating the character and influence of Pope Leo XIII., the Protestant reader must remember—and it is as a Protestant and to Protestants we write—that the Pope of Rome is controlled in his actions by two considerations, both of which Protestants are apt to ignore. The first of these is his profound religious faith in a principle which the Protestant never believes and often fails even to understand—faith in the divine supremacy and infallibility of the Church. We do not believe it, though we think that we understand it. The second is the fact that he

works through an organization governed, as all organizations are, by its traditions, that is, its habits. Man is said to be master of himself, yet he is controlled, not merely by the infirmities and the habits, but also by the necessary laws, of his body, through which alone he can act on the world. So the Pope is controlled, not only by the imperfections of the Church the head of which he is, but also by its temper, its habits, its necessary laws. Working always in a spirit of entire and consecrated loyalty to the essential principle of the Roman Catholic Church, and always with a tactful and diplomatic skill in harmony with its past traditions and its present personnel, Pope Leo XIII. has done all that piety and statecraft combined could do, consistently with this spirit of loyalty and this harmonious co-operation with the hierarchy, to bring the Church and the democratic movement of our age into harmony, by inspiring the Church with the humanistic spirit and by endeavoring to inspire democracy with the spirit of respect for law and order founded on and inspired by the spirit of reverence for God and the institutions of religion.

His unswerving loyalty to the Roman Catholic faith, coupled with his unmistakable and avowed sympathies with the movement of humanity toward a broader and freer development than any which it has known in the past, have given to his acts, in the eyes of the unthinking, an appearance of inconsistency, which we are persuaded disappears when these two elements in his character are considered—elements not often, perhaps, united in one person, yet by no means necessarily inconsistent.

It is the claim of the Roman Church to be the only Church of God, the sole heir to the authority of Christ, his true vicegerent, "a church established by Christ for the instruction of all; spread for that end through all nations; visibly continued in the succession of pastors and people through all ages." A considerable and not uninfluential section of the Anglican Church have, during the past century, been trying to identify themselves organically with this Church, without disavowing their own ancestry and inheritance. There was something to be said for their claim that they were not truly separated from the Church of

Rome, since they could unquestionably trace their ecclesiastical lineage back to the Roman hierarchy. A politic ecclesiastic less loyal to his own convictions might have found, or tried to find, a door by which this section of Anglican Churchmen could become loyal adherents of the Mother Church without the mild martyrdom which secession from their own Church would involve. To this suggestion the Pope would give no countenance. When at last the question was fairly brought before him, he declared the Anglican orders not only to be irregular—irregularity might be cured by a general act of recognition—but absolutely void, so that these Anglican Catholics could come into fellowship with Rome only by openly, frankly, and publicly abandoning their fellowship with the Church of England, a step which very few of them were willing to take.

The same uncompromising adherence to fundamental principles was again illustrated by the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gibbons on Americanism; though in this case it was coupled with a definition of the degree of accommodation to local needs and local sentiments which can be regarded as consistent with such loyalty. "The doctrine of faith," said the Pope in that letter, "has not been proposed like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared." This is his definition of that article of faith which, as we have said above, cannot be believed and can hardly even be understood by a Protestant mind. Insisting on this, the Pope goes on to add that, adhering to the divine doctrine and the divine principle of morals without deviation, yet the Church "has never neglected to accommodate herself to the character and genius of the nations which she embraces." Hence "if by this name [Americanism] are to be understood certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, and if, moreover, by it is designated your political condition and the laws and customs by which you are governed, there is no objection to the name."

This principle of ready accommodation of infallible authority and inflexible and unchanging law to changing circumstances,

which is the key to the character and career of Pope Leo XIII., finds a striking and, to the American people, a valuable illustration in the policy which has been pursued by the Church, under the direction of the Pope, regarding our common-school system. At one time it looked as though the power of the Church would be concentrated on an endeavor to disrupt our public-school system, on the ground that if the schools are left to be carried on by the State they must be either Protestant or godless. It was not uncommon for priests to compel parents to send their children to the parochial school under penalty of excommunication; and the result was unquestionably not only the creation of hostile feeling between Protestants and Roman Catholics, but also some loosening of the tie which bound the Roman Catholic laity to their Church. All this controversy has passed, let us hope forever, from the American community, by the application of the principle enunciated by Pope Leo XIII., that loyalty to the Church is not necessarily inconsistent with recognition by the Church of the laws and customs by which the particular community is governed. In 1893 it was definitely declared, evidently with the approval of the Pope, since it was by his special representative, that the Church of Rome does not disapprove the public schools; that it forbids priests or bishops to excommunicate parents because they send their children to the public schools; and that it approves such schools, provided other and adequate provision can be made for the teaching of the children in religion. How, under Monsignor Satolli, Father McGlynn was restored to the priesthood, from which he had been deposed, nominally because of his adherence to the Single Tax, really, as there is good reason to believe, because of his adherence to the public-school system of the United States, our readers will remember. That single act of restoration interpreted and emphasized the liberty of speech and of opinion sacredly secured by the Pope to the priesthood, so long as the priest remains loyal to the supreme authority of the Church and its essential tenets.

A less important though a not less striking and interesting illustration of the Pope's desire to work in harmony with

the American Republic is afforded by the cordial support he has given to Judge Taft's proposal for the solution of the perplexing Friar land question in the Philippines. In this case the reactionary spirit, which is not without influence in the Vatican, would, if it could, have blocked the way toward the purchase of the Friars' lands by the Philippine Government acting under the advice of the Government of the United States; for the reactionary spirit is hostile to that separation of Church and State and that religious freedom in the State which is of the essence of American institutions. The Pope by giving his cordial approbation to the purchase has given impulse to this plan for solving what threatened to be a most difficult problem, and largely determined its success. It is to be hoped that his death will be followed by the election of a successor who is in sympathy with his spirit, and will do what he can to carry to a successful issue his conciliatory policy.

Turning from the more ecclesiastical aspects of the career of Pope Leo XIII., these two characteristics—uncompromising adherence to principle and recognition of and accommodation to human conditions as they vary in different communities and epochs—is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in his famous encyclical on "The Condition of Labor," issued in June, 1901. In this encyclical the Pope explicitly recognizes the fact "that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor;" but he equally explicitly condemns as spurious remedies the anarchy which would abolish all law and the socialism which would abolish all private property; and he emphasizes as the only remedy that spirit of brotherhood which honors all labor and condemns all idleness, is alike inconsistent with envy and pride, and unites different classes, and we might here add different races, in the bonds of friendship and of brotherly love. We do not recall any single document issued during the last quarter of a century which deserves so much to be regarded as a true statement both of our social disorder and of the direction in which we are to look for a remedy as this Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. And the reader should remember



that when this Encyclical was issued the tendency of the prosperous was to affirm that there was no disorder to be remedied, and even more than to-day it was the tendency of those who spoke for the unprosperous to affirm that the only remedy was a social revolution. It is hardly too much to say that the choice generally offered was between Mr. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy" and Count Tolstoi's "My Religion."

Pope Leo XIII. was elected to the Papacy in February, 1878. During the twenty-five years of his office he has proved himself a great statesman. He has recognized that humanistic and popular movement which during the nineteenth century has revolutionized Europe, and which may be designated by the general term democracy, and he has so directed the life of the Roman Catholic Church as to furnish to this movement, full of peril as well as of promise to humanity, the restraining and regulative influence, not only of the spirit of religion, but also of the traditions and institutions of the most powerful of the Christian churches. His name as a leader of democracy, though rather as a restraining than an inspiring leader, deserves to take place with those of Cavour in Italy, Gambetta in France, and Gladstone in England.



## Opium in the Philippines

We have been at pains to secure accurate information as to the pending discussion in the Philippines concerning the best method of dealing with the opium trade in that archipelago. There is no "Administration bill," no "Root bill," no "Taft bill," no "Commission bill." Since the American occupation there has been no restriction in the Philippines on the use of opium. The Spanish law departed with the Spanish Government, and no new law has come in to take its place. In order to consider the whole subject more thoroughly, the Commission has had drafted and presented to it for consideration two plans. One of these follows, with some modifications, the method pursued in the English colonies; the other the Japanese method. Under the former method all but medical use of opium would be prohibited, except to

adult Chinamen; selling to any one else would be made a criminal offense; the exclusive right to import and sell would be farmed out to the highest bidder; he and his agents alone could sell; he would be put under heavy bonds to observe the law; the price paid by him for the monopoly would be such as to assure a high price for the opium he sold; and on these provisions of the law the Government would rely to limit the sale and use of opium. Under the other method, all wholesale of opium would be conducted by the Government; it would be sold only for medical purposes; and retailed only by apothecaries, who would be forbidden to sell except on prescription of a physician. The first law, it will be seen, is a form of high license; the second is a form of prohibition. Neither has received as yet the approval, directly or indirectly, of the Administration, the Secretary of War, the Philippine Commission, or any of its members. Both plans have been formulated for the purpose of a more thorough consideration. At the present time, the consideration of the whole topic is awaiting an investigation into the practical effects of prohibition in Japan, Upper Burmah, and Formosa, where it has been tried.

He who is a prohibitionist on principle will think that any such investigation is unnecessary. He will think that if the use of opium is wrong it ought to be prohibited. We are not of that opinion. In our judgment, the object of the legislation should be to reduce the use of opium to a minimum. If high license will reduce it more effectually than prohibition, high license is better; if prohibition will reduce it more effectually than high license, prohibition is better. The law is to be measured solely by its effect on the traffic. In dealing with vice that is the best law which is practically more efficacious in making vice difficult and virtue easy. The fact that high license will give the Government a considerable revenue, which can be expended on education, is a matter not to be considered. The question and the only question to be considered is how best to protect the community from the evils arising from the opium habit.

This question is not a simple one. Monopolies are to be discouraged, preeminently monopoly in dealing with an

article which is so largely an instrument of vice. The higher price the monopolist pays for his exclusive privilege, the stronger will be his temptation to push the sale of the pernicious drug. The larger the revenue which the Government receives, the stronger will be the temptation of both Government and people to acquiesce in the continuance, and even the extension, of the opium habit. The instinct of America cannot be disregarded, and that has always been strongly opposed to England's course in dealing with the opium traffic in China, and will be strongly against any regulation which seems to give National sanction to the opium traffic in the Philippines. There are serious objections to the plan of farming out the exclusive right of selling to the highest bidder.

On the other hand, opium smoking is so established a habit among Chinamen that prohibition would inevitably induce evasion and violation of the law. Smuggling would become common, and in an archipelago possessing so extensive a coast line, could not be prevented. The same peril from corruption and blackmail which has attended prohibitory measures in dealing with alcohol in the United States would attend prohibitory measures in dealing with opium in the Philippines. The drug-stores are generally carried on by Filipinos, and are gathering places for the people. Banishing opium to the drug-stores might promote the opium habit among the Filipinos while apparently prohibiting it among them. The fact that the Chinese traders are generally opposed to the high license measure and are promoting the agitation against it, gives color to the belief that they think it would be easier for them to conduct an illicit trade under prohibition than under high license.

We recognize the serious difficulties in the situation. It is doubtful how far it is practicable for Americans to impose their own ethical ideals on a people of a totally foreign race; it is doubtful how far it is right to do so. But there is a method which is neither prohibition nor high license, which approximates more nearly to the Gothenburg system of dealing with the liquor question. It appears to us that this plan is perhaps worth consideration. This would be for the Government itself to assume the exclusive sale of opium; to

sell it through salaried agents and only in the larger towns; and to sell it only to Chinamen or upon the prescription of a physician. The Government might fix such a price for the opium as would have the restraining effect of a high license on the sale. Its agents would be under no temptation to promote the sale, for they would make no profits upon the sales. Thus some of the objections to prohibition on the one hand and high license on the other would be obviated. The Government would, it is true, make a profit out of the sale. But there is no reason why it should not make a profit out of the sale of opium as a medicine; and the objection to its making a profit out of the sale to Chinamen would be counterbalanced by the fact that it could regulate that sale, as it could not if it was conducted by a private monopoly.

There is clearly no occasion for going into hysterics on the subject. It is one which calls for the most careful consideration. It may be assumed that it is receiving such consideration from both the home Government and the Philippine Government. It may be assumed that both will welcome any light which can be thrown upon it by the press of this country. But it is light, not heat, that is needed.

## Peonage : A Significant Mistrial

We have reserved comment on the latest peonage case in Alabama until the full and authoritative reports of the case were before us. They show that not only a single citizen was on trial for the crime of maltreating a helpless black man, but also a jury of twelve men were on trial upon the question whether they would give greater weight to their prejudices against the negro than to their oath of office. Seven of the jury, to their credit be it said, put their honor above their prejudices; five of them put their prejudices above their honor. We are sorry that we are not able to give the names of these five jurymen, that they might receive the only punishment possible in their case, that of universal obloquy.

In this case a negro by the name of Glenn Helms was arrested, apparently

without any cause, on a charge of vagrancy, fined, and then sold to a Mr. Turner to work off the fine. There was a claim that Glenn Helms consented to go with Turner in preference to paying the fine and submitting to the four and a half months of hard labor included in the sentence. Turner was indicted for holding Helms in slavery. Judge Thomas G. Jones, before whom the case was tried, in his charge to the jury made both the facts and the law in the case very clear. There was no justification in the law for the original arrest and conviction of Glenn Helms. There was no foundation in law for the supposed contract by which he was bound over to Mr. Turner. There was no legal justification for the beatings to which he was subjected, or for holding him in duress and forcing him to labor, or for pursuing him when he ran away and bringing him back. "So far as Glenn Helms's rights are concerned, he stood, when he and his companions were being bid off at Dadeville, just as though some ruffian had come on the streets of Goodwater, and picked him, and forcibly carried him off to hire him out. In the eyes of the law he stood just as one of your boys would stand if he were thus robbed of liberty." The pretended contract into which Glenn Helms was forced by this illegal arrest was in the eyes of the law no contract. "There cannot be," said the Judge, "any voluntary contract in the eye of the law made in this country by which a man surrenders his liberty and his person to the dominion of another to secure an obligation, if in consequence of that obligation and claim the man is forced to do labor against his will to pay that debt or obligation. The law steps in, and says to people who attempt it, You shall not do it."

It is evident from the Judge's charge that there was no real question either as to the law or as to the facts. This was made still more evident by the supplementary charge of the Judge when the jury returned to the court to ask further instructions. "There is not," said the Judge to the jury, "a man on the jury who can give a scintilla of reason for disbelieving that this boy Helms was carried to Turner's place, kept there by Turner, by force and against his will, in order to work out a debt or obligation which

Turner claimed against him, until Helms's father paid what Turner claimed to be due, on account of the obligation incurred by the advance to pay the fine and costs, and that under the law given you this constituted the holding of Helms to a condition of peonage, wilfully and knowingly, against the statutes of the United States. Return to your deliberations and see if you cannot perform your duty."

The jury did return to their deliberations, and could not perform their duty. They could not agree upon a verdict and were finally discharged. The only reason why they could not was that five of the jurymen were indifferent to the solemn appeal of the Judge in his opening charge: "In a little while the Judge and the criminal, the prince and the pauper, the great and the humble, will all pass away. It matters not then who they were, how high or how low. The question when we go to the great beyond is not who we were, but how did we discharge our duty in our sphere while we were here below."

The trial of Turner and the charge of the Judge will possibly do as much to break up peonage in Alabama as the verdict of the jury would have done if the five recreant jurymen had not been recreant. Condemnation by the State, and, so far as they know the facts, condemnation by the Nation, will rest upon these five jurymen, and their verdict will emphasize and focus the national condemnation of a race prejudice which refuses to do justice to the poor and the helpless because he is black. In saying this we do but echo the rebuke visited upon these five recreant jurymen by the Judge, "as an Alabamian, as a Southern man, and as an ex-Confederate soldier." "Those of you," he said, "who have refused to follow the instructions of the court have, in effect, said to everybody in and out of Alabama, in a plain case, where there is no dispute as to the law or the facts and no room for reasonable doubt, that a jury in one of the most intelligent districts in this State has divided and declined to enforce the law for no other reason than the base one that the defendant was a white man and the victim of the law he violated is a negro boy."

It is now for the press of Alabama to repeat throughout the State these words of the Judge, and create a public senti-

ment in the State which will secure justice and the protection of the law for the innocent negro against the oppressions of the oppressive white man. We believe that this can be done. In spite of the dishonor which these five men have inflicted on their State, we shall still believe that the Southern States may be trusted to deal justly with the negro, that the noble example set by Judge Jones will be more weighty than the ignoble example set by the five jurymen. If the future should show this trust to be unfounded, it will then be for Congress to provide, as it can under the Constitution, for an appeal to a more honorable or a more courageous tribunal than that furnished by this Alabama jury. This power is given to Congress explicitly by Article XIII. of the Constitution, which not only provides that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction," but also provides that "Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." If this Constitutional provision is set at naught by Southern juries, it will be quite within the power of Congress to transfer those accused of crime under this Constitution to a locality where an unprejudiced jury can pass upon the offense.

Judge Jones expresses the thanks for the court to those of the jury who tried to follow the law as the court gave it, for trying to do their duty. The Outlook, repeating these thanks, extends them on behalf of the Nation to the Judge who did his duty so faithfully and so well under circumstances of so great difficulty.



## "Ready-to-Wear" Degrees

Some Englishmen amused themselves last month over a libel suit brought by a Congregationalist clergyman of London against the "Christian World" for declaring that the degrees which he had obtained from Harriman University, in Tennessee, were those of a "fake" university, and were "contemptible and worthless." This clergyman denied that either the university or the degrees he had

received from it could be termed fraudulent, inasmuch as the institution was chartered by the State, and the degrees had been granted only after examination; he therefore demanded of the journal retraction and apology and claimed one thousand pounds damages. Thereupon he began his suit in the High Courts of Justice.

In describing the "university" in question, the clergyman's counsel declared that it was established in a prohibition town by "the Temperance party of America." "We like to have our universities," said this lawyer, "under the shade of cathedral and ancient and historic buildings. In America they are of a more practical turn of mind, and they like to have their universities not so much near a cathedral as far away from a public house." He asserted that it was a flourishing institution of three hundred students and twenty-seven instructors; that the clergyman had studied, taken examinations, and had received first his bachelor's degree and then his doctorate; and that as a Nonconformist finds it almost impossible to obtain academic dignity from English universities, he was forced to turn to America.

On being cross-questioned the clergyman admitted that although Harriman was his "Alma Mater" he had never been near it. He had been at Ocean Grove for his examinations.

*Question.* You are proud to have a Harriman degree? *Answer.* Yes. (Laughter.)

*Q.* And yet you never went there? *A.* No, and for good reasons.

*Q.* Possibly! Is Ocean Grove, where you were examined, about a thousand miles from Harriman, or how far is it from Harriman? *A.* I suppose some eight hundred or a thousand miles.

*Q.* Is that the nearest you have got to Harriman? *A.* No.

*Q.* How near did you get to it? *A.* I went further south to Baltimore to preach, and to Washington, and I rather think that that would be the nearest point.

*Q.* I am afraid I do not know the distance; it is a large country; but did you ever get within one hundred miles of it, or within five hundred of it. *A.* I could not say, unless you showed me a map. (Laughter.)

When further cross-examined, the clergyman proved to be somewhat confused as to the Latin form of the doctor's degree for which he applied. This, perhaps, is not surprising, in the light of the

Latin used by the chancellor in the following letter submitted in evidence :

The American Temperance University,  
Harriman, April 16, 1900.

*My Dear Dr.:* Your letter of March 27 duly received.

I will fix your degree as per your wish, *Divinitatis Doctoris*. . . . I have so arranged your name as to cause my books to show that your degree has been earned, and it will come *pro merito*, and not *pro honoris*. This is conferring the favor of recognizing your scholarship and literary work through the years. I am quite sure this will be gratifying, and, besides, it makes sure the degree at our commencement.—With great respect: always your friend,  
J. F. SPENCE.

Arranging a name so as to cause books to show that a degree was earned and not given "*pro honoris*," may well have drawn from these Englishmen some hilarity on account of its moral as well as its linguistic ingenuousness.

A Yale professor, sent by the "Christian World" to Harriman, found there dilapidated buildings, a class in elementary arithmetic, some young women learning book-keeping and type-writing, the director of the school of Domestic Science keeping house for an oil agent and his wife, and the professor of astronomy a practising dentist. The degrees, it transpired, bestowed by this institution upon the plaintiff were granted after an examination conducted by a man who was not only not a member of the faculty, but not even a member of the "university." The jury without hearing all of the defense brought in a verdict against the complainant clergyman. The "Christian World" comments: "Convinced free-traders as we are, we must certainly plead for protection against the importation from America or elsewhere of this class of degrees."

Another institution in Tennessee, boasting the resounding title of "The American National Nashville College of Law," has been dealing in degrees given, as its sister institution would say, "*pro honoris*." Its "President and Dean, *ex officio*," has been sending out letters (only two have reached this office) stating that "the college will confer a title upon some worthy educator or jurist of your State," and that the name of the person addressed has been suggested. Questions are inclosed to be answered, of which these are samples: "Married or single?" "Profession or avocation?" "If not a graduate,

state time studied in years." "Do you believe in the co-education of the sexes in a college of law?" "Do you chew or smoke tobacco or drink intoxicants of any kind?" "Do you take exercise daily?" "Was Pope right in saying: 'Drink deep or taste not of the Pierian Spring?'" "Are you a subscriber to 'American Legal Lore?'" A fee of ten dollars is required in advance to cover the "cost of the issuance of the diploma, and engrossing name in the same." In an accompanying circular the college song is printed with the statement that the "Alumni . . . appeals (*sic*) to all lovers of the law . . . to have this song sung all over the United States, and to have it published in all newspapers and magazines, and inclose a copy in all your letters." As we cannot sing it all over the land we comply with the request as far as we are able by printing the remarkable production here:

Down in the beautiful Southland,  
In a spot so dear to one and all,  
Stands our noble Alma Mater,  
The Nashville College of Law.

*Chorus:*

Sound its praises, sing them ever,  
Help it onward, loud the story tell  
Welcome to thee, our Alma Mater,  
Welcome, all welcome, farewell.

Down in our sunny Tennessee,  
'Midst hills, music, echo, and sound,  
Where all in nature smiling seems,  
Stands the pride of an Athens town.

On the letter heading appears this legend:

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT OF LAW.

All courses in Law are now taught by the Correspondence Method the same as in Residence, having over 1,000 students in this department last year.

This helps to explain the question about the Pierian Spring.

"Our motto," according to the Dean, "is that we shall pass through this world but once, and therefore any good thing that we can do, or any kindness that we can bestow upon a truly worthy one, let us do it now; let us not defer it, nor neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again." This subtle and tactful hint to respond quickly to his offer of "The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, LL.D.," as he is not likely to pass our way again, has, we confess, had whatever effect it otherwise might have had since we learned of the experi . . . the

London Congregational clergyman underwent after receiving a Tennessee degree.

Englishmen take their academic degrees very seriously; Oxford undergraduates have profited by that fact for many annual occasions in the Sheldonian Theatre; in America academic titles seem to be going fast the way of the Kentucky "Colonel" or the more prevalent "Honorable" or "Past Grand Master." Incidents which call into prominence institutions that manufacture degrees "while you wait" may be hailed as delightful and diverting displays of human vanity; but as causes for serious concern they may be briefly dismissed. So, in the words of the Nashville college song, we bid this subject,

"Welcome, all welcome, farewell."



## 'The Spectator

The Spectator has an aunt who visits the poor after the fashion of her youth. He has a niece who is in a college settlement, and a cousin who is connected with the Charity Organization Society. The more he hears them all talk upon the subject of charity visiting, the more thankful he feels that his is not a case of destitution. He feels guiltily conscious of certain defects of character which, being passably prosperous, he is enabled to conceal from the eyes of the world, but which he knows that a trained Friendly Visitor would find out and tabulate with unerring clearness. He realizes that as a charity case he could not be marked "deserving" on account of them, and he is reminded of the frank remark of another aunt upon one occasion, when the lack of personal cleanliness of a certain needy household was being condemned: "Well, Eliza, all I have to say is, that if I were destitute, I know I should be dirty, and I think I should steal!"



Worthy or worthless, however, the poor will always be visited, since they are always with us, and the human impulse to help them remains happily unquenchable, whether it takes the old-fashioned, haphazard channels of personal gifts of soup, cast-off clothing, and baskets of food, or follows the new courses of scientific relief organization. The difference in method does not affect the singleness of the purpose. How much it helps the

poor to visit them is thought by some to be open to discussion, and many social theorists are impatient of any mode of charity, as buttressing social injustice. But knowledge is power; and here is where, to the Spectator's mind, the evolution of charitable processes has begun to tell. From the methods of his aunt to the methods of his niece and cousin, charity has taken a long step forward, as regards the community. The average case of destitution may have gained more in money, food, clothes, etc., from the old-fashioned visitor (often more, indeed, than was good for the recipients); but the community gains far more from the modern worker among the poor, as regards possible prevention of the worst evils of destitution, and possible removal of the slum from the city map. The systematic study of the causes of poverty cannot buttress social injustice, but must inevitably make for better social conditions. The charting of the reefs on which the "submerged tenth" makes shipwreck means a safer navigation in the future.



The Spectator remembers, as a boy, carrying beneficent baskets for this same aunt of his, when, as a young woman, she went about her charitable work. Her principle was never to go empty-handed, because, as she said, "one can't give advice with any freedom unless something else is given besides." The advice was sensible and the relief substantial; yet it has become the fixed assertion of this habitual benefactress that "the more you know of the poor, the less you believe in them." Her generosity, however, continues in spite of this. As to theories about the poor, she has none. Each case is treated individually, and she has no records save those of memory—which in her case are so vivid, accurate, and humorous, or pathetic as the case may be, that the Spectator can never forget some of her descriptions. There was the family of eight, for instance, without fire or food, who, when a round sum was raised for their relief, took the opportunity to have all their photographs taken. They "had wanted to all their lives, but never could get round to it before," was their ingenuous explanation. And then there was the man for whom she laboriously collected subscriptions to buy him a new wooden

leg, only to find afterward that he and his wife were paying for a piano, on the installment plan, all the time.



Just here the Spectator's niece from the College Settlement is ready to argue in behalf of modern methods. Charity was of no use, she pointed out, to those families until their conceptions of life were readjusted. They were the product of wrong conditions and ideas. They needed training and suggestion more than fire or food or wooden legs. The Charity Organization cousin, too, considers that the best visitors for such families would give no personal relief. Such a case presents a problem—and here the Spectator can see the actual joy with which the present-day visitor girds herself for the conflict with it. In old-fashioned visiting, if the household turned out "unworthy," the visitor sighed, gave more advice, and then turned resignedly away. But now the "unworthy" case must be analyzed, the heart of its mystery plucked out, and all kinds of remedies tried. The more obscure the disease, the more glorious the cure. Old-fashioned charity poured in oil and wine; modern charity uses the scalpel and the microscope. The Good Samaritan must be something of a Sherlock Holmes to satisfy twentieth-century requirements. The outline of a complete registration of a given family in the charity office records combines the features of a census report, a medical diagnosis, a biographical dictionary, and a business directory. Rent, debts, savings, pawn-tickets, education, habits, previous residences and employers, friends, health, earning capacity—there is no end to the list. A man's own mother can hardly know as much about him as a well-trained visitor searches out and reports. The fierce light that beats upon a throne is nothing to the X-ray that penetrates the inmost secrets of the applicant for relief; and the short and simple annals of the poor, while enough for the poet of past centuries, are superseded by (a) their Social History; (b) their Physical History; (c) their Work History, and (d) their Financial History, with copious data under each head.



The best visitor, the Spectator's cousin has explained to him, cannot take the risk of giving relief, either in money or pro-

visions, at all. In a worthy and self-respecting case, the gift of anything by a visitor makes the relation constrained ever after. In unworthy cases, each visit suggests a new demand. This is true, no doubt; and yet the Spectator himself would feel like a pickpocket if he visited a family in distress and did not give them something. He would feel constrained ever after, whether they did or not. Discipline of the natural impulses is evidently the first step in a visitor's training. But—paradoxically enough—this modern method ends in belief, not lack of belief, in the poor. "Not alms, but a friend," is the motto to-day, and friendship and esteem, as usual, go together. The visitor suggests, rather than advises; studies the case from other points than that of personal giving, inspires self-help, brings neighborhood, church, and institutional relief to bear without directly administering them, and especially endeavors to help the poor, not as individuals, but as part of society, looking to the effect of every act upon other cases as well. Such intelligent care stimulates the visited to rise to their best, and, if there is anything good in them, develops it. The College Settlement worker, doing work for a neighborhood rather than individuals, in the same spirit, comes also to blame conditions, but to believe in those who are at the bottom of the social scale. In this respect, whatever modern methods have or have not done for the poor, they have done much for the workers among them by substituting optimism for pessimism.



The Spectator's niece, indeed, goes so far as to assert that if any fashionable residence block uptown were visited by trained charity workers, and the results tabulated, the showing, as regards the essentials of individual character, would not be markedly different from that of the tenements. "There are some rich people of my acquaintance," she says, severely, "who appear to me much more hopeless than any charity case, because they are worthless after having had every opportunity to be otherwise." It is at this point that the Spectator, as aforesaid, feels thankful that he is not so destitute as to be investigated—and yet, what a blessing the wise and gentle guidance of a Friendly Visitor might be to any of us!

# The Mission Indians

By Charles F. Lummis

THE story of the Warner's Ranch Indians, evicted from their immemorial home by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, has aroused as widespread interest as any case in the recent history of our Indian policy. As in every case which appeals to public sympathy, there has been too much, of more than sympathy—too much also of something worse than folly. A compact and official statement of the facts may be of interest to *The Outlook*. If from one standpoint the affair gives us nothing to be proud of, and is too much in keeping with our "Century of Dishonor," from another it seems to me to open the door of the most hopeful condition we have yet seen in our Indian affairs.

I have called the Cupeño tenancy "immemorial." Their own traditions assert that "When God made yonder Eagle-Nest and Rabbit-Hole mountains, he gave us this land." The first official invasion of Southern California by Americans found these Indians *in situ*. They were an appanage of the Mission of San Luis Rey. There is no historic evidence that civilized man ever found the Agua Caliente (or Warner's Hot Springs) vacant of these Indians. That they were located here when the Mexican land-grant was made under which they are now undone is absolutely established. The first grant was made June 8, 1840, to José Antonio Pico by Governor Alvarado, which provides that the grantee "shall not molest the Indians that thereon may be established." The grant to Warner was dated November 28, 1844, and was made by Micheltorena, a notorious Mexican carpet-bag Governor of this much-milked province. It did not contain the formal clause, but that is insignificant. In the California of then, the wildest dream could not have conceived of any title under which the Indians *could* be molested.

Colonel John J. Warner, a Connecticut Yankee whom I knew well, was in my time a very amiable and respected old man; but he was not precisely the most fortunate successor to the paternal rule

of Spain over the Indians. The abstract of Lieutenant-Colonel Emory's report, further on, is pertinent; so also is the fact that in 1850 Warner had to flee the ranch. This can best be understood by those who knew the nature of these Indians, among the most docile known to history. Governor J. G. Downey, who took the grant from Warner, was better qualified in this respect. In a personal letter of October 10, 1874, he writes of these "poor, unfortunate, deserving, and neglected Indians," and urges efforts in their behalf. His heirs, however, have for several years actively fought for a "clear title"—that is, for the ejectment of the Indians. The American idea has arrived in the land to which it is most foreign. To make the legal story short, the suit of the American claimants reached the California Supreme Court, and was decided in their favor by a divided bench, four to three—Chief Justice Beatty and Justices MacFarlane and Temple dissenting. The Supreme Court of the United States, in May, 1901, affirmed this decision.

A vital contention of the American claimants was that the Warner's Ranch people "are not Mission Indians." With entire respect for the character and legal attainments of their attorneys, I believe they erred in straying into ethnology. The Cupeños (Spanish locative, derived from "Cupa," their own name for their home) are of the Luiseño linguistic stock, the same as the Indians of Pala, their new home. The tribe was under the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, of which magnificent establishment both Pala and the Hot Springs were *asistencias*. The old adobe chapel at Warner's Hot Springs was built long before the grant to Warner, or that to Pico, by the Franciscan missionaries of San Luis Rey. This is admitted by claimants' attorneys (v. briefs before the United States Supreme Court), who admit that Warner bought the chapel.

Under date of December 2 and 3, 1846, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Emory, of the advance guard of the Army of the West (Thirtieth Congress, first session ex. Doc.



No. 41), reports as to the status of Warner's Hot Springs:

Above us was Mr. Warner's backwoods, American-looking house, built of adobe and covered with thatched roofs. Around were the thatched huts of the half-naked Indians, who were held in a sort of serfdom by the master of the *rancheria*. I visited one or two of these huts, and found the inmates living in great poverty. The thermometer was at thirty degrees; they had no covers but sheepskins. They told me that when they were under the charge of the missions they were all comfortable and happy; but since the good priests had been removed, and they were in the hands of the people of the country, they had been ill-treated. This change took place in 1836. . . . Near the house is the source of the Agua [sic] Caliente—a magnificent hot spring. . . . The Indians have made pools for bathing. They huddle around the basin of the spring to catch the genial warmth of its vapors, and on cold nights immerse themselves in the spring to keep warm. A day will come when the invalids of the white race will assemble here to drink and bathe in these waters.

On the same date Captain A. R. Johnston, First Dragoons, who was killed three days later in the first fight with the native Californians, wrote in his diary (same document):

We found Warner's a place which would be considered a poor location in the United States . . . with a hot spring and a cold one on his place. . . . The labor is performed by California Indians, who are stimulated to work by three dollars a month and repeated floggings.

Certainly no student of California and Spanish America can pretend that the United States Supreme Court was tolerably informed as to the Spanish land laws, upon which, in the last analysis, every land title in California rests. It is not an extreme statement to say that there is no possible construction, nor evasion, by which, under Spanish jurisdiction, Indians could be ejected from their birthplace, or their homes sold over their heads. From the beginning of that marvelous policy—dimly conceived on the first return of Columbus from the New World, and formulated swiftly, almost unerringly, and with a statesmanship we well might copy—the tenure of the Indians in Spanish America was absolutely secure. It may be added that the Indians in the United States now most thoroughly safe in their lands, are those in whose case our Government has confirmed the titles given by Spain. And entirely aside from Pueblo grants, every

individual "encomienda," "repartimiento," land grant (Merced), or whatsoever title to land, was invariably subject to the rights of the Indians thereon. Whatever criticism lies in the Warner's Ranch case must apply to the Supreme Court's unfamiliarity with the basic land laws of Spanish America—if the statute limitations release that astounding act of Congress, the act of March 3, 1851, and its resultant Commission, which virtually held every man in California guilty of having stolen his home until he proved that he had *not* stolen it. Under this, the most incomparable example of "Tenderfoot" legislation, thousands of Californians lost their titles. Naturally, many failed to understand that they were accused, and failed to appear before the Commission. And not only ignorant and remote Indians, and Mexicans, who never saw a legal notice and could not read it if seen: even the bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey lost valuable properties by failure to prove that they were his.

As a student of Spanish America I venture the assertion that no case comparable either to this legislation or to the eviction of the Warner's Ranch Indians by the Supreme Court can be found in the whole judicial record of Spain in America in more than three centuries. Still, this is not so bad as broken treaties and violated faith; it is a mere case of ignorance of the subject, in which, probably, not twelve living Americans are expert.

The claim that these are not Mission Indians is scientifically absurd. Aside from their old Franciscan chapel, aside from the fact that every one of them speaks Spanish (though the nearest Mexican settlement was over fifty miles away), it is notorious that every one of them wears a Spanish baptismal name. The oldest man of the whole tribe, Leonardo—who as an adult man (of about forty years, he tells me) acted as a guide for General P. St. George Cooke, in 1846—carries in his very name sufficient title to the status of his people as Mission Indians.

But if, from the legal side, the case continues the long line of melancholy precedence, the episode as a whole marks what it is not unfair to count a new era in our Indian policy. For the first time, so far I know, Indians have here been given a far better home than that from

a far better home. These 2,500 Indians, of the same stock, are worse off than ever before, while the Warner's Ranch Indians are (in everything but the fine sentiment for their home) incomparably better off than ever before in their history. More than half of these others are actually destitute and suffering; about a third of them can be relieved, if the recommendations of the Commission be carried out in good faith. The League is a permanent organization; its corner-stones are common sense and long patience; it knows what it wants, and how to get it. It believes it can wear out any person, or aggregation of persons, or labyrinth of red tape. Its first energy is bent to remedying the condition of all the Mission Indians; later to improve the general conditions in the Indian service as fast and as far as sober and practical people can see their way. The machinery the League already has; all it needs is funds to prosecute its work—and no such work can be prosecuted without funds. The League's latest campaign, now active, has brought about an official investigation of the outrageous application of the universally desired "Hair-cut Order," in the case of the Hopi Indians—the well-styled "People of Peace." Their agent has gone to the extent of tying their hands

behind them with baling wire, and forcibly shearing their ancient ceremonial queue, as precise and as well-kept as the queue that the Father of his Country wore. Not invidiously, but because I believe it to be not only true but important, the Sequoya League is "different," because directed exclusively by people that *know* Indians, as well as "have sympathy" with them.

As to the Warner's Ranch Indians, their latter state is far better, materially and morally, than their first. All now depends on the working out and administration by the Department of their case. Foolish methods can bring to naught the advancement that has been gained; but as the Department allows sympathy, and as the League is here, and will stay here, the final outcome will probably be a decisive gain. Meantime, the transposed Indians are "finding their feet" faster than was expected. Only four or five are "irreconcilable." The more intelligent and progressive are glad of the better opportunity; the average are reconciled. With the exclusion of two or three disreputable American mischief breeders from the reservation, the Cupeños will adjust themselves quickly and fully to the new home.

Los Angeles, California.

## Love

By Madison Cawein

For him who loves, each mounting morn  
Breathes melody more sweet than birds';  
And every wind-stirred flower and thorn  
Whispers melodious words:—  
Would you believe that everything  
Through *her* soft voice is made to sing?

For her, the faultless skies of day  
Grow nearer in eternal blue,  
Where God is felt as wind and ray,  
And seen as fire and dew:—  
Would you believe that all the skies  
Are Heaven only through *his* eyes?

For them, the dreams that haunt the night  
With mystic beauty and romance,  
Are presences of starry light  
And moony radiance:—  
Would you believe this love that's theirs  
Could make for them a universe?

# A Few Memories of Johannes Brahms

By Sir Charles Villiers Stanford

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the author of the following article, is the foremost living composer of Great Britain. He is Professor of Composition and Orchestral Playing at the Royal College of Music, and Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge. His compositions in the field of operatic, choral, and chamber music, for the orchestra and for the solo voice, have given him an enviable reputation both at home and abroad. He is best known in this country by his Irish Symphony, his delightful operetta "Shamus O'Brien," and his Irish songs. He has done for the folk songs of Ireland what Brahms and Dvořák have done for those of Germany and Bohemia, and in this phase alone of his musical career has made a contribution to his art which entitles him to a very high place in the esteem of lovers of music. Two volumes of Irish vocal melodies arranged, edited, and harmonized by him are published by Boosey & Co. of this city, and give—in a form easily accessible to the American amateur—an intimation of the scope of his skill and genius.—THE EDITORS.

**I**T is a curious fact that the lives of the majority of the greatest composers have proved to be very unfruitful ground for their biographers. Inasmuch as they consisted mainly of writing music, eating, sleeping, and exercise (of sorts usually the reverse of sporting), the record is meager except in the case of those who had to do with the dramatic side of their art; of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, there is little to tell; and so it is with the last of their great line, Johannes Brahms. An article by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason upon this last of the giants, which contained many interesting personal touches, besides some vastly acute criticism, has encouraged me to put down a few memories, dating mainly from his middle and later period, which may some day be useful when a future Spitta or Thayer arises to write his Life from the point of view of a future generation. But there is nothing striking about them; they are at best feeble side-lights upon a nature which was more than commonly *intime*, and which, moreover, was veiled by a considerable amount of purposeful paradox.

The first time I ever heard the name of Brahms was about 1867; as I lived until 1870 in Ireland, out of the reach of practical orchestral and chamber music by seven hours' rail and four hours' sea, the lateness of the date is not remarkable. But I shall never forget the amazing effect which was produced upon me by hearing the variations on a theme of Handel, or how much of my small pocket-money I spent in buying as many of his works as I could get. I knew nothing of the Schumann article, nor anything about

him save his music, and the grip it took of me at fifteen has never relaxed since. Nothing that was not inherently sincere could possibly remain so lifelong a possession of any musician. My first sight of the composer himself was at the remarkable Schumann Festival given at Bonn under the direction of Joachim in 1873, where he sat, tawny-haired and clean-shaven, beside his "second mother," Clara Schumann. My first speech with him was at a dinner-party given on the day following the close of that Festival by Ferdinand Hiller at Cologne; but it was short and uninteresting; he was somewhat bored and unapproachable, and not (to tell the truth) in the best of tempers. I had, however, the opportunity of studying his face, which I never again saw without the now familiar beard. The clean-cut, refined beauty of his boyish features had vanished, the jowl was thick and powerful, and the mouth rather large and coarse. But his eyes, which were of an astonishingly deep and luminous violet, were fascinating, and the brow and head most noble in proportion. Without the least personal resemblance, his face had a quality in common with Wagner and Liszt in that the upper half was very ideal and the lower very human.<sup>1</sup>

Like many great men, he had a suit of armor which he put on to meet the stranger. Tennyson's armor was brusque-

<sup>1</sup> It is quite erroneous to imagine that Brahms was of Jewish descent. A glance at his purely Teutonic features and at his springing walk was enough to show that he had no Semitic blood. His friend Dietrich, of Oldenburg, told me that Brahms was an old Silesian word signifying "Reed." Max Bruch once roused the lion in him at a supper by saying, "Prosit, Abrahams!" and got in reply the crushingly unexpected retort, "Prosit, Baruch!"

ness, Leighton's was excessive polish, Brahms's could be downright rudeness. But all three, as soon as their armor was put by, were alike in one respect—they were simple to the point of boyishness. Brahms most of all hated the lionizer, and was forever on the lookout for him. Returning one day from a walk at Heidelberg, he was met by a man who stopped him and asked if he were not Brahms; on receiving an affirmative reply, the stranger expanded into eulogies of his compositions. Brahms put on a puzzled look, then suddenly said, "Oh, you must mean my brother; he was taking a walk with me on the hill just now," indicating where the mythical relation had gone, and the unwelcome celebrity-hunter rushed on up the hill.

In 1877 Cambridge University offered him (together with Joachim) an honorary degree. Mr. Mason, in his book "From Grieg to Brahms," p. 178, has a remark about this which is erroneous, and is really a confusion between two wholly distinct events. He says that "when the University of Cambridge offered him a degree, suggesting that he write a new work for the occasion, he replied that if any of his old works seemed good enough to them he should be happy to receive the honor, but that he was too busy to write one." The actual facts are these: Brahms hesitated long about visiting Cambridge, and, being much pressed to do so both by Joachim and Frau Schumann, was almost on the point of accepting, when, unfortunately, the authorities of the Crystal Palace got wind of the possible visit, and announced in the "Times" that he would be invited to conduct at one of their Saturday concerts. This piece of overzeal wrecked the visit. The University did not ask him to write a new work for the occasion, but although he would not come and could not be given a degree *in absentia*, he entrusted the manuscript score and parts of his first Symphony in C Minor (which had then only once been played in Carlsruhe) to Joachim, and it was performed together with the Schicksalslied at the concert of the University Musical Society, at which his presence was so desired. The incident to which Mr. Mason refers was probably an invitation in 1887 to write a work for the Leeds Festival—an institution

which had hitherto wholly neglected his compositions, and which was conducted by Sullivan, who made no secret of his lack of sympathy for them. To this he replied: "I cannot well decide to promise you a new work for your Festival. Should you consider one or other of my existing works worthy the honor of a performance, it would give me great pleasure. But if this, as it appears, is not the case, how could I hope to succeed this time? If, however, the charm of novelty is a *sine qua non*, forgive me if I admit that I neither rightly understand nor greatly sympathize with such a distinction." A very pretty *riposte*, and a thoroughly dignified specimen of epistolary satire.

The Cambridge performance of the C Minor Symphony attracted almost every musician of importance in England, and much interest was excited among Cambridge men by the curious coincidence that the Horn theme in the introduction to the last movement was nearly, note for note, a quotation of the famous hour-chimes of St. Mary's (the University Church) bells. Brahms's music had long been more deeply appreciated and universally accepted in England than in Germany, probably in a measure from the fact that we had no serious battle-ground of Wagnerian and anti-Wagnerian parties; the performance of this symphony laid an imperishable keystone to his fame among Britons. I had myself the curious good fortune to compare the attitude of an English and German audience towards one of his orchestral works. In 1875 I heard within a few weeks two performances of his Serenade in A (without violins), first at the Philharmonic Society of London, and afterwards at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. In London the enthusiasm was so great that two movements (the scherzo and the minuet) had to be repeated. In Leipzig the entire work went literally without one hand being raised to applaud.

A short time after the Cambridge performance I had made my first collection of Irish Folk-songs, and, knowing the interest which Brahms took in such work, I asked and obtained his leave to dedicate it to him. The next time I visited Vienna I went with Hans Richter to see him. He opened the door of his little flat himself, clad in a jersey and trousers, and led us through a bare outer room, and his bed-

room, scarcely less bare save for a drawing of "Anselmo's Grab" over his very short and stumpy bed, into his study, a double room crammed with books, music, and literature of all sorts. He greeted Richter warmly, and when I was introduced gave me a most distant and suspicious bow. I bethought me of the stranger at Heidelberg, and looked out for squalls. I was quite sure he was aware of who I was, but was going to measure my capacity for lion-hunting. His chance came; he offered Richter a cigar and was then handing the box to me, when he snatched it back with a curt "You are English, you don't smoke!" To which I replied, with an impertinence which it required some courage to assume, "I beg pardon, the English not only smoke, but they even compose music sometimes," making a simultaneous dash after the retreating cigar-box. For one moment he looked at me like a dangerous mastiff, and then burst out laughing. The ice was broken, and never froze again. I caught sight of some fine engravings, and he spent the best part of the morning showing me his complete collection of Piranesi, and other treasures which he had picked up in Italy during the previous summer. He only mentioned music once, describing most humorously an opera which he had heard at Brescia, which consisted, he said, entirely of "Schluss-Cadenzen," but was so beautifully sung that he rejoiced in listening to them over and over again.

When I next visited Vienna I went to see him without an appointment, thinking that I should surely find him at home at eleven o'clock. But his housekeeper told me that he had just gone to dinner. I was so astonished that I said to her, "In Heaven's name, what time does Brahms eat his breakfast?" "At five," said the dame; "he does all his work before eleven, and is out the rest of the day." However, I fell in with him later, and sat with him through a rehearsal of Gluck's "Alceste" at the Opera-House, over which he waxed enthusiastic. His two favorite haunts in Vienna were Strauss's Band and the Opera. While there I heard of a tremendous verbal castigation which he had given at a restaurant to a young man who thought he would gain his favor by sneering at Wagner.

I made two attempts to induce him to visit England after this. First in 1889, when his "Requiem" was given at the Leeds Festival, I wrote and told him that if he would come to Cambridge via Harwich, I would go to Leeds and back with him, and conceal his identity from every one; but he was not to be stirred. Last in 1893, when the Cambridge University Musical Society was about to celebrate its fiftieth birthday. We wrote once more, and offered him, with Verdi, an honorary degree. He was this time sorely tempted and much touched by the request, but he turned it off by saying how old he would seem beside the everlasting youth of Verdi, and how much nicer it would be if I would go and take walks with him at Cadenabbia instead. Our next and last meeting was in Berlin, the Christmas of the famous Jameson Raid. He came to conduct his two Piano Concertos and the Academic Festival Overture at a concert given by D'Albert, and was much fêted and in high good humor. At an interesting dinner party given by Joachim, at which were present also his friends Professor Dorn, of Naples, and Von Herzogenberg the composer, an amusingly characteristic scene occurred. Joachim, in a few well-chosen words, was asking us not to lose the opportunity of drinking the health of the greatest composer, when, before he could say the name, Brahms bounded to his feet, glass in hand, and called out, "Quite right! Here's Mozart's health!" and walked round, clinking glasses with us all. His old hatred of personal eulogy was never more prettily expressed. Within a year and a half he was dead, and in this same house Joachim was showing me the first letter which Schumann had written to him after their first meeting at Düsseldorf, with the famous sentence, "Das ist der der kommen musste," and the autograph score of the first Piano Concerto, which contains that most impressive key to the meaning of the Adagio—the words of the "Benedictus qui venit" written over the notes of the theme.

A most remarkable and extraordinary personality was Brahms. Humorous, fearless, far-seeing; sometimes over-rough to his contemporaries, but a worshiper of and worshiped by young children; with a very noble, generous, and ideal side to

his character, and a curiously warped and sensual side as well. He could look like Jupiter Olympus at one moment and like Falstaff the next, but the Jupiter never seemed to suffer in the end; and assuredly, if a man's work be any key to his real soul, the last chorale which he wrote, the touching "O Welt, ich muss dich lassen," is a standing proof of the type of qualities which were dominant in him. For kings and princes he had no concern except as fellow-men. In that respect he resembled Beethoven. He could afford to be intimate with them because he was independent of them. For the Meiningen Festival he stayed at the castle and was in the habit of taking his constitutional at six o'clock in the morning. The Grand Duke knocked at his door at eight, and asked him if he had had a pleasant walk. "Yes, sir," said Brahms; "I have taken a stroll round the three neighboring kingdoms." While he was on the same visit he electrified a state dinner by an outburst upon the attitude of Europe towards Japan. The war between China and Japan had just been declared, and every one was discussing the certain downfall of the smaller power. Brahms prophesied the reverse, and went on to say that after Japan had

beaten China, Europe would step in, in its selfish way, and prevent her reaping the fruits of her victory. The Grand Duke reminded him that Europe had interests to safeguard, to which Brahms rapped out a sharp retort. All ended peacefully, but the little incident served to prove how much more far-sighted a politician he was than many of his professionally diplomatic contemporaries.

Of his later friendships perhaps the most curiously assorted was with Hans von Bülow. He had sufficient insight to appreciate (what few did) the very great nobility of the character of that most versatile and peppery of men. To any who spoke complainingly of him, Brahms always answered with a request to remember his greater and unique qualities; and certainly Von Bülow repaid him with a devotion which never varied. And if he was sometimes brusque to his contemporaries, he could show in an eminent degree a modest deference to his seniors. The last vision I had of him was sitting beside the diminutive form of the aged Menzel, drinking in like a keen school-boy every word the great old artist said, with an attitude as full of unaffected reverence as of unconscious dignity.

## Studies in Colonial Administration

By Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S.

Colonial Commissioner of the University of Chicago. Author of "Tropical Colonization," etc.

### IV.—Sarawak

I HAD occasion some years ago to write for the "Atlantic Monthly"<sup>1</sup> an article on "European Experience with Tropical Colonies." At its conclusion are to be found the following lines from Froude, quoted in support of the argument in favor of personal rule in the tropics: "Find a Raja Brooke [of Sarawak] if you can. . . . Send him out with no more instructions than the Knight of La Mancha gave Sancho—to fear God and do his duty. . . . The leading of the wise few, the willing obedience of the many, is the beginning and end of all right action. Secure this and you secure everything. Fail to secure it, and, be your liberties as wide as you can make them, no success is

possible." For the past two months I have been in Sarawak, traveling up and down the coast and into the interior, and working in Kuching, the capital. At the end of it I find myself unable to express the high opinion I have formed of the administration of the country without a fear that I shall lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration. With such knowledge of administrative systems in the tropics as may be gained by actual observation in almost every part of the British Empire except the African Colonies, I can say that in no country which I have ever visited are there to be observed so many signs of a wise and generous rule, such abundant indications of good government, as are to be seen on every hand in Sarawak.

<sup>1</sup> "Atlantic Monthly," December, 1898.

The present Raja, or King, of Sarawak, is an Englishman, Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, G.C.M.G., head of an old county family, and a descendant, through the female line, of the Stuarts. The story of how he has come to occupy the position of absolute monarch over a territory as large as England, situated in the out-of-the-way island of Borneo and peopled by Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese, reads like the wildest fiction rather than sober historical fact. In the years following the restoration of Java to the Dutch (a piece of folly scarcely paralleled in the annals of British expansion—a mere act of grace for which England has never received the smallest gratitude), the Malay Archipelago fell into a most disturbed condition. Dutch authority was severely shaken; England was unwilling to assume any further responsibilities in the Far East; and the historical Dutch policy of fomenting the internal dissensions of the native governments, in order to weaken the general opposition to white rule, bore abundant fruit. Into this part of the world came, in the thirties, James Brooke, a young military officer of the East India Company, who had retired from the service after distinguishing himself in the Burmese War of 1824, and who had been rendered independent by inheriting a large fortune from his father in 1835. Inspired by a strong spirit of adventure, Brooke determined, after carefully studying the general condition of the Malay Archipelago, to devote his energies to the amelioration of the life of the native Borneans. His original intention was to secure his footing by means of trade, and then to work on the minds of the native rulers. The ambition of wealth he never had for a moment; and, indeed, he subsequently spent the whole of his large private fortune on his reform schemes in Sarawak.

Writing of the objects he had at heart Brooke said: "It is a grand experiment, which, if it succeeds, will bestow a blessing on these poor people; and their children's children shall bless me. If it please God to permit me to give a stamp to this country which shall last after I am no more, I shall have lived a life which emperors might envy. If by dedicating myself to the task I am able to introduce better customs and settled laws, and to raise the feeling of the people so that their

rights can never in future be wantonly infringed, I shall indeed be content and happy." But on his arrival in Borneo he found a condition of affairs which, while rendering his original plan of action impossible, led to the solution of the difficulties along another line, and to the fulfilment of his hopes.

At the time of Brooke's arrival in Borneo the territory of Sarawak was under the rule of Omar Ali, the Malay Sultan of Brunei, but its affairs were actually administered by the Sultan's uncle, Raja Muda Hassim<sup>1</sup>. On reaching Sarawak it was learned that a formidable rebellion had been in progress for more than three years, and that there was little prospect of peace. So evil was the condition of the country that Hassim entreated Brooke to remain in the country and take over the government, offering him as a reward all the trade of the place. This proposal was declined, but Brooke offered to give what aid he could to bring the civil war to an end; and, putting himself at the head of a small force of Europeans, he actually succeeded, after a few months' fighting, in restoring peace. His first task, on the conclusion of hostilities, was to prevent a wholesale massacre of the surrendered rebels, and in this he was successful.

The reward conferred on Brooke for his part in suppressing the rebellion was a mere permission to trade with the people. Although this was a very small matter, it was accepted without complaint; and there matters might have rested had it not been for an incident which brought about a crisis in the affairs of Sarawak. The Governor of Sarawak under the Raja Muda Hassim was a Malay chief named Makota; and the recent rebellion had been largely brought about by his misgovernment. After the conclusion of peace Brooke took every legitimate means of increasing his influence with the Raja Muda, in pursuance of his original intention of securing improvement in the government. But when it became evident to Makota that Brooke was supplanting him in the counsels of the State he commenced a series of underhand attacks on Brooke's influence, and these failing, he finally attempted to poison the whole English

<sup>1</sup> Raja Muda is the Malay equivalent for Heir Apparent.

community. Through the indiscretion of a subordinate the plot was discovered; and Brooke immediately brought matters to a head by laying the facts before the Raja Muda and demanding that justice should be done. The affair ended in the degradation of Makota and the appointment of Brooke as Governor of Sarawak in his place. This was the beginning of the Brooke rule in Sarawak. The grant of the Governorship was approved by the Sultan, and, after some years, arrangements were made under which the Sultan conferred the Government of Sarawak in perpetuity on Sir James Brooke (he was created a K.C.B. by the late Queen in 1848), and in 1863 the independence of the country was formally recognized by the British Government.

Five years later the first Raja Brooke died. His biographer, Sir Spencer St. John, tells us that towards the end of his life the Raja wrote: "In spite of trials and anxieties, calumny and misrepresentation, I have been a happy man, and can pillow my head in the consciousness of a well-spent life of sacrifice and devotion to a good cause." The Raja was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, G.C.M.G., who is still at the head of the State.

It became clear as soon as the new King took over the reins of government that he intended to adopt as his model the liberal and enlightened policy of the late Raja. As early as 1870 the present Raja published in the Sarawak "Gazette" his views as to the method of government best suited to the needs of his people. This early pronouncement of policy was drawn forth by a rumor which had reached the Raja's ear that certain persons regarded with disfavor his intention of presiding as Chief Justice at the sittings of the Supreme Court. It is true that in the condition of civilization with which we are familiar the idea of a king or president fulfilling judicial functions is repugnant to the public sense of the true attributes of a judiciary. But the conditions in Borneo are absolutely different; and the oriental mind is quite familiar with the idea of the highest judicial and executive functions being combined in one person, is familiar in fact with no other system. The Raja expressed himself as follows on the point—and it may well be

noted that the liberal view he advances as to the relation between the superior and the inferior races is one which we have persuaded ourselves, through a perverted application of history, to be the monopoly of those peoples who live under republican institutions. "Our chief success," he says, "has been owing to the good feeling existing between ruler and people, brought about by there being no impediments between them; and the non-success of European Government generally in dealing with Asiatics is caused by the want of sympathy and knowledge between the ruler and the ruled, the reason being the distance and unapproachableness of the leader. If I am to exclude myself from court I must necessarily withdraw myself from hearing the complaints, either serious or petty, of my people, who would then be justified in drawing an unsatisfactory and unhappy comparison between myself and my uncle, who was *de facto* the slave of his people, and left the country under my charge expecting me to carry out his policy."

The organization of the government of Sarawak is simple in the extreme. At the head of everything is the Raja, a monarch more completely autocratic than any other in the world, since for him the two great restraining forces of absolute monarchy—the existence of turbulent anti-dynastic factions and the very strong influence which is always exerted by a powerful hereditary nobility—do not exist. The government, then, is purely despotic in form. But it is a despotism which has shown itself, up to the present time, to be of the most benevolent kind, inspired by motives of the most sincere unselfishness, and guided ever by an earnest desire to advance the true interests of the people, even when the pursuance of such aims has involved, as has very frequently been the case, great sacrifices on the part of the ruler.

The form of administration has grown up with the country, and is such as the experience of half a century has shown to be best suited to the local conditions. There are two State Councils—the General Council and the Supreme Council. The former consists of the Raja, and of the following government servants, native and European, who are all members *ex officio* :—the Divisional Residents, the Res-



idents of the Second Class, the Commandant of the Forces, the Treasurer, the Principal Medical Officer, the Datus<sup>1</sup>, and all native chiefs holding office under the Government. This body meets once in three years, unless specially summoned for specific reasons. Its functions are of a purely advisory or consultative nature, and the Council was, in fact, instituted for the purpose of keeping the Raja informed of the general condition of public opinion in the country districts and out-stations, and of advising him in regard to any important changes which it might be proposed to make in the general policy of administration. On the occasions of these triennial meetings the Raja makes what is practically a Speech from the Throne, in which the condition of the country is reviewed; and the leading members of the Council also speak.

The General Council serves its purpose admirably, since it keeps all the members of the administration in touch with the Raja and with one another; and it contributes greatly to that state of good feeling between natives and Europeans which is the fundamental characteristic of the Sarawak State. It is, however, the Supreme Council which really administers the affairs of the country. This Council consists of the Raja, the Resident of the First Division, and the four Datus. It is provided that the European members must never outnumber the native members. The General Council meets once a month, and all proposed laws are laid before it, as well as such administrative matters as are not of a purely routine nature. In order to endow this brief description of a unique Legislature with some degree of reality I print here the official report of a meeting of the Sarawak Supreme Council which was held just before my arrival in the country:

#### SUPREME COUNCIL.

The Resident's Office, Kuching, 9th August, 1902.

Present,

His Highness the Raja, G.C.M.G.

The Resident of the First Division (the Honorable C. A. Bampfylde).

The Datu Bandar (Haji Bua Hassan).

The Datu Muda (Abang Mohamad Kassim).

The Datu Hakim (Haji Mohamad Ali).

The Datu Emaum (Haji Amin).

A meeting of the Council was convened this day. His Highness the Raja informed the Members he had what he considered an important matter to lay before them in reference to the future supply of timber for building purposes. At present large quantities of different kinds of woods were being felled immediately in the vicinity of the principal town for export; and a trade had sprung up which threatened to despoil the forests of all the best and most useful woods necessary to the inhabitants of a growing town. At this end of the State, where so much wood is now being worked for export, the country is comparatively narrow, being only a few miles in depth to the boundary with Netherlands territory; and in this narrow strip of land large quantities of valuable timber have also been destroyed by generations of Dyak farming. What there is left should be preserved as far as possible for local use, for were these woods, even the commonest of them, once worked out, the inhabitants of this town and the neighborhood would be put to the greatest inconvenience.

His Highness now proposed that all woods in the forests lying between Tanjong Datu and the right bank of the Sadong River shall be preserved for the use of the inhabitants, and that after six months from the present date the exportation of timber from any port within the above mentioned limits shall be prohibited.

This was carried unanimously.

No other matters were brought forward.

F. H. DALLAS,

Acting Clerk of Supreme Council.

The above is probably the first report of a meeting of a Borneo Legislature which has ever been printed in the United States; but, in view of the growing importance of southeastern Asia, it is very unlikely that it will also be the last.

For administrative purposes Sarawak is split up into divisions under the charge of Residents. These officers are assisted by one or more Englishmen and by a small staff of natives. The duties of the Resident are manifold. He must see to the collection of the revenue, to the administration of justice, to public works, and so on; and, above all, he must be at all times accessible to the people. The Dyaks have the strongest objection to doing the smallest thing without first indulging in long and tedious palavers. The discussion about the business itself may occupy, perhaps, ten minutes; but it must be preceded by an almost interminable interchange of polite nothings. These interviews, however, are a most important element in the administrative system, for it is no exaggeration to say

<sup>1</sup> There are four Datus—the Datu Bandar, or Senior Chief; the Datu Muda, or Junior Chief; the Datu Hakim, or Chief Mohammedan Magistrate, and the Datu Emaum, who is the head for the time being of the Mohammedan religion in Sarawak.

that the average Dyak had rather submit, after due palaver had and obtained, to some important measure of which he himself disapproved, than acquiesce in the most trivial matter of obvious utility without being afforded a chance of talking with the Government officer for hours about the monsoon, or the best shape for a boat's prow, or the proper color to be worn if a certain relative (presently in robust health) should chance to die.

The chief characteristic of the administrative methods of Sarawak is the emphasis laid by the Raja on the necessity of maintaining the closest personal relations between the rulers and the ruled, and the subordination to this end of mere clerical work.

Thus it happens that although the student finds in Sarawak a very small amount of official literature, yet he observes that each official is intimately conversant with all the affairs of his district, can tell you the history of almost every family, knows everybody by sight and nearly everybody by name, and is prepared at a moment's notice to talk to one about the approaching marriage of a daughter, to another about the prospect of a successful gutta expedition into the interior.

All officials in Sarawak are chosen personally by the Raja on the occasions of his visits to England; and it is curious to note that, with two exceptions (a Scotchman and a Frenchman) every man in the service is an Englishman. There is this further fact worthy of record that, whether it be to the advantage of the country or not, the population of Sarawak does not include a Jew or a lawyer.

That Sarawak has prospered greatly under its present ruler is shown by the following figures:

Sarawak.	1870.	1901.
Value of foreign imports.	\$1,328,963	\$4,404,000
Value of foreign exports.	1,494,241	5,900,000

A certain proportion of the increase disclosed in the above figures is apparent rather than real, and is due to the fall in the value of the silver dollar; but even allowing for that, the foreign trade of Sarawak has more than doubled during the past thirty years.

The principal articles of export in 1901 were: Gold, \$1,246,114; pepper, \$1,477,499; gutta and india-rubber, \$1,222,382; and sago-flour, \$559,723; which together

represented three-quarters of the total value of exports.

In the import trade rice is by far the most important item, being represented in 1901 by a value of \$750,000, or one-sixth of the total value of imports. Other items were cloth of various kinds, \$537,895; tobacco, \$184,000; opium, \$172,000; kerosene oil, \$122,866; and sugar, \$105,067.

The future prosperity of Sarawak appears to be well assured. Valuable gold deposits exist, and these are being worked by the Borneo Company, Limited, which, if it has wasted twenty years in finding out the value of its properties in Sarawak, is now making up for lost time by introducing the most modern mining machinery and by employing a competent staff of scientific men to carry out its plans. As far as agriculture is concerned the pepper and sago of Sarawak command the highest price in the open market; and the demand for these commodities is constantly increasing. It is important to realize, in this connection, that nearly all the labor of the country is performed by Chinese immigrants, the native Dyak and Malay population being quite useless for industrial purposes, from strong disinclination to steady work of any kind.

The impression of the country which I carry away with me is that of a land full of contentment and prosperity, a land in which neither the native nor the white man has pushed his views of life to their logical conclusion, but where each has been willing to yield to the other something of his extreme conviction. There has been here a tacit understanding on both sides that those qualities which can alone insure the *permanence* of good government in the State are to be found in the white man and not in the native; and the final control remains, therefore, in European hands, although every opportunity is taken of consulting the natives and of benefiting by their intimate knowledge of the country and of the people.

Nothing could better serve to exhibit at once the strength and the weakness of a despotic form of government than the present condition of Sarawak, for if it be true that the wisdom, tolerance, and sympathy of the present Raja have molded the country to the extraordinary state of tranquil prosperity which it now enjoys, the power of an unwise or wicked ruler

to throw the country back into a condition of barbarism must be admitted as a necessary corollary. The advent of such a ruler is, however, in the highest degree improbable. The succession is guaranteed by the British Government; and the Raja Muda, Charles Vyner Brooke, has been educated with the fact of his eventual inheritance of the throne constantly in view. The future rulers of Sarawak

will no doubt be as carefully trained; and if the wise custom which has hitherto prevailed, of assigning to the Heir Apparent responsible administrative duties in the country districts, is continued there is no reason to doubt that the Brooke rule in Sarawak will confer in the future as it has done in the past the greatest benefits upon the country and its inhabitants.

Kuching, Sarawak, Borneo.

## The Forest<sup>1</sup>

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

### Chapter XVIII.—The Man who Walks by Moonlight

WE had been joined on the River by friends—"Doug," who never fished more than forty rods from camp, and was always inventing water-gauges, patent indicators, and other things, and who wore in his soft slouch hat so many brilliant trout-flies that he irresistibly reminded you of flower-decked Ophelia; "Dinnis," who was large and good-natured and bubbling and popular; Johnny, whose wide eyes looked for the first time on the woods life, and whose awestruck soul concealed itself behind assumptions; "Jim," six feet tall and three feet broad, with whom, the season before, I had penetrated to Hudson Bay; and, finally, "Doc," tall, granite, experienced, the best fisherman that ever hit the River. With these were Indians. Buckshot, a little Indian with a good knowledge of English; Johnnie Challán, a half-breed Indian, ugly, furtive, an efficient man about camp; and Tawabinisáy himself. This was an honor due to the presence of Doc. Tawabinisáy approved of Doc. That was all there was to say about it.

After a few days, inevitably, the question of Kawágama came up. Billy, Johnnie Challán, and Buckshot squatted in a semicircle, and drew diagrams in the soft dirt with a stick. Tawabinisáy sat on a log and overlooked the proceedings. Finally he spoke.

"Tawabinisáy" (they always gave him his full title; we called him Tawáb) "tell me lake you find he no Kawágama," trans-

lated Buckshot. "He called Black Beaver Lake."

"Ask him if he'll take us to Kawágama," I requested.

Tawabinisáy looked very doubtful.

"Come on, Tawáb," urged Doc, nodding at him vigorously. "Don't be a clam. We won't take anybody else up there."

The Indian probably did not comprehend the words, but he liked Doc.

"A' right," he pronounced, laboriously.

Buckshot explained to us his plans.

"Tawabinisáy tell me," said he, "he don' been to Kawágama seven year. Tomorrow he go blaze trail. Nex' day we go."

"How would it be if one or two of us went with him to-morrow to see how he does it?" asked Jim.

Buckshot looked at us strangely.

"I don't want to follow him," he replied, with a significant simplicity. "He run like a deer."

"Buckshot," said I, pursuing the inevitable linguistics, "what does Kawágama mean?"

Buckshot thought for quite two minutes. Then he drew a semicircle.

"W'at you call dat?" he asked.

"Crescent, like moon? half circle? horse-shoe? bow?" we proposed.

Buckshot shook his head at each suggestion. He made a wriggling mark, then a wide sweep, then a loop.

"All d'ose," said he, "w'at you call him?"

"Curve!" we cried.

"Ah hah," assented Buckshot, satisfied.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

"Buckshot," we went on, "what does 'Tawabinisáy' mean?"

"Man-who-travels-by-moonlight," he replied, promptly.

The following morning Tawabinisáy departed, carrying a lunch and a hand ax. At four o'clock he was back, sitting on a log and smoking a pipe. In the meantime we had made up our party.

Tawabinisáy himself had decided that the two half-breeds must stay at home. He wished to share his secret only with his own tribesman. The fiat grieved Billy, for behold he had already put in much time on this very search, and naturally desired to be in at the finish. Dick, too, wanted to go, but him we decided too young and light for a fast march. Dinnis had to leave the River in a day or so; Johnnie was a little doubtful as to the tramp, although he concealed his doubt—at least to his own satisfaction—under a variety of excuses. Jim and Doc would go, of course. There remained Doug.

We found that individual erecting a rack of many projecting arms—like a Greek warrior's trophy—at the precise spot where the first rays of the morning sun would strike it. On the projecting arms he purposed hanging his wet clothes.

"Doug," said we, "do you want to go to Kawágama to-morrow?"

Doug turned on us a sardonic eye. He made no direct answer, but told the following story:

"Once upon a time, Judge Carter was riding through a rural district in Virginia. He stopped at a negro's cabin to get his direction. 'Uncle,' said he, 'can you direct me to Colonel Thompson's?'"

"'Yes, sah,' replied the negro; 'yo' goes down this yah road 'bout two mile till yo' comes to an ol' ailm tree, and then yo' tu'ns sha'p to th' right down a lane fo' 'bout a qua'ter of a mile. Thah you sees a big white house. Yo' wants to go through th' ya'd, to a paf that takes you a spell to a gate. Yo' follows that road to th' lef' till yo' comes to three roads goin' up a hill; and, jedge, *it don' mattah which one of them thah roads yo' take, yo' sure gets lost anyway.*'"

Then Doug turned placidly back to the construction of his trophy.

We interpreted this as an answer, and made up an outfit for five.

The following morning at six o'clock we were under way. Johnnie Challán ferried us across the river in two installments. We waved our hands and plunged through the brush screen.

Thenceforth it was walk half an hour, rest five minutes, with almost the regularity of clockwork. We timed the Indians secretly, and found they varied by hardly a minute from absolute fidelity to this schedule. We had at first, of course, to gain the higher level of the hills, but Tawabinisáy had the day before picked out a route that mounted as easily as the country would allow, and through a hardwood forest free of underbrush. Briefly indicated, our way led first through the big trees and up the hills, then behind a great cliff knob into a creek valley, through a quarter-mile of bottom-land thicket, then by an open strip to the first little lake. This we ferried by means of the bark canoe carried on the shoulders of Tawabinisáy.

In the course of the morning we thus passed four lakes. Throughout the entire distance to Kawágama were the fresh ax-blazes the Indian had made the day before. These were neither so frequent nor as plainly cut as a white man's trail, but each represented a pause long enough for the clip of an ax. In addition, the trail had been made possible for a canoe. That meant the cutting out of overhanging branches wherever they might catch the bow of the craft. In the thicket a little road had been cleared, and the brush had been piled on either side. To an unaccustomed eye it seemed the work of two days at least. Yet Tawabinisáy had picked out his route, cleared and marked it thus, skirted the shores of the lakes we were able to traverse in the canoe, and had returned to the River in less time than we consumed in merely reaching the Lake itself! Truly, as Buckshot said, he must have "run like a deer."

Tawabinisáy has a delightful grin which he displays when pleased or good-humored or puzzled or interested or comprehending, just as a dog sneezes and wrinkles up his nose in like case. He is essentially kind-hearted. If he likes you and approves of you, he tries to teach you, to help you, to show you things. But he never offers to do any part of your work, and on the march he never looks back to

see if you are keeping up. You can shout at him until you are black in the face, but never will he pause until rest time. Then he squats on his heels, lights his pipe—and grins.

Buckshot adored him. This opportunity of traveling with him was an epoch. He drank in eagerly the brief remarks of his "old man," and detailed them to us with solemnity, prefaced always by his "Tawabinisáy tell me." Buckshot is of the better class of Indian himself, but occasionally he is puzzled by the woods noises. Tawabinisáy never. As we cooked lunch, we heard the sound of steady footsteps in the forest—*pat*; then a pause—then *pat*; just like a deer browsing. To make sure, I inquired of Buckshot:

"What is it?"

Buckshot listened a moment.

"Deer," said he, decisively; then, not because he doubted his own judgment, but from habitual deference, he turned to where Tawabinisáy was frying things.

"Qwaw?" he inquired.

Tawabinisáy never even looked up.

"Adjí-domo" (squirrel), said he.

We looked at each other incredulously. It sounded like a deer. It did not sound in the least like a squirrel. An experienced Indian had pronounced it a deer. Nevertheless, it was a squirrel.

We approached Kawágama by way of a gradual slope clothed with a beautiful beech and maple forest whose trees were the tallest of those species I have ever seen. Ten minutes brought us to the shore. There was no abrupt bursting in on Kawágama through screens of leaves; we entered leisurely to her presence by way of an antechamber whose spaciousness permitted no vulgar surprises. After a time we launched the canoe from a natural dock afforded by a cedar root, and so stood ready to cross to our permanent camp. But first we drew our knives and erased from a giant birch the half-grown-over name of the banker Clement.

There seems to me little use in telling you that Kawágama is about four miles long by a mile wide, is shaped like a crescent and lies in a valley surrounded by high hills; nor that its water is so transparent that the bottom is visible until it fades into the sheer blackness of depth; nor that it is alive with trout; nor that its silence is the silence of a vast

solitude, so that always, even at daybreak or at high midday, it seems to be late afternoon. That would convey little to you. I will inform you quite simply that Kawágama is a very beautiful specimen of the wilderness lake, that it is as the Lord made it, and that we had a good time.

Did you ever fish with the fly from a birch-bark canoe on absolutely still water? You do not seem to move. But far below you, gliding, silent, ghost-like, the bottom slips beneath. Like a weather-vane in an imperceptible current of air, your bow turns to right or left in apparent obedience to the mere will of your companion. And the flies drop softly like down. Then the silence becomes sacred. You whisper—although there is no reason for your whispering; you move cautiously lest your reel scrape the gunwale. An inadvertent click of the paddle is a profanation. The only creatures in all God's world possessing the right to utter aloud a single syllable are the loon far away, and the winter wren near at hand. Even the trout fight grimly, without noise, their white bodies flashing far down in the dimness.

Hour after hour we stole here and there like conspirators. Where showed the circles of a fish's rise, thither crept we to drop a fly on their center as in the bull's eye of a target. The trout seemed to linger near their latest capture, so often we would catch one exactly where we had seen him break water some little time before. In this was the charm of the still hunt. Shoal water, deep water, it seemed all the same to our fortunes. The lake was full of fish, and beautiful fish they were, with deep glowing bronze bellies, and all of from a pound to a pound and a half in weight. The lake had not been fished. Probably somewhere in those black depths over one of the bubbling springholes that must feed so cold and clear a body of water, are big fellows lying, and probably the crafty minnow or spoon might lure them out. But we were satisfied with our game.

At other times we paddled here and there in exploration of coves, inlets, and a tiny little brook that flowed westward from a reed marsh to join another River running parallel to our own.

The Indians had erected a huge lean-to of birch bark, from the ribs of which hung

clothes and the little bags of food. The cooking fire was made in front of it between two giant birch-trees. At evening the light and heat reflected strongly beneath the shelter, leaving the forest in impenetrable darkness. To the very edge of mystery crowded the strange woods noises, the eerie influences of the night, like wolves afraid of the blaze. We felt them hovering, vague, huge, dreadful, just outside the circle of safety our fire had traced about us. The cheerful flames

were dancing familiars who cherished for us the home feeling in the middle of a wilderness.

Two days we lingered, then took the back track. A little after noon we arrived at the camp, empty save for Johnny Challán. Towards dark the fishermen straggled in. Time had been paid them in familiar coinage. They had demanded only accustomed toll of the days, but we had returned laden with strange and glittering memories.<sup>1</sup>

THE END

## Diagnosing Insanity at Sight<sup>2</sup>

By Stephen Smith, M.D., LL.D.

"**W**HAT! Do you affirm that you can diagnose insanity at sight?"

"I do," was the calm, dignified, but emphatic response.

This question was put by John Van Buren, Esq., at that time Attorney-General of the State of New York, and was answered by Dr. Amariah Brigham, Superintendent of the Utica Asylum for the Insane. The occasion was remarkable for the intense popular interest in the results of the trial, the scientific questions involved, and the eminence of the now historical personages engaged in its management. This occasion was the trial of William Freeman, a negro, for the murder of the Van Ness family in the vicinity of Auburn, Cayuga County, New York, on the night of the 12th of March, 1846. The frightful tragedy was thus described in a local paper:

William Freeman, a negro, a native of Auburn, who has recently been discharged after five years' confinement in the States Prison, having provided himself with weapons proceeded to the house of John G. Van Ness, in the suburbs of Auburn, and there, without notice and without any apparent motive, slew Mr. Van Ness, a wealthy and worthy citizen, Mrs. Van Ness, her sleeping infant, and her aged mother, and wounded mortally, it is believed, the laboring man who dwelt with them, leaving only the maid servant of the family, and she had only been spared because he had been disabled in the affray.

The murderer was arrested and confessed the perpetration of the crime, but

showed no signs of regret; on the contrary, he freely described all the incidents of the murder, and laughed continually during the recital. The incensed and excited public saw in his strange acts and unaccountable conduct, together with the entire absence of motive for the crime, grounds for the belief that he might escape punishment on the plea of some wily lawyer that the prisoner was insane. Crowds of excited people gathered about the jail determined to seize the prisoner and lynch him, but the sheriff adopted such precautions that no serious effort was made at a rescue. But popular feel-

<sup>1</sup>In reply to inquiries as to necessary outfit for camping and woods traveling, the author furnishes the following lists:

### *I.—Provisions for man, one week.*

7 lbs. flour, 5 lbs. pork, .20 lb. tea, 2 lbs. beans, 1½ lbs. sugar, 1½ lbs. rice, 1½ lbs. prunes and raisins, .10 lb. lard, 1 lb. oatmeal, baking powder, matches, soap, pepper, salt, ½ lb. tobacco. (A little over 20 lbs.) This will last much longer if you get game and fish.

### *II.—Pack one, or absolute necessities for hard trip.*

*Wear*—Hat, 1 suit woolen underwear, shirt, trousers, socks, silk handkerchief, cotton handkerchief.

*Carry*—Sweater (3 lbs.); extra drawers, 2 extra pair socks (1½ lbs.); gloves (buckskin), towel, surgeon's plaster, laxative, 2 extra pairs moccasins, pistol and cartridges, fishing tackle, blanket (7½ lbs.), rubber blanket (1 lb.), tent (8 lbs.), small ax (2½ lbs.), knife, mosquito dope, compass, tooth-brush, comb, small whetstone—total, about 25 lbs.; 2 tin or aluminum pails, 1 aluminum frying-pan, 1 cup, 1 knife, fork, and spoon (4 lbs.—aluminum).

Whole pack under 50 lbs. In case of two or more people, each pack would be lighter, as tent, tinware, etc. would do for both.

### *III.—Pack two—for luxuries and easy trips—extra to pack one.*

More fishing tackle, camera, 1 more pair socks, 1 more suit underclothes, 1 more sweater, wading shoes of canvas, large ax, mosquito net, mending materials, kettle, candles, more tinware, another shirt, whisky.

<sup>2</sup>Read at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, Washington, District of Columbia, May 14, 1903.

ing now took another form. It was determined to resist to the last any effort that might be made to secure the escape of the criminal under cover of alleged insanity. The greatest vigilance was maintained over every movement in the legal proceedings in order to prevent that issue. What made the apprehension that this question would be raised more decisive was the circumstance that only a month previously a murderer had escaped the lawful punishment of his crime through the plea of insanity interposed by his counsel, William H. Seward, Esq. There was, indeed, a wide-spread belief that the criminal in the Van Ness tragedy was emboldened to perpetrate murder owing to the results of the recent trial. The excitement of the public was in some measure allayed by the remark of a prominent Judge that the prisoner would not escape conviction by any plea or defense of Seward.

But the Judge and the public were destined to be disappointed. Freeman was indicted and in due time brought into court for arraignment. The court house was densely packed by an eager and excited crowd of citizens. The District Attorney arraigned the prisoner on the several indictments for murder. Freeman's appearance was said to be that of a man "deaf, stupid, unable to talk connectedly or to any sensible purpose; had an idiotic laugh upon his face, and, apparently, was ignorant of, or indifferent to, his own situation." To the question "Have you any counsel?" the prisoner replied, "I don't know." To the further question "Who are your counsel?" he replied, "I don't know." These questions led up to the tragic feature of these proceedings. The Judge asked the usual question, "Will any one defend this man?" A death-like hush fell upon the audience. The report states that "The spectators looked at each other in breathless silence, broken only when Mr. Seward, pale with emotion, but with inflexible determination in every feature, rose and said, 'May it please the Court, I shall remain counsel for the prisoner until his death.'" It is added, "A murmur of indignation ran around the court-room at this continued defiance, as it was regarded, both of public opinion and of public justice."

At that period the anti-slavery agita-

tion had reached a degree of development which converted the prejudices of the great mass of the people against the negro into an uncontrollable frenzy when he committed crimes. Scarcely less bitter was the public feeling against the few anti-slavery sympathizers in the community who, though equally shocked by the murder, desired to have a fair trial given the criminal. But nothing could have occurred which tended to arouse greater popular indignation than the announcement that the negro was to have as his legal adviser and protector one who, under the specious plea of insanity, had recently secured a disagreement of the jury in a trial for murder. And it is certain that no man of less reputation than Mr. Seward would or could have had the courage to assume, voluntarily, the position of counsel of this self-convicted negro murderer. One prominent local attorney who was impressed with the conviction that the prisoner was insane or an imbecile, and that he might not receive fair treatment owing to the popular excitement, and had volunteered to defend him, publicly withdrew from the case rather than face the storm of indignation which awaited the counsel of the murderer. It was the abandonment of the case that led Mr. Seward, in volunteering to defend Freeman, to add, "I shall remain counsel for the prisoner until his death."

Mr. Seward occupied at that time a unique position in the political history of the State of New York. He had already been Governor of the State for two terms, and took rank among those advanced leaders of the Whig party who entertained and occasionally gave utterance to strong anti-slavery sentiments. No man of less note and courage would have dared to appear as counsel of the prisoner, and even he was denounced by the press and pulpit in unmeasured terms, and the most dishonorable motives were attributed to him in explanation of his conduct. Even the clergyman who conducted the funeral services of the murdered family had inflamed the public mind by appealing to instincts of self-preservation against any indulgence of moderation or forbearance toward "adroit counsel" in the efforts to lower the standard of accountability for crime by the plea of insanity.

It appears from the record that Mr.

Seward did not undertake the defense of Freeman from mere sentiment, but that he thoroughly studied the case and became convinced that the prisoner was hopelessly demented. He personally visited him in his cell and endeavored to converse with him, but found him hardly more than idiotic. He invited friends to visit the prisoner and study the case, and their reports confirmed his experience. He also engaged the services of expert physicians, all of whom agreed that Freeman was suffering from dementia due to a severe injury to the head received several years before, and his delusion was that he had been wrongfully confined in prison and that he would seek revenge of some one.

The District Attorney of Cayuga County, impressed with the gravity of the situation and the favorable character which Mr. Seward might give to the defense, summoned to his aid the Attorney-General of the State, John Van Buren, Esq., son of ex-President Martin Van Buren, then at the height of his professional and political fame. He was regarded as an excellent antagonist of Mr. Seward. The appearance of these famous men in court gave additional interest to the trial. The court-room was constantly crowded and the town was filled with strangers interested in the case.

The theory of the defense was insanity, and among the eminent alienists summoned as expert witnesses was Dr. Amariah Brigham. He was Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane at Utica, and was regarded as the highest authority in his specialty in this country. He had previously seen the prisoner and fully sustained the theory of insanity. At the time of the trial he had desired to see the prisoner again and make a more thorough study of the case. In order to weaken, as far as possible, Dr. Brigham's testimony, the prosecution refused to allow him to examine the prisoner during the trial. He was compelled, therefore, to form his opinion of the mental condition of Freeman by daily observations of his appearance and actions in court.

The testimony of Dr. Brigham was regarded as the pivot on which the case should ultimately turn, and public excitement was at its height when he was called to the witness stand. I happened to be

in Auburn the day that Dr. Brigham was examined and witnessed the remarkable scene which transpired, and which has never been described.

Dr. Brigham was a man whose personality would attract attention in any audience. He was very tall and spare, and his smoothly shaven face was as impassive and expressionless as marble. His eyes were piercing when fixed on an object, but expressive of humor when he was subjected to examination. The general impression which he made upon the spectators was that of a man of great intellectual superiority, but who had the most perfect self-control. On his direct examination he described in great detail the signs and symptoms of dementia, and gave his reasons for believing that this was the special form of insanity with which the prisoner was afflicted. He admitted that his opinion was based on his study and observation of the prisoner while in court. In reply to questions as to his ability to diagnose insanity at sight, he expressed the most positive opinion that he could do so ordinarily, and had often proved his power to detect the absence of insanity when insanity was feigned by observation and without asking a question.

On the cross-examination Mr. Van Buren resorted to every possible stratagem and quibble to destroy the effect of these firmly expressed opinions. He ranged through the fields of literature, science, history, and philosophy to find some point of attack where Dr. Brigham might be vulnerable, but in vain, for he was met not only with prompt answers, but frequently the learned counsel, with all the wit and sarcasm for which he was renowned, was placed in limbo by the incisive repartee of the witness.

The character of much of this part of the testimony will appear from quotations from the record.

"Is suicide contagious?" asked the counsel.

"I think it was in the French Army until Napoleon put a stop to it," the witness replied. It is stated that a titter ran through the audience and the Attorney-General renewed the charge.

"Is hysterics contagious?" he asked.

"It seems to be catching!" the Doctor placidly said.

"Suppose, Doctor," said the counsel



with a sneer, "that I should go out and steal a hundred dollars and then come in again and sit down here, would you swear I was insane?"

"I think I should," calmly replied the Doctor.

At length the examination took a more practical form when the counsel inquired as to the method pursued by the witness in diagnosing insanity at sight. The witness replied that he relied on the features of the patient, which he always attentively studied.

"Which feature do you rely on in your diagnosis?" queried the counsel.

"I rely on no one feature, but study them as a group," was the answer.

"Do you rely on the chin?" he was asked. "No," he said. "Do you rely on the nose?" was the next question. "No," he said. "Do you rely on the ear?" the counsel persisted. "No," said the witness. "Do you rely on the cheek?" was the next tantalizing question. "No," was the answer. "Do you rely on the mouth?" the counsel continued. "Very much," said the Doctor. "Do you rely upon the eyes?" was the next question. "Still more than on the mouth," the witness answered. "If, then, this prisoner were concealed all but his mouth or his eyes, you affirm that you could decide accurately whether or not he is insane?" queried Mr. Van Buren. "No, I do not state that; I must see all of the features at once," the witness urged. For a considerable time the astute Attorney-General dwelt on the features of different persons, endeavoring by his wit and sarcasm to throw the utmost ridicule upon the witness's method of detecting insanity at sight. With passive countenance and in the most quiet, self-possessed manner the witness answered all the questions, exhibiting not the slightest irritation at the gibes and jeers of the wily and witty counsel as he held up to ridicule before the jury Dr. Brigham's new method of diagnosing insanity.

The interest of the court, jury, counsel, and the immense audience had gradually increased as the examination progressed, until the nervous tension of the entire mass of people had become painful and the suppressed excitement was intense. The climax was reached when the Attorney-General exclaimed, with startling

vehemence and emphasis on every word, "What! Do you affirm that you can diagnose insanity at sight?" "I do," was the calm, dignified, but emphatic, response. Thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest and turning towards the jury and the spectators, the Attorney-General demanded in the most contemptuous manner and tone, "Point out to the court and jury an insane person." This challenge was the critical test of the competency of the witness on the credibility of whose testimony the defense placed its chief reliance. Dr. Brigham accepted the challenge without a moment's hesitation, and with an air of reserved confidence which impressed every one with the belief, or perhaps fear, that he would prove equal to the emergency.

It is impossible to describe the scene which followed. A breathless silence fell upon the court-room. The venerable Judge raised his glasses to his forehead and surveyed the excited mass of people about to undergo the ordeal of an examination as to their sanity. The large number of legal gentlemen within the bar arose to their feet and gazed at the crowded hall and passageways with intense curiosity. The spectators were simply awe-stricken when they realized that the crucial test was to be applied to them, and, being one of the number, I still feel the thrill of horror I experienced.

Dr. Brigham rose from his chair very deliberately and stood for a moment surveying the people, as if to determine where to begin his scrutiny. He was as white and emotionless as a marble statue. Turning slowly to the left or first tier of seats he began a deliberate survey of the spectators, scanning the features of each one with the apparent confidence that he could detect the faintest traces of insanity. As his keen, searching eyes glanced from tier to tier of seats the suspense was simply unendurable. He had reached the middle aisle and yet no one had been pointed out as insane. Five hundred faces had been scrutinized and no group of individual features had responded to the test. That portion of the audience at least breathed more freely. An incredulous smile began to play about the mouth and light up the mobile features of the Attorney-General, while a greater earnestness of manner and intensity of scrutiny were

apparent in the witness. Deep furrows appeared on his pallid face, and his eyes assumed a piercing brilliancy which made every one shrink on whom his gaze was momentarily fixed. I felt myself transfixed when I realized that my face was focalized on his vision, and I experienced a sense of the greatest relief when I saw that I had safely passed the trying ordeal. A sigh of relief followed along the rows of seats as the glance of the great expert swept over them. The area of faces still to be examined was now rapidly diminishing, and but one-fourth of the audience remained to be scanned. It was apparent that thus far either there was no insane person in the crowd, or if there was, the witness had failed to detect such person, and hence had failed to answer the practical test to which he had been challenged by the prosecution and which he had accepted without protest.

Suddenly the wandering eyes of the expert became fixed, his features relaxed and assumed their customary impassiveness, and it was evident that he had discovered the object of his search. Stretching out his long arm and pointing with his finger toward a person on one of the rear tiers of seats, he quietly said, "There is an insane man." At the instant a man, as if struck with a bullet, sprang from his seat and, wildly gesticulating and shouting a volley of oaths against any one who would call him insane, rushed down the aisle towards the bar. The Judge rose

hastily from his chair as if about to escape; the lawyers were panic-stricken and mingled with the crowd; but Dr. Brigham stood perfectly self-possessed, while the officers struggled with the lunatic in their efforts to remove him from the court-room.

The whole scene was intensely dramatic and the termination was a surprising ovation for the triumphant actor, Dr. Brigham. The prosecution was completely nonplused, and the witness was allowed to retire without further tests of his ability as an authority in the diagnosis of insanity at sight. The man who was pointed out as insane proved to be a harmless lunatic who had strayed into court from a neighboring livery stable. To break the force of Dr. Brigham's successful test, however, the prosecution circulated the report that Mr. Seward, in anticipation of this test being made, had caused the insane man to be placed in that seat, and that Dr. Brigham had previously seen him. This absurd story only heightened the effect of the favorable impression which Dr. Brigham's successful answer of the challenge of the Attorney-General made upon the court, jury, and the people.

The final issue of the case was the conviction of the criminal for murder in the first degree. Public feeling would admit of no other verdict. He was not executed, but died in prison, demented to idiocy. An autopsy confirmed the correctness of the defense—insanity.

## Insurance and Crime<sup>1</sup>

**M**R. Campbell's "Insurance and Crime" is not a book made out of other books, but a book out of which other books—or at least many magazine articles—may be made. The author has explored a new field with the intellectual thoroughness of a scholar and the moral insight of a reformer. In laying bare the abuses that have grown up about the now omnipresent system of insurance, he is as far from attacking the insurance principle as religious reformers have been from attacking the principle of religion when they have laid bare the abuses that have grown up about the

Church. He believes in insurance, but demonstrates that this great sphere of human activity is no more exempt from moral evils than any other, and that these moral evils are not to be cured merely by the enlightened self-interest of insurance men. The conscience of the whole public must be aroused to protect the public welfare.

The author's first illustration of the inadequacy of the motive of self-interest on the part of the insurance companies to protect the public is the history of marine insurance. Instance after instance is given of vessels overinsured, which were sent out to sea in unseaworthy condition, certain to go down in the first storm,

<sup>1</sup> *Insurance and Crime*. By Alexander Colin Campbell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

bearing with them all on board. In some cases captains were hired to scuttle their ships if the storms failed to do the desired work. Yet this system of robbery and murder continued to develop itself without serious check from the insurance companies until the whole nation was aroused by appalling calamities and the Plimsoll Mark to prevent overloading was established after a heroic struggle in Parliament. To the Plimsoll legislation Mr. Campbell attaches less importance than we should have anticipated, but none the less his narrative sustains his contention that the insurance companies found it easier to raise the rates of insurance upon all vessels, sound or unsound, than to discriminate between the owners of one and the owners of the other. Only public action, prompted by the desire to preserve the lives of uninsured crews, caused the system of inspection which practically put an end to the ghastly industry of insuring death-traps.

Turning from marine insurance to fire insurance, Mr. Campbell shows that the same principle is still true in a very remarkable degree. In the latter part of the seventeenth century—at the time of the great fire in London—the whole system of fire insurance came very near becoming a public function. It was only after a long controversy that the advocates of fire insurance and fire protection through the agency of a private company carried the day against the advocates of a city system. Curiously enough, in London the companies furnished fire protection as well as fire insurance down to 1866, when the city took over the former work. The companies had made a failure of it, and were naturally glad to be relieved of the expense it involved, and to confine themselves to the revenue-yielding field of insurance. To some extent the fire insurance companies, particularly some of the mutual companies, have insisted upon regulations tending to prevent fires in the property insured. But in general, Mr. Campbell maintains, even when the insurance companies come together for joint agreements, they have striven to increase rates so that they could afford to run the risk of subsidized arson rather than to establish rules to eliminate the moral hazards. No insurance companies, he says, make really effective discriminations

between insurers morally certain to guard their property against loss, and those palpably uncertain not to set fire to it. The difficulty here comes largely through the fact that the insurance companies deal with their patrons through agents, and the companies everywhere persist in paying their agent according to the amount of the policies he writes. "The company," says Mr. Campbell, "deals through agents whom it pays, not in proportion as they maintain the company's interest, but in proportion as they maintain the interest of the other side." Mr. Campbell admits that he cannot fully explain why the companies have failed to get rid of this anomaly, but insists that there is no question as to the fact. It is impossible, he says, simultaneously to move from somewhere to nowhere, and while the insurance companies recognize that their present position is bad, no one has yet suggested a new position which they could all take in common, or any one of them take alone, without running the risk of loss of trade. Often, he says, agents do reject risks to protect their companies, but the temptation is always present for them to write policies for anybody for the largest amounts possible. The record of crime promoted by the over-insurance of property is simply interminable. Mr. Campbell's citations make extremely vivid the magnitude of the abuse, but, unfortunately, he has no adequate remedy to offer. Apparently he has as little faith that legislatures can remedy the evils as that insurance companies will remedy them. His only hope is that public indignation against the injustice of assessing the best class of insurers as heavily as the worst, and public alarm over the subsidizing of arson, may in some unknown way compel a reformation.

In the field of life insurance Mr. Campbell presents even more thrilling historical incidents bringing out the terrible crimes which unregulated insurance may incite, and here his narrative has philosophical completeness in that he is able to present the legal remedy for the wrongs exposed. This remedy consists in the prohibition of insurance for the benefit of any one who has not a clear financial interest in the continued life of the person insured. The partial adoption of this principle has in large measure done away with subsidized

crime in this branch of insurance, and its complete adoption would still further reduce it. In dealing with child life insurance Mr. Campbell does not array himself with the sensational reformers who would make us believe that among the poor the insurance of a child's life is generally equivalent to the insurance of his death. He is, indeed, extremely mild in recommendations of legislative control. But the public records of child murder which he cites will prompt many of his readers to demand that legislators apply rigidly in this field the principle that parents may only insure against the financial loss which their children's sickness and death would bring. To insure against loss—to make small sacrifices in times of prosperity to provide against disaster—is a reasonable and rightful thing; but to insure in the hope of gain through others' losses is a species of policy-playing or gambling that is bad in spirit and demoralizing in its consequences.

Mr. Campbell's three chapters on Company Frauds deal with quite a distinct form of crime connected with unregulated insurance. Many of the incidents illustrating how irresponsible companies have

defrauded policy-holders are grotesque in the extreme, but in most of these cases the victims of the crimes awaken little pity, as their own senseless greed has prompted them to take foolhardy risks in the hope of getting something for nothing or getting immense returns from small investments. In large measure the radical cure for this form of wrong was the public experience, with its quick and inevitable consequences, but the narrative also brings out the necessity for a State supervision of insurance companies as thorough as that provided for banks. These chapters, however, stand a little apart from the main purport of the book, which is to bring out the public losses consequent upon the permission of insurance contracts by which the insured may gain by the very disaster against which he insures. Public sentiment, he urges, should unite with public law in making such gains next to impossible. This discussion of remedies, as we have before suggested, is not as adequate as the discussion of evils, but the author has done such good work as an explorer that he may with good conscience leave to some one else the supplementary work of the legislator.

## Saxon Ecclesiastical Architecture<sup>1</sup>

**A**S befits the text, this work is presented in large print and on good paper. A wealth of illustration adds greatly to the value. The Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh has thus put the world in possession of information not to be obtained elsewhere with the peculiar and helpful illumination here found. He has not been content with writing a history of the arts of early England, or merely a history of Saxon architecture; his volumes comprise also a valuable account of the social and religious life which underlies the history of art in every country. Better than before we understand that the Saxons did not roam about in the fashion of Mr. Hewlett's "Forest Lovers;" that Alfred the Great and Charlemagne were the most modern men of the mediæval period; above all, that Bishop Lightfoot's glowing words

concerning that distant epoch of Christianity in England were true, for it was "the most attractive and in a spiritual aspect the most splendid in the annals of the Church."

So far as architecture is concerned, while France and Britain may have passed through the same phases of ecclesiastical development, they passed through them at different times. It is true that Church history started in both countries at about the same epoch; but whereas in Gaul that history was continuous, in Britain it was soon interrupted by the invasion of the Danes. The invasions shook the life of the Church as they shook the life of the State. If in Saxon civilization there was neither continuous progress nor evolution, the same is true of Saxon architecture; indeed, in many respects, Professor Baldwin Brown shows that the early periods are really more attractive than the later, first owing to the Danish desolation, and next to a tendency in the Saxon temperament to sink into that inertia which Bede depre-

<sup>1</sup> *The Arts in Early England*. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3 Vols.

cates in his countrymen. The author considers (1) the Romano-British churches prior to the Saxon invasion, (2) the structures built and used by Celtic Christians in the non-Romanized parts of the British Isles, and (3) the Saxon churches erected subsequent to the conversion to Christianity of the invader. From the conversion of Ethelbert to the Norman Conquest, the author divides Church history into three strikingly convenient periods, the first ending with the first inroad of the Danes, the second covering the Danish wars, and the third beginning with Edgar's reign—or, roughly, 600–800, 800–950, 950–1066.

The work is a popular one in the sense that the criteria which are given to aid the observer in distinguishing a Saxon church from one belonging to other mediæval periods, may be diagnosed even from the bicycle saddle—for instance: "The first sight of a country church is generally of its tower and spire. A western tower that is of great height in proportion to its width and of conspicuous plainness will repay interrogation. If it be buttressed at its angles, it is no use inquiring further, unless, indeed, the buttresses can be plainly seen to be later additions. If it rise gaunt and smooth, the outline only broken perhaps by a single horizontal string course, above

which it may be slightly narrow, it has Saxon character" etc. The author then proceeds to put his reader in possession of the main facts concerning the plan, the general form, and the details of the most characteristic examples of Saxon ecclesiastical architecture.

The weight of Professor Baldwin Brown's authority may serve to dissipate at least one popular prejudice; he declares that no evidence exists to show that any existing Saxon church was once part of a pagan Roman building. He confirms another popular prejudice, however, in declaring that, while the Saxon village church was fairly up to the general mediæval standard for structures of the kind, in cathedral and abbey churches, even if the Saxon builder did rise to the height of his task, the standard of size and splendor was so quickly advanced after the Norman conquest that the original Saxon structures had perforce to yield to larger and more ornate edifices. From the tenth century to the middle of the fourteenth, the economic condition of the rural villages and country towns did not greatly alter, but the resources of the larger abbeys and bishops' sees were enormously increased.

These superb volumes have an inexact title: "Saxon Ecclesiastical Architecture" would have been preferable.

## Trusts and the Tariff<sup>1</sup>

IT is, we think, unfortunate that Mr. Bolen has put two quite distinct books into one volume. Part One contains "The Plain Facts as to the Trusts," Part Two "The Plain Facts as to the Tariff." Whatever economic connection these two topics may have, his treatment demonstrates that they can be separately treated, for he has treated them separately. There is practically no unity in the volume, except that produced by the binder's art. Each Part is complete in itself, and each might have been published as a separate volume. And however interdependent Mr. Bolen may think the two themes, it is certain that they will be approached by readers in a very different mood of mind. Say what we

will as to the duty of considering the tariff question in a purely non-partisan and scientific spirit, it is difficult to find any American who does so consider it. The tariff has been for nearly or quite a century a political question, and the national habit of so regarding it is fixed—not so as to trusts. A few persons, pecuniarily interested in trusts, object to any interference with them; a few others, personally injured by a trust, object to any allowance of them. But most of us have no fixed and final opinions on the subject. The public mind is as yet unformed. Americans need just such a book as Part One of this volume would be if it were published separately. We hope that it is not yet too late to issue it as a separate volume.

For as a reference-book Part One is of

<sup>1</sup> *Plain Facts as to Trusts and the Tariff*. By George L. Bolen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

great value. The author has made a careful study of the best literature on the subject. His impartiality is not imperiled by any illusive ambition for originality. He has no panacea to offer. He is rather a scholar than a prophet, and on economic subjects it is the work of the scholar which Americans most need. He writes without heat, and is neither the assailant nor the apologist of trusts. He does not wish to smash the trusts, nor, on the other hand, does he deny their existence. He is neither a disciple of Mr. Bryan nor of the late Thomas B. Reed; he follows neither the "Commoner" nor the New York "Sun." The title of one of his chapters indicates the spirit of the book: "Possibilities for Good and Evil." He believes that a principal cause of trusts is to be found in railroad discriminations; but he would not substitute public for private ownership of railroads; he would repeal the anti-pooling law and would simultaneously give the Inter-State Commerce Commis-

sion a *power* which it does not possess to regulate rates. He sees more reason for the Government ownership of the telegraph, and for the municipal ownership, though not the municipal operation, of street railways. More important, however, than his own conclusions is his condensed and fair-minded report of the conclusions of others on these and kindred subjects. As a reporter he compacts a great deal into a little space. His book is not wanting in opinions, but it is especially rich in facts. In style and in character it is cyclopedic. It ought to be in the library of every journalist who undertakes to deal with this subject. It would make an excellent text-book for academic instruction. The fair-minded legislator will find it valuable. It is, in a word, the sort of material which leaders of public opinion, who wish to base their own opinions on the experience of the past, always find serviceable and often find essential in their work.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**April Twilights.** By Willa Sibert Cather. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5x7½ in. 52 pages. \$1.

**All on the Irish Shore: Irish Sketches.** By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. Illustrated. (Second Impression.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 274 pages. \$1.50.

There are eleven of these light and amusing sketches which deal largely with horses and hunting in Ireland, and the one criticism possible is of the very clever authors—that they did not see fit to make it an even dozen. So diverting a book we have not encountered in many a day.

**Call of the Wild (The).** By Jack London. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 231 pages. \$1.50.

This is a fine dog-story, but it is a great deal more than that. Through the history of the kidnapped St. Bernard, Buck, his subjugation by the law of the club, his adventures in the Klondike, where he becomes famous as a superb sledge dog, his fights for the mastership, his duel to the death with a rival, the abuse and suffering he endures with unconquerable soul, his one great love for a human being and the deeds that love prompts, and, finally, his reversion to type, his yielding to the "call of the wild" until he becomes a magnificent savage, the leader of a pack of wolves—through all these incidents of Buck's remarkable career Mr. London shows us, with

a cold, clear vigorousness that suits the subject, the life of the Far North. One feels that around Buck is passing a wild, hard, thrilling strife for existence, for food, and for gold. The human figures are strongly drawn; and although there is no love tale in the book, its romance is fascinating. In point of execution this story seems to us the best that Mr. London has put forth. It takes hold of the attention irresistibly, and keeps that hold to the end. A word of special praise should be accorded the original and effective color illustration.

**Cambridge Modern History (The).** Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., Stanley Leathes, M.A. Vol. VII. The United States. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½x10 in. 857 pages. \$4.

Reserved for later notice.

**Country Jake (The).** By Oliver Woodruff Gogin. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 129 pages.

**Count Zarka.** By Sir William Magnay. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 318 pages.

Not a very good specimen of the romance of cut-and-thrust, court intrigue, and improbable adventure.

**Crystals and Gold.** By R. T. Cross. Published by the Author, York, Neb. 5x7½ in. 191 pages. \$1.

**Evolution of the Japanese: Social and Psychic.** By Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6x9 in. 457 pages. \$2. net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson (The).** By John Kelman, Jr., M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6x9 in. \$1.50. net.

Mr. Kelman is a preacher of Edinburgh, formerly an assistant of Dr. George Adam Smith. It is said that no one else has so approached the power and influence over the young men of Scotland which Professor Drummond had. Evidently an earnest admirer of Stevenson, he has made an astonishingly minute and thorough examination of the whole Stevensonian literature, and has directly or by deduction found much that bears on the different phases and changes in Stevenson's religious thought. Naturally, such a book is largely subjective, and in parts the reasoning strikes one as a little over-subtle, but the writer avoids the pitfalls of dogmatism and rhapsody with great skill, while the innumerable quotations from his author save the elaborate volume from any charge of dullness.

**Following the Deer.** By William J. Long. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½x8 in. 193 pages.

Mr. Copeland's drawings and the decoration of the pages and cover all help make this a pretty volume externally. Mr. Long's talk about the deer here included originally formed part of his book "Secrets of the Woods," but is well suited to the present separate publication.

**Fundamental Problems: The Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge.** By Dr. Paul Carus. (Third Edition.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5x8 in. 373 pages.

**George H. Hepworth: Preacher, Journalist, Friend of the People.** By Susan Hayes Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x8½ in. 294 pages. \$2. net.

From the day he was born, when laid aside as dead he was made to draw his first breath by the zealous efforts of a neighbor, to the end of his life the subject of this appreciative biography seems to have had more than his share of human vicissitudes. The soundness of his heart is amply shown by the development which these experiences wrought in his character. As a boy he was studious, and, as one school incident shows, spirited. Those who knew him in his boyhood, however, could hardly have foreseen his growth into a man of stanchness and enterprising moral courage. The event in his life in which these qualities were most amply proved was his change from the Unitarian to the evangelical Congregational ministry. As the biographer points out, this was not due wholly to doctrinal beliefs, although in so far as Dr. Hepworth's "personal attachment to Christ" led him to theological views about Christ it was due to doctrinal beliefs in some considerable measure. It was caused as well by his sympathy with the masses of the people, with whom he felt the Unitarian body had little in common. The bitter feelings engendered by his change of denominational affiliation tried both his courage and his charity. That he not only

persisted in spite of them, but even overcame them, was evidence of the strength of his character. For the last twenty years and more of his life he was engaged largely in journalistic work, writing religious editorials and other contributions for the New York "Herald," and representing that journal as an investigator of conditions in Ireland during the famine of 1880 and the Armenian massacres in 1897. During the last year of his life he showed his spirit by continuing his literary work in spite of illness that kept him much of the time on his back. He was an optimist from first to last, but not because his life was one of ease. The story of his life is well told. It is thoroughly readable. It is frankly admiring, but marked by restraint and good taste. It pictures Dr. Hepworth's personality skilfully and convincingly.

**Gilded Lady (The): Being the True Story of a Crime Against the United States Government as Recorded by Henry V. Chardon, late of the Secret Service.** By Will M. Clemens. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 268 pages. \$1.25.

**Girl and the Devil (A).** By Jeannette Llewellyn Edwards. Illustrated. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 270 pages.

**Gospel in Miniature (The): An Exposition of the Prayer that Jesus Taught Men to Pray.** By Alba C. Piersel. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 4¼x6 in. 117 pages. 25c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

**Haz de Leña (El).** By D. Gaspar Nunez de Arce. By Rudolph Schwill. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼x6½ in. 153 pages.

In this edition of perhaps the most dignified historical Spanish play of our century Professor Schwill has done more than merely to introduce English readers to "El Haz de Leña" by means of admirable introductory essays and notes. At last the reader whose Don Carlos of history is Schiller's may find out in a popular way through this drama just who the real Don Carlos was, and incidentally may define the gloomy Philip II. more closely. From Prescott to Martin Hume, Philip has stood as the incarnation of bigotry and hateful autocracy, yet the Spanish view of the sovereign has ever been more lenient, and it is in accord with this view that the king stands forth in "El Haz de Leña." Yet, after all is said, Philip remains hard-hearted, intolerant, fanatical. His idea of accomplishing God's will was by preserving absolutism; he sincerely believed that he was dispensing divine justice in killing or burning traitors and heretics. Even his own flesh and blood found no mercy at his hands, as we see in the case of Don Carlos. Students both of history and of the drama will welcome the publication in this form of a play which deserves to stand alongside Schiller's inspiring work as a great dramatic achievement, and deserves to rank even ahead of the German play as an accurate presentation of character.

**How We are Fed: A Geographical Reader.** By James Franklin Chamberlain. (Home and World Series.) Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York.

**Individual Prayer as a Working Force.** By David Gregg, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 147 pages. 60c.

**Influence of Emerson (The).** By Edwin D. Mead. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5x7½ in. 304 pages. \$1.20, net.

Three essays on Emerson, by one who is so ardent a disciple as to say in regard to Emerson's writings, "It could almost be wished that there might be professorships of this book, 'Nature,' and the correlated essays, in our colleges—" and to explain why this is not an extravagant wish. The first essay deals with Emerson's philosophy, the second with his relation to Theodore Parker, the third with his relation to Carlyle. There is much that is suggestive in this volume. Those, however, who feel that Emerson's individualism is too often egotism and self-assertiveness, if not arrogance, finely phrased, will find it hard to read with patience an estimate that concludes: "Thus always is Emerson his own best balancer and corrector. . . . This, we say, was the wise man, the perfect and upright; we find in him no fault at all."

**Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy.** By Arthur Stone Dewing. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x8½ in. 346 pages. \$2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Is There a God?** By John Hunkey. In 2 vols. Vol I. Published by the Author, Atchison, Kan. 5¼x8½ in. 320 pages.

**Joliffe: Incidents of Peculiar Beliefs in Meridional France.** By Maxwell Sommerville. Illustrated. Drexell Biddle, Philadelphia. 4½x7 in. 213 pages.

**Karma: A Story of Buddhist Ethics.** By Paul Carus. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 46 pages.

**Lord's Prayer (The): A Paraphrase.** By Charlotte H. Homosum Co., New York. 5½x7 in. 22 pages. 50c.

**Mettle of the Pasture (The).** By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 448 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Modern Patrician (A).** By N. Ainsworth Montgomery. James H. Earle & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 444 pages. \$1.50.

**Mors et Victoria.** Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼x8¼ in. 117 pages. \$1.20, net.

An anonymous dramatic poem in three acts, dealing with the persecution of the Huguenots. The heroine is a maid of honor to "Queen Margot." The end is deeply tragical.

**Mothers (The).** By Edward F. Hayward. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5x7½ in. 27 pages. 75c.

**Nerves in Disorder: A Plea for Rational Treatment.** By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. \$1.50.

**Papers of Pastor Felix (The).** By Arthur John Lockhart. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5x8 in. 386 pages. \$1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

**Plays of Maevonius (The). Ex Anti-Quitatis Angiporibus Parateles.** The Marion Press, Jamaica, Queensborough, New York. 7¼x11 in. 56 pages.

**Rejected of Men.** By Howard Pyle. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½x7½ in. 268 pages. \$1.50. An attempt to retell the story of Jesus's life in a modern environment. Caiaphas is Dr. Caiaphas, rector of the Church of the Advent

and then bishop; the "rich young ruler" is Mr. Gilderman, owner of the Gilderman Building and son-in-law of Dr. Caiaphas; Pilate is Governor Pilate; while John the Baptist, Lazarus, and Christ retain their Scriptural names unaltered. Tom Kettle, the man born blind who was cured by Christ, is a "charity case," who receives severe treatment from the church committee on the charge of fraudulent misrepresentations. Mr. Gilderman is a spectator of the resurrection of Lazarus at the cemetery, and then drives at a rattling pace to catch the "three-twenty-two train." He discovers that he is neglecting his club-mates and his wife because of his interest in "the Man," and recovers his composure. He plays poker at the club, wins his money, takes an electric cab home, and then suddenly at the front door sees the mob with two or three policemen taking Christ to the crucifixion. The purpose of the book is frankly didactic; it aims to let the reader "see why it was that we crucified the Truth." Whether it is convincing or not depends altogether on the reader.

**Religious Education Association (The).** Proceedings of the First Annual Convention, Chicago, February 10-12, 1903. Published by the Executive Office of the Association, Chicago. 6x9 in. 422 pages.

Dr. Hervey, in his address included in this volume, tells an anecdote of a boy in an industrial class held on Saturday: "'How is it,' said the teacher, 'that you cut up so in Sunday-school and behave so well here?' 'Well,' said the boy, 'here I have something to occupy my mind; in Sunday-school I don't.'" There is stated concretely the inadequacy of religious education, not only in the Sunday-school—which is only one agency—but in the home, in the day school, through books, periodicals, and associations of one sort and another. The Religious Education Association, organized last February, is a means by which men of ability and influence are attempting to give to religious education the dignity that it ought to have. This volume is a record of the first convention of that Association. It contains many valuable addresses. It is to be recommended to all who are concerned about education in religion for two reasons: first, because of the discussions it records on topics of high importance; second, because of the account it gives of the principles and the spirit of the Association itself.

**Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists.** By E. Belfort Bax. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 407 pages. \$2.

The term Anabaptist is here used to include a number of sects which arose and thrived during a large part of the sixteenth century in Europe. Their only common bond outwardly consisted in their agreement in asserting that one who was a true believer, according to their doctrines, must be re-baptized, although he has already once been baptized. Socially their unity consisted in the fact that there were various forms of the one protest on the part of the artisan classes against the religious and social traditionalism behind which their feudal superiors had entrenched themselves. Religiously their unity consisted in the fact that



they relied on the "inner light" as a guidance in the understanding of the Bible. Within such unity their diversity was extraordinary. Some, regarding all law, both civil and moral, superseded by the "inner light," declared that the believer could not sin; and therefore gave themselves up to unbridled indulgence in every form of vice; others, regarding their own "inner light" supremely authoritative, made laws and rules, both civil and moral, which they put into execution by sword and flame. One sect encouraged women to abandon chastity, on the ground that Christians achieve salvation by suffering shame. Of another sect, some burnt their Bibles and refused to work or pray, saying that God would write his law in their hearts and had no need of anything they might do. If there is such a thing as epidemic insanity it certainly was rife among these Anabaptists. In these various Anabaptist sects may be found prototypes of modern religious sects all the way from orthodox Baptists and Friends, through Unitarians and Universalists, to Christian Scientists and even polygamous Mormons. The author's social sympathy, being on the side of those who are oppressed and are struggling against odds, enables him to get the point of view of these artisans and handicraftsmen who, often by methods intolerable in any age, asserted their religious and social liberty. This social sympathy, however, sometimes leads the author to apologize or extenuate the cruelty and the lawlessness which at times seemed to be unrestrained among these sectaries. Indeed, the book is full of violence and bloodshed and torture, in which feudal lords and journeymen were by turn executioners and victims. Occasionally an inaccuracy of statement is to be found, as, for instance, when the "origin of baptism by immersion" is specifically identified with a certain event, and when the Moravians are classified without qualification under the head of Anabaptists. These errors, however, are probably due to carelessness of phrase. The book is informing, readable, and full of human feeling. The partisanship of the author imparts to his narrative style, vitality, and vividness in narration, while the frankness with which he recounts the worst as well as the best side of those with whose social struggles he is in sympathy deprives his partisanship of any pernicious quality.

**Siege of Youth (The).** By Frances Charles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. \$1.50.

Those who like the obvious and the dramatic in fiction will find this story over-sophisticated and devoid of action. Others will see that there are remarkable impressionistic effects in the character-study, and that the author has intellectual force of an unusual order.

**Spirit in Man (The): Sermons and Selections.** By Horace Bushnell. (Centenary Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x8 in. 444 pages. \$1.25, net.

The sermons of Dr. Bushnell are an exception to the rule that sermons are better heard than read. What power he may have put into them by his personality we do not know, but their style is such as to give the impression to

the reader that they would require for appreciation by an audience very close listening. They are not always easy reading, but to thoughtful minds they are always stimulating. This volume contains, in addition to some complete sermons, a number of extracts from sermons left by the author in a rough and unrevised state, a few letters, and forty pages of aphorisms. These last are very characteristic of Bushnell's genius, and illustrate what we have said, that he is often better worth reading than hearing. Some of these aphorisms, carefully pondered, should suffice to correct radical errors in modern democracy. For example, "Liberty is justice secured." This is the liberty America is trying to give to the Filipinos. "Have faith in truth, never in numbers." Majorities, then, are not infallible.

**Style Manual for Stenographers, Reporters, and Correspondents.** By Hugh Graham Paterson. Published by the Author, 153 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. 6x9 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 116 pages. \$2, net.

**Surd of Metaphysics: An Inquiry Into the Question Are There Things-In-Themselves?** By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 233 pages.

**Tempest (The).** By William Shakespeare. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D. (The Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x7 in. 116 pages. 15c.

**Temple Bible (The): First and Second Books of Exodus.** Edited by Archibald Duff, D.D., LL.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5 $\frac{1}{4}$  in. 146 pages. 60c, net.

**Training of Wild Animals (The).** By Frank C. Bostock. Edited by Ellen Velvin, F.Z.S. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 256 pages. \$1, net.

An extremely interesting account of the methods of animal-trainers by one of the most successful and daring members of the profession. There are many pictures.

**Wesley and His Preachers: Their Conquest of Britain.** By G. Holden Pike. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x8 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 310 pages. \$1.75, net.

This is one of the number of books called forth by the bi-centenary of Wesley's birth. It is a string of incidents, anecdotes, and quotations from Wesley and others, arranged under such chapter headings as "Some Characteristics of the Man," "The Early Assistant Preachers," "Some Phases of Town and Village Life," "The Common People," "Belief in the Supernatural," "Quakers in London and Elsewhere." The volume is not characterized by either originality of thought or orderliness of construction. It serves well as a scrap-book on the subject put into good typographical form.

**Where There is Nothing: Being Volume I. of Plays for an Irish Theatre.** By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7 in. 212 pages. \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**With the Birds.** By Caroline Eliza Hyde. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5x8 in. 31 pages.

**Young Ivy on Old Walls.** By H. Arthur Powell. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x8 in. 57 pages.

**Young Man's Questions (A).** By Robert E. Speer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. 223 pages. 80c., net.

# Correspondence

## Passive Resistance

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

As you truly say in your editorial on "Passive Resistance in England," in your issue of July 11, *The Outlook* has heretofore informed its readers respecting the new Education Bill. But you will perhaps pardon my suggesting that such information has had a strong bias in favor of the Nonconformist side of the question. And as Mr. Horne's paper in the same issue is avowedly written from the same standpoint, I am going to ask you to publish this letter, telling something of the other side of the question, although, unless you afford opportunity for myself or others to tell the whole story, the rights of the Church of England in the premises can hardly be made clear. Because the subject is so vast in its reach and complications that it would be asking too much of your courtesy to expect you to devote several columns of your valued publication to the presentation of a matter wholly misrepresented by the vast majority of those who have written upon it in American papers.

The whole difficulty has arisen from the lack of accommodation for English scholars. When the new system of increased educational opportunities was proposed, the question at once arose as to where the children should be gathered. To provide new buildings would necessitate the outlay of at least one hundred millions of dollars. To obviate this the Government agreed to avail themselves of buildings already in existence, the property of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, and Jews. In these buildings the majority of English children have been educated for a generation at least (3,041,673 to the 2,721,173 taught in the Board Schools). They were erected and supported by the denominations named, and naturally were under the direction of representatives of said denominations. The choice lay between, first, erecting new schools, to which the taxpayers objected; second, to virtually renting them from their owners; third, confiscating them and robbing both the living and the dead of property for which they had conscientiously made great sacrifice.

Mr. Horne makes a grave misstatement when he says that "in eight thousand parishes in England and Wales there is only one public elementary school available in each parish, and that that school is under Church of England auspices." The facts in the case are that while there are nearly eight thousand school districts in which there is only one school, nearly two thousand of these are Board and Nonconformist schools, and in any of them the religious body which chooses to do so may erect its own building and secure governmental support if conditions justify it.

Further, the "Conscience clause" perfectly provides for the protection of the religious opinions of parents. In return for the use of the building the vested owners of the school property are allowed to teach the tenets of their church during "the religious hour." This applies to all denominations alike. And a request that children be excused from attendance at such religious instruction must be honored by those in authority.

The Church of England's position (whether justified by facts or not, at least conscientiously held) is to the effect that she is custodian of funds left for a specific purpose, *i. e.*, the training of her children in the doctrines of the Church. For this she has given lavishly for generations, in the year 1900 the gifts of her members being \$5,000,000 for educational purposes. Besides this they paid all school rates for secular schools. She believes that religious training is absolutely essential to the well being of the race, and so insists upon retaining it. And the criminal statistics which she quotes of countries where systematic religious training does not prevail amply justified her in her position.

The crux of the matter lies wholly in the fact that the large majority of Nonconformists have not, in the past, made provision for the education of their children. Had they done so they might now claim of the State all that has been granted to the Wesleyan Methodists and other religious bodies who possess buildings which the Government needs. It is worthy of note that Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain are not members of the

Church of England, and may therefore be considered impartial in the matter. While, if, as was stated in your columns some three years back, the majority of the English nation are members of one or other of the nonconforming bodies, the next election will afford them the opportunity of filling the House of Commons with those who consider themselves wronged by the new Education Bill.

Mr. Horne makes another misstatement. The Nonconformist rate-payer does not "lose his ancient privilege of controlling the expenditure of his own money." A Board of Trustees will be elected annually by the voters, and the majority will rule exactly as is the case in the United States. While the representative of the owners of the school property, whether Nonconformist or Church of England, must be a member of this Board, he may be the only Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, Jew, or member of the Church of England thereon. The power remains with the taxpayers. \* \*

[Our correspondent's letter appears to us to be conclusive against the measure which he advocates. According to this letter, two-fifths of the children of England have been taught in the Board Schools. These children are now to be transferred largely to schools under the control of an ecclesiastical organization whose ecclesiastical and political principles are repugnant to the conscience of the parents of most of these children. It is nothing to the purpose to say that on the request of the parent the child may be excused from studying the tenets to which the parent objects. What the parent objects to is having his child in a school controlled by a church to many of whose methods and principles he strenuously objects. Nor is our correspondent correct in saying that the majority will rule "exactly as is the case in the United States." In the United States the people of the district directly elect the Board of Education, and without regard to their ecclesiastical connection. Under the English scheme, the administration of the education in each locality is put in the hands of a local Educational Committee, on which ecclesiastics have a right to representation as ecclesiastics; in no case is more than a majority required to be appointed by the County Council. The

practical effect of this provision will be to put the great majority of the schools of England under ecclesiastical control. In our judgment, there is no alternative between either relegating education to the churches and leaving it to be supported by the churches, or supporting it by the State and putting it exclusively under control of the State. No scheme by which the funds are furnished by the taxpayers and the control is furnished in whole or in part by the Church, will prove successful in a free community.—THE EDITORS.]

#### Cruelty a Growth

##### *To the Editors of The Outlook :*

The horror of the burning of the negro murderer at New Castle, Delaware, seems to have obscured one of the most important lessons to be drawn from the incident. Many times a year the citizens of New Castle, children, women, and men, are permitted—which means they are practically invited—to attend the public whipping of misdemeanants and felons. So far as I have seen no attempt has been made to discern any relation between the verbal and printed accounts of this brutal exhibition and the outrage upon law and humanity committed by the New Castle mob.

I wish to suggest that burning at the stake at Delaware, lynching in Illinois, race riots in Indiana, and peonage in Alabama are the legitimate fruition of the vindictiveness which still characterizes our penal procedure, of sentences which are fitted to the enormity of the crime committed rather than to the need of the criminal or the protection of society. So long as colored chain gangs, guarded by dogs and guns, parade Southern highways, white men will sell and buy negro workmen, whether through the peonage system of Alabama or the evocation of law by Georgia County. So long as New Castle flaunts its whipping posts, and so long as Illinois and Indiana papers cry out for vengeance upon felons and murderers, we shall have an inflammable public mind ready to express itself in lynchings and burnings. The prevention of such atrocities lies not with courts or city authorities or State militia, but must depend upon a reformation of the citizen's attitude toward the law. It is safe to

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There are many imitation baking powders, sold cheap, which contain alum. Housekeepers must avoid these. Alum is a poison, and its use in food is condemned by all physicians.

# The Outlook

*Saturday, August 1, 1903*



*Sixteenth Annual  
Educational Number*



"Her face so fair  
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air."

BYRON.

Of course 'tis *Pears'* that makes her fair.

# The Outlook

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August 1, 1903

No. 14

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IT FLOATS.



# The Outlook

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August 1, 1903

No. 14

## The Labor Issue at Washington

The facts in the labor issue raised at Washington are, briefly put, as follows: The employees of the Government printing office in Washington are members of a trades union. Mr. William A. Miller, assistant foreman, was expelled from the union. Notice of his expulsion was given to the Public Printer, and he was thereupon removed from his position. He complained to the Civil Service Commission, alleging that his removal had been made in violation of the civil service rules. The Civil Service Commission sustained his complaint, and requested that he be reassigned to duty. His complaint was at the same time investigated by Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the result of both investigations was laid before the President. The President thereupon directed Mr. Miller's reinstatement, accompanying this order with two letters, dated respectively July 13 and July 14. The first of these letters stated the principle on which this reinstatement was ordered in the following terms:

On the face of the papers presented Miller would appear to have been removed in violation of law. There is no objection to the employees of the Government Printing Office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire; but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce.

The second letter was a brief argument in support of this principle, as follows:

In connection with my letter of yesterday I call attention to the judgment and award by the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in their report to me of March 18 last: "It is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization

by members of such organization." I heartily approve of this award and judgment by the commission appointed by me, which itself included a member of a labor union. This commission was dealing with labor organizations working for private employers. It is, of course, mere elementary decency to require that all the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principles thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated.

At the present writing Mr. Miller has been informed of his reinstatement, has returned to Washington from his Western home, and it is reported is about to resume his work. The Bookbinders' Union has presented to the Civil Service Commission the charges on which Mr. Miller was originally expelled from the union. We do not learn that these charges have yet been presented to Mr. Miller, or that he has had any trial or been heard in his own defense before the Civil Service Commission, although his defense has been given to the public in a reported interview. The union has finally and sensibly abandoned any intention of "walking out," believing that on account of new charges Mr. Miller will ultimately be dropped from the service.



**The Rights of Labor  
and the  
Rights of the People** We do not think it necessary here to repeat the newspaper reports either of the charges or of the defense. Whether Mr. Miller is a good assistant foreman or not is a question which does not greatly concern the public; but the issues involved do greatly concern the public. They appear to us to be two: First, have the people of the United States a right to employ in their work any man who gives them satisfaction, or are they to be permitted to employ only men who are approved and indorsed by the appropriate labor organization? Second, if a question arises as to the competence of an employee of the people of the United States,

are those charges to be submitted to and tried by a tribunal of the United States, or are they to be submitted to and tried by a labor union? We are not sorry to have this question raised, and we trust and believe that the President will meet it squarely and carry it through to a final decision. In our judgment the people of the United States have a right to employ any one who renders to them satisfactory service without asking permission of a trades union to do so, and every one in the employ of the United States has a right to have charges of incompetence or mal-administration presented to and tried by the United States, not by a labor union. If the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, which is the name of the labor union involved, attempts a strike against the people of the United States, we think it will find that it has undertaken a war which can have but one result. If its leaders are wise they will remind the members of that union what resulted from the strike of railroad employees against the people in Australia, and what resulted from the strike of railroad employees against the people in Holland. The people of the United States are not ready to resign their sovereignty into the hands of any private organization, whether of capitalists or of laborers. We hope that no means may be found to avoid or compromise the issue presented in this case. The right of a man to work, whether he belongs to a labor union or not, is one of the primary rights of labor, and something will be accomplished for that right in all private industries by the establishment of that right in industries carried on by the Federal Government.



**Southern Sentiment  
Concerning Peonage**

On Saturday of last week the jury in the peonage case against R. N. Franklin in the United States Court at Montgomery, Alabama, brought in a verdict of guilty. Judge Jones improved the occasion to add another to the vigorous expressions of opinion upon the criminal practices which have cast such a blot upon Alabama. A correspondent in that State writes us as follows:

There can be no question that the public sentiment of Alabama is with Judge Jones. The pulpit and the press will earnestly support

the Court in its timely and fearless efforts to suppress these criminal practices, which happily are not very widespread. In fact, nearly all the people of the better classes are united in this instance.

This judgment is confirmed by the press of Alabama, which vigorously sustains Judge Jones. We note among these supporters "The Birmingham Age Herald," "The Birmingham News," "The Birmingham Ledger," "The Mobile Register," "The Huntsville Tribune," and "The Montgomery Advertiser." One quotation from the latter paper may serve as a type of all:

The good name of our race, our people, and our section was involved, and he (Judge Jones) would have been recreant to his duty if he had spoken with bated breath or soft words. The people of the State, with here and there an exception, approve and defend the act.

Other Southern papers appear to take the same ground. Thus for example the Nashville "News":

Judge T. G. Jones, in his scathing remarks to the jury which failed to agree in the peonage case, upheld the honor of his State, which such juries would drag in the dust. All Alabamians should feel grateful to him for his emphatic expression from the bench of the best sentiment of their State regarding these brutal and cowardly offenses.

Doubtless there are exceptions; thus the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" makes Judge Jones's conduct of this case an occasion for an attack on President Roosevelt and on Judge Jones as his appointee, but the political animus is so evident that the attack can hardly deceive any who do not wish to be deceived. The right and duty of a Judge to rebuke a jury for refusing to accept the law as given to them by the bench is too well settled to be questioned at this late day. Juries cannot be impeached, and when, as in this case, some jurymen have announced beforehand that they will not render a verdict against one of the parties to the suit, no matter what the evidence, and thus proceed to carry out that resolve in spite of both fact and law, it is the duty of the Judge to call them to account as Judge Jones did.



**The Case of Turner  
Ended**

In the Turner case not only is the action of the Judge sustained by the press and people of Alabama, and generally of the South, but by the action of the defendant himself, J. Fletcher Turner. It

may be assumed that his counsel understand the public sentiment of the State and the evidence in the case, and under their advice, despite the half victory of a mistrial, Mr. Turner has come into court and pleaded guilty. In this plea his lawyer insisted for him that he did not realize that he was violating the law, and that he was not personally guilty of practising cruelty upon the negroes whom he temporarily purchased and held to service. The Judge in accepting the plea restated the facts in the case as evidence that "this was moral as well as legal peonage," and added that he had already informed Mr. Turner's counsel that he would try to have the second trial proceed before another Judge who had not heard the evidence in the case, nor expressed any opinion respecting it. With this explanation the Court imposed a fine of one thousand dollars, leaving the counsel and the District Attorney to arrange for time and method of payment. The result confirms the judgment which The Outlook has already expressed, that the Southern people may be trusted to enforce the laws for the protection of the negroes. We may take this occasion to add that simultaneously with these reports we receive the full report of the Grand Jury by which Turner was indicted. It finds ninety-nine indictments for peonage, but only eighteen persons are involved, and their investigations indicate that the practice has been confined to two counties. The Grand Jury recommend that authority be taken from Justices of the Peace to impose hard labor. This recommendation if carried into effect would probably abolish peonage altogether, since it would take from such minor officials the power which has been used to coerce negroes into submission to practical slavery.



#### The New Flood Tide of Immigration

The surest sign—but, unfortunately, not the surest promise—of prosperity among wage earners, is the volume of immigration, and this now exceeds the dimensions reached in 1882—when the last great wave of prosperity was at its flood. The quickness with which working people in this country inform their foreign relatives whether work here is plentiful or scarce, is clearly por-

trayed in the immigration records of the fat and lean years of the past quarter of a century. It runs as follows:

Fiscal year.	Immigrants.
1878.....	138,000
1882.....	788,000
1886.....	334,000
1892.....	623,000
1895.....	279,000
1903.....	857,000

Nothing like the present flood of immigrants has ever been known except in 1882, and even that year's flood was radically different from the present. The six countries which have contributed most largely to our population sent the following number of immigrants in the two specified years:

	1882	1903
Greater Britain .....	276,000	69,000
Scandinavia.....	105,000	78,000
Germany.....	251,000	40,000
Italy.....	32,000	230,000
Austria.....	29,000	206,000
Russia.....	21,000	136,000

The aggregate immigration from Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany has fallen from 632,000 to 187,000, while the aggregate immigration from Italy, Austria, and Russia has risen from 82,000 to 572,000. Mr. Beecher's happy optimism regarding the rapid assimilation of "immigrant hay" by the American ox is no longer so easily justified. Twenty years ago our immigrants were chiefly of the same races that had peopled England, and quickly formed a homogeneous element in our national growth. The bulk of the immigration to-day is from races historically remote, and to-day widely separated from us by the different social, industrial, and political environments. The process of assimilation necessary to national unity is thereby rendered far more difficult, and the difficulty is still further increased by the illiteracy of the majority of the immigrants, and their tendency clannishly to settle in communities of their own in our great cities. The extent to which the present immigrants are adding themselves *en masse* to our urban wage-earning population, instead of becoming their own employers on Western farms, seems to Immigration Commissioner Sargent to promise serious complications when a period of industrial depression again sets in. The Commissioner urges the enactment of the measure held up in the Senate

last winter, restricting immigration by the educational test. The Outlook earnestly seconds this recommendation. The time has fully come for making good citizenship, not cheap goods, the aim of our legislation, and sacrificing the apparent economic prosperity to the real moral welfare of the country whenever the two conflict.



**"Emergency" Currency  
Not for Speculation**

At the end of June Mr. Cannon, Speaker of the next House of Representatives, bluntly declared his opposition to any legislation from the next Congress to provide a "rubber" currency based on bank assets. There was no demand for such a currency, he is reported to have said, except from Eastern money centers, and "if the Eastern bankers would reduce their call loans and bring the speculative interests of Wall Street down to a conservative basis, there would be no occasion for the creation of more money by legislation." "The Western banks," he added, "have large reserves in the East, and these reserves are being used to manipulate the markets." This interview created a profound sensation in Wall Street. The Speaker of the House, by controlling the Committee on Rules, which decides what measures shall be considered, can virtually block any proposition for new legislation to which he is strongly opposed, and Mr. Cannon's remark about Western bank reserves being used in Wall Street to manipulate the markets read like an indorsement of former Comptroller Dawes's suggestion in his report for 1900 that the national banking laws should be amended so that the money of the country should be less concentrated in the speculative centers. The national banking law, it will be recalled, authorizes the banks in all small cities to deposit from one-half to three-fifths of their reserves in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, where three-quarters of it may again be loaned out, and under this provision, as Mr. O. H. Schreiner, of Brooklyn, has pointed out in a recent pamphlet, the "country" bank reserves deposited in speculative centers exceed two hundred millions, and nearly equal the total sum loaned on demand by New York national banks on Stock Exchange collateral. Mr. Cannon's interview therefore almost

destroyed Wall Street's hope of currency expansion from the next Congress. Within a fortnight, however, this hope was, in a measure, revived by a statement of Senator Lodge that President Roosevelt would recommend to the extra session of Congress in November currency legislation "along the lines" suggested by his previous "messages and speeches." This statement was treated in some quarters as if it expressed President Roosevelt's indorsement of the asset currency scheme of currency inflation whenever times are good. References to President Roosevelt's messages and speeches, however, do not warrant the conclusion that he indorses this plan. In his speech at Quincy last April he expressly declared that "permanent increases" in our currency "would be dangerous, permanent contraction ruinous." The reform which he favored was one which would permit the currency to expand when money was tight—and not when bank assets had a high valuation—and permit it to contract when money is easy—and not when bank assets are depreciated or destroyed. He did not commit himself to any definite plan, but he seemed to indorse the German system of permitting emergency issues of currency subject to a high tax to compel retirement when the emergency is past, rather than to indorse any plan by which in times of prosperity the banks might add indefinitely a credit currency—which itself would need support if a panic came.



**The Decline in  
Trust Stocks**

Last week's decline in the stock market affected pre-eminently the trust securities. The decline in this field is now much more serious than that in railroad stocks, for the latter, as a rule, have merely lost half the gain they had made while the market was advancing, but the trust stocks are now as a rule lower than at the date of their issue. At the time of the opening of the new Stock Exchange building "Dun's Review" published a table showing the fluctuations in sixty important railway stocks for nearly a generation. In 1897 the highest average price reached for these stocks was \$60 a share. Last year at one time the average rose to \$116 a share, showing a doubling of prices during the five-year period. The declines

of the past year, according to last week's issue of the same review, have brought the average price of these shares down to \$86—a loss of thirty dollars from the highest point reached, but a gain about as great from ordinary prices as late as 1898. In the trust stocks, however, as has been stated, the present prices are not only far lower than when the trust fever was at its height, but are considerably lower than when the trusts were organized. We have compared the prices recorded last week for eighteen of the most important of the industrial stocks with those at which they were first put upon the market—as given in Professor Meade's volume on "Trust Finance." The average price at which the stocks of these eighteen trusts were first sold was \$60 a share. Last week the average price of these same stocks was \$47 a share, showing a loss of just one-quarter in average value. At the price at which the first investors or speculators bought them, the stocks of these eighteen trusts were worth eleven hundred million dollars. At the price at which these stocks were sold last week they were worth a little less than eight hundred millions—a net loss of over three hundred millions. When the fall in these stocks first began Mr. Morgan attributed it to the mass of "undigested securities." A fortnight ago Mr. James J. Hill substituted the phrase "indigestible securities." This week some investors are disposed to classify them as "indigestible insecurities."

Wall Street Gambling The events of the week enforce the folly of gambling no less than its crime. There is always a liability to fluctuations in value which are natural and due to natural causes. There will always be men to deal with actual values buying and selling, and using their knowledge to buy, if they have the money, when goods are cheap, and to sell if they have the opportunity when goods are high. These men are engaged in legitimate business. But there are also shrewd operators in Wall Street, and others who are not in the street, but who work through its machinery, whose chief employment is to create imaginary values and sell the fictitious thing to the unwary, and others whose chief employ-

ment it is to create a public impression that articles of real value are valueless and to buy them when there is a panic. There are gamblers—and worse—whose morals are little better than those of the dealers in gold bricks or counterfeit money. These are the criminals. The fools are the men and women who dabble in stocks; who imagine that they can engage in speculation with unprincipled sharpers and not lose; whose conscience is so ill developed that they are willing to join in a game in which nothing is made by one man except by another man's loss, and whose self-conceit is so developed that they imagine that without knowledge they can play the game successfully with professional gamblers who devote their lives to it.

#### Opposition to Erie Canal Enlargement

The Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, New York, called a convention in that city on July 21 to organize the opposition to the enlargement of the Erie Canal by the State. It will be remembered that in the last session of the New York Legislature a bill was passed providing that at the next election the voters of the State should decide whether the sum of \$101,000,000 should be borrowed and devoted to making out of the present Erie Canal a waterway large enough to be used by thousand-ton barges. The bill was vigorously opposed while it was before the Legislature; and now that the proposition is to be submitted to the voters a strong and increasingly energetic campaign is being waged against it. The opposition has been in part determined by locality. The city of Rochester would not be so directly benefited by the change as Buffalo, for instance, and therefore it was natural that the organization of opposition to the enlargement should take place there. The opposition, however, has been formed on other grounds beside those of local interest. This was clearly stated by the chairman of the convention, Mr. John I. Platt, editor of the Poughkeepsie "Eagle." As he correctly stated it: "This question, whether the return will be greater than the expenditure, is the kernel of the whole question." He then gave some interesting figures. The sum which it is proposed should be borrowed is eight and a half

millions of dollars more than the value of all the public school buildings in the State. That sum with the interest for eighteen years added would exceed the value of all public school buildings, the buildings and grounds of all the colleges and universities, and the scientific apparatus in them, and yet leave enough probably to pay for all the private schools. If the debt should be allowed to run for fifty years, as some suggest, it would not only be equivalent in value to the entire educational plant of the State, but would in addition equal the total endowment of the colleges and universities in the State and then leave a balance of over fifty millions of dollars. It is well to have the facts stated thus, for it gives the voters a chance to understand the really enormous character of the proposed undertaking. We repeat these figures without vouching for their accuracy. In themselves they constitute of course no argument against the undertaking; but they form an impressive argument for most careful consideration and the freest possible discussion by the voters of the State. The other arguments presented before the Convention did not strengthen the case against the canal. The pro-canal convention to be held this week in Utica will present to the country the reply of the canal advocates.

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**Frederick W. Holls** George Frederick William Holls, who died last Thursday in Yonkers at the age of forty-six, was most widely known for his services on behalf of international peace at the Hague Peace Conference, where he was secretary of the American delegation, and later became the American representative on the Sub-Committee on Arbitration. It is generally understood that he was the author of the American mediation proposals. His book on "The Peace Conference at The Hague," is a clear and valuable account of the proceedings. His ability received high recognition when he was offered by President Roosevelt the post of umpire in the claims against Venezuela last May, a post he was obliged to decline. Mr. Holls, previous to his services for international arbitration, had been eminent in his State, New York, as a member of the Constitutional Convention, in which he was chairman of the

Committee on Education. To him was due some important amendments. As a member of the New York State Commission on Educational Unification he had great influence in the discussion of one of the most momentous educational questions with which any American State has had to deal. Mr. Holls was especially proficient in giving to others, through public lectures, the impressions he had received in his public career, especially in his experiences at the Hague Conference. He was a graduate of Columbia College and Law School, and had received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Leipsic. He was a man of great seriousness, of marked ability, and of high civic ideals.



**China and the United States** Our readers must take with large allowance the reports in the daily press concerning the negotiations of the United States with Russia and China over the question of the open door in Manchuria. A Washington correspondent who must send off his story in an hour works under conditions not familiar to Prince Ching. Thus last week, owing perhaps to inevitable delays in the conduct of diplomatic intercourse, especially with Oriental countries, the proposed commercial treaty between China and the United States was again the subject of much newspaper discussion, occasioned by the unauthenticated rumor that Prince Ching, President of the Chinese Foreign Office, had now refused to open towns in Manchuria to international trade. The rumor is uncertain. What is certain is that China has made pledges to the United States to open two or more Manchurian ports to the world's trade, and that Russia has promised to withdraw from Manchuria under certain conditions, has also promised to respect the open door, and has assured the United States that new ports would be opened. Hence, the American Government expects to obtain in Manchuria, whether from China or from Russia, an "open door" treatment. This feeling of assurance may not be altogether justified by the facts, but no matter what fresh obstacle Orientalism may devise—and in this Russia is as Oriental as is China—the American Government, under the lead

of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, will continue firm in the conviction that the principle of the open door in China should be enjoyed by every nation, will continue by every means in its power to exert strenuous influence in this direction, and will insist on the definite settling of the matter *now*. Past success gives promise of future success; for it is not too much to say that since the Boxer atrocities, whatever prosperity attends commercial, diplomatic, educational, and religious conditions in China to-day is due more to the policy of the present American administration than to the combined influence of the other Powers.



#### The Venezuelan Insurrection

Last week in Venezuela the important town of Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco River, was captured by the Government troops from the revolutionists. From the accounts of the capture, the fight would seem to have been a fierce one. Nearly a hundred dead rebels were found inside the Zamora or citadel of the town, and more than two hundred revolutionists were killed in the vicinity of the jail, where the opposing forces had concentrated afterwards. The possession of every block was disputed by inches, as all the houses had been barricaded and the revolutionists were shooting from the azoteas or flat roofs. Hence, in order to gain possession of the houses, the method of the Government troops was to bore holes through the walls as soon as a house was captured, and thus not to expose the troops to the street fire. The total loss of lives is reported at 1,500. With the capture of Ciudad Bolivar, we hope, for the sake of sorely-needed peace, that the present insurrection has come to an end, even though the Castro government may not be the most ideal one for Venezuela.



#### Leo XIII.'s Funeral

Last week the imposing funeral ceremonies honoring Leo XIII. began at the Vatican by the lying-in-state there of the body of the dead Pontiff, and the filing before it of the cardinals and other dignitaries of the church. This was followed by a three days' lying-in-state at St. Peter's, where the Pope's body was viewed by

thousands upon thousands of the faithful. And not by these only. Many anti-clerical Radicals, Socialists, and Free Thinkers were present; though abhorring what they call "Vaticanism," they wished to show respect to the memory of the great man who had been a social no less than a religious force. The procession from the Vatican to the cathedral was impressively picturesque. It was held at night and was composed of grooms with their lighted torches, the Noble Guard, the cardinals in their violet robes of mourning, the other prelates and priests, the diplomatic body accredited to the Vatican, and the civil and military officers of the Pope. The body was borne by the same *sedari*, who in the Pontiff's lifetime carried him in his *sedes gestatoria*, or chair of state, and was robed in vestments used by Leo XIII. on the occasion of his last public function (when he confirmed the appointments of Archbishop Farley, of New York, and Quigley, of Chicago), namely, the papal tunic, the white cope and red chasuble, the gilded stole, the pontifical pallium, and the golden mitre. The procession entered the cathedral chanting the "Libera me, Domine" and the body was placed on a bier high above the heads of the people and behind an iron grating. It was a great disappointment to the devout not to be allowed to kiss the feet of the dead Pope, as had hitherto been the custom. There was also another departure from ancient rule. On the day following the demise, when the cardinals met to declare their ruler officially dead, Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College, pronounced the traditional words "Papa vere mortuus est" without the historic tapping three times with a mallet on the dead Pontiff's head. The official announcement was followed by the traditional ceremony of the removal of the Fisherman's Ring (though rumor says another was found in its place). After the death of a Pope the Fisherman's Ring is broken in the presence of the cardinals, and, when a new Pope is elected, is reset and presented to him. Tradition says that the stone in the ring belonged to St. Peter himself. While the Pope's body was being carried into the cathedral, the ceremony of depositing the urn containing his heart was taking place in the Church of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius, a depositary

for the hearts of all the Popes. But neither at this church nor at St. Peter's was the most significant mourning observed. That was to be seen along the poorer streets of Rome, where many a small shop was closed with this inscription on the shutters: "Chiuso per il lutto mondiale" (Closed on account of the world's mourning).

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#### The Coming Conclave

There are sixty-four cardinals. One of these will be chosen Pope, succeeding the late Leo XIII.: the successful candidate must receive a two-thirds vote. The Conclave is to be held in the Vatican, where each cardinal will occupy a cell, for which he draws lots. No communication with the outside world may be had. The Conclave will be under the presidency of the Piedmontese Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College (or Consistory of all the Cardinals), who will count the ballots cast and announce the result. His was the chief figure at Leo XIII.'s funeral; during the days elapsing between the Pope's death and the Conclave, it is this Camerlengo or Chamberlain who is the temporary head of the Church. As such his authority is undeniably great, and some observers now think that his use of it during these days has predisposed the cardinals towards him as a candidate, particularly as his great age (he is the sole survivor of the last Conclave) is in his favor with ambitious younger men who wish to see the way cleared for their own pretensions by a presumably short reign. This reasoning had much to do with electing the venerable Pecci, twenty-five years ago, yet he outlived all but one of his fellow cardinals! There has been, however, no more irreconcilable opponent of Leo XIII.'s liberal policy than Cardinal Oreglia; his election might thus signalize a reactionary Vatican attitude. Of all candidates the figure of the Sicilian Cardinal Rampolla, long Secretary of State to Leo XIII., again looms largest in the public eye. Though his strength lies first of all in his forceful personality, it also lies in the obligation to him which many cardinals must feel, as, without his approval, they might never have reached their present station. The campaign for him is now being conducted by the French, Spanish, and Portuguese representatives and is opposed by those

from Germany, Austria, and Italy. The candidate of the monastic orders is the Genoese Cardinal Gotti, a magnificent specimen of the "self-made man," for he has risen from peasant ranks. Nevertheless, long the head of the Carmelites, he must necessarily be first, last, and always a monk. Hence his candidacy inspires a certain distrust, for the election to the Papacy of a monk might unnecessarily complicate the relations of the Papacy with France, Spain, and the United States, in view of the present difficulties with the monastic orders in the first two countries and in the Philippines. During the past week evidences have accumulated to show that the choice of the Triple Alliance is Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. His creditable record, both as man and as diplomat, indicates to the three Powers how much they might gain by the ascendancy of one who understands them so well. Finally, three candidates stand out more than ever as eminently and nationally Italian in their divorce from "the prisoner of the Vatican" attitude—Cardinals Sarto, Capocelatro, and Agliardi, men of democratic sympathies, liberal tendencies, and marked capacity for administrative work. All Protestants hope that such qualities will distinguish the next Pope—whether he be one of these prominent *papabili* or some obscure compromise candidate.

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**The Irish Land Bill** Last week was a notable one in Irish history. The Land Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons by the impressive vote of 317 to 20. Mr. Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists, paid a merited tribute to the ability and patience with which the bill had been conducted by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, but for whose sympathetic and conciliatory spirit the bill could not have been brought to a successful issue. The speaker added that evicted tenants had now obtained all they wanted, and it was satisfactory to remember that this had been accomplished with the consent of the principal representatives of the landlords; under the bill practically every evicted tenant in Ireland might be restored—a fact of enormous importance to the future of the island. Mr. Redmond concluded with a declaration that this



settlement of the land question "should remove the last barrier to the concession of those wider national rights without which Irishmen would never be contented." Referring to this warning, Premier Balfour said that he rejoiced in the good will shown on all sides during the discussion no less than in the bill's final passage; that he had long advocated a purchase-scheme, realizing (as every one must have realized) that the Irish land system was probably the worst in the world, "contriving to combine the defects of almost every other conceivable system." Mr. Balfour declared that the bill in its practical workings should be entirely successful, for he was convinced that Irish tenants could be trusted to fulfill the obligations which they had undertaken to the British Treasury; he added:

I trust that henceforth Irishmen will no longer be tempted to mix up two quite different controversies, the controversy whether you should or should not give home rule to Ireland, and the controversy whether you should or should not maintain a land system which was costly, unjust, complicated, financially burdensome, and equally injurious to tenants and landlords.

The second important Irish event last week was the visit to Dublin of the King and Queen. In his speeches Edward VII. declared that there was no part of his dominions in which he took greater interest than in Ireland. His Majesty added that he rejoiced to hear of the awakened spirit of hope and enterprise among the Irish people which was full of promise for the future. It would be a source of profound happiness to him if his reign were coincident with a new era of social peace and industrial progress for Ireland. This sentiment will find an echo on both sides of the Atlantic.



**Persia, Great Britain,  
and Russia.**

A treaty has been concluded between Great Britain and Persia by which the former power has been placed on an equal footing with Russia in regard to Persian importation of foreign goods. When Lord Lansdowne announced some weeks ago a British "Monroe Doctrine" to be applied henceforth to the Persian gulf, he intimated that British trade privileges in Persia were about to be enlarged, and it is now officially announced that a new treaty has been ratified at Teheran.

By its terms British merchandise is given the same reduction as imports from Russia, a concession which removes any uncertainty as to the operation of the most favored nation clause, which is also renewed to each country by the treaty. Lord Lansdowne stated, however, that notwithstanding such a clause means had been found to discriminate against British goods. That the discrimination was made at the instance of Russian agents may be presumed from the special provision for equality with Russian goods. The new treaty also secures reform in the Persian customs administration, which had hitherto allowed the farming out of customs duties, a practice now replaced by a government system of offices and warehouses. The Persian export duty of five per cent. upon all except a few articles is also abolished. It remains to be seen whether the advantages secured by the new Anglo-Persian treaty will be nullified by Russian influence. Ever since the Czar's Government obtained a strong financial foothold in Persia by reason of a loan, a persistent attempt has been made to secure a predominant position for Russian commerce in that country. The attempt was for a short time successful, as was evident from the recent tariff agreement between the Russian and Persian Governments. The new British treaty would seem somewhat to checkmate Russian success at least for the moment.



**Canadian Prosperity** The exhibit of Canadian prosperity for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, is altogether unprecedented in the history of the Dominion. The aggregate foreign trade is over \$450,000,000, an increase of more than \$35,000,000 over 1902, and nearly double the total foreign trade of 1896. Still more significant is the American share in this great trade expansion. Of Canadian imports, \$125,000,000 worth were American manufactured goods and natural products, an increase of about \$13,000,000 over the imports of the previous year. The remarkable feature is that this has taken place in spite of Canada's preferential tariff in favor of the mother country. Fuller returns will doubtless show that the Dominion's imports of British goods for 1903 will be more than those of the previous year, but no such volume of

trade as that with the United States is expected. The exports to this country have also increased to about \$55,000,000, as against nearly \$49,000,000 for 1902. The large balance of \$70,000,000 in our favor suggests more pointedly than ever before the possibilities of trade with Canada if a measure of reciprocity should be granted to her, and it also illustrates the only effective way to meet Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme, if this country should feel interested enough to counteract it and were determined to do so. For the Colonial head and front of that scheme is the Canadian preference, even though it is only partially effective, and if an American concession of liberal reciprocity were given and accepted the whole trade outlook between Great Britain and her colonies would be changed. Another noteworthy evidence of progress is the immigration returns, which for the fiscal year amounted to 125,000, an increase of 45,000 over the previous year. Of these over 40,000 came from the United States, 40,000 from Great Britain, and the remainder from Continental Europe, chiefly Norway and Sweden, Germany, Rumania, and the Austrian province of Galicia. The increase of American immigration is best illustrated by the fact that in 1896 only thirty-six came into the Canadian Northwest. In 1900 the influx had increased to nearly 5,800, in 1901 to about 18,000, and in 1903 to more than 40,000.

#### The British Colonial Universities Conference

⊗ An Allied Colonial Universities Conference has just been

held in London for the promotion of technical study and research work in the universities of Great Britain and the colonies. Over thirty universities and colleges were represented. The special purpose of the conference was to suggest means whereby British and colonial students could obtain within the empire the special advantages in post-graduate study for which they have been compelled hitherto to go to Germany, the United States, and France. A committee, composed of Lord Kelvin, Mr. Bryce, and Lord Strathcona, was appointed to arrange details of organization. The conference concluded with a great gathering, at which Premier Balfour delivered

an address. Among the means recommended for co-ordinating university work were interchange of professors, the movement of students from one university to another, the careful comparison of educational results, higher pay for the best attainable professors, and the establishment of some form of original research as a condition for receiving the highest academical degrees, while the immediate impulse of the movement was supplied by the recent gift of \$1,500,000 from Wernher Beit & Company, the South African mining firm, for the establishment of a technical university in London. The scheme has been emphasized as part of the larger movement of imperial consolidation now so engrossing in British affairs. During the discussions a conflict of opinion was apparent concerning a proposed centralization of post-graduate studies in Great Britain. Against this some of the colonial delegates strongly protested, their contention being that the attraction of students and of influence should go to those institutions, whether in Great Britain or the colonies, which developed the best teaching and the most original research work. McGill University, for example, had recently attracted students from English and Scotch universities. It was recognized without dissent that the leading English and many of the colonial universities were considerably behind the American and German universities in specialized instruction in practical science and engineering, and that little was to be hoped for from the scheme debated unless this particular deficiency was speedily supplied and a sufficiently high standard henceforth maintained.

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## Educational Progress of the Year

The most striking educational event of the past year was undoubtedly the meeting at Boston, last month, of the National Educational Association. This Association has come to have, in all normal years, conventions of tremendous magnitude and of great educational significance. But the Boston meeting so far surpassed all its predecessors as to stand in a class by itself. President Eliot was its presiding officer. The attendance was well over thirty thousand. The social and

artistic features of the gathering were of exceptional interest. The programme of regular exercises, too, was unusually strong and varied. The convention was not so much epoch-making in special acts, as representative of a full tide of educational activity.

Something analogous to this may be said of the year which this convention has rounded out. It has seen a rapid extension of the system of consolidation of country schools; continued effort to get the kindergartens out of their esoteric isolation, and to integrate them with the system of public education; the growth of instruction in home occupations, work-of-hand, the fine arts, and history in the elementary schools; continued effort to economize time in the grammar schools and to make their courses of instruction lead to something; continued prosperity of the high schools, with differentiation of their courses of study and the erection of great buildings for their use; the further extension of (modified) election of studies in both high schools and colleges, and the further merging of the later baccalaureate degrees in the old degree of bachelor of arts.

The fight against personal and partisan politics in school affairs has gone on, with varying fortunes. Some of the worst revelations yet made concerning the subordination of city teachers to the political machine have come out within the past few months in Philadelphia. The attempt at a better adjustment of relations between secondary and higher institutions goes hopefully forward. The College Entrance Examination Board is working out improvement in one direction. The "certificate system" of admission to college is unmistakably gaining in the East, while holding its own in the West. The center of gravity in these relations is shifting. It was long on the side of the colleges; now the public high school is more and more dominating the situation. The normal schools are slowly working up toward college grade, by advancing their admission requirements, and the question of the relation of these schools to the universities is entering on a new stage of discussion. The Carnegie Institution has fairly begun its activity as special promoter of research in many fields. The University of California—a State

institution—has established a research-professorship in physiology. Plans for the administration of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships have taken fairly definite form, and the pilgrimage of the scholars from America to Oxford will soon begin. The new movement for the promotion of education in the South is making a good beginning, under the General Educational Board and the Southern Educational Board. The discussion of co-education has not been so hysterical as was some of that of the preceding year. An important step has been taken by the University of Chicago in providing for a partial segregation of its women students in the instruction of the first two college years.

There have been during the year two notable manifestations of interest in the religious aspect of education, one English and the other American. In England, where the new education act calls for the support of schools of the Church of England by a public rate, a Passive Resistance League has been formed by non-conformists who refuse to pay this rate. A recent writer declares that over two hundred branches of this League are already in existence, scattered all over the country. It is apparent from newspaper reports that the principle of passive resistance has already been carried into effect in many places. In America, the significant occurrence was the formation of the Religious Educational Association, for the improvement of religious and moral education through the Sunday-school and other agencies. The initial impulse was given to this organization by a convention held at Chicago in February. It represents the rising desire in this country to make the religious training of American children at least respectable from an educational point of view. It is not likely that any promoter of the new movement would think for a moment of introducing into our public education such an unfortunate situation as that which England faces under its new education act. It should be added that, aside from its unhappy handling of the "religious difficulty," the English act has in it much that is progressive and valuable.

There have been some indications of increasing interest in vocational education. While building up a system of liberal culture for all, our people have learned

to look with suspicion on training for special occupations. This state of things is now changing. The interest in trade schools, schools of commerce, of architecture, and of other technical pursuits has been clearly rising. During the past year, the discussion of professional education and its relation to the general training of the college course has been at its height. This discussion culminated at the Boston meeting of the National Association in the first session of the Department of Higher Education. Presidents Eliot, Butler, Harper, Wheeler, and others participated in this conference, which brought forth a clear enunciation of the four chief plans now proposed for the adjustment of the baccalaureate course to the needs of the professional schools. In his pointed summing up of the argument, President Eliot reminded his hearers that the four-year college course, as commonly understood, is gone already. He would have experimentation by different institutions along different lines to determine what may best take its place.

What may be called the personal history of our education during the past year presents much that is of national interest. Our losses by death have been heavy. Two, at least, of those who have been taken, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, were of the highest order of ability and usefulness in their different spheres. Others who should receive special mention are President William M. Beardshear, Dean Edward R. Shaw, and Dr. Emerson E. White. Among the new college presidents of the year are Woodrow Wilson at Princeton, Edmund Janes James at Northwestern, Frank Strong at the University of Kansas, and Henry Churchill King at Oberlin. John Huston Finley has been elected president of the City College of New York. L. H. Jones, formerly superintendent of schools at Cleveland, has become president of the State normal school system of Michigan. In the Philippine Islands, James F. Smith has succeeded Bernard Moses as Commissioner of Education, and the first superintendent of schools, Fred W. Atkinson, has been succeeded by E. B. Bryan.

In the informal discussions at the Boston meeting of the National Association, one question much mooted was that relating to the personnel of the teaching pro-

fession: Is it, on the whole, rising or deteriorating? The Boston meeting was encouraging in its indications of professional advancement. Two very different movements are now under way, both of which seek to render the teaching profession attractive to men and women of good abilities. The National Federation of Teachers, with its headquarters at Chicago, is seeking primarily to improve the economic condition of teachers. The higher training schools, such as the Teachers' College of Columbia University and the School of Education of Chicago University, are seeking to attract students of high attainments by offering them instruction of full university grade. Harvard University has during the past year called for two and one-half million dollars with which to expand its Department of Education into a professional school of the highest type. The success of this undertaking would be a distinct gain to our national education.



## Promotions in the Army

The promotion of General Wood to be Major-General has provoked some natural criticism. We believe that this last promotion has been in the regular order. But the fact remains that he who was five years ago an assistant-surgeon is now a Major-General. Into the question of the propriety of this particular promotion The Outlook does not enter. We do not think that public opinion, represented by the press, has for its function the determination of the fitness of particular individuals for particular posts in the army. But since this appointment has been sharply criticised, as due to personal favoritism, it is proper to recall to our readers George Kennan's article in The Outlook for April 15, 1899, on "The Sanitary Regeneration of Santiago." This article, by a disinterested and critical student of affairs, affords abundant reason for thinking that in General Wood's past career there has been both distinguished merit and clear evidence of the possession of remarkable administrative abilities, and these are the abilities that are just now pre-eminently needed in our army for the work which it has to do; his ability to command large

bodies of men in action has never been tested. We repeat, however, that we are not here engaged to defend the rapid promotion of General Wood. We neither commend nor criticise it; we pass no judgment on it. But the general question on what principles promotions in the army should be made is a quite legitimate subject for public discussion. And the rapid promotion of General Wood affords, naturally, a text for the consideration of that question.

There are four principles on which such promotions can be based: favoritism—personal or political; seniority in service; record for past merit; opportunity for future service.

It is natural and to some extent legitimate that the appointing officer in a great organization, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the Pope in the Church, the president of a corporation, should appoint to office a man whom he knows and likes. Personal acquaintance and personal confidence must enter into appointments and promotions to some extent. But on the whole the less it enters in the better. For open this door and personal favoritism is sure to enter in, and political favoritism is sure to follow. Pure as the appointing officer may know his motives to be, sure as he may be of himself, confident as he may be of his own judgment, in general it may be safely said he would better refuse to consider his own recommendations and determine all questions of appointment and promotion regardless of his own personal predilections.

Seniority in service is a very simple method of determining promotions. It has the advantage of being mechanical and self-executing. Wherever death or resignation creates a vacancy the man next below in rank, or next in age of the same rank, occupies the vacant place, and so creates another vacancy to be filled in turn. But the disadvantage of this method is that it is too mechanical and too self-executing. Seniority in service indicates nothing except that the senior has had good health or has taken good care of it, or, in the case of the army, that he has had safe posts. It would be an excellent method to select safe subjects for life insurance; it is no method to select efficient and capable officers for service in the higher ranks, whether for military, civil,

or ecclesiastical service. It is not adopted in business nor in the Church; it should not be adopted in the army. Favoritism gives us unworthy men; seniority gives us incompetent men. Favoritism gave us in the Civil War General Butler; seniority in service gave us Scott and Hallock. Neither method would ever have found for us a Sheridan, a Sherman, or a Grant. Seniority in service may justly be depended on in the gradual elevation of men in the lower offices, where courage, order, and fidelity in routine are the chief requisites. But it can never be depended on to select men to conduct a Santiago campaign, to bring order out of confusion in the Philippines or Porto Rico, to protect our border from Indian warfare, to maintain the best discipline and order in large bodies of men, or even the best conditions in our sea-coast fortifications.

For these purposes promotion should be made as a reward for past service, or because the appointing power finds in the past record of the appointee reason to believe that he will be specially fitted to render the future service demanded. Promotion as a reward for merit incites every man to do his best in his present post; promotion as an opportunity to do needed service in a new position puts the appointing officer on his mettle to make the best possible selection for that purpose. It was the application of these two principles that marked the career of Napoleon the Great, and gave him a body of military supporters which no army before had ever seen. It was the application of the same principle that in less than three years' time promoted Grant from a colonel to the practical commander-in-chief of the forces in the field.

To state these principles illustratively: In a camp where there are four regiments it becomes necessary to select a colonel from the captains. Favoritism will give it to the man whom the President happens to know, or who is most eagerly and successfully pressed upon his notice by some influential friend who does know him. Seniority in service will give it to the oldest captain. Reward of merit and adaptation to future work will give it to the captain whose record shows the best drilled and most orderly company, the one with the best *esprit de corps*, and the one with the greatest enthusiasm for its cap-

tain and for the service. Applied in a counting house, favoritism will give the position of superintendency of a department to the son or nephew of some member of the firm, seniority in service to the oldest clerk, reward of merit and fitness for service to the man whose record shows the greatest adaptability to the new work which will be demanded of him.

To apply these principles to a great organization like the army is not a simple matter. But if we are correctly informed as to the method adopted by the present Administration to carry them out, it is admirably adapted to its purpose. A careful record is kept of the work of all officers—their opportunities, their successes, their failures. A system of cross references is arranged by which the Secretary of War can at any time turn not only to

the record of any officer, but can also make a comparison of the service in the same department rendered by different officers; can, for example, have put before him the records of all notable engineering efforts, administrative records, scouting adventures, and so can judge, in so far as such records afford a basis for such judgment, who in the army is best fitted for any new piece of kindred work which needs to be done. If all promotions and appointments in our army are made in accordance with this system, if favoritism, whether personal or political, is banished, and seniority in office is regarded only as a secondary consideration, we ought in time to have an army in its officers second to none in the world, as it is now second to none in its rank and file.

## Who Will Be the Next Pope?

By Maud Howe

As many of our readers know, the author of this article is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. During many years' residence in Rome she has had unusual opportunities to learn about Roman affairs, both ecclesiastical and civil. Her knowledge of the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church and of the political aspects of life at the Vatican is founded upon many conversations with diplomats, authors of note, and ecclesiastics, Italian, English, and American. We may add that the following account of the candidates for the Papacy and the division of the cardinals in what may be called church politics, has been approved as correct by excellent authority in this country.—THE EDITORS.

**L**EO XIII. took a grim interest in all the gossip and the prophecies concerning his successor. The people about him were ever on the alert for some hint indicating his own private opinion on the subject. A story is told of the Abbé Perosi, whose oratorios "Lazarus" and the "Resurrection of Christ" have made such an impression on the musical world of Europe. Perosi was offered the post of director of the choir of the Sistine Chapel. At that time he felt that he could serve his art better by remaining in Venice, where he directed the choir of St. Mark's, and frankly told the Pope this. Instead of being annoyed by so young a man's refusal of the highest musical post in the gift of the Church, Leo XIII. said good-humoredly, "Go back to Venice and St. Mark's, but you will return to Rome with your cardinal one day." This is construed as indicating the Pope's belief in Cardinal Sarto's succeeding him.

When Leo XIII. was elected, it was believed by the conclave that he would not live more than three, or, at the outside, five years. He was known to be a liberal, and was elected in the belief that his policy would be a conciliatory one, but like his predecessor, Pius IX., he yielded to the pressure of the Intransigent party. That party is still the strongest in Rome, if not in the Catholic Church, which it must be remembered are no longer one and the same thing. There is a ferment of new ideas among the laity and among the clerics of the Church. Just how strong this progressive element is, the conclave which will choose Leo's successor will show. There are three stormy currents of feeling among earnest Catholics, three distinct parties in the Church, which may be denominated the Party of Action, the Party of Inaction, and the Italian Party.

The men of action represent one extreme, the men of inaction the other, while the Italian party stands midway

between the two. What is commonly referred to as "the power behind the throne," or the "Black Pope," unites all the conservative forces of the Church—the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, in a word the party of the Monks, men who hold that tradition must be respected above all else, that the power of the Church rests on the permanence of its institutions. Such men are fond of quoting Macauley's prophecy concerning the Catholic Church—"And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

To these Intransigents, all change, all progress, all science means disintegration, ruin, chaos. They stand solidly together, shoulder to shoulder, a compact phalanx. To concede, even to discuss reform, is an acknowledgment of weakness. If such a man is assailed by doubts, let him fight them out in his own mind, let him hide them and isolate them from all other men, as one who is plague-stricken should hold himself apart from his fellows. Faith, first and last, faith is what he must strive for; doubt is of the devil, the cunningest of the wiles with which he has tempted all saints and believers from the beginning. St. Ignatius, St. Dominic, St. Thomas Aquinas may be termed the patron saints of the Intransigents. The candidate who will represent this party, which we have called the Party of Inaction, will doubtless be Cardinal Gotti, a Genoese Carmelite monk. At all the functions at the Vatican, whether social or religious, Cardinal Gotti is a striking figure. When his brother cardinals are gorgeous in scarlet silk and splendid laces, he is always dressed in the brown cloth habit of his order, over which he wears a cloak of white cloth. He has the face of an ascetic; pale, spiritual, serene.

Girolamo Maria Gotti was born in Genoa on the 28th of March, 1834. At the age of sixteen he joined the order of the bare-footed Carmelites, and eventually became the head of the order. In 1892 Gotti, then Archbishop of Petra, was sent on a mission to Rio Janeiro. On his return he was made a cardinal, it is said sorely against his will. At the request of Leo XIII. he laid aside his

scruples and accepted the honor. In his life and habits he is still the simple Carmelite, living in a modest apartment in the street of the Forum of Trajan, and sleeping upon the hard and narrow bed of a monk. He is said not to desire the Papacy, though he has ardent supporters, who claim that Leo XIII. has more than once jestingly addressed him as "My successor." His friends point to the flames in his coat of arms as looking to the fulfillment of the prophecy of St. Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh (in Ireland), which characterizes the next pope as "Ignis Ardens." The same ancient and extremely Delphic oracle foretold the reign of Pius IX. with the words "Crux de Crusis," and Leo XIII. as "Lumen in Coelo." Believers in the oracle explain that if ever pope had many crosses to bear it was surely Pius, and that the arms of Leo included a star. The prophecy foretells the characters of thirty-three more popes; by a strange coincidence there still remain thirty-three vacant medallions in the frieze containing the portraits of all the former popes at the church of St. Paul's outside the walls of Rome. The representative of the Party of Inaction, whether he be Cardinal Gotti, Cardinal Rampolla, or another, will be solidly supported by Spain, as well as by the men of his own stripe of whatever nationality. Next to Italy, Spain is the strongest power in the politics of the Church. He will also have the support of France, this chiefly for political reasons. It has been and remains the policy of France to keep open the wound which drains the life blood of Italy, to fan the quarrel between the Government and the Vatican—the division of interests which is roughly expressed in the terms Black and White. The poorer Italy remains, the safer the southern frontier of France. It would not at all suit the needs of France to have the unification of Italy become a fact instead of an ideal, to have a first-class power at her gates. Behind the superficial commercial friction and jealousy between the two countries lies the Triple Alliance, France's real grievance against Italy.

The Party of Action includes the men who, from Savonarola to Archbishop Ireland, have maintained that the Church must advance with the rest of the world; that

the discoveries of science and the modern methods of history are not to be ignored, but should be incorporated with the Church. To them the danger lies in ignoring new truths rather than in proclaiming them. They maintain that the rôle of the Church as the great civilizer of the world did not stop at the thirteenth century, and it should be in the present and in the future not only the conserver but the discoverer of knowledge, the protector of science, the friend of the arts. They look with terror at the new world of civilized men—thinkers, teachers, historians, artists, scientists—who, while still preserving the spirit, have thrown away the forms of Christianity, and frankly or tacitly declare that it has done its work in the world and is as dead to them as the mythologies of Greece or Scandinavia. "How long," they ask, "will the essence of Christianity remain what it is to-day—the lifting force of the world? For how many generations will Christ's spirit animate when his name is denied?" The Party of Action maintains that while creed and dogma must be held intact, forms and customs must be modified to meet the exigencies of the moment. The Party of Action stands, ax in hand, ready to cut away the dead wood from the tree of life.

The candidate of the Party of Action will probably be Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who was born at Genazzano, in the province of Rome, November 26, 1834. At an early age he came to Rome, where he entered the Capranica College. He was graduated with many honors, being a laureate in theology and canon law. He next studied at the Pontifical Seminary, from which he emerged to enter the diplomatic service of the Vatican. His first post was that of auditor to Monsignor Meglia at Mexico, and later at Munich. He was sent as apostolic delegate to Ecuador and to Peru. Returning from these distant missions he was next appointed Nuncio to Brussels, and later to Vienna, where he remained until 1887, when he was created cardinal. He then established himself at Rome, where he has filled various important offices, finally being appointed Secretary of Briefs. His presence at the capital was soon felt, for not only was he active in Church affairs, but took a leading part in the social life

of the Black circle, where he is a great favorite. He was, and still is, to be met with at the diplomatic receptions, and at the weddings and the baptisms of his friends' children. He is much beloved as a kindly, agreeable man. Social by nature, his experience in foreign courts has increased his native talent for society. His popularity brought its penalty, and strong efforts were made to get him out of Rome. He was offered the important seat of Archbishop of Bologna, gained time by temporizing, and finally, by the death of the Archbishop of Frascati, was able to frustrate his enemies and obtain the vacant bishopric of Frascati, in the near neighborhood of Rome. He was much regarded by Leo XIII., who often consulted with him. He is a charming, popular man, and has many ardent friends, first among whom is his brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, whose greatest ambition in life is said to be that Serafino shall succeed to the Papacy.

If Rome were in point of fact merely the capital of the Church the coming conclave might fight out the battle on the broad lines of radicalism and conservatism. But Italy will come in, as she always has, as a powerful factor in all Church politics. The Italian party consists mainly of men of a patriotic mold, whose first desire is to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Church and the Government, to heal the wound which the Intransigents, with France and Spain at their back, are always tearing open. The Italian party maintains that Italy is the best ally for the Church in Europe. France is too indifferent religiously, Spain too intolerant, too isolated, Austria too feeble. Of all the Catholic powers, Italy should be, as she always has been, the Church's nearest friend. The astronomer priest, Father Denza, and Monsignor Carini, librarian of the Vatican, two powerful friends of conciliation, have both died during the last nine years; in them Italy and the Church lost devoted and earnest sons. The so-called Black or clerical families have suffered terribly since they were forbidden by the Pope to vote or to hold office under the government. Some of the oldest and noblest families in the country look with dismay on their crumbling fortunes and their disfranchised sons. The head of one of the most loyal



of these Black houses told the writer that for twenty-five years he had abstained from voting, but that when his son asked his consent to vote he could not conscientiously forbid him to do so. The Italian Government, which he had been told would be overthrown in a few years, seemed to be growing stronger and stronger, in spite of foreign enemies and more bitter foes at home. He was too old to change his colors, but the new generation, the men born and bred under the new order, must be free to choose between Pope and King. "Why should we choose?" say these men. "What logical argument can be advanced that should prevent our being at once good Catholics and good patriots?" The logical argument has yet to be advanced. That the breach is healing, as all wounds will heal in healthy flesh when nature is given a chance, is evident to the lover of Italy.

The candidate of the Italian party will doubtless be Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice. Sarto was born in Treviso on the 2d of June, 1835. He studied at the College of Castelfranco and at the Seminary of Padua. His first curé was in the parish of Tombolo, from which in 1867 he was transferred to Salzano. The Bishop of Treviso noticing his talent appointed him canon of the cathedral of Treviso. He next became Bishop of Mantua. In 1893 he was elected to the office he now holds. He is one of the most popular of the cardinals, and is much beloved by the Venetians. He is a prudent, correct, well-balanced man. While never directly opposing the policy of Leo XIII., he is noted for his abstinence from all aggressive action, and his influence is always exerted to keep the peace between the opposing factions. When King Umberto went to Venice to meet the Emperor of Germany Cardinal Sarto announced his intention of making a state visit to the King. A hint was sent him from the Vatican that his course might not be a wise one, and that he had best be absent from Venice at the time of the King's visit. The decision was left, however, with Sarto, who carried out his original plan, made his state visit to the King, and, it is said, mentioned the fact that the Vatican had advised against it. Personally, he is perhaps the most sympathetic of the *papabile* cardinals. He is

a handsome man, carrying his sixty-eight years lightly. Strong, modest, disliking the intrigues and the ceremonies of the papal court, he rarely comes to Rome, and is content to remain in his beloved Venice, the friend of the people and of the clerics alike. For Italy his election would be fortunate; he has many well wishers in the Roman world, where, his friends hold, he is too little seen.

Cardinal Rampolla is spoken of by many outsiders as having the best chance for election, but to those who know most he is held to have less chance than the three candidates already referred to. The Pope's Secretary of State is known to be a Republican; he is too young to be acceptable to most churchmen, who look with distrust upon a man who is as likely to have as long a reign as Leo XIII. or Pius IX. Underlying the popular idea that the cardinals always choose the oldest of their number, in order that his reign may be short and they themselves may have another chance of election, there is a deep prejudice against a long papal reign, in the present conditions of Europe. A change of policy is difficult during the lifetime of a pope, as the papal policy is supposed to always follow the line in which it starts. It is thought more likely that some older man, possibly Oreglia, if backed by Rampolla and his followers, may win, in which case the present Secretary of State might continue to hold his place, and have, at the following conclave, a greater chance of election.

If history repeats itself, a "dark horse," Cardinal Oreglia or another—if he is only old enough—has more chances than any other to win the election. Cardinal Oreglia is the oldest of the cardinals who are considered *papabile*, a term which may be translated eligible for the Papacy. Santo Stefano di Oreglia was born at Beneva-gienna, in Piedmont, in 1828. He was educated at the Academy of the Noble Ecclesiastics, where he won reputation for his sound theology and his talent for languages. He was sent on a diplomatic mission to Holland, and later, on his return from The Hague, went as Nuncio to Portugal. He was made cardinal in 1873 by Pius IX., of whom he was a most devoted adherent. At one time it was believed that he was out of sympathy with the present policy of the Church, and it is

not to be denied that for a long time he never put foot in the Vatican unless he was obliged to do so. Since he has become *doyen* of the College of Cardinals and chamberlain of the Vatican, however, he has been assiduous in discharging his duties. He, like Cardinal Gotti, is extremely simple in his habits. He lives in a modest apartment in the Via Nazionale. His enemies accuse him of extreme avariciousness; his friends declare that he is only parsimonious in his own personal expenditure and is conspicuously lavish in matters of charity.

There remains to be mentioned but one more candidate for the great Papacy race, with many people the favorite. Domenico Svampa, born at Ferno in the year 1851, is the youngest of the cardinals. His advance in his career has been like Rampolla's, astonishingly rapid. He was made Bishop of Forlì in 1887, cardinal, and Archbishop of Bologna in 1894. It is said that the seat being vacant, the Pope, finding no one among his cardinals whom he considered fitted to fill it, gave the hat to Domenico Svampa. He is a tall, heavily-built man, with a fine presence and a dark, powerful face. If personal vigor and a forceful character were the qualities most needed in the future pope, the battle would be between Rampolla and Svampa, but in this contest the victory is not always to the strong. When King Umberto visited Bologna for the military maneuvers held there a few years ago, Cardinal Svampa thought fit to absent himself from Bologna. This can only be construed as an act of hostility towards the Government. It is said that his action was suggested by the

Vatican; unlike the Patriarch of Venice, Svampa found the hint quite in accordance with his desires. Quietly and steadily the Cardinal of Bologna works at eradicating from his clergy the liberal ideas he found among them. Whether or no he stands the best chance for the election, Italy and the world has yet much to hear from Domenico Svampa.

The main question which the conclave will be forced to consider, is the position of the future pope. Shall the present conditions be indefinitely prolonged or not? It is intolerable to a large proportion of Catholics of all shades of political opinion that the pope should remain the prisoner of the Vatican, even if it is the Black pope who holds the key of his prison. It cannot be denied that in spite of the existing conditions Leo XIII. has done much to strengthen the position of the Papacy in Europe. During his reign, and noticeably during the last ten years, religious functions of all sorts have been carried on at Rome with perfect liberty and security; great pilgrimages have been organized from every part of the world; many beatifications have been made; his encyclicals have been circulated far and wide; all this without interference from, nay, it is not too much to say, under the protection of the Italian Government. It is said that the patrimony of Peter has been increased by many millions; in spite of all this, it is not to be endured that any man in his position, whether wilfully or not, should remain indefinitely a prisoner.

"Who will cut the Gordian knot?"

That is the question which every one asks himself, which the conclave must consider, which the future pope must decide.

## The Inglorious Days

By Mary Lord

When the long days drag on, so dull, so drear,  
Hour following hour in sad monotonous length,  
When my heart cries, "Is this my life so dear?  
Must I give up to this my youth, my strength?"

Then to my spirit breathes thy gentle voice  
And says, "Thy patience, too, I count as mine,  
Mine thy endurance,"—Lord, I ask no choice,  
For, lo! the inglorious days are also thine.

# School-Houses and Beauty

By Ira Remsen

President Johns Hopkins University

**I** DO not think the term "hideous" too strong to apply to some of the structures in which we instruct our children. In a casual observation of school-houses in city and country, I have been impressed with the lack of beauty in design. In fact, some of the buildings are so conspicuous in their ugliness of outline and proportion that I have wondered if they have been planned to make them specially repulsive. We have been making progress in the beautifying of our towns and cities, and have erected public buildings and monuments in which the artistic is very noticeable, while many of the public parks have been made attractive to the eye. But it really seems to me that in the architecture of our public schools we have not kept pace with the development on other lines, and that there is ample opportunity for improvement.

The impression apparently prevails among many who constitute American school boards that ornamentation is a luxury, that the æsthetic is not necessary in the education of youth. Possibly this is one reason for the backwardness in designing buildings which would teach the children to appreciate the beautiful. The question of money is also used as an argument by the school authorities. I am not prepared to say that a structure planned on artistic lines is much more expensive than the ungainly buildings which are to-day being erected in some of the principal cities of the country. The value of art as an educational factor can, in my opinion, be strikingly demonstrated by the embellishment of the school-house, and the children to whom it becomes almost as familiar as the home can be unconsciously instructed to appreciate the artistic merely by their observation of its design in their daily visits to it. In its exterior and interior it can be made an object-lesson in art of the highest importance.

Great cities in Europe are notable to tourists, not only for their wealth of historical associations, but for the harmonious outlines of design which in every direction appeal to the finer senses. The institu-

tions for instruction harmonize with other structures in this respect; but in the United States the contrast is often very great. Why should not the American school stand out among other edifices as an example of art, so that the place where we educate our children will be characterized by its æsthetic features, and possibly its appropriate location? I remember noticing several school-houses in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, all of which had been built upon sites where the natural surroundings were very attractive, and upon inquiry found that the school authorities had selected the localities purposely with the view of the effect upon the children. Here is an example which might well be emulated in other parts of the country, numerous as are the opportunities for such selection. I recognize the fact, however, that the average school board is not always composed of men who realize the influence of the beautiful, and a great work can be accomplished in enlightening them in this respect. Unfortunately, too many of the buildings in our cities, for example, are planned by architects who thoughtlessly ignore what is really an essential. If the plans were prepared, and, after preparation, submitted to a committee which included at least one architect capable of making suggestions which would add to their artistic merit, possibly this would be an improvement upon the system which is too commonly carried out, of copying old designs to save expense, or giving the preparation of the plans to one man, who, as I have intimated, may not be competent properly to complete them individually.

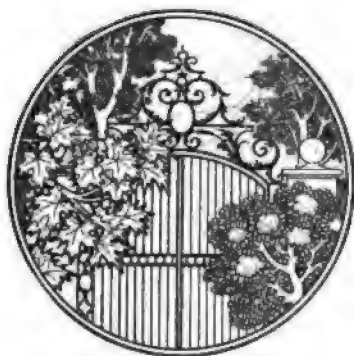
I do not believe the development of the æsthetic in children can be too greatly cultivated. In fact, this feature is too frequently neglected by the teacher whose attention is devoted to the ordinary curriculum. In the planning of the school-house, however, is afforded an opportunity to supply these deficiencies. If in design it represents a combination of the beautiful and artistic, it will attract the eye as does the charm of nature, and become a most important force for instruction.



THE LIBRARY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY



# RECENT AMERICAN COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE



BY A. D. F. HAMLIN

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES W. FURLONG  
AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD EDWARDS

**A** NATION that has many new buildings to erect and plenty of money to spend upon them is sure to develop a characteristic architecture. It may be good or bad or simply commonplace, but nothing can prevent its being clearly expressive of the taste, culture, ideals, and capacities of the Nation. The style of the new buildings will be an index of its artistic taste; the purposes for which they are erected will reveal the dominant interests and illustrate the character of its civilization.

It has been customary to speak of the pervading commercialism of American life. The towering and impressive masses of the business buildings of lower New York seem to give evidence of a triumphant materialism; the more so when we learn that fifty or sixty millions of dollars sometimes go into such structures in a

single twelvemonth. But the evidence is fallacious, for when we survey the country at large it is not sky-scrapers that fill our vision, but rather the homes, churches, and schools of the people. We have heard a good deal about our domestic and religious architecture, both from native and foreign critics; but our collegiate architecture has not received the attention it deserves, though not less suggestive than our houses and churches of the National progress and National ideals.

Recent foreign observers have expressed amazement at the magnitude, number, equipment, and endowments of our universities. No one, indeed, who studies the record of recent gifts to education in this country, or the statistics of attendance upon our higher institutions of learning, can fail to be impressed with the increasing popular regard for intellectual

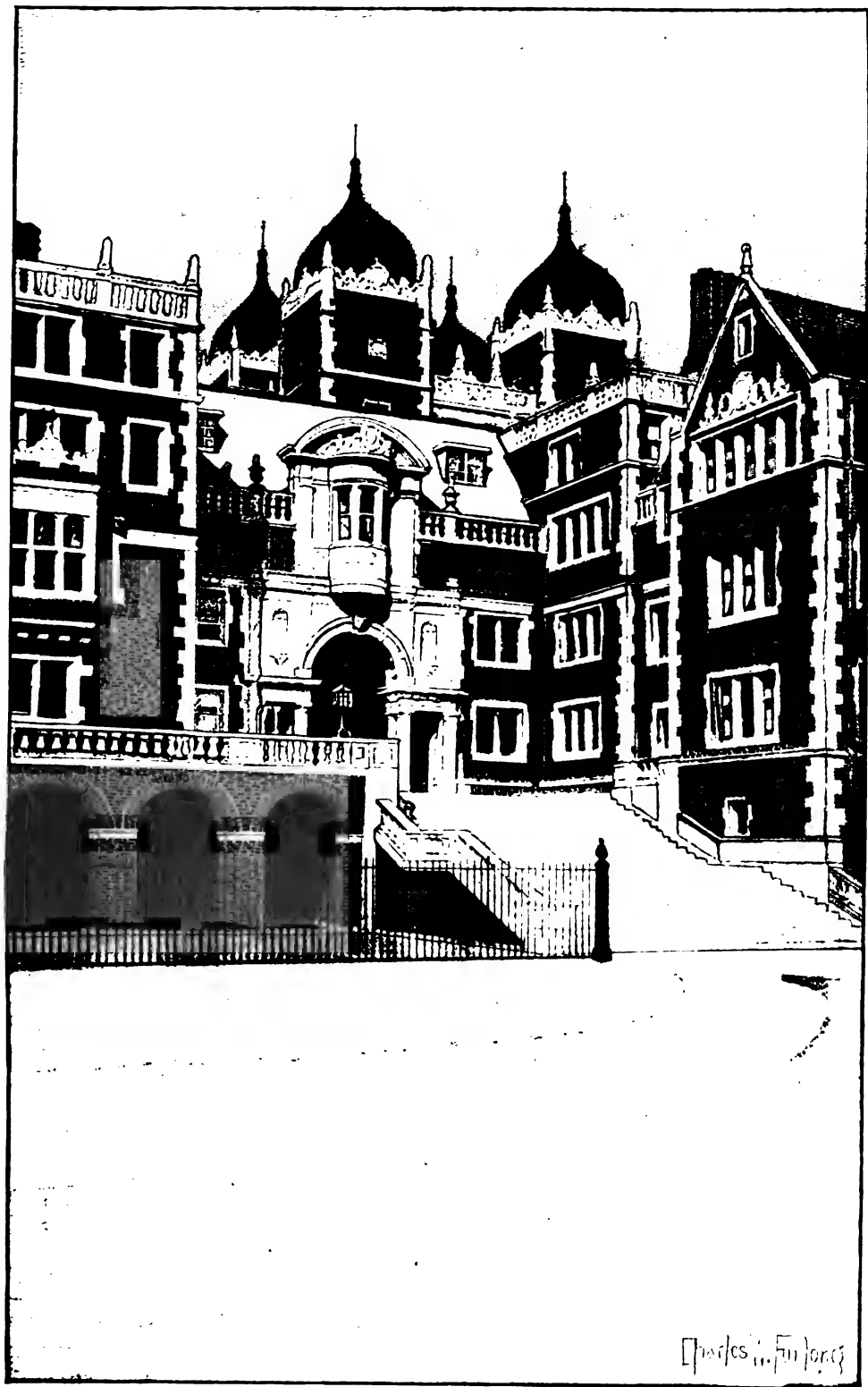
culture. We believe that the architectural character of the buildings erected for these institutions within the past ten years indicates an equally rapid advance in the artistic culture of the Nation. It is not without significance that the two most magnificent buildings ever erected in America, with the possible exception of the Capitol at Washington, are public libraries, one built by the Nation at Washington, the other by the municipality at Boston; and that Congress has authorized new buildings to cost fourteen millions of dollars for the two great National schools at Annapolis and West Point. In the very focus of American commercialism, the noblest of recent buildings is the library erected at Columbia University in 1897 by the present Mayor of the city, to be soon, however, surpassed in size and splendor by the city's own new Public Library; and there is in process of gradual erection in Brooklyn a superb museum building for the Brooklyn Institute, an important educational organization—a veritable palace of the arts and sciences, to cost several millions, and to be paid for out of the public funds. Let it also be noted that the people of this same city of New York, with all their reputed devotion to mammon, maintain two great universities, Columbia University and the New York University, both recently equipped with splendid new buildings; and that the city has itself begun upon Washington Heights the erection of a noble and costly group of buildings for its own City College.

The collegiate architecture of the United States represents, therefore, no small or unimportant phase of the National activity. During the past ten years it has fully shared in the general progress and prosperity. In many cases the whole aspect of an institution has been metamorphosed either by a complete reconstruction on a new site, or by notable additions to the buildings on the old site. In the latter case the comparison of the new with the old buildings furnishes an object-lesson in the progress and tendencies of our collegiate architecture. The contrast is sometimes extraordinary. The new edifices are not only more artistic in design, more monumental in effect than the old; they are also better planned, more convenient, more solid and thorough in con-

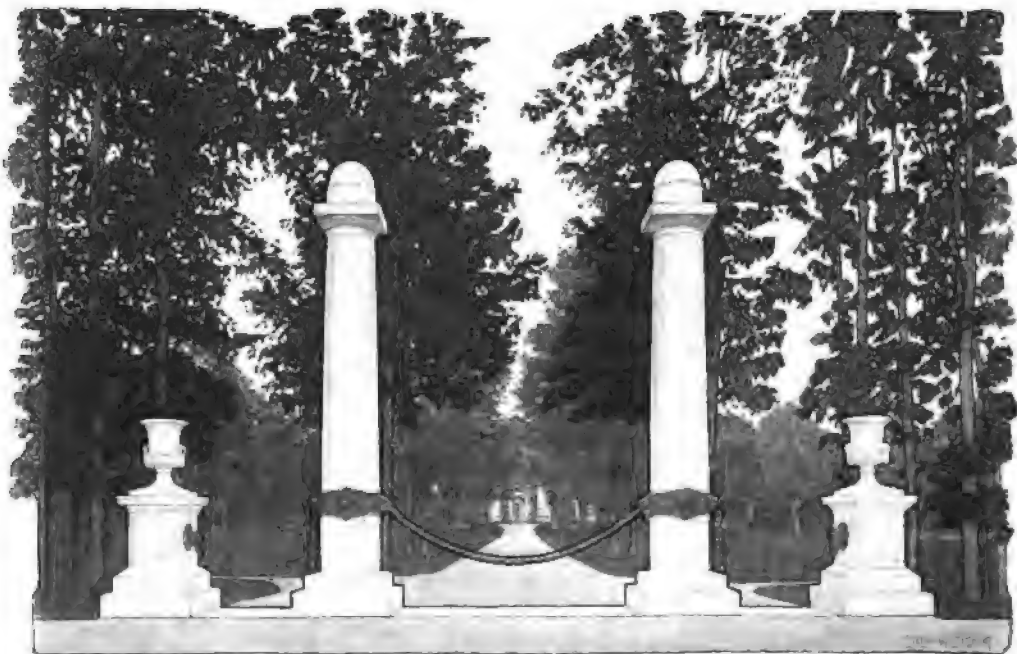
struction, and vastly better furnished and equipped.

The architecture of American colleges has grown up on an essentially different system from the European. The typical American college or university consists of a collection of distinct buildings, grouped more or less regularly about a grassy and shady area called the campus. The original nucleus of the group was usually the chapel, flanked by two dormitories of red brick. A half-dozen lecture-rooms occupied the basement of the chapel. Other dormitories and recitation halls, laboratories, and a library were added as the resources of the institution permitted, and placed as the convenience of the occasion seemed to dictate—in parallel rows, or around a vast square, or in more fortuitous groupings determined by the topography. The successive additions were often wholly unrelated architecturally to their older neighbors, or even in some cases to one another, representing as many diverse styles as there were architects employed. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, and Wesleyan Universities, Bowdoin and Dartmouth, Amherst and Williams Colleges, and half a hundred others, grew up in this way. The European conception of collegiate architecture was derived from olden monastic traditions; it was that of the cloister or quadrangle, or a series of "quads," each entirely surrounded by a continuous building and entered through an imposing gateway. Such a scheme was not only foreign to our ideas, but wholly impracticable for rural colleges struggling for existence on the slenderest of means; and out of such struggling rural colleges have grown nearly all our great universities.

The newer American college architecture, even in following the traditional American system of isolated buildings, seeks to secure general unity of effect. It is, of course, impossible to correct the chaos of an existing group of heterogeneous buildings, but it is at least possible to establish a definite plan and scheme to which all future additions shall conform. At Harvard the dominant note of the older colonial buildings has been followed in nearly all the more recent erections in and about the "Square." Several colleges and universities have had the good fortune to be able to undertake an entire



NEW DORMITORIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



THE NEW MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT HOWDOIN

rebuilding on a new site. Trinity College, at Hartford, Connecticut, was the first of these, having as far back as 1875 begun the erection of an imposing block of buildings in four quadrangles, from plans by the late William Burges, of London. Only a small part of this great scheme has been completed, forming a long and imposing stretch of buildings in English Gothic style. About 1890 the Leland Stanford Junior University began in like manner the erection at Palo Alto (California) of new buildings on a comprehensive plan prepared by Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, of Boston. This was only in part realized; and the unity of the scheme has been injured by several structures designed by other hands. A few years later the University of New York moved certain of its departments to a new site at Fordham Heights, near the metropolis, and built there, from designs by McKim, Mead, and White, a group of buildings centered around a fine domical library and memorial gallery, which last has become known all over the country as the "Hall of Fame." The new buildings of Columbia University, by the same architects, followed soon after, the noble Low Library forming the center of the group (1895-1897); and in 1898 Mrs.

Phœbe Hearst instituted an international competition for new buildings on a scale of unexampled magnificence for the University of California at Berkeley, in which the prize was won by the French architect Bénard. The first buildings of this vast design—the School of Mines and an open-air "theater"—are now under construction. Washington University at St. Louis has begun the execution of a fine design by Cope and Stewardson, of Philadelphia, on an almost equally ambitious scale. All of these great enterprises betoken abundant confidence in the future of the institutions that have entered upon them, a sublime reliance upon the generous support of the American people, and the determination to plan, not merely for the immediate necessity, but for expected growth, so that order and beauty may reign in increasing perfection as the years roll on. Meanwhile, many other colleges and universities, retaining the old site and buildings, have added new structures of great size, cost, and beauty. There is probably not one among our older institutions of the higher learning that has not received notable architectural additions within the past ten years, and in some cases, as at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Penn-



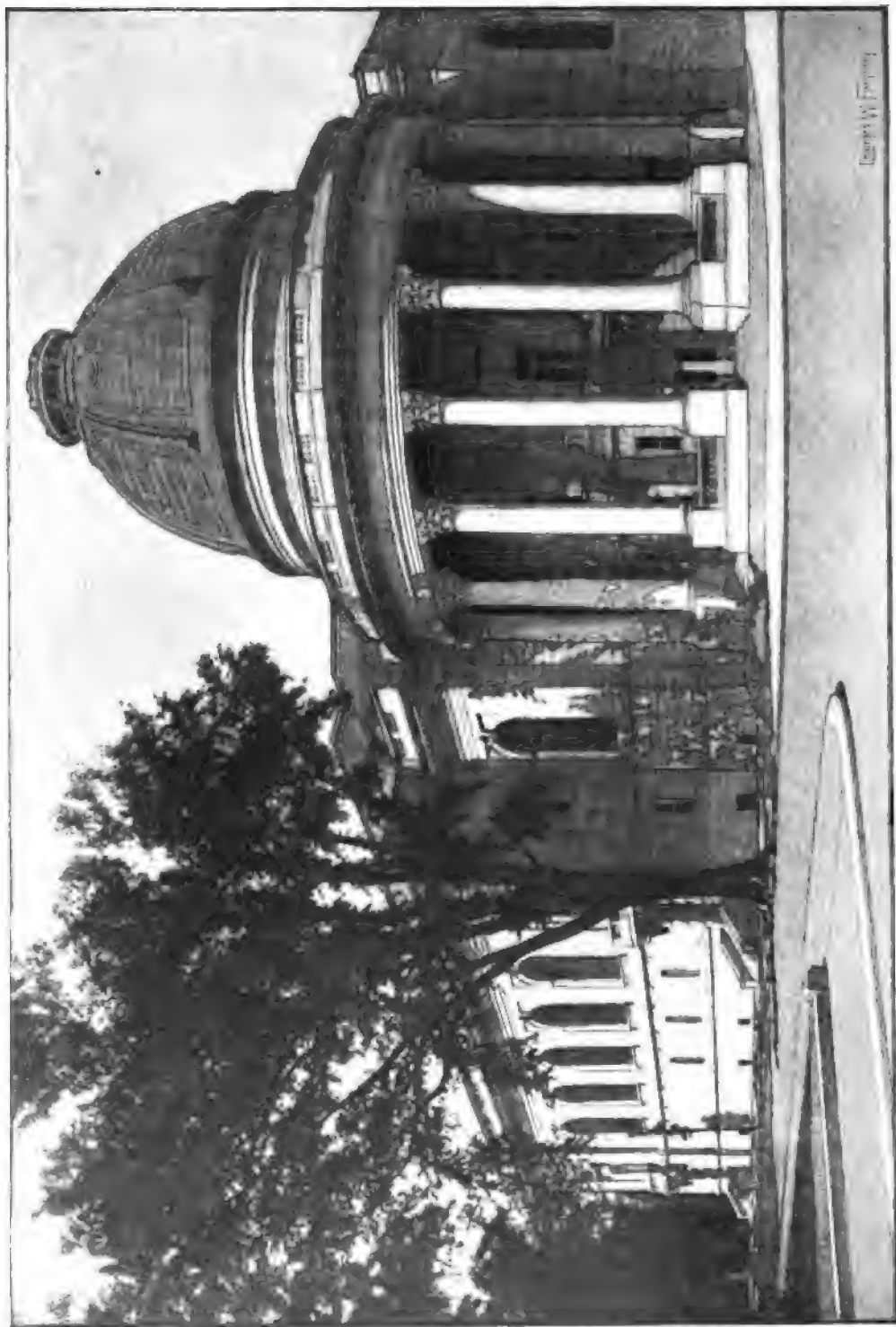
sylvania, the cost of these additions has run up into the millions. Our medical colleges, theological seminaries, and technological schools have shared in this extension and enrichment.

The causes of this architectural activity are not hard to discover. It is not to be explained merely by any theory of a newly developed passion for expenditure, luxury, or splendor. The trustees of our great educational institutions are almost without exception men of conservative, rather than radical ideas; men with a deep sense of their responsibility to the public and to the institution, and they could not command millions for display if they wished it. New buildings have become necessary simply because the new education demands resources and an equipment for which the old provision was utterly inadequate. A chapel and four recitation-rooms were all that was necessary for the

college of 1803. The library was amply accommodated in one or two of the rooms in an adjacent dormitory. For the college of 1903 there must be a modern fireproof library, with stack-room, reading-room, reference-room, seminar-rooms, and staff-rooms; scientific buildings, with laboratories, more varied and complex than our fathers ever dreamed of, with testing rooms and lecture-rooms and instructors' rooms and storerooms; a gymnasium, large and spacious, with running-track, swimming-tank, baths, handball courts, and what not. There must be a suitable administration building for the president, treasurer, and dean, for faculty meetings and trustee meetings, and a hall or auditorium for commencement gatherings and mass-meetings. In some colleges a college "commons," refectory, or dining-hall is required, and the social life of the students must be provided for by a college



THE HARVARD UNION



THE YALE BICENTENNIAL BUILDING

club-house, or, in connection with their religious life, by a special building for the religious associations and the college Young Men's Christian Association. As the college grows, moreover, the dormitories must be extended or multiplied and new recitation-halls added. Thus architectural expansion and renovation become an absolute necessity wherever there are life and growth in a college, as in any other public institution that partakes of the real life of the community.

Thus made necessary by the main force of circumstances, these new buildings show also the influence of the changes in public taste and in the standards of architectural and structural excellence which have taken place in the past twenty years. Not only have the architects made great progress in their mastery of the resources of design; their clients, the governing bodies of the colleges, have made an equal advance in their conceptions of what sort of buildings the colleges require. Alike in artistic design, in solidity of construction, and in elegance of finish and equipments, the buildings erected during the past ten years far surpass anything that this country had ever seen before in the way of collegiate architecture.

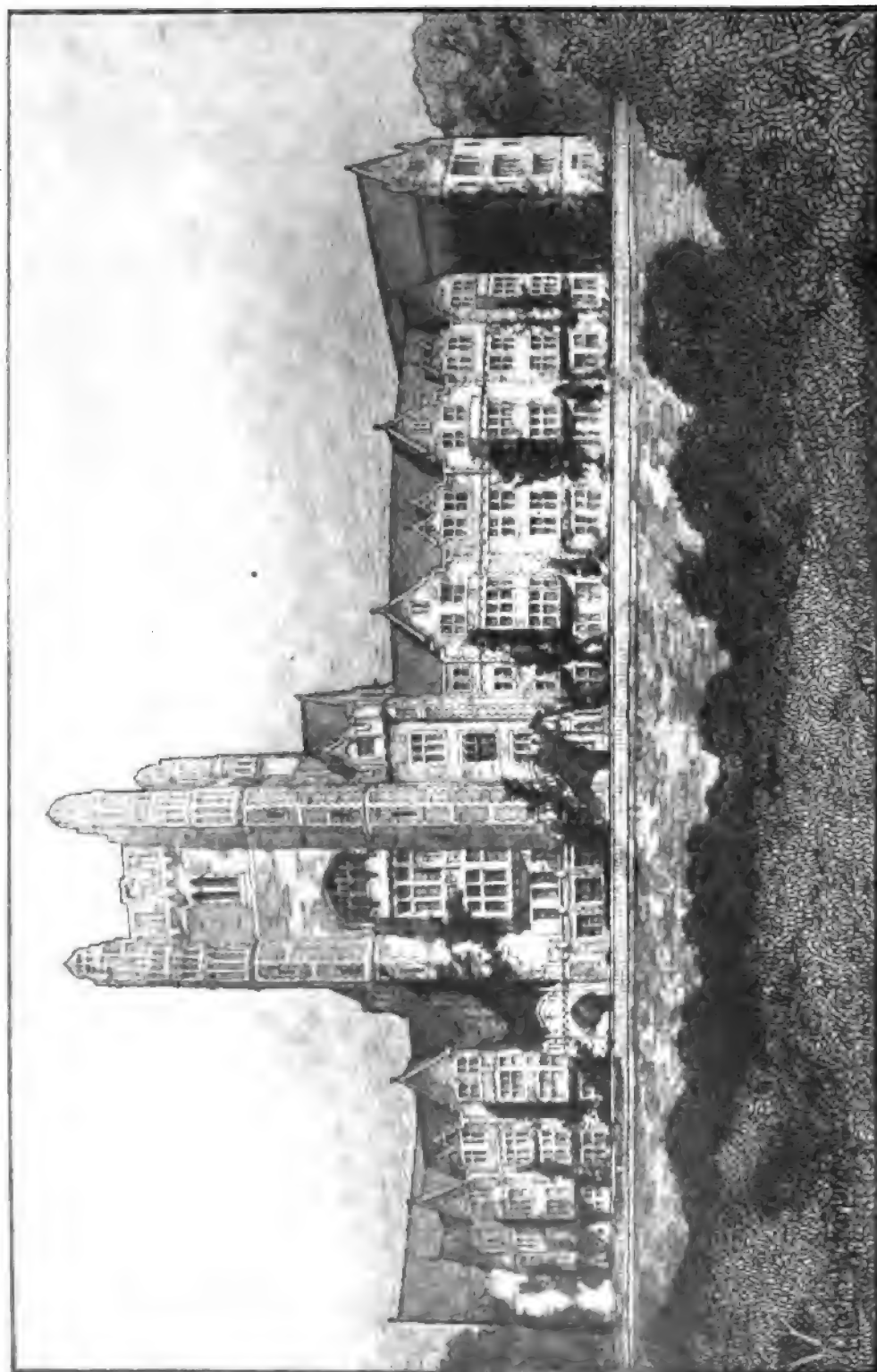
The cosmopolitan and eclectic quality of our taste is fitly expressed in the variety of architectural style which these modern college buildings display. From 1880 to 1890 the powerful influence of Mr. Richardson showed itself in the general adoption of the Romanesque style, freely treated; but more recently other styles have found favor. The majority of the newer buildings are either "Colonial" (or "Georgian," as some prefer to call it) in style, as at Harvard; or in the late Gothic style of many university buildings in England, to which the name of the English Collegiate style is often given. This style lends itself readily to the treatment of long ranges of buildings of moderate height, and permits of a more picturesque variety of mass and sky-line than the Georgian, and the more stately Classic and Renaissance styles. It has been handled with great skill by Cope and Stewardson in the handsome buildings of the dormitory "Quad" at Pennsylvania University, in Blair Hall at Princeton, and in the new edifices of Washington University at St. Louis. The Vanderbilt

Hall at Yale, by C. C. Haight, and the very picturesque and impressive group of buildings on Washington Heights for the College of the City of New York, by Mr. G. B. Post, are also excellent examples of the style. Mr. Potter's new Library at Princeton approaches closer to the Perpendicular Gothic in style, but is unmistakably scholastic in character.

The Georgian style is less picturesque, more restrained, more domestic perhaps, and better suited for detached buildings than for continuous ranges and quadrangles. It has very naturally been adopted at Harvard for all the newer buildings, which thus harmonize with and emphasize the quaint flavor and historic associations of the older ones. The Harvard Union, the new gymnasium for Radcliffe College, the Randall dining hall, and the new gates are examples of this style; while the Law School at the University of Pennsylvania, the new Library of the University of Virginia, and Barnard College at New York, represent other applications of it. McKim, Mead, and White's Library and other buildings at Fordham Heights for the New York University are also in a version of the Georgian style, modified by a touch of Italian classical stateliness; and in the more important group at Columbia University these same architects have apparently tried the experiment of establishing a strong contrast between the Low Library—a magnificent Greco-Roman building of creamy Indiana limestone—and the half-Georgian departmental buildings of red brick with stone finishings.

A third style requires notice—the Italian or classic style, not because it is in frequent use, but because of the importance of the few cases in which it has been adopted. The most conspicuous instance is the University of California, where two of the buildings of the vast plan prepared by the architect Bénard are now being erected under the supervision of Mr. J. G. Harvard, of New York—the School of Mines and the open-air auditorium. The new buildings for the Naval Academy at Annapolis, by Ernest Flagg, are in this stately and monumental style, which permits of greater majesty of scale and splendor of effect than the other two.

But, whatever the style of the newer college buildings of the United States, they are all in one sense thoroughly



THE NEW COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



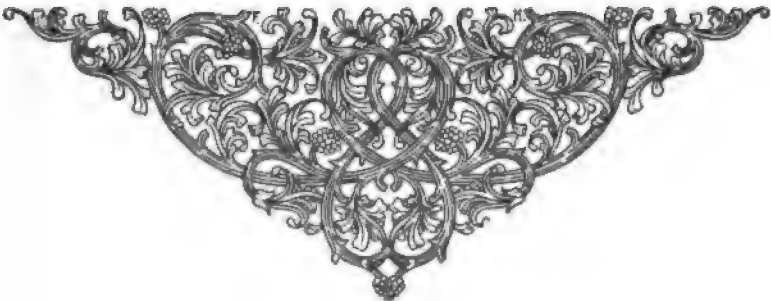
MEMORIAL ARCH AT OBERLIN COLLEGE

Dedicated May 14, 1903, in memory of thirteen American missionaries martyred in China.

American; for their designs have been studied with a special view to meeting American requirements, and the success and merit of the result have depended, not on the style label it wears, but on the ability, skill, and taste with which the architect has solved the specific problem presented to him in each case. In general, this ability, skill, and taste have been of a high order. It is to be regretted that in this respect the Roman Catholic colleges have, as a whole, remained so far in arrears. There is hardly one among these institutions to whose credit can be set down any really notable and highly meritorious work of architecture in recent years.

The complete list of important buildings erected within the past ten years for American colleges, universities, theological seminaries, and other institutions of the higher learning would make an im-

pressive showing. These buildings represent an enormous financial investment; and it must be remembered that this physical growth means also a great increase in expenditure for maintenance and administration. All this is significant of the disposition of the American people to increase their financial investment in the higher education—an investment not only in buildings, which, taken alone, might mean mere luxury, but in all that for which the buildings stand, and to promote which they were built—science, literature, religion, and intellectual culture of every kind. The American scholar may well point to these edifices with pride, assured that a hundred years from now many of them will still be looked upon with admiration, as monuments of the intellectual and artistic enthusiasm of an age too often accounted as wholly given up to a selfish materialism.



# The Coasters

By L. Frank Tooker

Up and down the coast from Calais to the keys,  
We have groped with lead and log  
Through the easter and the fog,  
Felt the sting of hail or whistled for a breeze,  
Till we know the charted coast  
Like the face we love the most,  
With the old "blue pigeon" tracking down the seas.

When the stars are in the sky, we closely pass,  
Sailing by within a league,  
Barnegat and Chincoteague,  
But we give a wider birth to Hatteras;  
For she sits among the dunes  
Like a siren playing tunes,  
All too quick to change a jig to dirge or mass.

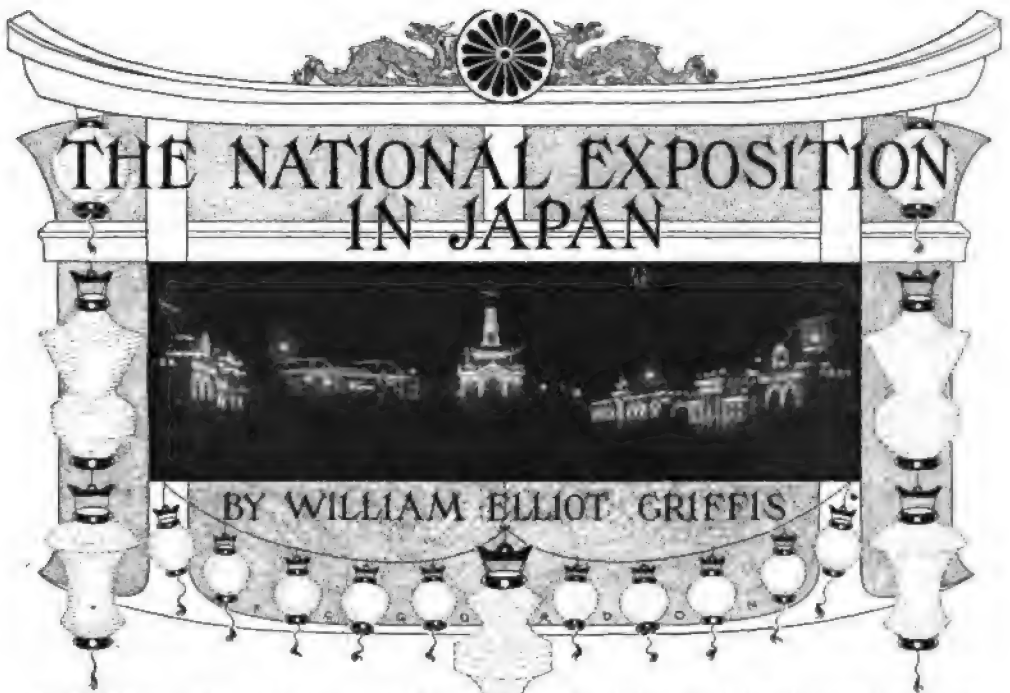
All the white sea-horses scamper unto her;  
All the currents slip away  
Where her sullen rollers play,  
Rain and driving rack about her in a blur.  
Oh, she beckons, and she brings  
To her feet the pallid things  
Round whose sightless forms her breakers fawn and purr!

When the fog is like a wall upon our lee,  
And the capes have closed the door,  
Through the murk we safely bore,  
While the off-shore sailors blunder back to sea.  
Through a ram's horn or a gourd  
With the lead we'd lay our board,  
Little matter what the fog or night might be.

Loafing slowly down the coast with dragging sheets,  
Carrying on to make a berth  
When the thunder rocks the earth  
And the leveled rains against our faces beat,  
We have waited, we have won,  
In the storm and in the sun,  
Not to vaunt in conquest, grovel in defeat.

We will hazard all with any gale that blows,  
Slipping out of port at night  
When the storm-flags flap with fright  
And the sea is gray with long wind-driven rows.  
When the decks are running free  
Braver road there could not be;  
What if Death should bar us from its happy close?

Gales will rage about us, toppling seas downpour;  
Hurling scud and driving sleet  
Shift the deck beneath our feet,  
Snatch the canvas from us, deafened by its roar.  
Blind to all but duty, we  
Hold the course we cannot see,  
Flash a last thought homeward, pass the open door.



**F**IFTY years ago this summer, Commodore Matthew Perry, himself "an educator of our navy," spent eight days in the waters of Japan. Unwelcome guest then, but glorified now, he proved to the Japanese that Americans were willing to teach them. At Yokohama the next year he set up a little industrial exposition of American products and machinery on the strand. By this he opened to the Japanese the modern world of industry and invention, inducing in the Oriental islanders an insatiable hunger for the wonders of the West. Perry was modern Japan's first great schoolmaster, and Townsend Harris, ex-President of the Board of Education of the city of New York, followed him. After eighteen months of diplomacy, without ship or soldier, Harris won his way into the city of Yedo, with the American flag wrapped round his presents of lamps, locks, machines, and dictionaries. Then he sat down to do pedagogic work day and night steadily during four months. He taught the hermit statesmen how to keep national house in modern style among greedy nations with plenty of cannon.

Thus began what Mr. William H. Seward called "the tutorship of the United States in Japan." This, he declared, "must be based on deeper and broader

principles of philanthropy than have hitherto been practiced in the intercourse of nations . . . which shall send teachers to instruct and establish schools on the American system."

While the political earthquake rumbled and crashed, and the volcano of civil war sent out its lava and scoria, there was no time for constructing a national system of education, even had one then been desired, for there was no true nationality. Yet even in that era of chaos, from 1859 to 1870, Americans on the soil were doing work in the caissons. They were preparing plans and materials for the new Japan which they saw by faith. Dr. Hepburn trained up physicians, taught science, and by his dictionary made possible to speakers of English the study of the Japanese language. Dr. S. R. Brown raised up future schoolmasters and college presidents. Dr. Verbeck was making statesmen and planning to get Japanese abroad and to bring American teachers to Nippon. The chief text-books were the New Testament and the Constitution of the United States. Pumpelly made reconnaissance of Japan's mineral wealth and introduced blasting and powder in the mines. Nakamura to the scholars and Fukuzawa to the people were hiding the

Western leaven in the vernacular, by means of cheap books and publications. When peace dawned after war, an army of educators entered, and from 1872 until the present time Americans have been the chief educators of the Japanese—Murray, Lyman, Capron, Scott, Berry, Mason, Clark, Morse, Mendenhall, with scores of other secular teachers and hundreds of other teachers and missionaries, men and women, full of zeal and usually of tact and ability. Did ever a country within two decades have such a swarm of educators and of education, mostly free? Nine-tenths of the modern educated men and women of Japan before 1890, and a majority of those in influence and office to-day, received their first instruction from American missionaries.

There is also an underground history of modern education, even as there is of Christianity, in the crypts of Japan. The first English teacher of the Japanese was Ronald McDonald, a true explorer. In 1845, when he was twenty-four years old, this American sailor shipped at Sag Harbor in a whale-ship, the Plymouth (significant name). He arranged with the captain to be left on the coast of Japan in a small boat, in order to cast himself ashore and obtain some knowledge of the land and people of unknown Japan. Kindly treated, he lived in Nagasaki until taken away by Glyn in 1849. He taught the English language and trained the interpreters who came on board our ten-gun brig Preble, surprising Commander Glyn by talking pretty good English instead of Japanese

or Dutch. It was McDonald who began American educational activity in Japan—the story of which will some day be fully written.

It is thoroughly appropriate that the Fifth National Exposition should be held in Japan's greatest commercial and manufacturing city. Osaka, from its geographical situation, had always a unique position in the national development. Japan is all northeast and southwest, and what Tokio is to the former, Osaka is to the latter. It is the gateway to the Inland Sea and the northern head of the richest and most populous half of the empire. In old days Yedo was the city of the soldier, and there were the nation's purse and sword. Kioto was the city of the Emperor and the nobles and of priests, dwelling amid temples, gardens, and art treasures. But Osaka was the mart of trade. Here the three hundred or more feudal barons had their storehouses. Hence the city charter or constitution differed notably from either of the others; it was more like that of the free cities of Europe. There was a spirit of independence and intelligence among

the citizens, who were money-loving and politically conservative, while in all things that make for national wealth they were alert and intelligent. Osaka, or Naniwa, stands on the delta of the river Yodo, which drains the waters of Biwa, Japan's largest lake; and much of the long, narrow island, whereon are the finest buildings, is river-made. Like most ancient cities, it has a common and prosaic and also a poetic



STATUE IN THE AQUARIUM





name. Osaka means "the hillside by the great estuary." The original township was situated on the seaward side of a low hill, which still forms the eastern and upper quarters of the city. Its poetical name, which is very ancient, means Swift Waves, or possibly Wave Blossoms. As tradition loves to think, it was given by the first Emperor, at a date which modern chronology, officially made in Tokio a few years ago, sets at 660 B.C. The higher criticism and a scholar's common sense laugh at this date, but it is still dangerous for a professor in Japan to impeach official orthodoxy, and herein, as is notorious, academic freedom of

inquiry is still under ban. Despite all their boasted culture, the Japanese are not allowed to inquire into politico-religious origins. Both Japanese and Chinese orthodoxy are still rigid and persecuting.

The city covers little over eight square miles, and between the guide-book claim of 922,000 and the Government census of 845,000 souls one may choose to suit himself. The city is protected from the open sea by the island of Awaji, the mythological navel of heaven-born Japan, but for ages the harbor has been threatened with uselessness by a great bar, on which thousands of Japanese vessels have been wrecked and



THE MIDWAY, LOOKING BACK TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE

their crews lost. Here, on April 12, 1867, our own Rear-Admiral Henry H. Bell, one of Farragut's ablest captains, with several of our brave sailors, was drowned. Now the Japanese engineers are making what will be the largest harbor east of Suez. The work was begun in 1899 and is now half completed.

Osaka to this day retains traces of its origin. When I made my delightful visit there, I could easily discover this and find good reason for calling it "the Venice of Japan." The river divides itself into two equal streams which embrace a long, narrow island, on which are not only the single park which the city possesses, but also the Post and Telegraph buildings, etc., the splendid stone edifice of the Bank of Japan, and the public library, also a stone structure, the gift of Mr. Sumitomo. The river arms clasp again and then open once more, holding within their grip the

most recently formed delta containing the Prefectural Government House, the City Hall, the old foreign concession, the Chinese quarter, etc.; but seven-tenths of the city is on the south side of the river, in the center of which is the wealthiest and most aristocratic section, the name of which is Semba, or literally "boat neighborhood," thus revealing its origin and reminding one of the derivation of "Boston." Through its very heart runs the Korean Bridge Street, showing where the first Korean artisan-immigrants, bringing with them the arts and civilization of the continent, first settled. In this section is also the richest and liveliest street of Osaka. The Yodo River reminds one of the Grand Canal of Venice, while the interminable branch streams and canals, bridges and narrow thoroughfares, complete the parallel. The busiest streets are the narrowest. The shops are small, but

stuffed to overflowing with fine goods — the tradesmen who sit within being, according to the jest of the Tokio man, a part of the stock.

Under these circumstances the Osakaites, having no hill or groves near by, take their fun on the water. Pleasure-boats during the afternoon and evening hours make the river a lively place, while during the morning the junks, rafts, ships, and steamers have the right of way. Fronting the river is the Imperial Mint, one of the best-equipped institutions of its kind in the world. From the water is also visible the Castle, once the greatest structure reared by man in all the empire, but twice given to the flames—in 1613, when Iyeyasu made himself overlord, and in 1868, when the fortunes of Tycoonism disappeared in fire and smoke.

I spent my three



THE ELEVATOR TOWER



MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE OSAKA EXPOSITION

happy days in Osaka when feudalism was still in its glory. Then there was not one chimney in the whole municipality, and only low smoke-holes let out the products of combustion in kitchen, factory, and crematory. Now, as I look at the large bird's-eye view, reduced from a photograph, I can count scores of lofty brick or steel-framed smoke-stacks wafting their white lines of puffing steam or their clouds of black smoke against the blue sky and the distant mountains. In the city are nearly six hundred manufactories, including many large cotton-mills equipped with the latest improved machinery, and employing about 50,000 operatives. Sixty banks handle the finances of a city which has under charter about 65,000 tons of shipping, for Osaka believes in sea-power. Since the introduction of water by means of steam-pumps and modern hydraulics, Osaka is one of the healthiest cities in the empire.

Space fails me to tell of the various buildings, all of which are wholly in Occidental style, or with the Oriental features tastefully blended. Evidently the Japanese believe in education through architecture. Looking up the Midway toward the Art Gallery, with its arches, columns, and pilasters, mansard roofs, and electric lights, both along the highway, with cable and column, or blossoming out in mid-air from the apex of towers, one realizes what a transformation Japan has passed through, though the dress of the women and children and most of the men is native or hybrid. The Art Gallery is wholly foreign as to its exterior, but within one sees that the Japanese have the gift of rejection as well as of assimilation of things which the foreigner can bring him. Indeed, this is one of the marked traits of the islanders—a source of strength as well as of weakness. There seem to be some ideas, such as the personality of God and the full individuality

of man, which the native intellect appears unable to grasp.

There is one large building devoted wholly to foreign goods and samples. Of course there is plenty of amusement, and a colossal tun, as large as a house, and serving for an advertisement of a new beer, shows that the twentieth-century Japanese quenches his thirst no longer with saké (rice brew or spirit) exclusively. "Shooting the chute" with boats is a novelty much enjoyed, but many of the old-fashioned forms of fun are still patronized. In the field of oil painting one can hardly say that the Japanese have as yet achieved success, but in bronze-casting of statues and equestrian figures and in combining with the old sweetness and loveliness in their figures of Kwannon—the Goddess of Mercy—the nude in childhood (for the Japanese are not yet ready to adopt nudity in depicting the adult figure), especially with water effects, success has been won. In the building devoted to education (number six) are shown the products of the schools from the kindergarten upward to the university.

The fifth National Exposition at Osaka is an educational landmark in the history of Japan. We find a nation at school, and the Japanese themselves becoming the schoolmasters to Asia. Already there are a thousand Japanese teachers in China, Korea, and Siam. On Japanese soil are pupils from China, Korea, Annam, and Siam, numbering over a thousand. Though this great Exposition is set forth in Occidental form, its spirit and architecture are throughout educational. It is a possibility and a success because of Japan's thirty thousand public schools, graded from kindergarten to university, in which every day gather five million pupils. Here we see, also, that the key-note furnished by Perry, in his Yokohama Exhibition of 1854, in what was predominantly industrial, technical, and useful, has been followed out in full strain. In over seven hundred special schools Japan is training her children in handiwork as well as redecraft.

Japan's education is no mere exotic. It is well rooted in the past. Its flowering is no sudden phenomenon, nor have things brought across the sea made a new nation. Its blossoms are not the

result of legerdemain, fastened on with wire and toothpick timber. The finest fruits have ripened on stems, and have deep roots. That political movement which in 1868 initiated the new Japan was the logical issue of the research and publications of the Mito scholars of nearly two centuries ago. The revolution which culminated at Kioto in 1868 was a students' movement from beginning to end. It is still the educated mind that directs the modern empire, and the Government is still far in advance of the mass of the people.

To make plain what we have said, and to show the elements of permanence in Japan's civilization, let us look to day at an educational map of Japan, such as that found in the twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Minister of State for Education (1901). There we find that in some districts of the Empire the percentage of children of the right age in school actually reaches to between ninety and ninety-five per cent. In the three islands constituting the old part of the empire the only area left blank, as showing less than fifty-five per cent., is Lake Biwa—which is all water. The extreme northern districts, and those parts highly mountainous, or inhabited chiefly by fishermen, hunters, and poor farmers, run between sixty and eighty per cent., but there are ten districts out of the forty-three which have between eighty-five and ninety per cent., while the half-dozen banner districts have between ninety and ninety-five per cent. This is no accident, for in these six districts are the old and famous centers of learning, where books and scholars have from early time abounded, some for a thousand years or more. In Japan's oldest scripture, the Kojiki (written 712 A.D.), we detect three distinct cycles of tradition, and it is just where these are located that to-day we find our ninety-five per cent. of possible school attendance.

In the eyes of educators, whose standard is other than that of official Japan, two false theories have been adopted, two radically wrong courses pursued—both of them thoroughly Chinese and Asiatic. On the mistaken notion of supporting the throne by myth and legend, official Japan encourages and is building up an agnostic, if not atheistic, ethical philosophy, even while she dishonors and degrades the

ethical and inquiring scholar. Her boasted system of education will never command the unqualified respect of the world until, in respect to the aggressive teaching of agnostic morals and the repression of critical investigation, she

ceases to make Russia and China her models and follows that of more enlightened countries.

Nevertheless, with much that is crude and imperfect, Japan shows herself worthy of a noble future.



## The Need of Sanitary Schools

By Ellen Richards

Chairman of Committee of Public Schools of the Woman's Educational Association, and Director of Sanitary Chemistry of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

**S**CHOOL sanitation follows, naturally, school architecture, for it is largely dependent upon soil and site, construction, plan, and arrangement for its very existence. About thirty years ago we defined sanitation as clean soil, clean air, and pure water. To-day we may add three more requirements: good food, cheerful surroundings, and freedom from noise. Clean soil has become of constantly increasing importance as more persons are crowded upon it and the necessary contamination increases. Pure water is recognized as a necessity; while clean air means unused air, air in its normal condition, washed by the rains, freshened by the winds. Confined within four walls it loses its freshness, and when passed again and again through animal or human lungs it becomes seriously vitiated. When filled with the fine dust of the daily wear and tear of things, it may become a source of disease.

A sanitary school building, once the site is right, demands at least three things: Plumbing in a separate stack, or, if in the cellar, then a separate ventilating shaft which is always working. Quick removal of used air as well as of used water. This cannot be done unless the construction permits. When windows are depended

upon, they must reach the ceiling and not stop three feet below, leaving an inverted lake of hot, bad air to fluctuate back and forth, but not to be removed until it cools, which often does not take place during the day. With windows on two sides, even if at right angles instead of opposite, easily lowered at the top, this air will flow out as readily as water from the bottom of a basin with the plug removed. If any one of the mechanical systems of ventilation is installed, it must be in charge of some one who understands its working, who will not reverse shutters, valves, etc., and draw the outgoing air from the closet down into the class-rooms. The inlets must be so placed as not to cause a draught upon the teacher's head or the scholars' bodies, for swiftly moving air has the chilling effect of cold air.

With the tight walls and confined spaces of the modern building, with the increased vitiation of the air due to better nutrition, more intense life, more dust, more soiled clothes, an increased quantity of fresh air is needed. I believe the ideal plan would be to have the warmed air come up through the floor through many inlets and rise steadily to the ceiling, pouring out into a flue with a sufficiently strong upward draught to keep the current moving at

such a rate as to give fresh air for each inhalation of the child when sitting, and diluted air when standing and for the teacher. As school construction now stands, there are several serious objections to this ideal method. First in hygienic importance is the inevitable collection of dust in these floor inlets; second, the increase in fire risk in all but incombustible buildings; third, the difficulty of arranging the flues from the center or the sides of the ceiling in a three or four story building; the fourth and the most serious, perhaps, in this kind of a building is the conduction of sounds from the room below to those above.

If it is desirable to cross a range of mountains or to go through them, does the American railway engineer hesitate and say, "This has never been done; the people won't pay for it if it is"? Then why should the school-house architect hesitate, on account of the cost, to design an American school-house to suit American needs, and include these essentials of health? The business man has his office building designed to facilitate the transaction of his business, and when it is no longer suitable it is torn down and a more efficient one built, or it is abandoned to less critical tenants. Our school-houses are built to be an ornament to the city, perhaps; but they are frequently copies (to save architects' fees) of some other city's blunder, or the contractor bungles the fairly good plans. In almost every case it is the children who are sacrificed, who are dragged by the truant officer from the sunlight and free air of the streets into stagnant, dusty, ill-smelling air which no respectable Board of Charity would allow in an almshouse; and yet the strong arm of the law confines our children by the thousands in buildings without fire-escapes, in buildings where the walls and floors are covered with dust containing scarlet fever and diphtheria germs.

Let us have a twentieth-century school-house in which it will be possible to educate a twentieth-century child—in which a well-trained, refined man or woman will be willing to teach. Why should the newness or the difficulty of the problem daunt us? What a terrible waste, not only of municipal money, but of human energy, to keep on building impossible houses and then try to remodel them! Let us cut loose from tradition and have a school-house in which the whole child may thrive—not only his mind, but his body. Not only give him clean air and washing facilities, but cheerful, uplifting surroundings and good food; for not the least of modern discoveries is that of the great influence of food on the bodily resistance to disease and on mental development. Therefore, lunch-rooms with all the facilities for food, both hot and cold, must be included in the twentieth-century school-house. I believe the day is not far off when the town schools with two sessions will provide a noon lunch instead of sending the small children through wet, muddy streets to a home from which the mother may be absent, to pick up as they may such food as they find. Even if the food is right, may it not be possible to utilize the noon hour to better advantage in teaching gardening, housekeeping, or in games?

But, to return to the original subject, I admit that time must elapse before we can bring about this ideal state of affairs. Meanwhile we must spend money and ingenuity upon our present ill-adapted houses in order to tide over the gap between the good and the bad. Therefore the immediate duty of all interested in education is plain—to create public opinion for adequate structures, so that the future presidents, mayors, and members of school boards will become wise enough to realize the broad benefits which will result from a liberal provision for this purpose.







THE MORAVIAN CHURCH AT BETHLEHEM, BUILT ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
The Bach Festival served as a centennial celebration.

## The Moravians and Their Festival

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

**A** HUNDRED and fifty years or more ago, a band of Indians, so runs the legend, were creeping stealthily in the night toward a little mission settlement on the bank of the Lehigh River. Suddenly they paused. Their murderous purpose was quenched in amazement. "It is the voice of the Great Spirit," they said to one another; "He defends these people;" and, turning, they filed silently back into the wilderness. The sound that filled these Indians with wonder and reverence was the music of

the trombone choir in the belfry of the chapel, announcing to the settlement, by recognized chorales, the death of some one in the community.

To-day this custom still continues. No dismal clanging bell greets death among the Moravians, but the simple, strong harmonies to which they sing their hymns. None of their customs is more interpretative of their faith than this. It is a faith that is unfaltering even at the grave, and there, as elsewhere, finds its most spontaneous expression in music.

In much the same way, the Bach Festivals which have been held in the Moravian Church in Bethlehem, first in 1900, again in 1901, and for the third time in May of this year, have been an embodiment of the Moravian spirit. Like the Gothic cathedrals of France in architecture, like the old morality play "Everyman" in drama, like the Sargent mural decorations of the Boston Public Library in painting, so the choral works of Bach represent in music the religious feeling finding voice in art. It is because religion is so often dogmatic and didactic that it is commonly counted uncongenial to art. But when religion is primarily a feeling, then even its dogmas may furnish symbols for art to use as material in giving to feeling a form. For the Moravians' religion is not so much doctrinal or didactic as it is devotional. It has therefore been natural for the Moravians to give to their religion forms of beauty. The art to which racially they were most disposed was that of music. Consequently the religious spirit and the musical spirit of the Moravians of Bethlehem are and have always been intermingled; neither can be really understood without some knowledge of the other; and both are possessions by inheritance.

Originally the Moravian Church was not a church at all. It was, as its official name *Unitas Fratrum* indicates, a movement to increase the "unity of the brethren," to develop the spiritual life of Christian people. To trace its progress from its beginnings in pre-Reformation times, when it began to assume form under Hus, and at last became organized, then renewed in a convocation held among the mountains in the open air, almost extinguished by persecution, preserved by Comenius and a few faithful souls, revived with almost dramatic effect under the guidance of Count Zinzendorf, expanding into a missionary movement, and finally finding its way to America, where its beneficence has been out of all proportion to its size—to trace all this is impossible within the limits of a brief article; but to ignore this history altogether is to fall into the error into which most people fall who hear of the Moravians—the error of fancying that the Moravian Church is to be classed with the many doctrinal sects that exist in America. The fact is, the

Moravian Church is historically not so much a denomination as a religious movement to intensify spiritual life in the Church throughout the world. Consequently to-day the Moravians, though they form now a distinct ecclesiastical body, have more than any other people the point of view of those who belong, not to a sect, nor to a congregation, but to the Holy Church Universal. They therefore have no distinctive doctrines; they simply hold, with distinctive intensity, the doctrines that are among Christians universally agreed upon as essential. And their customs are distinctive only in so far as they are not merely traditional forms which have become valued for their own sake, but are genuine and efficient expressions of a vital rather than mechanical faith. So they hail death with the music of the trombones as befitting the passage of the soldier of Jesus Christ from one army to another; so they hold their Easter service at dawn in the burying-ground, for that place typifies to them not death but the resurrection; so at Christmas their home festivities are not around lighted trees, but in front of a "Putz" or miniature scene, where are represented the stable, the star, the shepherds, and the wise men, for Christmas even to the Moravian children is not a holiday in honor of Santa Claus, but a reminder of the coming of the Christ child.

The musical spirit, like the religious spirit, of the Bethlehem Moravians has had a normal and spontaneous development. When the first Moravian missionaries settled in Bethlehem, they brought with them a characteristic of the German race to which they belonged—the love of music. The stately German chorales—the music of the German Reformation—supplied the tunes to which they sang their hymns. These old chorales have continued to constitute almost exclusively the music of the Moravian congregation to this day. The Moravians have been touched not at all by the trivially rhythmic melodies that constitute so much of the popular religious music of America, and very little by English hymn tunes and other church music. Even in the liturgy of the Church, where a chant or versicles might be expected, a chorale is sung. Other vocal music they had, to be sure, but even that showed largely the influence of the almost



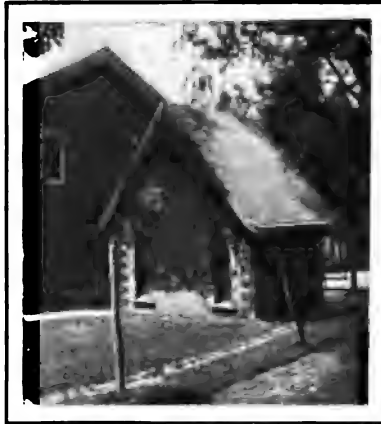


**THE TROMBONISTS IN THE BELFRY**

They announce the death of members of the congregation by playing chorales, and summon the people to Love Feasts and special church festivals.

rhythmless chorales. Instrumental music, too, they had from the beginning of the settlement at Bethlehem, and among their number were good instrumental players. The story is told of a Philadelphia clarinet-player who went to visit Bethlehem in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He sat at the open window of the inn and played his clarinet. Much to his disappointment, he saw that the people passing by his window gave

him no attention. Putting down his instrument in disgust, he went out into the street to find out what manner of people these were. He soon discovered the reason for their neglect of him. Passing a cobbler's shop, he heard the sounds of a clarinet.



THE CORPSE HOUSE

Where the body is kept during a funeral service in the church.

He looked in, and there saw the cobbler making use of a leisure moment by playing the clarinet as he himself could never hope to play it. He had the grace to acknowledge his discomfort by leaving the town. Some visiting musicians since his day might well have followed his example.

Of course Michel, the cobbler, was an exceptional player; but there were enough proficient instrumentalists in Bethlehem in 1784 to form an orchestra. The members of this orchestra played Haydn symphonies and quartettes, and were in indirect communication with "Papa" Haydn himself. At this time, when the population was only about four hundred and fifty, the Collegium



THE BELL HOUSE AND THE SISTERS' HOUSE

Two of a group of buildings, now connected, survivals of the old "Economy."



AN EXTENSION OF THE SISTERS' HOUSE

Typical of the quaint, ivy-covered brick buildings that give to Bethlehem its historic atmosphere.

Musicum Bethlehem, consisting of this orchestra and a chorus, rendered for the most part music of composers, meritorious but now generally forgotten, such as Rolle and Loewe. This music was of the sort developed by Haydn, called homophonic, that is, consisting of a single melody sustained by harmony, though Graun's "Tod Jesu," which was rendered, was polyphonic, like Bach's music—made up of an intricate weaving of melodies. Other works given were Haydn's "Creation" in 1813 (for the first time in America), Mozart Masses set to German words, Handel's "Messiah," and, in 1866 or '67, a half of Schumann's "Paradise and Peri." The latter was prepared under the direction of an old fiddler who had played under Mendelssohn. During all this time the organists of the church were not professional musicians, but artisans and other

citizens of the town who spelled each other off at the organ. One or two of them were blacksmiths. Nevertheless they were no mean musicians. Their duties required them to be able to play any chorale in any key, to have a moderate sense of absolute pitch, to play from a figured bass, and to improvise. Such facts as these show that the spirit of music in Bethlehem is not an imported thing, but is indigenous; that its development has been normal and spontaneous; and that it made this small Pennsylvania town old in musical experience before New York or even Boston had had any musical experience whatever. With the exception of one rather brief and not very creditable period, the musical life of Bethlehem has centered about the Moravian Church.

It was for a church with religious and musical ideals very similar to those of

the Moravian Church at Bethlehem that Bach's choral works were written. Nevertheless, probably because Bach was forgotten in Germany when the Moravians emigrated, it was not until Mr. J. Fred. Wolle, the present organist of the Moravian Church and the director of the Bach Festivals, returned to his native place after his musical studies, and began in 1884 his work there, that interest in Bach was awakened. For nine years he was content with making the people of the community familiar with Bach, accustoming their ears to the beauties of polyphonic music. Then he reorganized an old choral society, and by its means brought out in 1893 Bach's "Passion according to St. John." With that began the enthusiasm for the music of Bach which now marks the community, and which has steadily increased. Other performances of Bach followed. At last, in 1900, occurred the first Bach Festival of two sessions in one day, consisting of the B minor Mass. This was the first time that that great work was given in America. The next year the second Bach Festival occurred, lasting for three days, and this year the third, lasting from the 11th to and including the 16th of May. In spite of the fatiguing labor involved in the continual, almost continuous, rehearsing of these enormously difficult works, the enthusiasm of the Bach Choir, as the choral society is now called, has never flagged. That this is due to the personal magnetism of Mr. Wolle no one can rightfully deny; but even Mr. Wolle could not create such a spirit in any other community. It is also because the choral works of Bach, as no other music ever written, give expression to both the religious spirit and the musical spirit inherent in this community that the Bach Festivals have become possible. One who does not understand this, no matter how technical his knowledge of Bach may be, can receive from the Bach Festival at Bethlehem only the most superficial impression. And yet so pervasive and enthralling is this religious and musical spirit that it seems as if only the dullard or the pedant after attending the Bach Festival this year could miss its meaning.

Enough has been said to show that the Moravians of Bethlehem have created in America a peculiar community. And yet,

in spite of a notion unfortunately prevalent among many who have vaguely heard of the Moravians, the community is the opposite of eccentric. Probably this notion is due to the fact that for twenty years during the eighteenth century the people of Bethlehem maintained a sort of communism of labor. The "Economy," as it was called, was adopted merely to meet the exigencies of a mission station in the wilderness, and it met them admirably. With the development of the community, however, the "Economy" disappeared, and now no remnant of it remains except the names of some buildings owned by the Moravian Church. The "Brethren's House" is now a seminary for girls; the "Sisters' House" is now let out to tenants. The old names are retained, but the buildings are put to uses that supply present needs. If there is one trait predominant in the Moravians, it is poise. Their love of music has saved them from Puritanical excesses; their devotional spirit has saved them from doctrinal excesses; and the dignity of their music and their devotional liturgy has saved them from the one kind of excesses to which music and religious devotion make men liable—excesses of emotionalism. This poise of character has enabled them to be at once progressive and conservative—progressive in life, conservative of form. In this respect their buildings are typical, their uses being easily adapted to new conditions, their names remaining unchanged.

It is therefore a most natural consequence that Bethlehem, famous for the steel works just across the river, where the most modern artillery and plate armor are designed and constructed, should be one of the few places in America of historic appearance. Though by no means old, even for an American settlement, it has an Old World quaintness almost as marked as the old French quarter of New Orleans. Its streets densely shaded with maples and horse-chestnuts, its plastered ivy-covered buildings, its inn, once a Moravian hostelry, its Moravian Church, with the belfry rising from the center, its picturesque alleys and lanes, give to it a personality, as it were, which offers to the visitor a friendship unlikely to alter.

For a few weeks this year the old town was agitated from the river to the crest of

the hill. As one resident said, "The place has been turned upside down. I've wanted a carpet put down, and have got for an answer, 'All right, only we can't do it until after Bach.' I've wanted a fence mended—'When Bach is over.'"

One tradesman, whose business has brought him to Bethlehem for only a part

All this was the doing, practically, of one man. For nineteen years Mr. Wolle had been making known to this community the music of Bach. But he had been making it known, not for its interesting technical ingenuity, nor for its intellectually educative value, but for its monumental beauty. To some minds, whose



MR. J. FRED. WOLLE

Organist of the Moravian Church, originator and conductor of the Bach Festivals, and member of a family for years well known in Moravian circles.

of the year, was heard to exclaim, "What is this Botch anyway! Everybody wants to have things done before Botch." Those who were to sing in the chorus and those who had obtained seats for the festival could think of little else but Bach. In spite of all the material preparation, the atmosphere seemed that of spiritual elevation. It was like that which comes with the approach of some great religious festivity.

acquaintance with Bach has been made through text-book and dictionary, this notion seems revolutionary. These minds, actively engaged in writing for certain newspapers readable criticisms of metropolitan concerts and opera performances, can recount rules by which one is supposed to know where, in any given piece, the time should be retarded, just as the execution of a measure an appoggiatura



THE OLD MORAVIAN BURYING-GROUND, "GOD'S ACRE"

The flat stones mark graves arranged, not in family plots as in the more recent Moravian burying-places, but in simple rows according to the chronological order of the deaths of those they commemorate. Here is held each year a service in the open air at dawn on Easter Day.

should occupy, and under what circumstances a note should not be sung as it is written. To them, because to most people, Bach is a musical mechanism to be put into operation for the edification of the musical mechanic. From the trammels of this kind of interpretation Mr. Wolle had long been free. He had studied Bach enough to see that within the technical body was a great free spirit, and that the body was made for the spirit, not the spirit for the body. It was that spirit which he revealed to the people of Bethlehem.

So the first day of Festival arrived. The afternoon had gone. It was twilight. People were clustered about the church doors. Near by, in "God's Acre," the old Moravian burying-ground, with its rows of restful flat stones, there was a little group, silent, expectant. The quaint brick buildings were framed by thick foliage. From the horizon across the valley the great full moon rose, and shone through the trees. Then, while all was still, gently there floated down from the sky the soft-ened, solemn harmonies of the trombones.

It was like a choir of ascended human spirits singing above the world their summons to a life like theirs. The chorale ended, there was silence for a space. Then the trombones sounded again; then for a third time. The lights in the belfry disappeared. The people, subdued, quietly filed into the church. The interior of the church was as severe as a New England meeting-house. The large gallery at the rear was filled with people. In the center was an orchestra; in each wing a chorus. The women of the choruses and a few in the orchestra (for many of the orchestra were amateurs from the region round about) were dressed in white. In the congregation every third or fourth person had a score in his hand. For a moment a hush; then came the woven sound of instruments and voices. "Sleepers, awake!" So they summoned the faithful to meet the Bridegroom. The congregation responded with a chorale of praise. Then in gorgeous, jubilant tones sounded the Magnificat. Thus the coming of Christ was announced; and the people dispersed.

The next afternoon and evening the Christmas Oratorio was sung, celebrating Christ's birth. On Wednesday evening, when the congregation reassembled, they found the chorus dressed in solemn black, for the time of Christ's suffering was approaching. The music that greeted this time showed sorrow in its beauty. The next day the tragic Passion music left the people before the cross and the tomb, with wails of sad polyphony. With a new day the chorus, once more in white, resounded the news of the resurrection. Finally, on Saturday, the great B minor Mass ended the Festival—and the ending was resplendent. The music of the Mass was like great streams of color, or like a flood, now overwhelming one, now buoying one up. For six days religious devotion instinct with human feeling had found voice in most exalted music. It seemed strange now to have silence.

Of such six days as those, musical criticism has little that is profitable to say. It would be easy to record a very considerable list of imperfections in the achieve-

ment, the most serious being those contributed by some of the visiting professional musicians who took part. But these concern the externals of the Festival. Of the spirit of the Festival it is enough to say that it was the spirit of Bach himself. The Moravians have found in Bach the expression of their own spiritual life, and have therefore become sympathetic interpreters of Bach to others. As one auditor said, as the Festival was drawing to its close, "Bach is the Bible of music." As the theologian turning to the Bible finds only texts to supply material for dogmas and doctrinal systems, while the unsophisticated reader finds messages for the commonest and deepest human experiences, so the academic musician or critic turning to Bach finds there only counterpoint with which to exercise his ingenuity, but these Moravians have found and revealed a virile beauty in sound and form full of passionate tenderness, dramatic dignity, human sorrow, jubilant content, and affectionate, almost familiar, reverence.



THE OLD MORAVIAN HOSTELRY, BUILT IN 1758  
Originally the property of the mission community and still used as a hotel.



A TYPICAL AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL



# The Practical Religion of the College Girl

By Alice Katharine Fallows

With Pictures by John Russell

THE mother who wrote to a certain president asking him to see that her daughter said her prayers every night before she went to bed, mistook the function of a college equally with the one who begged him to be sure that her child put on her rubbers whenever it rained. A college is not a nursery. One of its chief values intellectually, and religiously as well, is supposed to be that a girl must face her own issues and make her own decisions. It is not the province of the college, as a college, to measure her religious development with a yardstick, nor to register the degree of her altruism with a thermometer.

Still, character-building quite as much as mind-building is the aim of the college. In this the religious element is a powerful factor. Opportunities are presented to a girl, not forced upon her; but the fitness of college as a training-school for religious and philanthropic work is being demonstrated by alumnae the world over. Missionary graduates in China, Turkey, India, and Japan, indicated on their college missionary maps by flags or white ribbons radiating from the home center, are trying to cure sick souls and sick bodies, with college-born enthusiasm. Settlement workers preach the gospel of clean homes and clean lives to the tenements. College girls bend their minds to the wide-reaching problems that city charity departments must meet every day. They work in Young Women's Christian Associations, they hold kindergarten for the little brothers and sisters of the sick babies on floating hospitals, and in countless incidental ways give their help to large organizations. Others, not as conspicuously, but just as sincerely, are adding an important mite to the comfort of the world, through the humdrum duties of uneventful days. By no means all alumnae are philanthropic nor even unselfish. The patent remedy for making over human nature has not yet been found. But when college can start an impulse that expresses itself in so many different ways, the method of inspiration must be effective.

The official religion of the colleges usually ends with certain provisions for general worship. Each college gives its students an invitation to go to chapel every day and church on Sundays, more or less strenuous according to its characteristic attitude.

Bryn Mawr, as a college, though Christian in its origin, on principle exerts the least influence of all on its students. The result is a sharper division than anywhere else of girls who are religious and those who are not. A student may go to the Quaker chapel service held daily, and on Sunday to one of the town churches or not, as she pleases; though a wholesome fear that too many absentees would bring compulsory chapel and church acts as a stimulus on the laggards.

Wellesley has departed far from its early days of religious exactions. A story is told of one of the pioneer teachers with a sense of humor, set to spy on two girls who were suspected of misusing the "Quiet Hour" set aside each day at that time for meditation. She stole up to the door and peered through the keyhole. At that moment the door was flung open from the inside, and, confronted by the indignant roommates, the teacher, with a twinkle in her eye, said solemnly, "I happened to be just in front of your door when the bell for Quiet Hour rang, so I knelt down where I was." The incident is interesting as a measure of the contrast between the old and the new. Quiet hour, espionage, and the rigid evangelism of those days are so entirely foreign to the liberal Wellesley of to-day that they are only traditions to the students. Chapel and church, even, are voluntary, as they are at Bryn Mawr. The influence of the college is definitely religious, and the force of orthodox traditions as well as the charm of the morning service, with its vested choir and the opportunity of hearing distinguished ministers in the college church on Sunday, make the attendance at both these services very general.

Smith, whose religious life from the beginning has tended to be earnest but



THE COLLEGE GIRL AT WORK

broad at the same time, requires chapel and church. Each student hands in a report at the end of the semester; but since admonition seems to be the only penalty for absences, the full rows at chapel and the large number of students in the pews of the town churches may be taken as a fair indication of the voluntary student interest in these services. Vassar, also wide in view and earnest in practice, makes church and chapel obligatory, and insures the presence of the girls at the restful chapel service after dinner by the monitor system.

Holyoke requests urgently daily attendance at chapel, with its beautiful choir of a hundred and fifty voices, and Sunday attendance at some town church which the girls by means of a special student-letter may join temporarily. Holyoke's earliest history gave it a reputation for almost stressful piety. But the religious interests of the new Holyoke are comprehensive, wholesome, and broad-minded. A shade more of the evangelical emphasis, and a more direct religious influence exerted on the students than in most of the other colleges, seem the only effects traceable to those earlier times when Mary Lyon, braving the prejudice of centuries, saw the rigorous side of prayer and supplication.

Most of the colleges hold a Sunday vesper service for those who care to attend, some of them a weekly prayer-meeting in addition; each of them except Bryn Mawr provides still further for the spiritual welfare of its students by required courses on Biblical history or literature or interpretation.

The official creed of a college is not like a church creed. It is inclusive rather than exclusive, a composite of all creeds. The effect of it upon a girl differs with her temperament and training. A student whose previous teaching has led her to believe that salvation can be found only between the narrow limits of one denomination may be shocked and startled at first by the breadth of the college view. The girl upon whom no breath of higher criticism has blown may suffer and rebel in the class-room at the theories, be they never so gently presented, which assail some of her axiomatic beliefs. Science and philosophy may start the period of doubt which is almost sure to come to

girls of a certain type of mind at some stage of their experience, in college or out. They are by no means in the majority, and with the safeguards which the college tries to provide they are likely much sooner than in another place to regain their poise quickly with a faith as firm as before, if wider.

To any of these girls, from the most evangelical to the most liberal, college religion on the student side offers an opportunity for systematic work.

"Since Mary W—— came home from college," a church member remarked one day, "she has suggested more good schemes for raising the church debt than all the rest of us put together, and carried them out too. She hadn't a practical idea in her head when she went away. I wonder what she did. There's Dorothy S——, too; she used to be a sleepy young person who never exerted herself, and she has made such a success of the big class of high-school girls that no one else could manage, that they would rather miss a dance than Sunday-school."

Mary W—— happened to have been the head of a committee that raised over a thousand dollars among the students for the salary of a medical missionary and for other work in foreign fields. Before the various contributions were won from hard-worked purses she learned the best methods of systematic collection by experience if not by intuition. Dorothy S——, after managing successfully a Bible class of forty college girls, keen in their judgment and unsparing in their questions, could scarcely help being qualified to claim and hold the attention of her high-school girls. Efficiency, natural or acquired, is the secret of success in any of the various other branches of student work. These are usually under the direction of the Christian Association, which by one name or another exists in every college.

One of the first things impressed upon a freshman is that the Christian Association believes in service, and that service covers a variety of activities. The summer before she enters, she receives a welcoming letter from an upper-class girl and a handbook giving her essential bits of college information. Afterwards she finds that the Christian Association is responsible for the handbook and letters.

The first strange homesick Sunday after she acquires the dignity of a freshman she is asked to attend prayer-meeting by some genial girl who makes her forget her blues and explains many things, among them that the prayer-meeting is under the charge of the Christian Association. The next day she overhears a girl relating the funny things that happened to her as a waitress in a summer hotel. The narrator, one of the girls working her way through college, the freshman learns later, obtained her summer place through the Labor Exchange Department of the Christian Association. Then she needs a second-hand French dictionary, and some one refers her to the Book Exchange managed by the Christian Association. By the time this freshman, with the rest of her class, has been introduced to the college at a reception given by the Christian Association, she is ready to bear testimony to the diversity of its activities. With the invitation to join its ranks and to take a specified part in its work, her responsibility begins.

Like the college, the Christian Association is usually organized on the broadest religious lines, with a pledge of membership which includes every denomination. The comprehensiveness of its work makes its appeal almost universal. Missionary meetings, formal weekly prayer-meetings, ten-minute prayer-meetings of little groups each morning or evening, the special prayer-meetings as the Day of Prayer approaches, the services on the day itself, are all naturally in charge of the Association. Mission study classes and Bible classes, which mean work and preparation, appeal to the girl desiring the intellectual side of religion, while altruistic work of a dozen different kinds, without any religious flavor, gives the merely ethical girl no excuse for staying idle.

In organization the Association is admirably calculated to unify the many branches and get the best results. To assist its officers, Smith and Holyoke have recently called a General Secretary. The title is not explanatory. When a freshman has to look up its meaning in her college handbook, the Salvation Army worker may be pardoned who touched the arm of her neighbor in a railroad train and asked earnestly, "Lassie, is your soul saved?" When the girl answered with a smile, "Well, I'm a

General Secretary," the worker said with pleading intensity, "But, lassie, you wouldna let a little thing like that interfere with the saving of your soul?"

With the multitude of good deeds which a General Secretary has to her credit, the incident was particularly humorous. She helps to map out the work of the Association and to execute it. She relieves the student president of some of her duties, which are very heavy when an Association has seventeen branches of work and seven or eight hundred workers; she assists the committees, takes an active part in the prayer-meetings and Bible classes, and to the college girls in general acts as adviser and friend. At Smith an important part of her work has been to bring the large number of students who live in the town into closer relation with college affairs, socially as well as religiously.

Haphazard methods of doing good are not in favor at college, and the businesslike system of the Association is excellent training. Nor has the system driven out the old, unobtrusive method of doing with the right hand what the left hand knoweth not. Girls rich in this world's goods are content on occasion to pay the way of a poor neighbor and let their generosity go unmarked. A popular student will quietly drum up customers for the bootblacking industry of a girl with her way to earn, or even collect stockings week after week for a poor neighbor to mend, who is too sensitive to go to the Students' Exchange for work or let her identity be known.

The comprehensiveness of the Association gives as good training spiritually as its system does mechanically. To find the common ground on which believers in different creeds and doctrines can agree makes the religious problem for the students always interesting and sometimes perplexing. The concessions which individuals must make for the sake of the whole discourage egotism. The grandfathers of a certain eminent bishop, according to family tradition—one an Episcopalian, one a Unitarian—had a bitter discussion about their different religious views. They agreed to read the Bible from cover to cover for arguments. When they met, after the task was completed, the Episcopalian had turned Unitarian and the Unitarian Episcopalian. This is

not exactly the effect of responsible positions in the Association on girls of opposite views. But when Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian, Universalist, and Jew must be considered in a scheme of religious work, the most ardent sectarian is apt to realize that she cannot expect them all to accept her own religious belief, and to learn her first lesson in tolerance, while the ultra-liberal girl, acting for the whole body, learns a conservatism which saves her from the intolerance of tolerance.

How fair-minded, religiously, a whole college could be, Smith showed dramatically a few years ago. The affiliation of the long-established Smith College Association for Christian Work with the Young Women's Christian Association was urged upon the students with great eloquence by one of the members of the Young Women's Christian Association. The change meant excluding from the Association, as active members, all but evangelical Christians. The discussion of the question, following a period of unusual religious enthusiasm, shook the college from center to circumference. But when it was put to vote, although the great majority of girls as individuals might have preferred the new basis, three only out of the whole student body voted for change. The rest, acting for the whole body, could not conscientiously accept a standard that excluded from its college association members who desired to live rightly and work faithfully whatever their church beliefs.

How inevitable religious expression of some kind is among college girls, Bryn Mawr gives an interesting proof. That college, in the first place, true to its belief in individualism, decided to leave exercise and religion to the discretion of the students. Exercise was so flagrantly neglected that the faculty, for the best health of the college, made it compulsory. Although the authorities never yet have given to the students the religious support and encouragement which other colleges offer as a matter of course, the students, from their own sense of necessity, introduced all the various branches of religious and philanthropic activity, and have developed them so consistently that their work compares favorably with that of any other student community.

The various Christian Associations all work along very much the same lines. The similarity is due to the annual Summer Conference of girl students recently transferred from Northfield to Silver Bay, Lake George, so that college girls and college men can now meet simultaneously as soon as the colleges close. This Conference is held under the auspices of the World's Federation of Students. Holyoke, so far, is the only woman's college which has found it best to accept the strictly evangelical basis which makes affiliation with this body possible. But all the other Eastern colleges are invited to Silver Bay as a matter of course.

The Conference has come to be a most important factor in college religion. Prominent girls from all the colleges meet there on a common basis of interests. The president and officers of the Christian Associations come together to compare notes, and to outline, as a result of the comparison, the best methods of work for the following year. The student volunteers who have promised to go to foreign fields if possible, and the others interested in missionary work, meet for an hour each day to hear talks on all phases of missionary work. The girls planning to go into active church work in small towns or in large cities have special meetings full of practical suggestions, conducted by experienced college alumnae. Whatever their college, whatever their creed, the members of the Conference worship together at inspiring meetings led by noted men and women, consult together, and play together in the afternoons given up to athletic games and recreation. The strong impulse given to religious work by the Conference is not all it accomplishes. As a cure for provincialism it is also most effective. To recognize other standards which may be as good, though not so congenial, as one's own, to meet other college girls working to the same end through different means, is to substitute breadth for narrowness. If a girl brought away from Silver Bay nothing more than a recognition of other colleges' excellencies, it would be worth her while to go, for her own sake and for the final confusion of the critics who charge her with narrowness.

Although the Christian Associations, as a result of the Silver Bay Conference,

work in similar ways, each college has its special problems and opportunities. The altruistic Vassar girl, fired by the sociology courses and her own desire to be about the rescue of the masses, finds her horizon definitely limited. Poughkeepsie comprehends only a very small portion of the "other half." They will welcome her neighborly visits and be grateful for her aid, but they will not miss her vitally if she does not come. This girl may dress some of the army of dolls for New York East Side children which are always put on exhibition just before Christmas, with an entrance fee of two cents which pays the expressage. If the Vassar altruist is content to begin at home, she will find good material for her application of the Golden Rule among the maids of the college. The number employed in the different buildings make quite a community in themselves. For several years part of the student work has been to form classes for them in reading and writing, arithmetic, dancing, or anything else they might desire, also to provide, every week or two, social evenings, with a dance, a play given by the hostesses, or some other entertainment as the particular attraction. This year the special interest of the students has been to raise money for the Maids' Club-House.

Bryn Mawr students also look after the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the college maids. A Sunday-school with an abundant allowance of singing is dear to the daughters of the colored persuasion employed there. But the "study" classes are made interesting, too, and it seems worth while to belong to them, especially when the closing exercises include an exciting spelling-match, as they did this spring, and the prize pupil almost outspells her teacher. Philadelphia and its settlements are within reach of the Bryn Mawr girls, and they have assisted in the work of several of them financially and personally both.

Radcliffe girls, through their Emanuel Club, brighten the lives of some of their poorer neighbors, and, besides, take part, if they wish, in one of Boston's many philanthropic or charitable projects. Wellesley is near enough Boston to invite companies of settlement children out for a day's romp in the country, to give a play to the settlement boys (who blister

their hands and threaten the floor, in the excess of their appreciation), and to lend a hand in various other ways to furthering settlement work.

Mount Holyoke students have formed several prosperous clubs among the working-girls of Holyoke, and this year have conducted a Junior Endeavor Society for mission children; besides, they have held services at the Poor Farm, which has no others. A Christmas tree and a gift for each of the inmates was their contribution to the Christmas cheer of a rather cheerless place. A Sunday-school in a little school-house a mile and a half away has been the charge of faithful girls who have braved any weather to be present. A Christmas party and a "sugaring-off" were events in the lives of the small pupils which they will not forget.

Smith, with its large population, has a great variety of charitable interests, and important among them is its neighborhood work. The numerous classes in the Home Culture Club of Northampton, taught almost entirely by Smith girls, have given the teachers experience in meeting human nature and their pupils information in many subjects. The girls have managed several clubs for boys and girls on Hospital Hill. Sunday after Sunday they have gone to teach in the Sunday-school there at Bay State and Leeds; they have carried on three Christian Endeavor Societies, and in many other ways have done as well as they could what their hands found to do.

The organized efforts of a college at helpfulness make a brave showing in the pages of a report. In the symmetrical development of the students, too, they have a vital influence. The religious and altruistic and philanthropic phases of college life, like its strictly intellectual phases, are a preparation for what is to come. The more normal they are, the better they will succeed as a basis for a wholesome, useful, unselfish life afterward. Emotionalism and sentimentalism are as much to be avoided as apathy. For either extreme nothing is better than practical student work. If a girl, as a result of college influences and her own choices, has gained a broader view of God, a better knowledge of service, and a wiser tolerance of her fellow-creatures, college religion has given her a working hypothesis for a useful future wherever it may be.



## A Chinese Kindergarten

**I**N all attempts to achieve moral uplifting it is being more and more recognized that the effort which has the surest and most lasting reward is that which is directed toward children. Adults already have their habits of life formed, and therefore do not easily adopt other habits even though they may be convinced that other habits are better. Children, on the other hand, are in the stage of life when habits are forming. With them there is no need of spending energy to destroy the bad, but only to construct the good. This truth is being discovered and demonstrated by missionaries in foreign lands. In accordance with this principle a number of kindergartens have been started in foreign mission stations. At Foochow, China, in connection with the Girls' Day School conducted by the American Board, is what is known as the Davis Memorial Kindergarten. This is held in a bright, sunny room in Davis Memorial Hall. From twenty to thirty little children attend daily. A trained kindergartner from this country, Miss Jean Brown, is in charge, and work-

ing with her are three or four native pupil-teachers. Under the direction of Miss Brown and her assistants these Chinese children, in their games, in their songs—which, by the way, are transforming their harsh and unmusical voices—at their work with cubes and oblongs, in their celebrating with gifts and decorations the coming of the Christ Child, are unconsciously and naturally absorbing ideals that are new to their land and motives that otherwise would never govern their lives. The work of such a kindergarten is true missionary work, though it could hardly be called “converting the heathen.” It is work for children, who are in nature essentially the same the world over; yet it is distinctively work for China, for it is doing for the next generation of Chinese what the same effort a generation hence could do only in a small degree if at all. To use the words of Miss Woodhull, of the Foochow Mission, “One needs to know something of Chinese life, its selfishness, petty jealousies, and unwillingness to work for the good of the whole, to realize what the kindergarten is doing for these children.”

## What's a Heart?

By Carol S. Turvey

What's a heart?  
Just a basket for the ills of life,  
And all its meat—  
Just a tender net to compass Love,  
And find it sweet.

What's a heart?  
Just a keyhole for the Master's key,  
That winds us well;  
To show the time of day in Heaven,  
Or night in Hell.

## A New College President

THE College of the City of New York, although it is not, we believe, the only college supported and controlled by a municipality, is certainly the most notable institution carried on by a city for its own young citizens. Quite recently there has been a new impulse in the management of the College, and plans of large extent and liberal design, both materially and in the educational sense, are now developing. Not the least important of these is the recent selection, as President, of Dr. John Huston Finley, whose portrait we present to our readers herewith. Dr. Finley, although still a young man for a college president, has had experience not only as an educator and college professor, but as a writer, a student of economics, and an author of works of social and political value. He is a graduate of Knox University, and also bears degrees received for merit from the Johns Hopkins University; has held the presidency of Knox College; he has been for the last three years professor of politics in the University of Princeton; he is co-author with Professor Ely of "Taxation in American States and Cities," and he has been a contributor both in prose and poetry to many of our best magazines and reviews. It is confidently expected that under his management the staid old college, now some five years over its first half-century of life, will display new vigor and raise new standards.

The architectural plans for the new buildings of the College of the City of New York, to be erected at once on a well-chosen site on Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, some six miles north of the old building, are really superb in design and unity. A view of the main building will be found elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, in the article on "Recent American College Architecture." The style of architecture is distinctly Gothic, and the effect of the main tower is both solid and picturesque. The architect is Mr. George B. Post, of New York. The total cost of the new buildings is to be two and one-half million dollars or more, although no dormitories are included. At present something like two thousand students attend the classes of the College yearly, and as any resident of New York City over fourteen years of age may now become a student upon passing the required examinations, it is not improbable that before long the number above given will be more than doubled. The institution was originally called the New York Free Academy, and it was not until 1866 that the name was changed to that now in use; as this change of name indicates, the first twenty years of the institution's life witnessed a development from school to college; the development is still going on, and the College is in fact as much deserving of the name of university as very many of the institutions to which that name is attached.





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JOHN H. FINLEY



LEO XIII.

From the painting by Cécile Wentworth.



DRAWN BY HAROLD BROWN

A DISTANT VIEW OF ST. PETER'S  
The point of view is the Janiculum Hill.

## A Portrait of Leo XIII.

**S**PECIAL interest attaches to the portrait of Pope Leo which is presented herewith, because the Pope himself, in a private audience granted to the painter of the portrait from which this picture is reproduced, Mrs. Cécile Wentworth, of New York, assured her that, in his judgment, it was the best portrait so far painted of himself, and that the painting would be preserved in the Vatican as a valued treasure. This painting attracted great attention at the Paris Salon of 1899, and later at the World's Exposition there, when a medal was conferred on it. It was painted a little over ten years ago, when the Pope was, comparatively speaking, in full command of his physical powers—his mental faculties, as we all know, have remained acute and vigorous in the latter years of his extraordinary life. The painting of the picture required many sittings and the work of many months. The artist enjoys the distinction of being one of the only three women whose pictures have been accorded a place in the Luxembourg Palace, the other two being Rosa Bonheur and Marie Bashkirtseff.

The Outlook has already given its readers some account of the life of

Leo XIII., together with an estimate of his character and influence; but it may be worth while to repeat here what Mr. Marion Crawford, the novelist and lifelong student of Italian history and manners, has said of Leo XIII. in the columns of this journal: "Leo the Thirteenth is to be classed among the hard and the strong, among those who leave their mark upon others and upon their times, but who are not themselves easily affected by men or by circumstances, whose principles are bred in them, not acquired, whose opinions proceed from within outwards, not from without inwards, whose actions are the resultant of principles, opinions, and thoughts, rather than the expression of instinct—persons, in short, whose minds belong most distinctly to the rigid and masculine mind rather than to the feminine, pliant, and artistic. It is impossible not to be impressed by such a man; it must be very hard, on the other hand, to impress one's self upon him. Leo the Thirteenth has been Pope more than twenty years, and his reign is counted among the long pontificates; he is a man of prodigious talent, of unchanging principle, and untiring energy."



RESTING AT THE WYTHBURN INN, THIRLMERE

# Coaching in England

By Margaret Waldo Higginson

ONE of the most delightful ways of seeing England and Wales is by coaching. North Wales is crossed and recrossed by coach lines in all directions, and the Lake district and North Devon almost as much so. The jangling four-in-hands, racing by in a cloud of dust, with the merry crowd atop, and bugles blowing, blend well with the peaceful rusticity of the English country, and the constant overflow of changing life back and forth is refreshing.

Every one knows Bettws-y-coed, that typical little Welsh village, only with the bleakness that sometimes strays over to Wales from Scotland all left out. It is very green and very sunny and very peaceful, with round wooded hills, and smooth meadows with sheep grazing quietly; a little river flows noiselessly down on one side of the small white road, and there are big, densely green trees all about. The quiet is broken only by the coaching parties that are passing at all times, with gay horns announcing their arrival from afar. The first coaching trip we took from Bettws was through a wonderful pass, the pass of Gwyant, where happy, quiet little lakes were dumped down amidst the hills where you least expected them, with always a fresh breeze, and the lazy sheep grazing. It was a good free-sensation up on the front seat of the coach, with the long whip crackling bravely over the four racing horses, and the bugle blowing defiantly behind whenever we passed a cottage or tiny hamlet, and might hope to make the smallest impression on the humble dwellers therein. The end of the route was at Beddgelert, a sunny little place, with a quiet old Welsh woman in a steeple-crowned hat sitting under a tree selling counterparts of herself in the way of dolls, all patiently sitting up out of a basket, with their smaller edition of steeple-crowned hats peering out at the top. I finally, after the purchase of a most superior doll, drew the old woman into conversation, and she told me how she had the dolls made with a different kind of complexion for Americans, so they

would not melt away when they got to "the States." "Ah, well," she said, "I've been dressin' dolls for thirty-seven years, yes, thirty-seven years, and I'm thinkin' I'm a bit tired of it noo," and as I turned to go she announced with a brightly smiling face that "the present Queen" and the Duchess of York had shaken hands with her the last time they were there. We had a funny lunch at the "Royal Goat," which imperial animal was prancing, in white stone, just above the door, and then started on our homeward way. Our driver was a jovial, red-faced young Irishman, whose only drawback, he said, was that his hair was red. He was strong and big and good-looking, with a well-formed mouth and teeth, a cheery laugh, and a painstaking misplacing of his h's. He laughed long and loud, and with the most healthy and well-meaning enjoyment, at a melancholy boy whom we passed, with two small and slender tufts of black hair springing up, like oases, on a poll otherwise quite destitute of covering, and shining with an unsuccessful zeal for fertility. The boy himself seemed placid, if possibly a bit surprised at the world. The drivers of the coaches are a hearty, honest race, with a healthy enjoyment of their occupation. I found only two exceptions to this rule, in the Lake region—two old men who had grown old driving back and forth between Windermere and Keswick. They were soured and cantankerous, and difficult about fees; but the race as a whole is attractive and wholesome, with a love of a good chat.

The coach that used to run between Bettws-y-coed and Bangor has been stopped, for some unknown reason, and so, unless people go to the trouble and expense of getting a private carriage, they miss one of the most wonderful drives in Wales, desolate, barren, but very beautiful. I thought the Ffranon Pass was bleaker and more tragic than anything I had ever seen—a shallow, gray sheet of a lake, colorless moors stretching away, and bold, lonely, hopeless crags above, with huge stones fallen, in sheer misery, from their

tops. It made one feel that living there would make one as gray and hopeless as the crags and the flat earth; Childe Roland knew that country well, I am sure. It is a bit like Scotland, though with all the bleakness and none of the grandeur.

The town of Bangor is large and commonplace, but beyond, down by the river, where there are few houses and fewer people, it has a fascination all its own. It is gray and misty there, and the only sound is the hauling up and down of sails, or the foot-falls of old sailors going along the beach. Down below a fisherman in his scow is lazily backing water, with a calm pipe vigorously in operation, waiting for a possible customer. On the other side of the river first there are mud-banks, with boats lying on their sides, and then tiny, dingy little shanties, and then, above, prim, narrow, gray little houses, all alike, their small twin chimneys joining their smoke to the mist. And above there is still smoke, and more smoke, a great cloud of it hanging there. This smooth, treacherous-looking water is the Menai Strait, and the smoke-dimmed island on the other side is the island of Anglesey. Just up the river, toward the old castle of Carnarvon, are the bridges, wonderful things, leading to Holyhead, twenty-two miles across the little island, and from there the mail steamers go in only four hours to Dublin.

There was no coaching through the island of Anglesey; it was too small. There were only diminutive carriage drives, and the afternoon which brought me (in a very dirty carriage, with a stumbling horse, and a driver who could understand nor speak anything but Welsh) to Beaumaris Castle was certainly a red-lettered day in my calendar. Such a wonderful old castle as it was—wall upon wall, rounded turret upon turret, of ivy-covered, patient strength, with the soft green grass beneath, and chattering birds flying about among the leaves. The dark, crumbling, lonely stairways were still struggling to reach the tops of the towers, as they used to do hundreds of years ago; they were cold, damp, pathetic places, full of memories, and the dust of what had been. In the midst of the dignified old courtyard the mocking forgetfulness of to-day came in, in two well-marked tennis-courts with defiant nets. No one was using them,

and it was only an effort to destroy the prerogative of old age; the ivy told for more.

I climbed to the top of the shaky walls, and I think I could have sat and watched that view forever. Here in the foreground, on the other side of the swiftly moving water, were the green, rolling mountains of Wales; beyond, the mouth of the Strait, guarded on one side by the big black cliff of Great Orm's Head jutting into the sea, with Little Orm's Head backing it up from behind, and on the other by the smaller but still bold cliffs of the sheer end of Anglesey, the spot to the north-west where all is sea again, and England jumps off into it; in the far distance was the wide blue ocean, with the smoke of steamers for home floating along the horizon line. I kept thinking of

"Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died away,"

and

"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"

and I remembered how I had once heard an English writer say that the man who had written that single line had done more for England than all the volumes of a man like Kipling put together.

The atmosphere of Wales is entirely different from that of any other portion of the British Isles, partly from the element of age that is ever before one in the old Welsh language, still spoken universally among the older inhabitants, and partially at least among the younger generations. We were told one story by an Irish doctor in Bettws-y-coed, illustrative of this, which was most amusing. The doctor had been sent for to see an old woman with a sore throat, and on arrival there he had puzzled his brains as to how in the world he was going to make her understand him. Finally he managed to muster up enough Welsh to tell her to put out her tongue, which she obediently did. But, once out, he could not possibly imagine how to tell her to put it in again, so the poor old dame held it patiently forth until at last, by frantic signs, the doctor succeeded in conveying to her mind that she might withdraw it. The women of Wales are not the hardy creatures one would suppose, but are often anæmic to a degree, and this is attributed by the physicians to the uni-

versal Welsh diet of bacon and excessive tea-drinking. The men, however, are usually hale and hearty.

Coaching in the Lake region is naturally more hilly than in Wales, and the driver often calls out a hearty request to get out and walk up the steep hills, or even down, when they are more than usually precipitate. The straight road from Windermere to Keswick is not disproportionately steep any of the way, but the cross-routes to Patterdale and Ullswater Lake, with the long pull up the Kirkstone Pass, to Coniston, where Rus-

ness of one part of the road is almost incredible, and the black, overhanging mountains seem about to fall and annihilate one. There is a charming dark little lake at Buttermere, with sheer crags jutting straight from the water, and down these snowy cascades go tumbling, the largest of them boasting the name of "Sour-Milk Gyll."

The whole Lake region is overflowing with literary memories, is marvelously redolent of great and good men that were—Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Southey, "Christopher North," De Quin-



CROSSING THE FERRY AT WINDERMERE

kin lived and died, and even more especially to Buttermere (Cockermouth), there is much climbing to be done both ways, with such perpendicular cliffs at times that the coaches have to crawl at a snail's pace along them, and I have seen some frail ladies almost reduced to hysterics by the alarming prospect. But the drivers have strong nerves and the horses strong feet, and there has seldom been an accident.

I think if I had time for only one coach-drive in the Keswick region, I should choose the one to Buttermere, for wildness of scene and superb views. The steep-

cey, Dr. Arnold, and Harriet Martineau; and many little vine-covered cottages up among the trees are pointed out as once having been the home of one or other of these thinkers of the past. Wordsworth especially, of course, is woven and interwoven with every stick and stone, every smallest lake or greenest hillside; wherever one goes one sees the old white-haired man before one, with his stick in his hand, and his ever-faithful Dorothy, she of the wild eyes, by his side; but it is in Grasmere that one thinks of him most. Here is the wee rose-covered house, "Dove Cottage," where he lived



KIRKSTONE PASS

for the first years of his life, and the cheery bit of an old woman who now does the honors of the little place remembers the poet well. He was thought "naught o', naught o' at a'," when she was young, she says, and she laments that she "could ha' made her fortun' had she but ha' known, for when his furnitur' was sold after he died she could ha' bought it a' oop and made her fortun'; but she only bought two rugs and a chair, and she sat on 'em, and walked about ower them, and there was nothing left but shreds!" She also told us about De Quincey, who lived in the house after Wordsworth had left, and said that he used to keep his books scattered all over the floor of every room in the house—"a very ontidy mon was De Quincey," she said.

The larger house, Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived longest, and where he died, is another flower-embowered place, with sweeping grounds, fine trees and bright flowers, and rambling, terraced walks, on which the old inhabitants say Wordsworth used to pace up and down, shouting out his poetry to the silent air. No wonder he loved the place, for the mountains above are big and rough and peaceful, little Rydal Water sparkles through the trees on the right, and to the left just a bit of the lake of Windermere

is shining out from the base of the encircling hills. In the small green churchyard is the poet's grave, very simple and very dignified, with all his family grouped about him, and poor little Hartley Coleridge right behind, with those pathetic words, "By Thy cross and passion," cut into the stone.

Once I was in Grasmere on the Feast of St. Oswald (after whom the village church is named), and I felt as if I had been transplanted back a hundred years, for the old-time ceremony of rush-bearing came off. All the children from far and near assembled in the town with great masses of rushes and flowers most gayly mingled, and after sitting on the church wall for a while, with their treasures piled about them and their small feet dangling, waiting for the village band to arrive, they marched about the little roads bearing their flowers on high and looking very dear and excited. Close to the church a small gingerbread shop had been instituted for the day, and the same old woman who was the custodian of Dove Cottage dispensed hot little gingerbread men or animals of different varieties to the children gathered around the door. It was delightful to see them coming away beaming, with either hand grasping a delectable pig or cow sadly mutilated by this time.



THE HOME OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE





ASCENDING NEWLANDS PASS

The old woman told us that she had made this gingerbread for the children on this day for thirty years! At five o'clock there was a small service in the church, where rushes were strewn on the floor, as in days of old; and to finish the day, at half-past six there was wrestling in the field hard by, and sundry country bumpkins came sheepishly forward to try a "fall" with a neighbor, their fellows meantime urging them on with much shouting and good nature.

Keswick lies at the end of all the coach routes, and the lake of Derwentwater is the most beautiful of them all. The philanthropic people of that region have been raising money to preserve some land on the shores, and a touching story is told of a letter coming from an old man, saying, "I am dying, and I am blind, but I saw Derwentwater one day five years ago, and I send you a pound." The view from Friar's Crag, where a simple slab of slate is put up to the memory of Ruskin, can be surpassed by few on the continent. The big wild mountains rise tier upon tier around the lake and off into the hazy distance, and they reminded me of those other hills which

"like giants at a hunting, lay  
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay."

I saw one of the most wonderful sunsets I had ever seen at Keswick. All day it had been raining, but at about a quarter to eight the clouds began to roll away, and the sun came out underneath them, a great glow of ruddy light, making radiant the distant hills, while the foreground was still black. There was a break in the hills down to the far horizon, with bright clouds lingering; and in the strange red glow old Skiddaw stood out on one side, and Helvellyn on the other, with the white cattle and the sheep so unconscious of it all.

But, after all, the most ideal coaching country is in Devonshire—North Devon, where the moors sweep, exquisite, heather-grown, miles and miles, to the far blue sea. Here the air is like wine, frosty and fresh and cold sometimes, even in summer, and the deer are startled from their coverts by the horns of the passing coaches, and start out, poised, graceful, alert, warm spots of red against the darkness of bleak Exmoor.

The sight of a hunt with the Devonshire staghounds is not to be missed, and I felt that I had stepped into an old English novel all at once. Here it all was—the great pack of dogs coming down the road, with the keepers in scarlet behind

them; the constant stream of horsemen pouring in; and the crowd of spectators—on foot, on horseback, or in big coaches—getting larger every minute. Then came the start; the excited baying, the blowing of horns, and the poor dogs still left inside the shed were nearly crying their souls out. Here we lost them for a time, except now and then a glint of red among the heather; and then—there was the stag! right above us, big and graceful and listening, its glorious antlers high in air; and suddenly—with a bound it was gone. But the huntsmen never got that one, for the poor creature took to the sea, in the way they so often do to save their lives, and when we drove away all the horsemen were down by the water, their riders searching anxiously for their vanished prey.

There is so much coaching to be done through those wonderful moors that it is hard to tell where to begin or where to

end. Clovelly is an old, though a very fascinating, story to most people, but the Lorna Doone region is perhaps a little less familiar, and two or more coaches run through there from Lynton every day. One of the coaches is called "Lorna Doone," the little cottage where one gets lunch at the end of the route is named "Lorna Doone," and from the very start one feels wholly in the proper atmosphere. The valley is beautiful, but, alas! not now, at any rate, like the book. It is almost unrecognizable—nothing is there that is wild or bold or un-get-at-able—but it is charming, and one must use great imagination, that is all, to persuade one's self of the reality of those awful, hairbreadth dangers that John Ridd used to go through. At the far end of the six-mile walk through the valley, the scattered remnants of some little old huts are pointed out as all that is left of the old habitations of the Doones.



## Sister Agatha

By Mary Lord

Within these cloistered walls my footsteps walk content.  
My quiet heart is still on Mary's labors bent;  
I watch the growing flowers within our garden fair,  
And thank kind God he gives me this pleasantness to share.  
(Ah, longing heart, be still!)

At early mass, high up within the choir I stand,  
Lifting my voice to God with all the convent band,  
Singing to Him my Gloria; and I am well content,  
Here, far within these sheltering walls, on Mary's work intent.  
(Ah, longing heart, be still!)

Here, safe from all earth's turmoil, from anger and from strife,  
Sheltered from all the pain and toil of every woman's life,  
My days all given to service, my nights to sweet repose,  
It is my joy to sing God's hymns and watch my crimson rose.  
(Ah, longing heart, be still!)

Spared all the pangs of childbirth, the mother's breaking heart,  
The anguish of renouncement, and ruined hope's keen smart;  
For me no faithless lover, no agony of pain;  
Content within these cloistered walls God gives me to remain.  
(Hush, hush, my heart, be still!)

# The Educated Woman of To-Morrow

By Heloise E. Hersey

THE progress of civilization in the century just past has given to women novel and extraordinary opportunities for education. It is common to treat that fact as if it were for women the most important one of the time. It is not. The most important fact in respect of the evolution of society in the nineteenth century is one in which men and women are alike concerned. It is this: The human race has been called on for adaptation to a new environment, with a rapidity unknown in the history of the world. We speak of the sixteenth century as the age of discovery, and picture the excitements of that time, with its startling experience and its enlargement of the imagination. We read with emotion Keats's stirring lines describing

"stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The silent agitation of that handful of explorers pales before the sight one may now see almost any day of the year, when a great floating town discharges its population of thousands of men, women, and children seeking a land of startling novelty and of infinite promise—conditions of life untried and unimagined—occupations varied, strenuous, rewarding—or poverty and death in exile. The scene at the immigrant station of New York is a commonplace of our time. That it should have become a commonplace is of itself a miracle.

This is but one of the rapid changes in the conditions of living. The concentration of life in huge cities, travel that girdles the continents, the fierce competition that after a hand-to-hand struggle makes peace by some vast combination, the increase of wealth and of poverty, the enormous factory, the ten-thousand-acre farm, the telephone exchange, the reformatory, the beneficent hospital, and the impending triumph by which man is apparently to enslave the circumambient air and force it to waft his word over the oceans—these and a thousand other marvels have made of life in our time a

matter nearly as different from life in the seventeenth century as was that of apes in the primeval forest different from that of Egypt under the Ptolemies. The demand for adaptation came with lightning-like rapidity. It came to all at once. No wonder that in the turmoil it has been imperfectly answered.

Great as has been the demand for adaptation made upon the whole race, that made upon women alone has been still greater. Here are some typical facts. In 1800 less than one hundred women were employed in factories in the United States. Employment in other lines outside those strictly domestic was rare. Even women teachers were few. To-day five millions of women are engaged in the United States in four hundred different wage-earning occupations.

In 1840 there was not a college in the world open to women. In 1890 in this country 303 colleges were open to both men and women, 127 to men alone, and 170 to women alone—an actual advantage of 43 in favor of women.

In 1900 there were in colleges in this country 58,467 men and 34,407 women—that is, nearly sixty per cent. as many women as men.

In 1900, in the United States, degrees were conferred on 10,794 men and on 4,293 women—more than one-third as many women as men.

The field that the college alone has thrown open to women is of bewildering extent and charm. Friendship, athletics, scientific research, several of the professions, have brought us their novel offerings. Surprises have been so numerous that women have almost lost the power of being surprised. The announcement that Harvard College had conferred upon a woman the degree of Ph.D. would be greeted with not much more excitement than that aroused in our grandmothers by the news that the stage-coach between Boston and New York had reduced its time for the trip by an hour and a half. The impossible of yesterday has become the commonplace of to-day.

There have been grave reasons—rea-

sons far deeper than the mere question of sex—for confusion during the last fifty years in regard to the feminine ideal. That there has been such confusion it is useless to deny. In our grandmother's time folk were pretty well agreed as to what a woman ought to be. The type was settled, and variations from it were regarded with suspicion. A very perfect article was certainly developed. But with change came doubt, and with doubt came inevitably semi-failure of accomplishment. If I know but dimly what I want, I am likely to get—nothing at all or an inferior article. Now one ideal prevailed and now another, none being triumphant enough to commend itself long to an eager and aspiring sex.

First came the ideal of the *achieving* woman. Her achievement was to be measured by the accepted standards of men's works. Her conscience and her ambition both spurred her to success. "Aren't you ashamed to be an idler?" cried her conscience. "Don't you long for the toothsome fruit of public praise?" whispered ambition. Between the two motives, woman rushed into the arena of ordinary life. She went into business and succeeded. She invaded at least two professions and succeeded. She did not hesitate to grasp at the prizes of high scholarship. She quietly took most of the great system of organized charity from the hands of men, and she has made of it the most perfect expression of human compassion that the world has ever seen.

Another prevalent opinion was that women should be freed from the restraints of conventionality. The eccentric woman is not now so much in evidence as twenty years ago, but she still exists. She no longer affects the masculine linen or the cane, but she may hold the theory that gentle manners are a survival of the harem, that grace and beauty are inconsistent with intellectuality, and that freedom is to be preferred to that fetich called *charm*.

Here, again, is the ideal of the woman as first and foremost an athlete. She must treat her body with the seriousness that we associate with the training-table and the boat-race. She frequents the gymnasium more than the church, and the golf-links more than the library. Her trophies are

neither sonnets nor diplomas, but loving-cups and broken records.

There has been an ideal that woman should be as political as possible. Give her the ballot, and education will take care of itself. Let her hold office, and she will achieve health and sanity.

Finally, there has been an ideal, half acknowledged, that women should be as separate as possible from men in aim and work. Witness the "women's buildings" at great expositions. What a marvelous variety of things have been gathered there, from crazy-quilts to statues, and from doughnuts to theses on quaternions!

From all these partial, spasmodic, imperfect theories it is time to turn. Out of the dust and scramble may we not emerge upon some tableland where we can see woman's life clearly and see it whole?

It is of vital importance that we should grasp at the outset and practically the truth that education is only one factor in a rounded life. It is not an end in itself, for men or women. It is a means to an end. It has so many delightful and absorbing accompaniments that we are easily beguiled into thinking it is all of life. Education, physical vigor, social influence, accomplishments, these are our weapons for the battle of life—they are not victory, nor do they insure it. The very phrase "the educated woman" is a misleading one, but it must serve in default of a better. The woman of the future will hold her education at its due worth, and unless she does so hold it, she will be unworthy of it.

This future woman will have the most gracious and alluring manners the world has ever known. They will have the sincerity of the Quaker and the elegance of the Frenchwoman of the Salon. Mr. Beecher used to say that he couldn't see why the devil should have all the good music. Why should the fools have all the good manners? Is there any reason, because I have studied the plays of Shakespeare, that I should enter a room like a frightened rustic? Ought not "the company of the high and most glorious poets" to set me free among my peers? Are a strident voice, a hurried gait, an elbowing push, the necessary result of the thorough study of the natural laws of this well-ordered and noiseless universe? Hasten the day when it shall be tautological to say, "She

is an educated woman with beautiful manners." Is it so now?

The woman of the future must settle the problem that now oppresses us as to the part which physical training and athletics must play in her daily life. The girl who takes prizes in athletics during her four years in college, and then goes home to town or village where there is neither gymnasium nor basket-ball team nor golf-links, may easily find herself irritable under her deprivation. There is one suggestion for the partial solution of the problem, but it not a popular one. The sound mind in the sound body may thrive not only on systematic athletic training, but also on manual labor of the most practical kind. The stigma so long resting on domestic labor must sometime be removed, as that which long rested on "trade" has been. It is partly reactionary. Some clever writer has said, "An age which worked Berlin wool parrots with beaded eyes naturally gives place to one which pays outsiders to darn its stockings." If the educated woman can contrive some sort of return to certain phases of manual work, she will not only provide a relief for her own nervous activity and help to adjust the domestic problem, but she will also broaden the bands of her own sympathy with ordinary life, and prevent that remoteness from the fundamental struggle of existence which is so greatly to be deplored.

The educated woman of the future is not to be primarily a hard-working woman. It has seemed at times during the last twenty years as if we were in danger of reverting to the squaw type. A woman at the head of a great philanthropy confesses: "It is a little queer for me to have to leave the house an hour before my husband in the morning and return to it an hour after he does at night." The ideal woman will look upon wage-earning for women as an evil, to be avoided if may be, to be accepted with a high philosophy if must be. Why any woman should want to earn money when there are so many better things to earn, it is hard to see. Did we need Mr. Kipling to tell us that in Paradise

"No one shall work for money  
And no one shall work for fame,  
But each for the joy of the working"?

Certain it is, however, that whether

the future woman earns wages or whether she labors for the higher rewards, her toil shall be without haste, as well as without rest. The world does not wait alone for the helping shoulder at the wheel. If I have hitched my wagon to a star, it is not necessary for the star to drop down to earth to pull me out of a mud-hole. What I ask of the star is that she shall keep on shining and moving in her orbit. It is a wide and noble one.

The educated woman will have a new standard of personal honor. The past heroines of fiction have been permitted to lie, to betray secrets, to hesitate between love and duty, and yet to die sweetly in the full blaze of the calcium light of sanctity. Schopenhauer declared a half-century ago that women so commonly lie that it was wrong to call on them to take an oath, so helpless were they to resist the temptation to perjure themselves! We have sailed far by that bitter word, but we wait yet for the day when an educated woman will keep a promise or a secret, will pay a debt, or will face a penalty as bravely as she bears physical pain.

The educated woman of the future will have a larger measure of that potent combination of common sense, a trained judgment of human nature, and a passionately warm heart, which makes for the perfect marriage. In respect of marriage, this country presents a unique situation. We are the only civilized people in the history of the world who for two hundred and fifty years have given free play to the law of natural selection. This law has controlled the jungle and the savage tribe, but civilization has always been adjusting and restricting its operation on society. Class distinctions, marriages of convenience, a careful guard upon the associations and the explorations of youth—these have been the rule among the cultivated classes in every nation in Europe. Whenever, in a single instance, a break was made with established custom, it has been regarded as exceptional, and the offenders have usually taken care that their children did not repeat the indiscretion. In this country the exact contrary has been true. There is an occasional marriage of convenience. Wealth sometimes marries wealth. There has been a tendency to intermarry among certain families. But these facts are exceptional. The Ameri-

can woman has found herself mistress of her own fate. She has not been entirely successful in the use of her freedom; but now, as balance and guard for that freedom, comes, not a *duenna*, not an ambitious, title-loving mother, not an avaricious father trading on his daughter's charms, but the trained judgment of the girl herself, first to direct and then to justify and reinforce the verdict of her heart. Nothing would be more absurd than that this judgment should repress or extinguish the voice of love. The loveless marriage should grow less and less frequent. So also should the marriage in which there is love and nothing else—no congenial tastes, no corresponding aspirations.

The educated woman of the future will be profoundly religious. She will instinctively find her place in the universe and will establish, use, and rejoice in her relation to God as truly as to her fellows. She will not become the victim of the "fads" and caprices that masquerade under the name of religion. The noisy revival, the silent séance, the crowded office of the paid "Christian healer," the ecclesiasticism that devotes itself to a sort of cult of millinery, will know this woman no more. Quakeries have too long found their willing victims among women. But to love God and to worship him, to study and to follow the Lord Jesus Christ, and to find the heart's home in the blessed Church which he founded on earth, will surely be the noblest effluence of the character of the modern woman.

It would be easy to go on enumerating attractive qualities that should be possessed by "earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected." Ought we not rather to look for some bond which should serve at once to unite and to define all these qualities? Civilization has advanced largely by means of the extension of that method known as the division of labor. Is it possible that in this great phase of human activity the contrary law is to obtain? Is it to come to pass that women shall simply learn to do better and better the work hitherto done by man? Is the progress of the sex to be judged by the new-old occupations they are pursuing, the professional skill they are acquiring, the research they are conducting, the pedagogical methods they are inventing and applying, the noble art they are

creating? Is it along these paths where leads the most imperative and the most *scientific* call for the woman of the future? Truly, no. It were far easier for her to excel in these efforts than in those to which she is summoned, but the voice of the age is insistent and she must not ignore it.

The world calls to-day for two great classes of workers. In every department of life they may be found. They are the conceiving and the nourishing; the planting and the tending; the creative and the sympathetic. One of these fields belongs to the man of the future as it has belonged to the man of the past. The other opens before the woman and claims her devotion. Is this rank mediævalism? In the Middle Ages the man went to the wars or in search of adventure, while the woman was fain to bide at home, to weave his linen, order aright his castle, and polish his shield. Let us grant that our theory has the mark of the mediæval upon it. Have not linen, shield, and castle assumed a new and symbolic significance in this new century? There have come into existence a great set of activities that may be called the activities of *amelioration*. This complex life of ours has brought many an evil in its train. The factory, the tenement-house, the slum, the sins of poverty, the sins of wealth, the strained or broken nerve, the perplexed, distracted spirit, these furnish the problems that women are called to solve. Some answer there is for each. Women are bound to find it. Life must be rendered happy and serene in spite of modern conditions. Women must defend beauty against the encroachments of the ugly, virtue against the attacks of vice, and faith and hope against the paralysis of materialism.

Women have already assumed the burden of many of our great philanthropies. Nothing could be better proof of their talent for saving that which seems lost than the rise, under their fostering care, of day nurseries, free kindergartens, vacation schools, social settlements, emergency stations, and all the great mechanism of modern philanthropy.

But let us not strive to be too specific. We do not know what the new century is to bring of scientific advance. Neither do we know what new gifts it will bring to woman or what new demands it will

make upon her. We can but try to guess in what quarter of the heavens the star will appear which is to lead her on.

The woman of the twentieth century will have a trained mind well equipped; gracious manners; a strong and active body, capable of all homely tasks as well as of athletic feats; she will have the repose which comes from the possession of some precious leisure; she will know the full meaning of the phrase, "in honor bound;" she will know how to love and where to love; she will have a clear vision of the spiritual world; all these powers will be at the service of those who wait in weakness and weariness for help. As women are the mothers of the race, so will they become in still deeper measure the mothers of society. So at last will the sublime prophecy wrapped up in the poet's phrase, *Das ewigweibliche*, be seen

to be a modern truth, supported by the achievements of modern science both in physiology and in sociology. So the poet, the student, and society come finally to the same goal. To the womanhood of those who are now in the full bloom of girlhood will belong the fulfillment of the poet's dream.

"They to the disappointed earth shall give the  
lives we meant to live,  
Beautiful, free, and strong,  
The light we almost had  
Shall make them glad.  
The words we waited long  
Shall run in music from their voice and song.  
Unto our world hope's daily oracles  
From their lips shall be brought,  
And in our lives love's hourly miracles  
By them be wrought.  
Their merry task shall be  
To make the house all fine and sweet  
Its new inhabitant to greet,  
The wondrous, star-eyed, twentieth century."

## To the Unknown God

### Athenian Hymn

By Robert Haven Schauffler

Night-folded Unreality  
(If such a phantom-god there be),  
We raise our timid song to Thee.

They say Thy home is in the deep;  
Below Poseidon Thou dost keep  
Thy throne where sunbeams never sleep.

They say Thy home is in the sky;  
Thou flashest an all-seeing eye  
Down on the peak where Zeus doth lie.

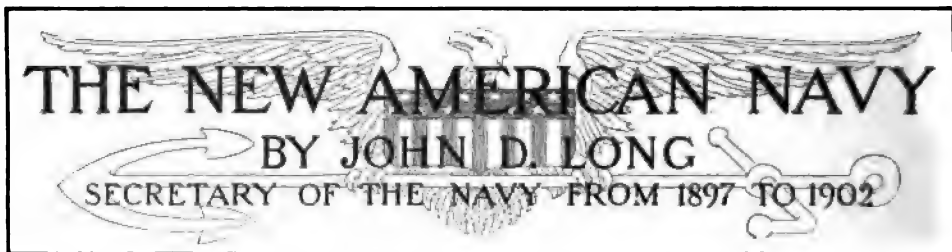
But if Thou art so far from here  
That Thou to man dost not appear,  
Why do we sometimes feel Thee near,

Or seem to feel, when droops the heart?  
Do we then know Thy healing art—  
Or is it of our dreams a part?

Sometimes we seem to feel Thee nigh  
In moments when the soul mounts high—  
Seem to behold Thee eye to eye;

And then Thy majesty we deem  
More radiant than Apollo's beam  
Or the Cloud-Gatherer's lightning-gleam.

Then Earth returns Thy mien to mar,  
Leaving Thee phantom-like and far  
Like luster from a hidden star.



## SOME OF THE GALLANT DEEDS OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN<sup>1</sup>

**B**RAVERY is the rule rather than the exception. It has had signal illustrations in all the crises of our history. Who forgets Nathan Hale, who regretted, when dying the patriot's death, that he had but one life to give for his country?

When the war with Spain was impending, no question arose as to the bravery of American men-o'-war's men; nor, indeed, did we have any doubt of the courage of the foe. Spain's history is also replete with deeds of heroism. What the Spaniard lacked more than the American was the initiative dash which, supported by gallantry and efficiency, was sure to win the victory. Full of patriotism and from infancy inspired at hearth and school by the recital of the glorious deeds of the past, American seamen could be depended upon to do their best and to flinch from no service for the honor of the flag.

Associated in the popular heart with the names of our heroes in the recent war are the names of the vessels the decks of which they trod. It is Dewey and the Olympia, Clark and the Oregon, Hobson and the Merrimac.

At the time of the destruction of the Maine, the entire armored fleet of the Spanish Government was in home ports or cruising in the Atlantic Ocean; and one vessel, the Vizcaya, was enjoying in New York Harbor the hospitality of the United States. Because our force was not, at least nominally, superior to that of Spain, it was important that we should concentrate our armored ships within striking distance of Cuba. Dewey just at that time hardly seemed to need

such vessels; his squadron was strong enough to destroy the Spanish force defending the Philippines. The geographical situation rendered our Pacific slope also safe from Spanish men-of-war operating from the Peninsula. Nevertheless, to guard against the contingency of attack by an isolated Spanish cruiser or privateer, a scheme of naval defense was adopted for the western coast which included the stationing of the monitor Monadnock at Port Angeles, Washington, for the defense of northern ports, and of the monitor Monterey at San Francisco and San Diego for the protection of southern cities, and the distribution of less effective vessels, manned by naval militiamen, at the same and other points. With these there, the Oregon could be spared from the Pacific coast and was needed in Cuban waters. She was in good trim to do the work the Department cut out for her. At the naval station at Bremerton, Washington, she had been docked and cleaned and painted; to make her steadier in a seaway, new bilge-keels had been fitted; doubling plates were put on; injured floor-plates were removed and replaced, and her outside plating was overhauled. She was in condition to render the best service, and her subsequent achievements in prolonged voyage and strenuous battle, and the comparative small cost of her subsequent repairs, are a splendid tribute to her builders, the Union Iron Works of San Francisco.

Three weeks after the Maine sank in Havana Harbor the Secretary of the Navy ordered the Oregon to proceed from Bremerton to San Francisco, there to receive ammunition and await orders. "In view

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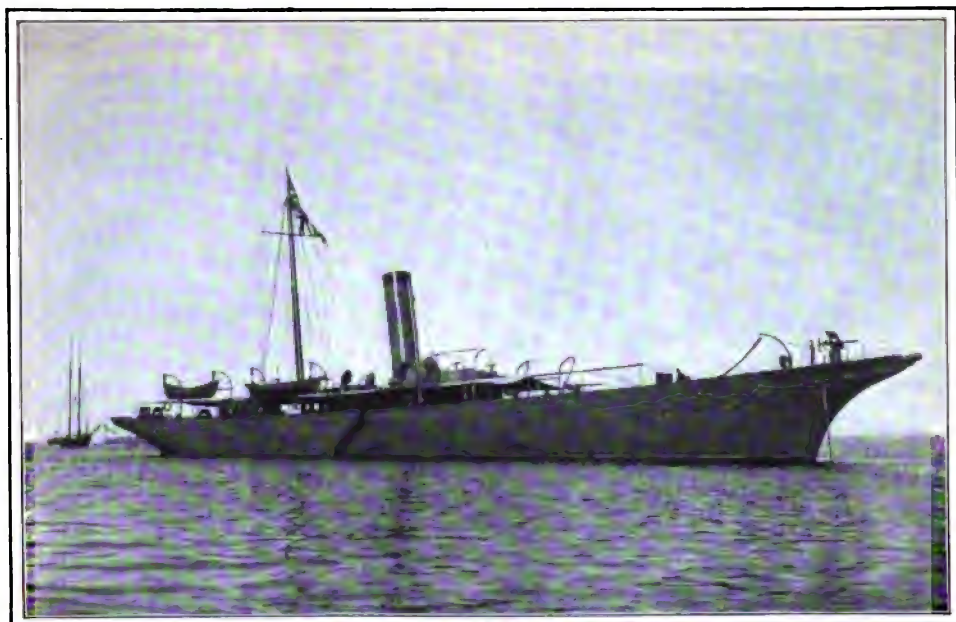
DRAWN BY HENRY RESTERDAHL

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMACK

of the present critical condition of affairs," her commanding officer was advised under date of March 12, "the Oregon should leave San Francisco at the earliest possible date, and arrive at Callao [Peru] as soon as practicable. The crew is to be constantly drilled, the passage of the ship not to be delayed thereby." Broken health forced the Department to order Captain Alexander H. McCormick, who then commanded her, before a board of medical survey, and its report of physical condemnation alone caused his detachment. There was no time, even had the Department been so inclined, to send a captain from the East to join the Oregon, nor could one have been found better fitted for the perilous and gallant task before her than Captain Charles E. Clark, who then commanded the Monterey, at San Diego, and who was transferred to the battle-ship. He entered upon his new duty on March 17, and two days later the Oregon began the trip which has no parallel in history.

The passage of the Oregon through the Golden Gate marked the beginning of a season of anxiety for the officers and men on board as well as for the Department. Captain Clark was now to carry out the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, to proceed into a zone in which danger from the elements and the foe was to be feared. Primarily responsible for the voyage, the Department was bound to facilitate it, and, by the transmission of information respecting the enemy, safeguard the ship. The Marietta, Commander Frederick M. Synonds commanding, which was at San José, Guatemala, protecting American interests, was directed to sail at once for Panama, and under date of March 24 she left that Colombian port for Callao, to make arrangements for coaling the Oregon when the latter should arrive. The Marietta reached Callao on March 30, and contracted for coal. On the following day she sailed for Valparaiso, Chili. Her orders to put into this port were based upon the Department's expectation that the Chilian battle-ship, the Captain Prat, would, by purchase, be added to our navy. The negotiations to this end fell through, as failed most of our efforts to buy men-of-war from foreign governments. The call of the Marietta was productive, however, of one important

result. It afforded the Chilian authorities an opportunity to show to the United States the courtesies of their good will. On the day the Marietta reached Valparaiso the Oregon left Callao. While at the Peruvian port, minor repairs had been made to the machinery of the battle-ship, and she sailed with one boiler still in the hands of workmen. Captain Clark had cabled that he could make Montevideo, Uruguay, and perhaps Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and the Department gave him orders to this effect. He was advised that the Spanish torpedo-boat *Temerario* was at Montevideo, and that the Marietta had been directed to proceed to Sandy Point, Patagonia, to arrange for coal and to accompany him to Key West. Those who recall the apprehension excited by the Spanish torpedo-boats just prior to the war will understand the Department's anxiety for the Oregon. There was the possibility that the commander of the *Temerario* might be sufficiently enterprising to take station in one of the numerous inlets of the Straits of Magellan, and discharge a torpedo at the American man-of-war as she passed. Captain Clark was not advised that war had been declared until his arrival, April 30, at Rio de Janeiro, but he took precautions against torpedo attacks, screening, when in company with the Marietta, all the lights, which were shown by only the leading vessel, and having gun-crews asleep beside the loaded 8-inch, 6-inch, and smaller rapid-fire guns. Nearing the Straits of Magellan, the Oregon and the Marietta, still separated, plunged through a tempestuous sea. Tons of water swept the deck of the battle-ship, and the little Marietta was tossed and pitched and finally compelled to run into Tuesday Bay. In the Straits, and before arrival at Sandy Point, the Oregon encountered a violent gale. So dense became the rain and the fog that it was impossible to distinguish the frowning shores. The situation of the Oregon was very dangerous. Captain Clark let go his anchors on a rocky shelf, and, with the wind howling and the waves thundering upon the islets and reefs, the gallant ship rode out the storm. At daylight, April 17, the battle-ship got under way, and, steaming at fifteen and one-half knots, hastened to Sandy Point. Captain Clark desired to reach his destination

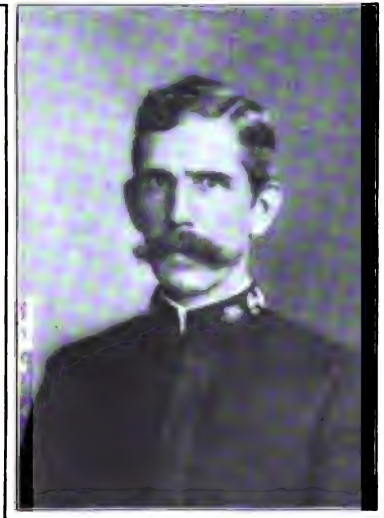


THE CONVERTED CRUISER

before nightfall, so as to deprive the *Temerario* or any other hostile vessel from the additional advantage of darkness in making a torpedo attack. Tortuous and narrow, the Straits of Magellan afford numerous opportunities for the operations of a torpedo-boat.

The *Marietta*, which joined the *Oregon* at Sandy Point, had arranged for coal in advance of her arrival. The fuel was soon pouring in almost a continuous stream into the bunkers of the two ships. To enable earlier departure, men of the *Oregon* left their hammocks in the netting while they shoveled and carried coal. Equally zealous was the crew of the *Marietta*. The spirit on board the gunboat was also shown at Para, Brazil, where two officers, not on duty, seized wheelbarrows and voluntarily aided in coaling, thus encouraging the men, who, though nearly worn out by labor already performed, were full of enthusiasm.

It was impossible for the Department



COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT

GLOUCESTER IN WAR PAINT

to communicate telegraphically with the *Oregon* and *Marietta* at Sandy Point. After the voyage was completed we learned that the two ships safely passed out of the Straits on the evening of April 21. The low rate of speed of the *Marietta* and the head winds and seas experienced north of Rio de la Plata retarded the *Oregon* during the voyage to Rio de Janeiro. The officers of the ship, the engineers

among whom voluntarily doubled their watches when high speed was required, and the men, who, suffering from heat-exhaustion, yet crawled back to the engine-rooms, chafed under this enforced delay. But the *Marietta* was needed to aid in repelling any possible torpedo attack, and man could not control the wind and the sea. The Department's concern for the *Oregon* was intensified by the departure of Cervera's squadron from Cape Verde Islands, and of the *Temerario* from Montevideo for Rio de



THE MARINES AT GUANTANAMO  
Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

Janeiro. There were indications that the Spanish ships were converging for the purpose of sinking our battle-ship. Many plans were considered by the Naval War Board and the Department to assure the safety of the Oregon. Ignorant of the actual condition of the Spanish division, it was feared that if she fell in with it she would be overpowered. But confidence also prevailed that before destruction she would inflict serious damage upon her opponents. Captain Clark, in a letter to Captain Alfred T. Mahan, stated that in the event of battle he had determined to pursue the tactics of the last of the Horatii. He proposed to turn tail after sighting the enemy's fleet and to make a running fight. It would be to the advantage of the Oregon to delay as long as possible the employment of the broadside batteries of the hostile ships. Though three of the latter were sister ships, Captain Clark believed they had different rates of speed, and in a battle such as he projected they would be drawn out into a line, and one might be placed *hors du combat* before the others came to her assistance. By this move he hoped to prevent concentration of the Spanish fire, which, in all likelihood, would kill or drive the men from the rapid-firing guns, and leave the battle-ship dependent for defense upon her turret guns—a disadvantage which to an enterprising foe would be an opportunity for torpedo-boat attack. Against the heavy stern fire of the Oregon, consisting of two 13 and four 8 inch besides smaller guns, each Spanish cruiser could not oppose a bow fire of more than one 11 or 9.8 inch gun and guns of lesser caliber. Had the Oregon met Cervera's fleet, the latter, in view of its condition, would very likely have suffered defeat and perhaps annihilation. Certainly her officers and men were determined to do and dare any peril. *Possunt quia posse videntur*. The tactics determined upon by Captain Clark were observed at Santiago de Cuba, with this difference—that the Oregon, co-operating with the other American men-of-war, was the pursuer, and the Spanish squadron was the chase.

The friendliness toward the United States of Brazil, which sold to this country two men-of-war under construction for her navy in England, was further shown

by the courtesies she extended to the Oregon and the Marietta during their stay at Rio de Janeiro. The Department had been in negotiation for the Nictheroy, an auxiliary cruiser which, during the revolution in Brazil of 1894, had been purchased by that Government from a private firm in the United States. The Nictheroy, as was the case with some other purchases made by us in our sharp stress for ships, was rather a bad bargain, but was at once overhauled and is now, under the name of the Buffalo, a useful and effective man-of-war. The purchase served, however, the good purpose of increasing the friendliness of Brazil, which had herself not made an over good bargain in buying this vessel five years before. Captain Clark was told that the Department left it to his discretion as to avoiding the Spanish fleet and making his run to the United States, and that the Marietta and Nictheroy were subject to his orders. Frequent breakdowns of the machinery of the Nictheroy delayed the division, and Captain Clark, feeling that the Oregon was needed to reinforce Rear-Admiral Sampson, and that in any event he would have to abandon his consorts if he met the enemy, directed Commander Symonds to proceed with his own ship and the auxiliary cruiser to the United States. When the Oregon put into Bahia, the Department instructed her commander to make no further stops at Brazilian ports, but to proceed to the West Indies, and reiterated its caution to avoid if possible the Spanish squadron, the whereabouts of which was still unknown.

On May 12, the day the Department learned of the appearance of Cervera near Martinique, and two days after the departure of the Oregon from Bahia, the question of the safety of this battle-ship was submitted to and considered by the Naval War Board. The time for despatching assistance had, however, passed. To send it, it would have been necessary for the Department to advise Captain Clark at Bahia to pursue a certain route, and to designate a point on it at which he could be met by reinforcements. This action was not taken because, despite every effort to maintain secrecy, it was probable that information of the movement would leak out, and, besides, the Department was confident that the Oregon would take care



THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO



of herself. To the Secretary the War Board reported:

The Board discussed fully the question of the advisability of despatching assistance to the Oregon, in view of the possibility of that vessel being waylaid by the Cape de Verde squadron. After fully considering the matter, it was concluded that, under conditions as they now exist, it was inexpedient to detail either the Flying Squadron or vessels from Admiral Sampson's fleet to assist her, as the danger of her meeting the Spanish squadron was now thought to be less than formerly, and it was undesirable to disturb Admiral Sampson's operations around Porto Rico or to leave the northern coast without its chief defense.

Sixty hours after the Spanish squadron left Curaçao, its destination unknown, the Oregon arrived at the Barbadoes, six hundred miles away. Captain Clark learned here of the sighting of the Spanish fleet on May 12 off Martinique, one hundred miles distant. He coaled as rapidly as possible, British neutrality permitting him to receive sufficient fuel to reach an American port, and on the evening of May 18 circled the island and made to the northward on his way to Key West. On May 24 the country and the Department learned with relief that the battleship was off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and a

few hours later she dropped anchor at Key West. The Oregon had completed in sixty-eight days a voyage of fourteen thousand miles, and at its close needed only coal to join the fighting fleet. The Marietta, which had been authorized to leave the Nictheroy, and ordered to proceed alone to Hampton Roads, reached Key West on June 4. Like the Oregon, whose fame she shares, she was fit for immediate service—a remarkable record in view of the type of ship, the distance steamed—twelve thousand miles—and the character of the weather encountered. The congratulations sent by the Department to the commanding officers of both vessels were heartfelt. The addition of the Oregon to Rear-Admiral Sampson's command gave it great superiority over Cervera and assured his destruction. The Spanish captains contend that the United States need not have felt a moment's concern about Captain Clark's ship. "It was about this time, namely, May 18," wrote Captain Concas y Palau, Cervera's chief of staff, "that the Oregon cast anchor at Barbadoes. The United States Government was under the impression that it might be the object of the maneuvers of our squadron to go in search of that ship, which we, however, supposed to be in the Pacific. This illustrates how the commander-in-chief of our squadron was supplied with information."

It does not detract from the credit due and which has been universally given to the officers and the men of the Oregon to say that the voyages of the monitors from San Francisco to Manila were even

more arduous and certainly as worthy of commendation. A vessel even of the Oregon class had never made a sea cruise such as she was called upon to make, and some were skeptical, before the battle-ship started, as to her ability to plow in safety through the seas raised by the storms of the southern zones. The Department had, however, entertained no apprehension on this score, and performance settled all doubt. Then, too, the subsequent voyage of the Oregon from New York to Manila demonstrated beyond all question that she and her sister ships, under careful officers, can navigate the ocean without more than ordinary danger. The monitors, however, were nothing but coast defense ships, and had not been constructed for oversea operations. The experience of Rear-Admiral Sampson with the monitors attached to the North Atlantic Fleet had proved that vessels of this class are not good sea boats. Small coal supply restricted their range of operations. They were slow, rolled heavily in a seaway, and were almost suffocating between decks, where officers and men had to seek refuge even in a moderate blow.

There was probability that Spain, taking advantage of the comparatively insignificant strength of Admiral Dewey's squadron, might order some of her armored ships, the completion of which was hastened, to the East to reassert her sovereignty over the Philippine Archipelago. The official notes of Spain show that we were not wrong in this assumption. "Very serious situation in the Philippines," the Spanish Minister of War cabled to the Governor-General of Cuba on June 3, "compels us to send there ships and



PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRIQUE MULLER

THE TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW



reinforcement of troops as early as possible. To be able to cope with hostile squadron at Manila it will be indispensable to send an equally strong fleet there."

Before this message was sent, the Department, through its agents in Spain, had heard and transmitted to Admiral Dewey rumors of a possible Spanish expedition to operate about the Philippine Islands, and on May 20 it advised him of reports that the battle-ship *Pelayo*, armored cruiser *Carlos V.*, protected cruiser *Alfonso XII.*, and some transports carrying troops, were *en route* to the Orient. Other reports gave the east coast of the United States as their destination. Dewey was warned not to place too much credence in these rumors, as at the time our sources of intelligence in Spain were liable to error. If one, however, considers that the expedition under Admiral Camara, which started for the Philippines but was stopped at Suez, comprised both ships and troops, the rumors first mentioned will be found to have been very nearly correct.

The success of Dewey at Manila entailed upon the Department the further responsibility of providing him with an adequate force to retain his position in the Far East. The reports of the despatch of a Spanish relief force were regarded as having some foundation. For Spain to leave the United States in undisputed possession of the Philippines would be prejudicial to the Spanish case in future peace negotiations. The cruiser *Charleston*, which had been hastily completed and commissioned, on May 5 was ordered to Manila in company with the *City of Peking*, conveying troops to that point. *En route*, Captain Henry Glass, commanding, captured the island of Guam without resistance, the Governor not having been informed of the declaration of war and at first believing that the guns fired by the *Charleston* were a salute to the flag of Spain.

Dewey had enough protected and unprotected cruisers and gunboats, but these in a battle with efficient armored ships would run great risk. With Cervera's squadron intact, and containing the possibilities of incalculable mischief, and with the probability that Spain would, after all, attach to it the armorclads then in Peninsular waters, any reduction of Sampson's

strength would have been unwise, and was not seriously considered. But reinforcements for Dewey were essential, and the Department decided to send to him the monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock*.

There was historical precedent for the despatch of the monitors on a long cruise. To silence critics who condemned the type because of alleged unseaworthiness, the Department, after the Civil War, sent the *Monadnock*, of Civil War construction, from the Atlantic coast to San Francisco to be of aid in case of any necessity for the defense of the west coast, and the *Miantonomoh* to Europe to impress the governments of that continent with the formidable character of the new type of vessels developed in our country. Yet, in spite of the performance of these ships, the Department could not but regard the voyage of the *Monterey* and the *Monadnock* to the Philippines, made under the very different circumstances of the stress of war, as an experiment. Again there entered the element of great risk, but the emergency justified it.

The *Monterey* was the first to leave San Francisco. Commanded by Commander E. H. C. Leutze, with officers and men enthusiastic at the prospect of active service, she started on June 7, in company with the collier *Brutus*. A moderate sea washed the coal from her deck, and she put into San Diego, whence she sailed on June 11. Two weeks later the *Monadnock*, Captain W. H. Whiting, with troops on both sides of the Golden Gate wigwagging good-by and good-luck messages, steamed for Honolulu. Accompanying her under instructions to supply coal or to tow was the collier *Nero*.

Thirteen days were occupied by the *Monterey* in making Honolulu. The *Monadnock* covered the distance in better time, arriving on July 3, ten days after leaving San Francisco. Both vessels made repairs and received supplies at the Hawaiian capital. On July 1 the *Monterey* started for Manila, and the *Monadnock* followed on July 13. The experience of one ship was the experience of both. Partly in tow, partly under their own steam, machinery requiring constant attention, the towing bridle chafing, and repairs necessary, they labored toward Manila.

"The trip through the tropics," Captain Whiting states in his official report,





REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES EDGAR CLARK

Commander of the *Oregon* during its famous voyage from the Pacific.

"was very trying on officers and men. The temperature of the sea water has been 85 to 87 degrees, the temperature of the air 75 to 95 degrees, and with the engines and boilers in use there was no chance for the heat to radiate. Hence the temperatures in the ship have been very high—fire-room from 110 degrees to 130 degrees, engine-room 118 to 140 degrees, dynamo-room 105 to 130 degrees, crew space 86 to 99 degrees, lower wardroom 89 to 100 degrees, cabin stateroom 95 to 99 degrees. Men have been overcome in the coal bunkers, fire-room, and evaporating-room with heat exhaustion, and the health of the ship's company has been affected by living in such high temperatures."

These hardships were common to both vessels, although little notice of them has been taken, and were much more prolonged and therefore severe than those on board of ships which had more glory. On the *Monterey*, and the same must have been substantially true of the *Monadnock*, the hatches were off only once in fifty days, and on that occasion the deck was so hot that it was necessary to play the hose on it to keep the pitch from boiling out. The monitor ran at times submerged

under water. In spite, however, of all difficulties, no effort was left unmade to hasten the progress of the voyage. The *Monterey* chose to make Manila by San Bernardino Straits, and when she passed through, in the early hours of August 2, the Spanish colors were hoisted in salute from a near-by lighthouse. The Spaniards apparently believed a relief force for themselves had come. At the time the *Monadnock* left San Francisco it was thought Camara might get his squadron to the East before her arrival. She was therefore directed to follow a prescribed course, along which she would join Dewey's squadron if it were compelled to withdraw temporarily from Manila. This course the *Monadnock* followed, but, of course, failed to sight any of Dewey's ships until she cast anchor in the harbor of Manila on August 16, four days after the signature of the peace protocol in Washington and three days after the fall of Manila. The *Monterey* had reached Manila on August 4. With the arrival of these two ships closed the most hazardous voyages of the war.

Thus, while all the ships fought well, a few were called upon to render conspicu-

ous service, and they responded nobly. So it was with the men. There were everywhere in the service the desire and anxiety to be in the forefront, where danger was and where the flag needed support. It was pretty much an even level of courage, although above it rose some special instances of gallantry—special rather in the opportunities than in the men. There were, for instance, the deeds of Hobson, of Blue, of Wainwright, of Bernadou, of Ward and Buck, of the navy, and of Newcomb of the revenue cutter service. Among the enlisted men were those who dared death with Hobson, who fought under Wainwright, who served with Bernadou, who bravely repulsed the Spaniards at Guantanamo, and who participated in the cable-cutting expeditions.

When Cervera's squadron was definitely located at Santiago, the Department and Rear-Admiral Sampson considered the means that should be adopted to prevent its departure. The channel ranged from 350 to 450 feet in width at the entrance of the harbor, and it was decided to bottle up Cervera by sinking a vessel at the narrowest point. Sampson instructed Schley to use the collier *Sterling* to effect this purpose. Before Schley could execute the instructions, Sampson arrived and took command. While on his way to Santiago, this commander-in-chief directed Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson to devise a method for sinking a ship so as to prevent the egress of the Spanish men-of-war. Hobson considered many plans, including the feigning of a chase of a collier by the fleet, with a view to deceiving the Spaniards until the obstruction had arrived at the point selected and had sunk. Sampson determined that it would be wiser to send in a ship just before dawn and when the tide was flood. This tide was desired so that if the anchor gear were destroyed the ship would drift and sink before moved by the ebb tide to a wider part of the channel. Thursday, June 2, and half-past three in the morning, were the day and hour selected for the maneuver. Immediately upon arrival at Santiago steps were taken to carry the plan into execution. Ten electric torpedoes, each containing a charge of eighty-eight pounds of gunpowder, were attached to the port side of the

collier *Merrimac*, which was designated for the sacrifice. To facilitate the sinking of the vessel, it was arranged to drop anchors forward and aft, cargo ports and all interior doors and hatchways were opened, and sea connections prepared so as to be readily opened. Twenty-three hundred tons of coal lay in the hold of the *Merrimac*, but, even if time had permitted its removal, it was believed that it would aid in holding the vessel in the channel.

Rear-Admiral Sampson determined that as Hobson had prepared the plan, he was the person best fitted to execute it. Commodore J. M. Miller was therefore relieved of the command of the *Merrimac*—a hardship for that brave officer, but one which the chances of war imposed. A call for volunteers was made. Only six or seven men were needed—one to steer, one to assist in exploding the torpedoes, one at each anchor to cut the rope holding it, one in the boiler-room, and one to operate the engines. Rear-Admiral Sampson assured Hobson that there would be no difficulty in obtaining men. Indeed, when the signal was hoisted, the majority of the crew of every ship asked permission to go. Personal appeals were made to Hobson and to Sampson. Patriotism blunted the fear of shell and bullets, and glory-winning service of the country was the factor actuating the men who applied for the privilege of going to what appeared to be certain death. Sampson refused to permit a greater number on board the *Merrimac* than necessary for the conduct of the maneuver, and as finally designated they were:

George Charette, gunner's mate, first class; Daniel Montague, chief master-at-arms; J. E. Murphy, coxswain; George F. Phillips, machinist, first class; Francis Kelly, water-tender; Randolph Clausen, coxswain, and Osborn Deignan, coxswain. Deignan, Phillips, and Kelly were among the crew of the collier when under Commander Miller. The commanding officer recommended Deignan to Hobson. Assistant Engineer Robert K. Crank, who aided in the preparations and was on the vessel on the first attempt to make the harbor entrance, urged the selection of Phillips and Kelly. Captain Robley D. Evans named Murphy as the representative of the *Iowa*. Charette had served

with Hobson when the latter was a midshipman, and, remembering his conduct, the Constructor allowed him to go. Montague was chief master-at-arms of the New York and was indorsed by the officers of the flagship. Clausen's selection at the last moment gave rise to the report that to make sure of going he had secreted himself on board the Merrimac, which was not the case. He was at her wheel when Hobson, in need of a seventh man, informed him to his delight that he should remain on the vessel.

Having completed arrangements early on the morning of June 2, the Merrimac, her crew stripped to underclothes, wearing life-jackets and carrying revolvers in belts around their waists, started for the scene of her destruction. Before out of reach she was directed by Rear-Admiral Sampson to return, as dawn was breaking. The reaction from the strain was fearful, and one man, Boatswain Mullen, of the Merrimac, was, in spite of his earnest protest, relieved, and in his stead Murphy designated as above stated.

There was a slight chance of escape by Hobson and his companions, and Rear-Admiral Sampson directed the steam-launch of the New York, under Naval Cadet Joseph Wright Powell, to follow the collier and wait near the harbor entrance, prepared to dash in to the rescue should the men succeed in getting away alive. This duty was most hazardous, but, as in the case of the Merrimac, every member of the crew of the launch volunteered for it.

On the morning of June 3 the plan was put into execution. With the full moon streaming down upon the Merrimac, she moved toward the site of her grave. Deignan was at the wheel, Phillips and Kelly were in the engine and boiler rooms, and Charette, Clausen, Montague, and Murphy were at their stations. Coolly directing the course of the ship was Hobson, stripped, like his men, of all clothing save shirt and drawers, and wearing a life-preserver and revolver-belt. Five hundred yards from the mouth of the harbor the Spanish batteries opened fire, and shell hurtled through the air, shrieking and exploding in and about the ship. Hobson gave the signal to stop just before reaching the point where the Merrimac was to be sunk, and the men below obeyed

the order. Sea-valves were opened, anchors let go, and orders given to explode the torpedoes. But the enemy's fire had broken the torpedo connections and shattered the electric generating cells, and but two torpedoes were discharged. In the meantime the steering-gear was shot away, and the wreck drifted helplessly away from the position where it had been intended it should sink.

The Merrimac was subjected to the fire of all the guns of the fortifications, and a submarine mine exploded beneath her hull. The Spaniards believed that our fleet was attempting to force the harbor. Lying at full length upon the deck, Hobson and his men waited for a projectile to explode among them and send all into eternity. The ship was drifting toward the wider section of the channel, and here she lurched heavily and sank. The men were washed miraculously alive into the water, and hurled about in the mass of débris. Toward a catamaran they swam, and to it they clung, keeping only their heads above the water. A Spanish launch appearing, Hobson called, and, covered by the rifles of her guard, he and his men were taken on her. Admiral Cervera was on board; to him the Merrimac's crew surrendered, and his humanity and kindness were as great as their heroism, which appealed at once to his admiration.

Hobson gallantly executed the mission intrusted to him. Although it failed, failure in no wise detracted from the magnificent courage displayed by the men engaged in the maneuver. In his report of it to the Department, Sampson said, "A more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle." Learning with gratitude that the crew of the Merrimac survived, negotiations were begun to effect an exchange, and they resulted successfully a few days before the capitulation of Santiago.

While Sampson was satisfied on June 3 that he was blockading the entire Spanish squadron in Santiago, the report from the Eagle and Resolute that they had sighted four powerful hostile vessels, although not much weight was attached to it, made necessary positive knowledge as to whether all of Cervera's armored ships were actually within the Cuban harbor.

Rear-Admiral Sampson was notified of the Department's anxiety in this connection, and he directed Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Delehanty, commanding the U. S. S. Suwanee, to ascertain through the insurgents how many Spanish ships lay in the bay. Believing that an officer could obtain more satisfactory information than a Cuban, Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, with Sampson's approval, directed Lieutenant Victor Blue to make a reconnaissance of the harbor. Clad in the uniform of his rank, Blue landed, and, in company with a Cuban officer, made for the hills in the rear of Santiago. The two officers passed on one occasion within six hundred yards of a Spanish camp without detection. Blue was taken to the headquarters of an insurgent Cuban battalion, and there a conference was held as to the route to be followed. Small parties of Spaniards were patrolling the country in all directions within a zone of fifteen miles from the city, and it was necessary to exercise the utmost caution. A decision was finally reached, and, with three soldiers leading the way, Blue and the Cuban officer resumed the journey. The party traveled along the main road leading to Santiago for a distance of one and a half miles, when they entered the woods. Leading their mules through a swampy jungle and sinking knee deep in mud, they doggedly tramped. Fearing that in the dark, night having fallen, a Spanish detachment might be met, it was decided to halt, and until daylight they remained sheltered in the home of a Cuban sympathizer. When morning came, they moved along the road recommended by the host of the night. Other sympathizers gave good advice as to the route to be pursued in order to avoid Spaniards. The party finally reached the top of a hill and dismounted. Beneath it was encamped a force of Spanish soldiers, and beyond, upon the bay, lay two armored cruisers and two destroyers. The scouts gently stole toward the city, and half a mile from the first position ascended another hill. Here was sighted the third armored cruiser. But the fourth remained to be located. Another point of vantage was sought, and from it Lieutenant Blue beheld the sought-for vessel.

Having obtained the information, the party started on its return journey, and

arrived without molestation at Acerraderos. The Suwanee's mail-boat carried Blue to his ship, and Rear-Admiral Sampson notified the Department of the result of the reconnaissance.

Accurate information is, of course, essential to the successful conduct of war. Prior to and in the early stages of the struggle with Spain, the Department received from various sources a mass of reports regarding the disposition and condition of the Spanish ships. There was danger that hired spies would sell themselves to the Spanish Government and supply us with misleading information. The President and Secretary of the Navy determined to send two officers to Europe to report upon the movements of Cervera and those of Camara. To the first duty was assigned Ensign Henry Herbert Ward and to the latter Ensign William Henry Buck. Each, in civilian garb, was on board a foreign yacht hired for the purpose, the officers and men of which had no knowledge of the business or character of their voyaging sightseer, except that they were to take him wherever his pleasure inclined him to go. As these officers took their lives in their hands, necessarily the greatest secrecy in regard to their mission was imposed. Ward first went to Cadiz, Spain, where he stayed forty-eight hours, but failed to find any trace of Cervera or of the vessels of his division, though he identified the ships of Camara's squadron, and, safely reaching Gibraltar, cabled the information to Washington. This information was confirmatorily valuable, for only the day before its receipt the Department had notified Dewey that the Spanish fleet was *en route* to the Philippines. From Gibraltar Ward went to St. Thomas. At the Madeiras he learned that the Canary Islands were defended by only three torpedo-boats, and this information was immediately sent to the Department. Spanish agents at St. Thomas became suspicious of the young "Englishman," Ward and Buck being regarded as of this nationality, and upon Ward's departure for San Juan they cabled the fact of his coming to the Spanish authorities. Four officials of the port boarded the steamer when she reached San Juan and cross-questioned the suspected passenger. Displaying remarkable

*sang-froid*, Ward was guarded in his replies, and finally declared that he would not respond further unless in the presence of the British Consul. The examination was resumed when the British official boarded the steamer. So convincing was the American officer that he was finally advised that he would not be molested, but was not to be permitted ashore. Not content with his narrow escape, and desiring information in addition to that which he could get in the harbor, Ward protested to the British Consul at being confined to the ship, and through the intercession of that officer, who little knew whose cause he was advocating, the prohibition to land was removed. In company with the Consul and a Spanish naval officer he landed and called upon the naval commandant, of whom he requested relief from the espionage of the Spaniards. This request was granted, and Ward strolled along the water front and through a portion of the Spanish barracks. After his visit to San Juan he visited neutral ports investigating rumors that the Spaniards were gathering supplies in preparation for further operations. These were found to be groundless.

In the meantime Buck was devoting his attention to Camara. Learning positively that the Spanish Admiral had sailed from Cadiz on a westerly course, Buck proceeded to Port Saïd, where he ascertained that the Spanish ships had passed through the Canal. Informed that Camara would probably return, Buck remained at Port Saïd, and when the hostile ships re-entered the Mediterranean he promptly cabled the news to the Department. The departure of Camara from Port Saïd and his course were also communicated to Washington, and Buck then took passage in a steamer for Algiers, keeping in sight of the Spanish ships until the vessel he had boarded turned into its port of destination. From Algiers Buck returned to the United States, there being no further need of his presence in the Mediterranean.

Whoever tells the story of the battle of Santiago must refer to the gallantry of the officers and men of the Gloucester. This pleasure yacht, comparatively frail as a lady's fan, purchased from J. Pierpont Morgan and put to the perils of a man-of-war, braved for a time, almost alone, the guns of the whole Spanish squadron and

the shore batteries, and by her accurate and deadly fire disabled and, with the assistance of our armorclads, sank two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, each of which was her superior in construction and fighting strength. A shot from a one-pounder gun would have rendered the Gloucester helpless, but, while aware of this possibility, yet giving no heed to it, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright carried the vessel to the point where she could inflict the greatest damage upon her foes. At the hour when Cervera's ships appeared, the men of the Gloucester, as with those of other vessels of the squadron, were drawn up for Sunday inspection. While on the berth-deck, Wainwright heard the welcome news that the Spaniards were coming out. Hastening to the bridge, he ordered the helm put over, and to Chief Engineer George W. McElroy the signal was given by Lieutenant Harry McL. Huse, executive of the vessel, "Full steam ahead."

The praise that is due Milligan, of the Oregon, for keeping his engines in efficient condition is due also to McElroy for his work in connection with the machinery of the Gloucester. Wainwright ordered forced draught, and the blowers were soon whirring, and steam began to rise in the boilers of the gunboat. Her guns vomiting projectiles, the Infanta Maria Teresa turned to the west, and after her came the remaining Spanish armored cruisers. Almost irresistible was the temptation to participate in the combat with the armored cruisers, but Wainwright conceived it to be his duty to wait for the destroyers, and, with a patience difficult to exercise while part of the quarry was at hand and shells were splashing and raining about his little boat, he remained near the Indiana. Suddenly from the mouth of the harbor shot the Pluton and Furor, the dreaded vipers of the Spanish squadron. "Gunboats close in," signaled Captain Taylor, of the Indiana. Simultaneously with the hoisting of this signal, the Gloucester, under full head of steam, dashed toward the enemy. Bombardment of the coasts had developed splendid gunners among her officers and men. While waiting for the destroyers, Lieutenant Thomas C. Wood, commanding the after division, made up of three 3-pounders, had delib-



boat and towed her out of the harbor. Ensign Worth Bagley, of the Winslow, was killed, and two men were mortally wounded by a shell. These were the first casualties in Cuban waters. Bagley was a fine young North Carolinian, and for him and the brave men who died with him the whole country was at once full of pride and of mourning.

At Manzanillo, also, American officers and men displayed noteworthy conduct. Four Spanish gunboats were reported within the harbor, and on June 29 Rear-Admiral Sampson directed Lieutenant Lucien Young, commanding the *Hist*, to proceed off that port to attack the enemy's ships. Like the *Gloucester*, the *Hist* was a small yacht without protection of any kind, and having a battery of only a few three-pounders. Meeting the *Hornet*, also a converted yacht, Lieutenant James M. Helm commanding, and the tug *Wompatuck*, Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, Young proceeded with them into the harbor, his own vessel in the lead, the *Wompatuck* and the *Hornet* following. Insufficient water prevented the *Wompatuck* from keeping her position in the column, and the *Hist* and *Hornet* went on, firing at a gunboat which had been sighted. No decisive results followed, though the gunboat was struck repeatedly.

The *Hist* and *Hornet*, with the *Wompatuck*, now turned into another channel and proceeded toward Manzanillo. When not far from the city, Lieutenant Young sighted nine armed vessels arranged so as to form a crescent and supported by batteries and troops. Undeterred by this vastly superior force, Young continued his course toward the enemy. As Dewey had done at Manila, he steamed along the Spanish front, delivering and receiving a heavy fire. The *Hist* was struck eleven times. One projectile cut the main steam-pipe of the *Hornet*, which disabled her, so that the *Wompatuck* was sent to tow her out of action. The *Wompatuck* had also been struck, one projectile passing through her just above the water-line. Informed that the *Wompatuck* was able to take care of the *Hornet*, the *Hist* turned her guns upon a large Spanish pontoon, which was equipped with 6-inch smooth-bore guns. This was soon set on fire and destroyed. A gunboat was sunk and

a sloop loaded with soldiers which had poured a musketry fire upon the *Hist* was also destroyed. A torpedo-boat and several gunboats which held the right of the Spanish line were damaged. The American force slowly withdrew, and the Spaniards made no attempt to follow. The casualties on the American side were three men of the *Hornet* scalded.

The action last described occurred on June 30. The *Scorpion*, Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix, reached Manzanillo the next day. Accompanied by the tug *Osceola*, Lieutenant J. L. Purcell, the *Scorpion* dashed into the harbor and opened fire, but it was found impossible to destroy the gunboats, and the vessels retired. Reinforced by the *Wilmington*, Commander Todd, and the *Helena*, Commander W. T. Swinburne, the American ships determined to make a fresh attack. Three channels lead into the harbor. Through the southern steamed the *Hist*, *Hornet*, and *Wompatuck*; the *Scorpion* and *Osceola* used the middle channel, and the gunboats *Wilmington* and *Helena* the northern channel. Keeping as much as possible out of range of shore batteries, the American ships concentrated their fire upon the gunboats, which soon were totally destroyed. When night fell on the 17th of July, there was not a Spanish ship in Manzanillo which could aid in the defense of the port. Weakened by these losses, feeble resistance to our occupation of the city was anticipated, and Rear-Admiral Sampson directed the *Newark*, Captain C. F. Goodrich, and the *Resolute*, Commander Joseph B. Eaton, which had on board a battalion of five hundred marines commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert W. Huntington, to effect the reduction of the place. The *Newark* and *Resolute* were supported by the *Hist*, *Suwanee*, *Osceola*, and *Alvarado*, the last commanded by Lieutenant Victor Blue. A demand was made for the surrender of the city on August 12, which was rejected, and a bombardment of the shore batteries was begun. Earlier in the day, Captain Goodrich, through Lieutenant Young, had advised the Cubans of his purpose to attack the city, and in accordance with his suggestion the insurgents assaulted the rear of the Spanish position. Flags of truce were flying over the hostile bat-

teries and blockhouses the following morning, and the captain of the port communicated to Captain Goodrich a despatch from the Secretary of the Navy announcing the signature of the protocol of peace.

In order to isolate telegraphically Cuba and Porto Rico from Spain, the Department arranged, before war was declared, to cut the cables landing in those islands. Insurrection in Cuba and frequent destruction of telegraphic lines as one of its accompaniments had forced the Spaniards, in order to maintain communication, to lay a number of cables on the south side of the island. Four cables connected Santiago de Cuba and Jamaica, one led from Guantanamo to Santo Domingo, and one connected Havana and Key West. Immediately after the commencement of hostilities consideration was given to a proposal to declare telegraph cables neutral, but it was finally decided to destroy all save that connecting Havana and Key West. The immunity of this last line was due, not to unselfishness, but to the expectation that by means of it we would be able to learn much of value. Our action was justified by events. Over this cable signal officers of our army at Key West learned of the arrival of Cervera at Santiago de Cuba. The Marblehead, Captain Bowman H. McCalla, who was later to distinguish himself at Guantanamo, and the Nashville, Commander W. Maynard, cut two cables on May 11 at Cienfuegos; the St. Louis, Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, and Wompatuck, Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, cut a cable at Santiago on May 18, a few hours before the Spanish division entered that harbor; the St. Louis and Wompatuck unsuccessfully attempted to destroy the Guantanamo cable on May 19, but later this task was accomplished by the St. Louis, Captain Goodrich, and Marblehead; while the Wilmington, Helena, Manning, and Hist cut a cable running between Manzanillo and Cienfuegos. All these operations were conducted skillfully and gallantly, and in some cases under a murderous fire.

The honor of engaging in the first naval battle of the war with Spain belongs to the converted yacht *Eagle*, Lieutenant W. H. H. Southerland commanding. The

*Eagle* enjoyed no protection, and her battery comprised only four 6-pounder rapid-firing guns and two machine guns. She was assigned to duty with the division under Commander B. H. McCalla, which was stationed off Cienfuegos immediately after the outbreak of war. On April 29 the *Eagle* lay about 1,500 yards from the mouth of the harbor. Anticipating an easy prey, the Spanish torpedo gunboat *Galicia*, mounting two 4.72-inch breech-loading rifles, four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, and two torpedo-tubes, with another small gunboat, left the harbor and started for the saucy American ship. A third gunboat, which remained in the harbor, joined her sister ships in a heavy fire. In spite of the odds against him, Lieutenant Southerland made no effort to escape, but boldly returned the fire with his 6-pounders, the range at first being 4,000 yards. When the range had decreased to 2,200 yards, the *Galicia* and her consort turned and retreated into the harbor. Southerland received the commendation of his commanding officer, Captain McCalla, for conspicuous valor.

No description of the gallant work of officers and men during the war would be complete without a reference to the conduct of the marines landed at Guantanamo. Under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert W. Huntington, the battalion, 647 strong, established itself in the position best suited for defense and the protection of ships coaling in the bay. On the day after the landing, Spanish soldiers, concealed in the thick underbrush, opened fire, and continued their attack until June 14, when Huntington determined upon offensive operations. From Cubans it had been learned that the Spaniards had their headquarters about six miles away at Cuzco, which was the site of the only fresh-water well in the neighborhood. Concerting with Lieutenant-Colonel Tomas, commanding the Cuban contingent, Company C, First Lieutenant Lewis C. Lucas, and Company D, Captain William F. Spicer, both under Captain George F. Elliott, attacked the enemy. In spite of the intense heat, the mountainous and tropical character of the country through which the march was made, and the fire of the Spaniards hid in the dense growth, the marines and Cubans forced their



way and captured Cuzco. The assailants numbered 275, while the enemy was 500 strong. In this engagement the marines sustained but one casualty—an enlisted man wounded. The Cubans lost two killed and four wounded. The Spaniards suffered heavily, having 60 killed, 150 wounded, and 18 taken prisoners. And these casualties were not the most serious part of their defeat, for they lost their camp and supplies and the well was destroyed. As the direct consequence, no further hostilities were directed against the marine camp or the ships in the bay, whereas prior to the capture of Cuzco the marines had suffered severely from Spanish attack, losing five men (one of them Assistant Surgeon John Blair Gibbs) killed and twenty-two wounded.

Thus the Navy, Marine Corps, and Revenue Marine service were represented in gallant deeds. President McKinley, on the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy made in keeping with the Secretary's pledge at the outbreak of the war, promoted officers who had rendered conspicuous service. All these promotions were at last confirmed by the Senate, with the exception of the cases, referred to in a former chapter, of Sampson and Schley. The commanding officers, executive officers, and chief engineers of the ships engaged at the battles of Manila and Santiago were all in this way advanced on the list at the same time. Then, that the Department might provide for all cases worthy of promotion, a board of retired rear-admirals—Sicard, Matthews, and Norton—was appointed after the close of the war, which carefully examined every record submitted. It recommended advancement, which was made and confirmed. Not all officers were satisfied, but the Board was disinterested and painstaking. The law makes "extraordinary heroism" and "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" the grounds of promotion, and, while there were numberless instances of heroism and of gallant conduct in battle, it was not in many cases possible for the Board to lift them out of the common range of faithful and ordinary discharge of duty into the extraordinary range contemplated by the law. If in any case a point was strained, it was in favor of the officer. Indeed, not without some force was the rejoinder of some of the disap-

pointed officers that promotion had been recommended to participants in the battles of the war who did not come more than themselves within the strict letter of the statute; and there may have been some errors of over-liberality, but, if so, they were on the generous side.

Hobson was advanced ten numbers and given the rank of captain. His men were not only given higher ratings, but also medals of honor and gratuities of one hundred dollars each. The other officers hereinbefore named, both in the Navy and in the Marine Corps, received advances in number on the report of the Board above referred to, as did many others who, though not in the battle of Manila or Santiago, yet displayed "extraordinary heroism" or "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" elsewhere. Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, of the Revenue Marine service, commanding the revenue cutter Hudson, was given a gold medal by act of Congress.

These advancements in numbers worked unmerited hardship upon many officers who had no chance to achieve distinction and yet were equally patriotic and competent with those who achieved it. For such it was especially galling that after the war they found themselves in actually lower relative place on the navy list than before the war, reduced in rank and delayed in receipt of the increased pay that comes with regular rise in grade. In other words, the promotions made were at the expense, not of the Government, but of the unfortunate officers overridden. After repeated appeals by the Secretary of the Navy to Congress, an act was at last passed practically providing that, when an officer had been or should be promoted for gallant conduct, those previously above him should not lose their respective numbers, but if, for instance, No. 10 is promoted to No. 5, he becomes an additional number and the original No. 5 goes up the list together with him. Thus every loss in rank suffered by any officer as above stated was made good.

I have entitled this chapter "Some of the Gallant Deeds of the War," because it is simply impossible to enumerate them all. To do so it would be almost necessary to name every officer and man. It is the fortune of great events that only those who are in the most conspicu-

ures have their praises sung ; and yet not only the courage and spirit, but the merit of duty done and peril faced, may be just as great in those who are below the pinnacles. Who shall say that the fireman sweating at the furnace in the bowels of

the ship, or the commander taking his almost submerged and heat-stifed monitor day after day and week after week across the Pacific, is not as deserving as the chief who is in command when a booming victory is won?

## The Postmistress of Knockagaí

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "In Chimney Corners," etc.

**O**F course, in formal compliance with the regulations, Nancy—our postmistress was Nancy, Nancy Kelly—had a slot in the window, ostensibly for the purpose of posting the letters. But scarcely a soul at the Bocht had the hardihood—"the bare-faced impudence," Nancy styled it—to make use of this convenience. Under cover of night, or taking mean advantage of Nancy's temporary absence (perhaps she had run over to Jamie Mor's to ask the time on their clock, or down to Toal-a-Gallagher's to learn if the designs of Frank Mulrinny had transpired—the outline of a quart-bottle in his coat-pocket having been seen by all the world as he went off in the direction of Dhrimore, where he courted, on the evening before), unprincipled people *had* dropped letters in the slot in the window. But these people invariably lived to regret the insult offered to an unoffending woman. Nancy held over such a letter, till, by linking bits and scraps of circumstantial evidence and by calling in experts upon handwriting, she ran the rascal to earth, and got from him a voluntary confession and abject apology—when, however, both were too late to bespeak any mitigation of her contemptuous and scathing denunciation.

"There's a doore to me house, built big enough to let in both the letther an' the letther-carrier; an' if I'm good enough to send off their letthers to the other en' of the wurrl' an' further, I'm surely fit to have the letther handed into me hand." Thus Nancy expounded the ethics of letter-posting. "There's no plague in my house. An' I'm sartint there's none can cast up to me that I ever queskened them what was inside of their letther." This last statement was strictly true. Nancy never did ask any one concerning the

contents of his letter; yet, strange to say, there were few brave enough to hand Nancy Kelly a letter and meet her eye unflinchingly, and then turn and walk out without volunteering information which Nancy would "sooner put her fut in the fire than ax."

When one who knew his business went to Nancy's post-office with a letter, he first swapped salutations with Nancy, and then accepted the proffered chair and gave and got the news of their respective parts of the parish before remarking that he was thinking of posting a letter. If Nancy then nodded approbation—as almost always she graciously did—Denis (say) then produced the letter, and, turning it round and over, informed her that it was to be sent to Iowa in the States, to Tibuik, to young Jimmy. Nancy, by repeated nods of her head, signified that she noted all this and would remember it. Denis then handed it to her, inquiring how much the damage would be to bring it to Iowa. And he went on to tell about Jimmy's affairs, in particular how he stood pecuniarily.

"It was Molly Magroarty, Nelly's daughter, that wrote the letther. (She's a purty han' at the pen, in throth, for her age.) I axed her to let Jimmy know that Long John Meehan's park, at our own me'rin, is to be soul'—for poor John, God help him! isn't prosperin' lately—an' to tell him that if he had twinty poun' or so to spare, he could do worse nor put it into Long John's park. That's all." Denis made sure to thank Nancy and express his sense of gratitude for the obligation she put him under, before he took his leave. There was not any use trying to equivocate concerning the contents of a letter, for Nancy could read any man "like a ha'penny book," as she said her-

self, though he were as deep as a tailor's thimble. If a reckless one dared, once in a while, to risk an untruth, Nancy just lifted her gray eye and fixed it on him, and made him wince as if she had been sticking a pin in his heart.

Jimmy the Post brought out the mails, often a whole dozen, and sometimes as many as sixteen and even eighteen letters, to Nancy's office from Donegal once a week. No one had the impertinence to go seeking for a letter on arrival day—and, indeed, if they did, their journey would be deservedly fruitless. The right of one day's grace wherein Nancy might scrutinize the superscription and postmarks and speculate upon the probable contents of letters was a prerogative which not even the most punctilious would dream of denying the postmistress. Charlie the Nadger once, seeking his letter, walked in as Jimmy the Post walked out; Nancy withered him up with one look and dismissed him with the contemptuous query: "A letther? Musha, who do ye think would send the lakes i' you a letther?" And by way of admonition to Charlie and all the precipitate in her district, she (very properly, as I think) delivered his letter to him fourteen days after its arrival. It contained his passage money. And Charlie thanked God that he was soon to be beyond Nancy's jurisdiction.

When Nancy did graciously bestow a letter on an inquirer, common politeness, of course, not to mention Nancy's eye, required that the letter should then and there be opened and its contents discussed. Pathrick Martin, of Augherly, though, was an unprincipled man, and when he got the letter from Annie from Cincinnati which, as he anticipated, contained confidences about Annie's trials with her Dutch husband who drank, he slipped the missive into his pocket with an assumption of unconsciousness that, in an honorable cause, had done him credit; and then he made a bold attempt to retire under cover of an irregular fire of remarks upon indifferent subjects. And as, despite Nancy's dry, monosyllabic replies, he still continued to edge towards the door, she brought her cold gray eye to bear upon him with such deadly precision that Pathrick, in another moment, awoke to the full extent of his

meanness, dropped into a providential chair, and remembered the letter with suspicious suddenness; he drew it out and implored Nancy to do him the particular favor of reading it for him.

Dan Mac a-Nirn made a sweetheart for himself when he was hired up the Pettigo way. She was both wise and well-to-do; and so, when Dan returned home, he thought to correspond with her with matrimonial intentions. Under protest, Nancy Kelly despatched two of poor Dan's love-missives and delivered to him two replies. But she put down her foot when Dan came along with a third—an epistle upon which he had had John the Tailor working for three nights, and had fed him with whisky all the time to give John the necessary inspiration, and which had been called by the proud author "a triumph iv jaynius." She got Dan seated in the corner and stood over him with arms akimbo. "I'll tell ye what it is, Dan Mac a-Nirn," she said, "ye're only makin' a *plaisham* iv me an' me post-office. I'll neither take nor give any more blatherskiten' letthers. If every other fool in the country begun takin' afther you every time they're in a coortin' way, my six poun' a year would be hard-earned money. Go away about yer business now; an' go home, an' put that letther in yer fist behind the fire; an' if ye want a wife (though, in troth, when ye have yer mother an' yer sisther to look afther, ye're marrid enough)—but if ye *must* have a wife, look about in yer neighborhood an' ye'll get wan be waggin' yer finger; there's Hughie Shan's daughter Mar'get—why don't ye take her? or Shusan Doherty iv the Roadside? Away with ye, now; an' take good advice when it's given ye for nothing." Dan, poor fellow! sighed and went home; and married Hughie Shan's daughter Mar'get sooner than want; and a girl at Pettigo, probably for long and long, walked away heartless from her post-office—and doesn't know to this day that 'twas the tyranny of Nancy Kelly, and not the fickleness of Dan, that has left her pining.

To open and read all newspapers without the necessity of the addressee's presence was a prerogative assumed by Nancy naturally. When the paper (always an American one) contained minute and graphic details of the latest spicy tragedy, Nancy detained the copy till she had

treated all her cronies to the feast. And if the account was of the last great prize-fight, Nancy kindly extended the courtesy of the paper to Toal-a-Gallagher the shoemaker, who was particularly interested in those things. Micky Meehan sent home "The Rocky Mountain Lightning Streak" to his father with a regularity that was particularly gratifying to Nancy. Nancy did not usually detain the "Lightning Streak" more than two or three days after its arrival. On one week it contained an unconcluded article upon George Washington which so whetted Teddy Meehan's appetite for the remainder that he brushed his coat and put it and a clean collar on, and, taking his stick in his fist, traveled twice on the following week all the way in from Tullyfinn to inquire if the subsequent issue of the paper had arrived. On the second occasion, though Teddy observed with the corner of his eye that Nancy's whole soul was engrossed in an article in no other than the "Lightning Streak," she replied to him hurriedly that it had not come, and buried herself in the paper again. Teddy sat him down for a while, torn by an inward conflict. His anxiety for the paper, however, got the better of his discretion, and, forcing sudden resolution, he said, "But Nancy, *a chara*, isn't that it ye're readin'?" Nancy lowered the paper and, turning, looked at him for a minute with an outraged look. "Teddy Meehan," she said; then, severely, "let me tell ye—what ye don't seem to know—that it's the heighth of ill-breedin' of ye to take an' look over any wan's shoulder when they're readin'." As Teddy, all abashed, gathered himself away, she added, by way of parting consolation, "Small wonder ye're ashamed iv yerself." She watched after him sternly till he had slunk away around the bend, and then, with a pained and injured look on her countenance, resumed perusal of "The Lightning Streak."

But the thorn in Nancy Kelly's side was Barney Meehan, the priest's boy. Partly as the result of his office, but chiefly, I suppose, because it was born with him, Barney was a domineering fellow who could tolerate no tyranny except his own. Barney was the only man in the parish who dared, in broad daylight and with the full knowledge that an

incensed postmistress's eye was upon him, walk forward with exasperating nonchalance to Nancy Kelly's and drop his letters, one by one, into the slot! And when he felt in a wantonly aggravating mood, he heaped insult on insult by calling in the slot after the letters, "There's two iv them letthers for Belfast an' wan for Letther-kenny. See that ye send them off quickly, Nancy Kelly, if ye please"—the last sentence, being interpreted, signifying, "I dar' an' defy ye to delay them, Nancy." Ere matters had got very embittered between the postmistress and the priest's boy, she had occasionally ventured to question him regarding Father Dan's correspondence. "Barney," in her smoothest tones, "that letther I give ye for his reverence the other day was from furrin parts, an' still it wasn't an Ameriky stamp was on it?" "That letther," Barney said gravely, "was from the Imp'ror iv the Yalla Say, wantin' to know how ducks sould here be the pair, bekase that he was goin' to send his youngest son to Timbuctoo for to dail in that commodity." This uncalled-for insult on Barney's part put Nancy on her dignity for months, till at length the arrival of a letter with the Rome postmark aroused her curiosity so that she deigned to stoop to Barney for intelligence. "That," Barney coolly informed her, "was a letter from no less nor cur Holy Father himself, the Pope (may God bliss him an' prosper his pratiegarden), informin' Father Dan that the En' of the Wurr!' starts Chewsday (Tuesday) come eight days in the County Wacklow, an' that we may expect it to work around here within three weeks at the farthest." Nancy Kelly never after that demeaned herself by questioning Barney on such subjects; and it is to be hoped, for Barney's sake, that he realized his punishment as palpably as he should.

Barney Meehan, too, had often the cool impudence to walk in' on the heels of Jimmy the Post, and stand by till he got his portion of the mails; and if, by awkward mismanagement, Nancy allowed him to get a glimpse of the directions on other letters, he made it his business to send word to the fortunate parties "there was a letther lyin' at Nancy's for them," and so had them in upon the postmistress before she had had time to examine those letters with the leisure which she wished. He

lost no opportunity of aggravating Nancy; once she handed him no less than four letters, yet Barney, repressing all traces of excitement, merely remarked that he thought "this day might houl' up, an' be a gran' hay day, if the win' didn't work back at twelve," slipping the letters into his long blue coat with as much seeming carelessness as if he was inured to the receipt of extraordinary mails.

The fact was, Barney, who was used to dominate, could not bring his neck to bend beneath any woman's nod; but, on the contrary, considered that Nancy Kelly, far from exacting, should bring him homage. It was Greek and Greek. Nancy had the advantage in good staying powers; Barney in tact. Where Nancy gave verbal expression to her feelings of bitter animosity, Barney merely acted his under the armor of a Lord Chesterfield politeness; and this aggravated Nancy more than if he had slapped her in the face. He was a very Machiavel, was Barney, for long enough.

Only, at length, Nancy got him to betray the man that lurked behind the skilled politician. There was a son of Johnnie Brodbin's who went to the States; and, having a taste for dabbling in water-colors, used to decorate the envelopes of his letters to Father Dan with a many-colored eagle bearing in its beak a scroll (also elaborately variegated with colors), on which the address was elegantly penned. Altogether this decorative envelope was a work of art, to us. But Barney was often and often puzzled to know why the envelope was disfigured with dirt before it reached his hand. The problem was unexpectedly solved one day that he walked in and found Nancy's youngest sitting squat upon the floor, and amusing itself with a recently arrived one, to keep the baby quiet and out of mischief whilst Nancy went to the well. Barney forgot his Lord Chesterfield that day. Nancy retailed to the neighbors how Barney Meehan ferociously snatched the letter out of the innocent child's hand as if he would like to stick it to the heart; and how, towards herself, he behaved like "an unnatural, uncultivated bear." And after that the strained relations that had hitherto existed attained a tension that was too acute to last. And, daily, thenceforward, Nancy Kelly was getting more

and more provoking. She met Barney's complaints with unkind jests or cruel sneers. He threatened her with all the terrors of the Church, of which, as Priest's Boy, he was a humble representative, and vowed to bring down upon her head the vengeance of Father Dan. But, to Barney's utter consternation, she, with reckless temerity, snapped her fingers—snapped her fingers!—and said, "That for both ye an' Father Dan!" The grass did not grow under Barney's heels whilst he went home to Father Dan with this bit of intelligence. Father Dan helped himself generously from his snuff-box when Barney had unburthened, and he said, "Barney, Nancy Kelly's past prayin' for, I see." "But," said Barney, in alarm, "aren't ye goin' to punish her as she desarves?" "Indeed, and I am that, Barney. Take a snuff. I mean to leave her to the torments of her own conscience." Barney quitted Father Dan in a towering wrath; for he knew right well Nancy Kelly had not got a conscience. "If ivery varago in the parish takes to snappin' their fingers at both iv us, it 'ill be yer desarts," he angrily impressed on the priest.

Barney next threatened to invoked upon Nancy the powers of "The Postmaster General." But Nancy brazenly laughed this threat to scorn; Barney did not know that gentleman's address; and, besides, even if he did, if Barney Meehan had the impudence to dhrop a letter containing barefaced insinuations about herself, she would light the fire with said letter, and then she would "just like to see him" dare to darken her door with his forbid-din' countenance after.

Barney was checkmated. He tried to stir up sedition against Nancy, talked treason, all around. Finally, when he thought he had the country rife for it, he went to Ned Carrabin's wake of Glen Coagh to raise the standard of rebellion. With the exception of half a dozen of those old wiseacres, let-well-enough-alone creatures, who exist in every parish, Barney here found that he had the country with him. Accordingly, it was agreed that six men selected, with Barney Meehan as spokesman, should wait upon Nancy Kelly after Mass on Sunday, and respectfully and firmly state their grievances and demand redress. In case of the non-

success of the embassy, or in case that—as many were pessimistic enough to conjecture—the ambassadors were repelled with assault, insult, and contumely, it was not exactly clear to them what would be the subsequent procedure; but the people were given the distinct impression that something awful would follow, possibly even (it was hinted) John the Tailor, who constituted himself Barney's lieutenant on the occasion, would himself order in a large and varied assortment of postage-stamps, and deprive Nancy Kelly of every vestige of her trade. Barney was elated; he had not dreamt there was so much genuine and admirable spirit in the parish; and he gave John the Tailor and his fellow-conspirators to understand that they were the stuff heroes were made of.

Poor Barney had not allowed for the pot-valor which he should have known always sets in at social gatherings. Next morning, heroes, alack! were literally tripping over each other to see who would be first to divulge the conspiracy to Nancy. John the Tailor, who Barney thought should have flourished in the days of chivalry and borne a lance in brave but hopeless causes, *was* first. And when Barney himself, in the timid mood that will possess the greatest and most daring of men on the verge of a great crisis, called on Nancy that day for his

letter, his breath was taken away when Nancy, looking him full in the eye, said, with that awful calm that precedes a tornado, "Barney Meehan, I'm toul' ye wor at Ned Blake's wake las' night?" Barney could only gasp. Nancy waited long enough to let her dire meaning sink into his soul. Then she said, speaking with deep and deliberate emphasis, "Barney, ye're a swindlin' imposthor an' an interferin' blaguard!"—and she still followed him with her terrible eye, as he, dumfounded, slunk out of the door.

On the Sunday after, Barney, finding his nerves fairly well-strung again, descended upon the boys when they had gathered, before Mass, outside the chapel gate. He teemed upon them the bitter vials of his wrath, and denounced them as "crawlers," rolling the word with diabolic relish on his tongue—"Yez is cr-r-lawlers," he said, "cr-r-lawlers, an' yez 'ill niver be anything but cr-r-lawlers! An' you, John the Tailor"—the pinch-faced John winced—"you're the pr-r-rince iv cr-r-lawlers!"

But, storm at the people as he might, and cow them as he might—and did—he had to confess to himself in the anguish of his heart that he feared—*feared*—to meet Nancy Kelly's cruel eye and return her defiant glance.

Poor Barney's spirit was broken.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Boston: A Guide-Book.** By Edward M. Bacon. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 198 pages.

In extremely compact form and with an arrangement which is original and convenient, Mr. Bacon has put together here a great amount of useful information about Boston and its suburbs. The book contains everything that might be found in the ordinary guide-books, and in addition many personal, historical, and antiquarian facts. A noticeable feature is the collection of colored maps, while the numerous diagrams in the book are convenient and clear.

**City Temple Sermons.** By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 286 pages. \$1. net.

Every now and then there appears upon the scene a new preacher of real power whose sermons are so different from those of past

preachers as to cause the thoughtful observer to reconsider the popular conceptions of the secret of pulpit success. Such a preacher is Mr. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple of London. He is as different from his predecessor as the still, small voice was from the whirlwind which preceded it. In the pulpit he is extremely quiet. He is said hardly to raise his voice above a conversational pitch. His gestures are few and simple. He possesses none of that power of passion which enabled Mr. Beecher to sweep a congregation off its feet in spite of itself. His sermons do not scintillate with sparks, as did those of his own predecessor. They are not opalescent with hidden colors as were the best sermons of Phillips Brooks. In short, they are in no sense what could be called great sermons. And yet great audiences listen to them and go away satisfied; and large circles

of readers will find interest because they will find life in them in their printed form. For Mr. Campbell possesses a vital spiritual experience, and his sermons are a revelation of the life which is hidden with God and so possess a power to impart that life to others. They are simple and sincere expressions of a real religious life. As such they are well worth reading at home by those who fail to get in other ways the religious ministry which they need; and well worth the attentive reading of ministers, who will study theology, philosophy, poetry, and rhetoric in vain if they do not also study the nature of religion and the art of giving to religion a simple and sympathetic expression. For theology, philosophy, poetry, and rhetoric are only tools, and tools are absolutely useless without the *power* to use them. The power of the preacher is religion. How much religion can do if it is simple and genuine, although perhaps we should rather say *provided* its tools are simple, this volume of sermons illustrates.

**Crises of the Christ (The).** By G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9$  in. 477 pages. \$2, net.

This is to us a disappointing volume. Its conception is excellent; it aims to treat seven critical epochs in the life of Christ—the birth, the baptism, the temptation, the transfiguration, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension. And Dr. Morgan has abilities which peculiarly fit him to treat these experiences in a practical and spiritual manner. His insight into the spiritual meaning of Scripture and his application of it to human experience amount almost, if not quite, to genius. But of that genius this volume affords little indication. His method is not interpretative, but exegetical and theological. And in exegesis and theology Dr. Morgan is not strong. He revels in the wondrous, the miraculous, the supernatural. He lays on the merely marvelous a stress which the New Testament never lays on it. The miraculous birth "must be received, or else the whole superstructure of Christianity totters and falls." It is perilous, it is unspiritual, and it is not consonant with the spirit of the Gospels themselves to make the whole superstructure of Christianity depend upon a historic fact referred to in only two of the Gospel narratives, and never by Christ himself. The ascension of Christ is the ascension of his physical body into heaven—"He in bodily form has passed into heaven"—so that in his case, apparently, flesh and blood have inherited the kingdom of God. The author invents portents and wonders, or, perhaps we should say, surmises them. "Men have to learn, to study, to go through processes of training to obtain what He possessed without these processes." "I strenuously hold that He was perfect in physical form and proportion." He was perfect as a carpenter at his father's bench. "Every piece of work that Jesus did in physical strength, under the control of spiritual intelligence, was perfect work." To make his meaning clear the author compares Jesus as a worker in wood with "Stradivarius, the great, and may it not be said, the only maker of the violin." All this is extra-

Scriptural; may be true; may be false; is certainly fanciful and certainly not important. Practical bearing on spiritual experience it has none. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan is a great preacher; but he is not a great exegete nor a great theologian.

**Interference of Patricia (The).** By Lilian Bell. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 156 pages. \$1.50.

This is a not very probable tale in which the daughter of a supposed Denver corruptionist thwarts all his plans, gives honest men their own, and rewards herself by marrying a titled Englishman, hated by her father chiefly because he wears a watch-bracelet.

**John Adams and Daniel Webster as Schoolmasters.** By Elizabeth Porter Gould. Illustrated. The Palma Co., Boston.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 95 pages. \$1.

In this slight but readable book, Miss Gould tells in an interesting way about the experience, as school teachers, of John Adams and Daniel Webster. There is not a little personal information about the two men which will be entirely new to most readers. It is interesting to note on almost every page the contrast between educational conditions fifty and one hundred years ago and the conditions of modern school-houses and teaching.

**Miracles and Supernatural Religion.** By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  in. 144 pages. 75c., net.

In the view of the author, while God's agency in nature may be *recognised* at one time more than another, God is always equally in Nature, controlling and directing it. A miracle therefore is not an interference with Nature; it is not an exceptional control; it is simply an incident which causes men to perceive that direction and control which is never absent. The supernatural therefore is not extraordinary or episodic. It is simply the spiritual. This conception, as our author points out, is as old as Genesis, which sees in the rainbow a witness to God's perpetual presence in the succession of the seasons. "The presence of God in his world was thus to be evinced by his regular sustentation of its natural order, rather than by irregular occurrences, such as the deluge, in seeming contravention of it." The Outlook hardly needs to add that this general view is, in our judgment, sustained alike by a sound science and a reverent theology. We might take exception to some of Dr. Whiton's interpretations of specific miracles; but the general principle that they are in harmony with the laws and forces of Nature—laws and forces which we can use, and which we may therefore well believe that God can use in ways beyond our understanding—appears to us in the light of modern thought to be indisputable. The book will be useful to persons who are more familiar with modern science than with modern theology, and are therefore perplexed how to harmonize their scientific and their religious thinking.

**Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley.** (Library Edition.) Westward Ho! In 2 vols. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  in. 463 pages.

We have already spoken of the satisfactory qualities of this edition. Our only criticism

is the excess to which the fad of ragged (deckled) edges has been carried. "Westward Ho!" will always remain Kingsley's greatest romance and one of the greatest historical novels in the English language.

**On Special Assignment.** By Samuel Travers Clover. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 307 pages. \$1, net.

**Partnership in Magic (A).** By Charles Battell Loomis. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 270 pages. \$1, net.

A fantastic mingling of the magic and the real. The fun is contagious and will amuse the boys, for whom the story is written.

**Railway Legislation in the United States.** By Balthasar Henry Meyer, Ph.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 329 pages. \$1.25, net.

This compact and colorless summary of American railway legislation and adjudication is followed by a strong and spirited argument for the passage of the Cullom bill to give the inter-State Commerce Commission power to say what rates are reasonable. Its present power to declare existing rates unreasonable, the author rightly contends, is a mockery of real authority, as the roads may change the condemned rate ever so little, and other months or years of deliberation may ensue before another change is ordered. Mr. Meyer's volume is exceptionally valuable for reference purposes.

**Reply to Harnack on the Essence of Christianity: Lectures Delivered in the Summer of 1901 before Students of all Faculties in the University of Greifswald.** By Herman Cremer, D.D., LL.D. Translated from the Third German Edition by Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x8 in. 268 pages. \$1, net.

Harnack's book on "What is Christianity?" naturally called forth expressions of disapproval from those theologians who conceive of Christianity as primarily a law to be obeyed rather than a motive for a new life. This book is one of these expressions of disapproval. Its argument is vitiated by its beginning from the false dilemma that either Jesus was "only a man, nothing else," and therefore in no respect in his own person a translation of God into human terms, or else that he was "an irregular appearance," a superhuman being transported temporarily to earth, a "God-Man." This dilemma depends upon the presupposition that there is an antagonism between the human and divine—a presupposition that is purely gratuitous. We agree, however, with the author in his opinion that the picture of Christ given in the epistle is quite as authentic and direct as that given in the synoptic gospels; but this opinion is not inconsistent with the results of the higher criticism, as the author seems to think it is.

**Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company (The).** By Gilbert Holland Montague. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x7½ in. 143 pages. \$1, net.

A compact and well-written defense of the Standard Oil Company. The author justifies railroads in the policy of discriminating between different places, different industries, and different individuals, and finds little that is morally abhorrent in the contracts between

the railroads and the oil combination which so stirred National indignation when their existence was disclosed. Nevertheless, he is too much of a scientist to attempt to deny any of the salient facts in the history of his client, and his account of these facts forms a valuable supplement—and in the main a confirmation—of the narratives of Hudson, Lloyd, and Miss Tarbell. The latter half of the volume, giving the history of the Standard Oil Company since 1879, is particularly instructive. In discussing present freight rates the author most frankly sets forth the advantages procured by the combination despite the inter-State commerce law, and even presents the argument which justified the inter-State Commerce Commission in ordering the railroads to ship oil in barrels at the same rate as in tank-cars. The saving to the railroad from the use of tank-cars, he admits, is not entirely clear, for while the railroad does not have to take charge of the loading and unloading, it must ship the tank-cars back empty, while cars loaded with barrels can be returned loaded with other freight. For the use of its tank-cars the Standard Oil Company receives from the railroads seventy-five cents a hundred miles. The Commission's order that the roads should not charge for the weight of the barrel, but ship oil at the same net rate whether in barrels or tank-cars, appears to have been openly disregarded by the roads.

**Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society.**

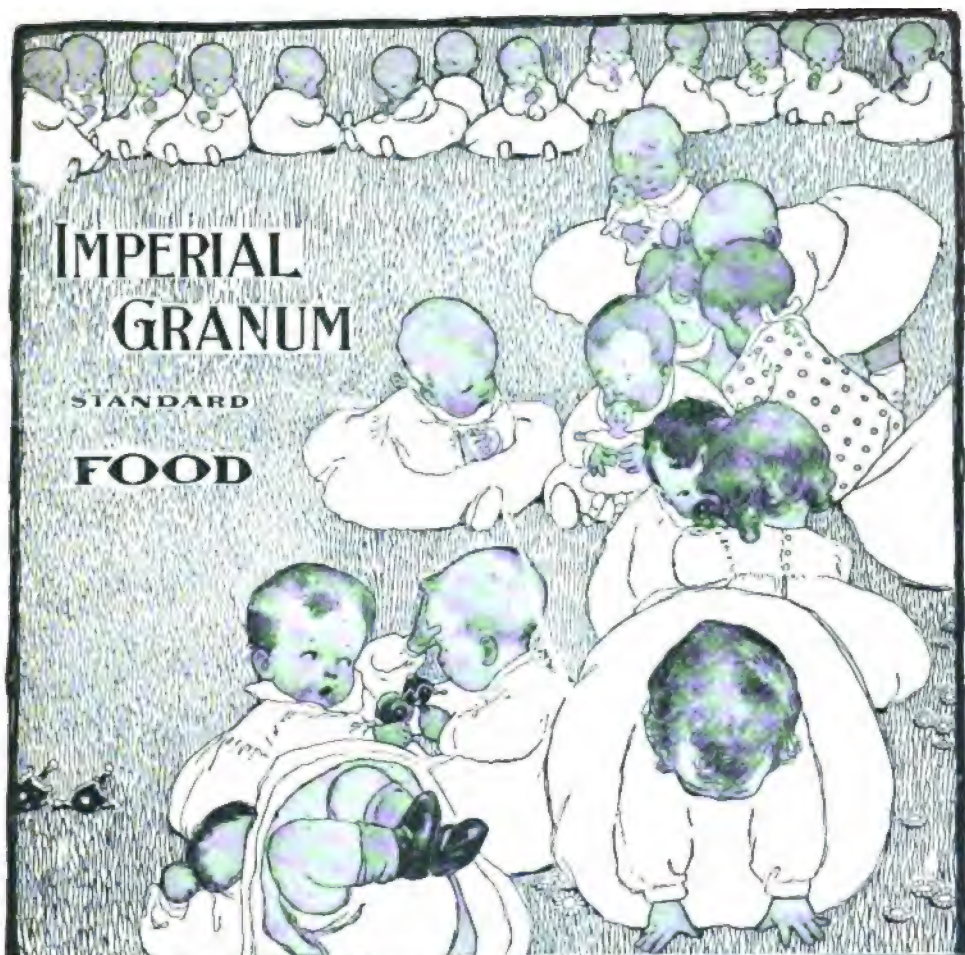
By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 497 pages. \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**The Finances and Administration of Providence, 1630-1901.** By Howard Kemble Stokes. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6x9¼ in. 464 pages.

Many valuable books on the history of Rhode Island have appeared within the last two years, but none nearly so instructive to the general student of history as this volume of Dr. Stokes. It is singular how few good municipal histories we have. Whenever one appears the intensive study of the history of a single community generally proves more illuminating than more labored studies of the history of the commonwealth or the Nation. The history of Providence is particularly valuable, as the city has been a center of political life since the very beginning of our national development, and the reader is able to see as under a microscope the local workings of most of the great economic movements which have affected American civic life. The main interest in the book is economic, and most of its pages are taken up with questions of taxation and finance, but the whole field of civil administration is covered. Important sidelights are thrown upon the question of popular education, which is always inadequately treated in national and commonwealth histories. It is interesting to note the movement for free higher education, which gave the public school system its great development at the middle of the last century, was especially championed by Thomas Dorr, the radical Democrat famous for his part in Dorr's rebellion.





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Robert E. Lee. Peonage. The Mulatto Factor*

*A Picture of the Papal Conclave  
From "John Inglesant"*

*A Singer of the Night: The Woodcock  
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# The Outlook

Vol. 74

August 8, 1903

No. 15

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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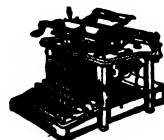
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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

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No. 15

## A Week's Mob Violence

In the significant news of last week mob violence held the most conspicuous place. The most serious tragedy reported was that at Danville, Illinois, where a mob of six hundred men, assembled to lynch a negro criminal of the worst type, attacked other negroes on the streets, one of whom defended himself by firing at his pursuers, killing one of their number, and was for this act hanged and afterwards burned upon the public square. The mob then made a desperate assault upon the jail to secure the criminal—self-confessed—against whom it was organized. The Sheriff of the county, however, supported by his deputies and the negro turnkey, defended the jail with bravery and determination, firing into the mob and wounding several of its members. When the mob was thus taught that its own members would be the victims of further lawlessness, it scattered, shouting its threats to lynch the Sheriff and his men. To the credit of Danville, however, the sober second thought of the community indorsed the law's defenders, and not only the Bar Association but the Common Council passed resolutions commending the Sheriff (named Whitlock), and the police of the city arrested nearly a score of the members of the mob. The saddest feature of the whole affair is perhaps the fact that the negro who was hanged and burned was a refugee from Evansville, Indiana, who had fled, as he hoped, to a place of safety from mob violence. The day following the tragedy at Danville a despatch from Atlanta, Georgia, announced that the mob which the week before had lynched a negro for revolting crime, while he protested his innocence, had learned that its intended victim was alive and in the hands of officers of the law. Later in the week there were other mobs in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Colo-

rado, and Texas, but in no case were their intended victims injured, and in most cases the mobs were checked by the vigilance of public officials. The most encouraging news of the week came from Mecklenburg County, Virginia, where two negroes who had attempted to assault a white woman the week before were in just eight days' time tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged—the execution to take place the first of September. Editorial comment upon these events will be found in another column.

⊙

## The Bookbinders' Union Retreats

In last week's Outlook we stated the facts respecting the issue raised between the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders and the people of the United States, by the demand of the former organization that the Public Printer should expel a man whom the Brotherhood of Bookbinders had tried, sentenced, and expelled from its organization. At the time of our going to press we said, "We are not sorry to have this question raised, and we trust and believe that the President will meet it squarely and carry it through to a final decision." The President has done so. As reported last week, he ordered the reinstatement of Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller accordingly was forthwith reinstated. The International Brotherhood of Bookbinders first threatened to strike; then it asked that Miller be suspended pending the discussion of new charges. The threats of strike were ignored, and the President refused to consider for a moment suspending Miller. He was reinstated and put to work; he is now at work; the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders have not struck; they have seen the Government do exactly what they at first attempted to prevent it from doing; they are working under Mr.

Miller as assistant foreman; and they are not attempting to discriminate against him or in any way to contravene the principles laid down by the President as reported by us last week. The President has directed every department in all cases of employment of labor to act in accordance with the principles which he has enunciated. The incident has a double value. When an unjust demand is made upon the Government, backed by a supposed large constituency, and is met with a frank, open, courageous, but not combative declaration that the Government will not concede to the unjust demand, nor compromise with it, nor evade it, nor deal with it diplomatically, but will simply, squarely refuse concession to it, justice wins a speedy and decisive victory. We believe that the incident no less indicates what would be the effect if private employers would meet the unjust demands of labor unions in the same spirit, and would insist, in the words of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission's report, quoted by Mr. Roosevelt in the second of the two letters reported by us last week, "that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization, by members of such organization." The President's course in this matter will, we believe, win him new respect from the country at large, including all the better class of workmen both within and without the labor unions.



#### Continuing Labor Troubles

In Chicago the sympathetic features of the great Kellogg Switchboard Company strike have been abandoned by the decision of the trade-union leaders, and the conflict has settled down to a test of endurance between the company and its striking employees. The company offers to take back all the employees whose places it has not filled, and conduct an "open shop," making no discrimination between union and non-union men: but the strikers insist that they shall all be taken back in a body, and that no one shall be employed who refuses to join their unions.

In Alabama the threatened miners' strike, involving thirteen thousand men, has been averted by arbitration, Judge Gray, the Chairman of the Anthracite Strike Commission, being chosen as umpire—both sides confiding in his fairness. In most of the minor strikes the desire for peace seems to be gaining, particularly among the unions, the members of which are becoming convinced that they have in many cases tried to push too far the advantages given them by the business prosperity, and the universal employment and stronger organization of labor accompanying it. The new strike in the building trades in Pittsburgh is of the nature of a lockout—the employers' association having assumed the aggressive and sympathetically stopped all building work in order to bring one of the unions to terms. In New York City another union—the Hoisting Engineers'—has accepted the Employers' Association's plan of arbitration, but the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, which is able to stop all work on buildings in which structural iron is used, still rejects the plan, and most of the minor building trades unions stand with it. In order to ascertain the reason why this union opposed the arbitration plan and thus supported its indicted walking delegate Parks as against its president, a representative of this paper visited the headquarters of the union when its thirty-five hundred members were called together to answer the "final ultimatum" of the Employers' Association. Inquiry among the throng of assembling members soon developed the fact that Parks was the accepted leader, and that few of his followers believed the charges of corruption brought against him. Even those who did not stoutly assert their conviction that he was entirely innocent, declared that he was certainly innocent of defrauding the Union of the two thousand dollars given to settle the Ætna Iron Works strike, which formed the basis of his first indictment. This money, they said, was turned over to the Union, and a diamond pin presented to Parks in recognition of his services. Parks, they all declared, had given the Union its strength, and under his leadership in six years wages had been advanced from \$2.50 a day to \$4.50. As to the acceptance of the employers' plan of arbitration there



appeared to be more division of sentiment, but the members generally criticised the plan because it prevented the "business agents" (the walking delegates) of the unions from presenting the grievances of the union, and provided for the employment of non-union men when the unions could not furnish a sufficient force to do the work. Mr. Parks himself contended that the folly of the employers' plan from the workmen's standpoint was proven by the first decision of the new arbitration board, which had awarded the plasterers' helpers but \$2.75 a day, whereas their union had previously gained from many employers \$3.50. The decision to reject the employers' plan was made with apparent unanimity, and the prolonged tie-up seems no nearer settlement than a fortnight ago.



#### The Chicago Traction Situation

The crisis in Chicago traction affairs did not develop on August 1, as expected, but instead a truce until November 30 next was arranged, the City Council extending until that date all expiring franchise rights in the streets. Some of the Chicago street railway franchises clearly expired on July 30 last, and according to the contention of the city a very large proportion of the grants of the companies terminated or were terminable at that time. As to many streets, however, the companies claim rights for more than half a century yet under authority of the so-called ninety-nine-year act passed by the State Legislature in 1865. The act in question purported to extend for ninety-nine years, without the consent of the people of Chicago, and in fact against their protest, franchise rights which originally had been granted by the City Council for a period of only twenty-five years. The people of Chicago have always refused to recognize this act as binding upon them. They have questioned its legality, and its sufficiency for practical operating purposes, if legal. In the recent agitation over franchise renewals it has been laid down as a cardinal principle of local public policy that the companies, as part consideration for any new grants they may obtain, must agree to waive all claim of rights under the so-called ninety-nine-year act. Last winter negotiations over franchise renewals were broken off

by the companies because of the city's insistence on the waiver clause. Since then one of the companies—the City Railway—has manifested a disposition to concede the public demand for a waiver of claims under the ninety-nine-year act, but the other company—the Union Traction—which was recently put in the hands of receivers appointed by Judge Grosscup, assumed a much more hostile attitude toward the city, and has relied on the court and the ninety-nine-year act for protection. In response to a petition of the receivers for instructions, Judge Grosscup set a date for a hearing on this act, but to this hearing the city refused to be a party, as it desires a settlement by negotiation, without adjudication, and prefers, if adjudication shall be necessary, to litigate particular phases of the question as they arise. After an *ex parte* argument, Judge Grosscup, in a letter to the receivers which he said did not have the force of a judicial opinion, expressed a belief in the validity of the ninety-nine-year act, and instructed the receivers not to suffer any interference after July 30 with the property under their control. Judge Grosscup did not, however, pass on the question of the sufficiency of the ninety-nine-year act, nor the extent of its application. The city contends that the ninety-nine-year act, if valid, applies to but very few lines, and even on these authorizes propulsion by animal power only, being by its terms "An Act in Relation to Horse Railways." For that reason, if for no other, the act would be inadequate for the present purposes of the companies. On petition of the receivers, Judge Grosscup issued a temporary injunction restraining the city authorities from in any way interfering with the operation of the lines after July 30, and the question of making that injunction permanent was set for hearing on July 27. Before that date, however, an attorney representing the receivers expressed a desire to enter into negotiations with the city on the question of renewals, and on that representation the court hearing was postponed until November 30. Chicago's contest with its traction interests is full of significance for the entire country, and the outcome will be awaited with interest. It is refreshing to see a contest of this kind in which the Mayor and

Aldermen are truly representative of public interests, as is the case in Chicago to-day.

Two Billions in Street Railways  
 The massive bulletin on "Street and Electric Railways" just issued by the Census Office shows that during the twelve years between 1890 and 1902 the number of passengers carried by street railroads more than doubled, the track mileage of the roads nearly trebled, and the capitalization of the companies increased five-fold. It is the last-named fact that is startling. The street railway securities now outstanding aggregate over two billion dollars, and the companies are earning five per cent. interest on almost the entire amount. The magnitude of the sum involved is almost beyond the grasp of the imagination. A century ago the estimated value of all the houses, lands, and slaves in the country was barely one-third of the present values of street-car securities alone. Of course this contrast does not imply that there has been any such increase in the real wealth of the Nation. The receipts of street-car companies (\$247,000,000 a year) came chiefly from people who must spend ten cents daily and nearly an hour's time in going to and from their work, while a century ago men went to and from their work with no expenditure in money and little in time. But to the owners of the securities the wealth is as real as any which existed a century ago. No great business in the country has been anything like so profitable, for in none has capitalization so far exceeded investment and yet dividends kept pace with capitalization. The present census bulletin unfortunately reports a "cost of construction" nearly equal to the capitalization, but it states in the text that these figures are worthless, as companies were likely to report the amount of securities issued as the cost of construction. How far they usually are from representing the cost of construction is evident to the close observer of the tables themselves. The average "cost of construction" for the entire country is given as \$96,000 a mile. In New Jersey it is set at \$148,000 a mile. But in Massachusetts, where the presence of the great city of Boston might lead us to expect a still higher figure, the average

cost of construction is put at only \$39,000 a mile, or about a third of the general rate. The difference, of course, is due to the fact that the Massachusetts corporation laws have attempted to restrict capitalization to the amount of capital actually invested. But even in Massachusetts the Board of Railway Commissioners has more than once criticised the street railway companies for evading the laws against overcapitalization, and has declared that a part of their present capitalization has been the result of "stock-watering pure and simple." If the Massachusetts Board has spoken in this way of a capitalization of \$39,000 a mile in that State, what words would it use to characterize the capitalization of \$96,000 a mile in the country at large?

#### Contempt Proceedings in Missouri

We are indebted to the New York "Sun" for the report of extraordinary judicial proceedings in the State of Missouri. A railroad was sued for damages and the verdict was against it. The verdict was affirmed on appeal to the Supreme Court. The railroad, however, got three rehearings, and on the third a new trial was ordered. The second trial resulted in a verdict of \$15,000 for the plaintiff. On appeal this verdict was set aside, and, according to the "Sun," no new trial was ordered—an extraordinary result, which we confess we do not understand. During this long delay the complexion of the Court had, it is asserted, been entirely changed by the election to its membership of railroad attorneys, and the Court was severely attacked by the Warrensburg "Standard-Herald" in an editorial containing the following paragraph:

The victory of the railroad has been complete and the corruption of the Supreme Court has been thorough. It has reversed and stultified itself in this case until no sane man can have any other opinion but that the Judges who concurred in the opinion dismissing the Oglesby case have been bought in the interest of the railroad. What hope have the ordinary citizens of Missouri for justice and equitable laws in bodies where such open venality is practiced? And how long will they stand it? The corporations have long owned the Legislature; now they own the Supreme Court, and the citizen who applies to either for justice against the corporation gets nothing. Rube Oglesby and his attorney, Mr. O. L. Houts, have made a strong fight for justice. They have not got it. The quivering limb that

Rube left beneath the rotten freight-car on Independence Hill, and his blood that stained the right-of-way of the soulless corporation, have been buried beneath the wise legal verbiage of a venal court, and the wheels of the Juggernaut will continue to grind out men's lives, and a crooked court will continue to refuse them and their relatives damages, until the time comes when Missourians, irrespective of politics, rise up in their might and slay at the ballot-box the corporation-bought law-makers of the State.

The editor of the Warrensburg "Standard-Herald," and another editor who had reprinted this editorial, were arrested and brought before the Supreme Court on proceedings for contempt, were refused any opportunity to prepare a defense, and were fined, Mr. Shepherd five hundred dollars and costs, Mr. Cundiff, the other editor, on consideration of an apology and a retraction dictated by the Court, a nominal fine of one dollar and costs, he protesting publicly that if he had the money to pay the fine or the physical strength to endure the imprisonment he would not sign the document. The amount of Mr. Shepherd's fine was at once raised by public subscription within Warrensburg, and his release was secured. The contempt proceedings made the "Standard-Herald" a part of the public records, which gave every newspaper in the State the privilege of publishing it, and many of them have done so. Judge Gantt, who has carried these contempt proceedings to this consummation, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor against District Attorney Joseph W. Folk, of St. Louis. The basis of his claim for nomination may be guessed from his statement that "there is no boodling in Missouri."

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Ought Courts  
to Possess  
Autocratic Powers?

The press ought to be very cautious about bringing charges of corruption or incompetence against the courts. Such charges never should be preferred except in the most serious cases, and never without adequate evidence to sustain them; but it is also true that the courts should be very cautious about using the extraordinary powers with which they are equipped, under such circumstances as to raise a just suspicion that those powers are used under the impulse of personal passion, to wreak a personal revenge, or to serve a

personal interest. The reason why the people have given the courts very great powers to punish for contempt is in order to secure public respect for the courts. No one either in Missouri or out of it will imagine that Judge Gantt's proceedings in this case, if they are correctly reported by the New York "Sun," will have any effect to promote respect for the tribunals of Missouri. His course will have directly the opposite effect. It is because there are American judges who are capable of such proceedings as this that men who are by no means radicals, who have no sympathy with assault upon the judiciary, who believe that its powers should be rather enlarged than diminished in order to meet the more complicated exigencies of our modern civilization, believe that their power to punish by arbitrary proceedings for contempt of court should be very largely reduced. We should like to see the law so changed that any man arrested for contempt of court, for an act not performed in the presence of the court and during judicial proceedings, should have a right to demand trial by jury before another and an impartial tribunal. It is not safe, and therefore it is not right, to leave the liberties of the citizens of the United States at the hazard involved in conferring such autocratic powers upon judges of varied mental and moral caliber as are conferred by the equity powers which our courts have inherited through English precedents.

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Advocacy of  
Enlargement of the  
Erie Canal

Advocates of the proposition to enlarge the Erie Canal so as to make it suitable for the use of thousand-ton barges met at a banquet in Utica last week on Tuesday. The speeches of the evening were largely devoted to meeting the objections which had been raised in the gathering of anti-canal men in Rochester the preceding week. At the Rochester meeting, it will be remembered by our readers, the vastness of the expense which would be incurred in enlarging the canal was picturesquely stated in comparison with the educational expenses of the State. At the Utica meeting State Senator Townsend presented the expense from another point of view. The proposed sum, \$101,000,000, which it is proposed to raise,

when spread over the entire State and carried through a series of years, "would not weigh much heavier on the average farmer of the country than the annual tax upon his dog." Comparing the present wealth of the State with the wealth at the time the canal was first undertaken—when the entire population of the United States was scarcely more than the present population of the State of New York—the outlay now proposed is less than one-third of that which the people of the State first made for the canal. Emphasis in the speeches of the evening was laid upon the natural water highway that exists in the State, upon the fact that the New York farmers are not merely competitors with Western farmers, but also, and more especially, consumers of Western products, and that the present usefulness of canals is evidenced by Canadian activity in improving waterways. As Senator Townsend said, the issue is very simple: "Either the Erie Canal must be enlarged and improved to meet the modern demands of commerce or it must eventually be abandoned; it cannot stand still."



#### California Improvements

Two important movements have recently been undertaken in California of special significance and country-wide interest. One is that of the California Outdoor Art League to secure the passage of a bill by Congress to provide for the purchase of the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees, now in the possession of a lumberman. Unless the Federal Government steps in to take some action the country will lose these forest giants. The League has been greatly encouraged by President Roosevelt's outspoken declaration of interest on the occasion of his visit to the Pacific coast, and by the likelihood of aggressive co-operation on the part of bodies like the American Park and Outdoor Art Association. The other effort is that of the San Francisco Merchants' Association to abolish Chinatown and establish a park on its site. As the result of the Association's initiative, a "Mercantile Joint Committee," representative of various commercial interests, has been formed to do away with San Francisco's great slum. This city has never had the problem of overcrowded tenements, except among its Oriental popula-

tion; but this particular one is complicated and aggravated by the peculiar customs and strange vices of an Asiatic population large enough to maintain itself in a characteristically Asiatic manner. President Symmes, of the Merchants' Association, states the problem thus: "We have not attempted to decide whether we have the plague or not, but we have long known the affliction of Chinatown, and now the time seems opportune to get rid of it. Steps are now being taken to that end, and the more public-spirited of our newspapers are assisting." When we recall that Chinatown has been generally condemned by health boards the country over, this step is an important one, not alone to San Francisco and California, but to the health of the United States.



**A Woman's Hotel** New York City has now redeemed itself from the charge that a woman arriving in the city alone would be denied a night's lodging in any of its numerous hosteleries. The need of adequate provision for the housing and homing of the women who, without family ties, are in the metropolis for a day or a week or a year, has at last led to the erection of a suitable hotel. The visitor turns off Madison or Fourth Avenue at Twenty-ninth Street. Between the two avenues there stands a large yellow brick building in which the scurrying bell-boys, the ascending and descending elevators, and the passing of men and women show no difference from the subdued bustle in any well-equipped caravansary. But there is an absence of cigar counter or bar, though not of the florist's booth, the desk where umbrellas may be bought or loaned, the package counter, and the stand of magazines and books. Upstairs the face of Martha Washington, for whom the hotel is named, looks down from the walls of the library, and the colonial style is followed in the buff and blue of the large dining-hall and in all the other decorations and furnishings. In the upper dining-room meals are not given to outsiders, but here the guests of the house have their regular seats. Nor do the meals bear out the statement that where only women are to be provided for they are never given enough to eat. If, mindful of former fantastic attempts made to pro-

vide women with a hotel, something between a convent and an orphan asylum, one inquires as to regulations, he is told that the hotel does not differ from any other save that no men sleep under its roof. Men may breakfast and sup and visit there, however. The sleeping apartments might well make a woman who has suffered many things in boarding-house hall-bedrooms heave a sigh of relief as she looks at the freshness and daintiness of the room, with all its provisions for comfort. A hundred rooms are reserved for transients, five hundred for permanent guests, and the demand that existed for such a hotel may be seen from the fact that though it has been open only since March every room is occupied, and the waiting list numbers some three hundred names. It would seem as if another hotel of the same kind would not stand empty. At all events, the success of the Martha Washington shows the need of similar provision on a simpler scale for women of smaller means.



**The Beecher Memorial** Articles of incorporation have been filed for an association to carry out the plan of a memorial in Brooklyn, New York, to Henry Ward Beecher. A site for the building has already been purchased. It is one hundred feet square, directly opposite Plymouth Church, on Orange Street. There is reason for believing that this plot of land will be in several respects preferable to the site formerly suggested adjoining the church. On the land now bought a building will be erected; the plans have not yet been decided upon in detail, but they will be arranged, it is expected, so as to make the building, or buildings, suitable to serve both as a repository for books, pictures, and other articles pertaining to Mr. Beecher and the Beecher family, and also as a library and a place of recreation and instruction. The association will have in charge the solicitation of funds, their investment, and their use for the purposes of the memorial.



**The Work of Baron d'Estournelles** In the dining-hall of the British House of Commons a banquet was recently given by a hundred and fifty members of the House to half that num-

ber of guests; they comprised the International Arbitration group of the French Chamber of Deputies. The occasion was significant of the good feeling which has gradually grown between two countries which a century ago were bitter enemies. The French arbitration group was formed not long since by that distinguished deputy and diplomat, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, to further the principles of international arbitration; it is a non-partisan organization and has grown rapidly in membership. The visit to London, made to meet British members of Parliament with similar inclinations, was decided upon at the time of King Edward's visit to Paris. Replying to the address of welcome, Baron d'Estournelles said truly that rarely in the history of England and France had conditions been more favorable for the peaceful solution of international questions. King Edward had given the signal for peace by his visit to Paris, and President Loubet had sealed the friendly overture by his sojourn in England. The speaker's special pleas were for an extension of the principle of arbitration to the colonial policies of the two countries, and for the diminution of armaments. In his turn, Mr. Balfour, British Prime Minister, declared that, as leader of a movement for international good feeling and arbitration, Baron d'Estournelles had done more for the world's peace than he had ever done in his former capacity as diplomat. Mr. Balfour urged his auditors not to allow this interchange of ideals and opinions to remain in the abstract, but to see that it extended to the practical business life of the two nations, and to their international relations in the broadest sense. He gratified his hearers by declaring it to be the deliberate intention of the two governments to place on a permanent basis some organization to prevent the causes of petty friction which tended to lead to international difficulties. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, and Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, also echoed these sentiments. Americans will recall the visit of Baron d'Estournelles last winter to this country for the purpose of asking our leading universities, Chambers of Commerce, and large manufacturing establishments to send young men to France in order to come in contact with the people there,

and to learn the methods of production in vogue in the various industries. He had already established committees throughout France with a view to instructing Frenchmen regarding the remarkable commercial and industrial progress in America, and the necessity for proper cognizance in France of our development. It is a pleasure to think that so large-minded a publicist is a member of the Hague arbitration tribunal.



**Japan and Russia** While the alarmist despatches published concerning Japanese war sentiment toward Russia hardly seem borne out by the latest Japanese papers to reach this country, on the other hand they confirm the existence of a deep-seated national sentiment. The Tokyo "Japan Times" says:

No careful reader of the Japanese press can have failed to be struck with the steadily growing intensity of feeling over the unsettled condition of affairs in the Far East. The increasing impatience on the part of the press is all the more remarkable because it is not accompanied by any violence of language. This attitude of the press irresistibly reminds one of the anxious months preceding the outbreak of the war with China in the summer of 1894. On that memorable occasion there was noticed in the press the same quiet yet firm tone that is now observed. . . . Some steps of far-reaching consequence will have to be taken in order to settle once for all the pending questions.

The Tokyo "Niroku Shinpo" adds:

To-day the Empire of Japan has a population of 45,000,000. In other words, she contains 160 people within a square mile. This prodigious population increases annually at the rate of 1.1 per cent. Sixty-two years hence the present population of 45,000,000 will reach 90,000,000. Just think of it! It is, therefore, a matter of necessity for Japan that somewhere land should be provided for her children and children's children. Korea and China, being nearer to Japan, afford the natural advantages and answer for this purpose. . . . On the other into these countries, is trying by hook or by hand, the Northern Power [Russia], stepping crook to monopolize all, economically and politically. . . . It is almost certain that England will not draw her sword in order to settle the Eastern question. Whatever disadvantages Japan may encounter, she, and she alone, will be compelled to push it to the "last argument." She knows that "war is hell," and, as a matter of course, she desires to avoid it as much as possible. One more thing she knows is this, that Russia feels uneasy at present, being annoyed by the secret societies, financial crises, and the industrial depression at home, and externally by the threatening war in the

near East. "Your words," says a Spartan king, "lack the sword." In peace, be mindful of war. The time is fast approaching for Japan to play the part of young David against Goliath.

Since Russia realizes that with every year she will be stronger on the Pacific, and therefore desires above everything to gain time, we are not surprised at the unofficial publication of a supposed agreement which is alleged to have been signed at Tokyo on the occasion of the recent visit there of General Kuropatkin, Russian Minister of War. As to Manchuria, the agreement stipulates that Russia will effect with all possible speed the "second phase" of her evacuation, but that she will be allowed to maintain a policy of force to protect the Chinese Eastern Railway as well as the legal rights she has acquired there, without, however, threatening the independence of China or prejudicing Japanese trade. Russia has no objection to the opening of three treaty ports to foreign trade, agreeing that Japanese consulates may be established at those places. As to Korea, Russia acquiesces in the right of Japan to obtain a concession for the railway from the port of Wiju to the capital, and to have a Japanese appointed as first adviser to the Korean crown. The Japanese may for the moment be pacified by such promises, but if they are to make a stand for the control of Korea it must be made now.



**The Papal Conclave** On Friday night of last week, after the historic "Veni Creator Spiritus" had been sung, the largest Papal Conclave in the history of the Roman Catholic Church assembled in the Vatican. On Saturday morning, in the Sistine Chapel, after each Cardinal had received the Holy Communion from the Camerlengo or Chamberlain (Cardinal Oreglia), and the cry "Exeunt omnes" had excluded all but the Cardinals, the first ballot was taken. The mediæval customs connected with immuring the Cardinals were carried out last week to the letter, and those dignitaries had practically no connection with the outer world. Of the sixty-four Cardinals who compose the Sacred College, sixty-two were at the Vatican; each had a suite of four rooms—a dining-room, a chamber for himself, one for his conclavist or secretary, and one

for his servant. The labor of constructing sixty-odd suites, together with the transformation of the Sistine Chapel into a voting-hall, has meant an enormous amount of work; the interior of the Vatican has, for the time being, been changed from its condition during the past quarter of a century into quite another place. The frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel must seem dim against the violet draperies of the Cardinals' canopies and the altar tapestries representing the descent of the Holy Spirit. On the highest step before the altar stands a golden throne for the new Pope when he first receives the Cardinals' homage. Along the walls of the chapel are arranged the high seats or "thrones" for the Cardinals. Each seat is surmounted by a baldachino or canopy; at the conclusion of the election the successful candidate lowers his canopy so as to cover his booth conspicuously. The ballots have three spaces—one for the name of the voter, one for the name of the Cardinal voted for, and one for an appropriate quotation. Each Cardinal in turn, holding his ballot between his first finger and thumb so that every one present may see it, advances to the altar, kneels, prays briefly for guidance, and then, rising, proclaims loudly: "I call God to witness, he who shall judge me, that I elect him whom I think should be elected according to God. This I promise to do also in the *accessit* vote." (The *accessit* vote is the vote immediately following the formal ballot, in which the Cardinals are given an opportunity to change their voting and rally to some more prominent candidate.) When all the Cardinals have dropped their ballots into the chalice, the Camerlengo counts them and declares the result. The ballots are then burned in a stove specially placed in the chapel for that purpose. If there is no election, papers are burned in damp straw which gives out a dense dark smoke; but when an election occurs, the papers are burned in the ordinary way. Thus, by watching the long tube with a conical top, which, as on the occasion of every Conclave, now rises from one end of the Sistine Chapel, the waiting populace outside understands the result of the ballots already taken. On another page we give an account of the election of Cardinal Sarto.

#### American Missions in Turkey Threatened

About six months ago a delegation of twenty-four representative men, of whom Mr. Morris K. Jesup, President of the Chamber of Commerce in New York, was Chairman, called upon President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay to present the rights and claims of American religious, educational, and charitable institutions located in the Turkish Empire. Similar institutions established and directed by citizens of France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and England have been favored by the Sultan of Turkey with grants of certain immunities and privileges which these men asked should be demanded for American institutions under similar conditions. Any civilized country would have conceded at once similar privileges to institutions under governments which are entitled by treaty to the "most favored nation" rights. Turkey, however, while entering into treaties with other Powers, and while accepting "most favored nation" stipulations, at the same time refuses to concede to all treaty nations equal rights and privileges. This seems the stranger when we remember that American institutions in the Turkish Empire equal in value of their plant and the money already expended upon them that of all of the institutions of the five nations named above. Despite this and the vigorous demand of the President and Secretary of State made through Minister Leishman, not only have no concessions been obtained for our schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, but at the present time the Harput outrage makes it seem as if the Turks were contemplating a crusade against their very existence. A month and a half ago the senior professor in Euphrates College, an American institution located at Harput, in Asia Minor, and incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, was arrested upon a verbal charge of sedition. This professor is a Turkish subject, as are nearly all of the professors and teachers in the American colleges throughout Turkey. The senior American at Harput, who has known him from childhood, declares that the Sultan has no more loyal subject in his empire than this professor, who, according to last advices, was confined in the common prison and was in danger of becoming insane. Rumor says that he

has been urged by Turkish officials to declare that the college is a hotbed of sedition, and that the Americans in charge are the leaders of the movement. It is easy to see that if such an attack upon the various American colleges is not immediately checked it will be a simple matter for the Sultan to order all native professors and teachers thrown into prison, and thus the schools will be closed.



## Pope Pius X.

On Tuesday morning of this week, in the great square before St. Peter's, Rome, the cry "*Ecco la sfumata!*" (There's the smoke) arose for the seventh time since the convening of the Papal Conclave; but this time the smoke—from the tube at one end of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican—was light, not dark. Hence the people knew in an instant that a new Pope had been elected. There was such a rush for the Vatican that the troops actually had difficulty in preventing the crowd from forcing their way into the palace. It was not long, however, before the proclamation was made that Cardinal Sarto had been elected, and then the enthusiasm was noteworthy. The quick-witted Romans knew that the election of no one could presage surer harmony between Church and State. Then came a moment more impressive than the other, when the cheering thousands were stilled into silence and knelt to receive the blessing "*Urbi et orbi*" from a white-robed figure standing on the historic upper balcony of St. Peter's, where so many of his predecessors have stood for a similar ceremonial. May the benediction of Pius X. be significant of more abundant peace and more real progress than the Roman Catholic Church has yet known.

A fortnight ago *The Outlook* said: "Three candidates stand out more than ever as eminently and nationally Italian in their divorce from 'the prisoner of the Vatican' attitude—Cardinals Sarto, Capocelatro, and Agliardi, men of democratic sympathies, liberal tendencies, and marked capacity for administrative work." Of the three men mentioned Cardinal Sarto has occupied much the most important executive office. As Patriarch of Venice his position has been one of peculiar independence and of vast influence.

Giuseppe Sarto was born in Rieti in the province of Venice in 1835; he was educated in the Salesian Institute at Colognola; he was a parish priest until middle age, when he became bishop. In 1893 he was created Cardinal, having already become Patriarch of Venice—of all the important cities of Italy, Venice is the only one having patriarchal rank. During his life of sixty-eight years Cardinal Sarto has enjoyed a merited popularity, not only in his native province but throughout Italy, because of his purity of life, his highly cultivated mind, his modest and agreeable manners, his great preaching, and his influential writing. He is also a patron of the arts, and gave a start in life to Father Perosi, the celebrated priest-composer. Despite his age, Pius X. is still strong and robust, and is a picturesque personality in the best sense of the word.

As to his relations with the Vatican, Cardinal Sarto has always been distinguished from his brother Cardinals by much independence and aloofness, due both to personal initiative and to the republican character still persisting in the Venetian province. The Patriarch's relations with the political plans of the Vatican have been of the least intimate kind. Hence liberals are of one mind in agreeing that no better man could have been chosen. They hail with joy the ascendancy of one who had not been in his patriarchal office a year before openly declaring for harmony between Church and State. His utterance created a great sensation, and it was felt that the Pope must be offended, but the latter gave no public sign of it. It was due to this independence both in man and province that on the occasion of the visit of the King of Italy to Venice, Cardinal Sarto—despite the "prisoner of the Vatican" attitude of the Pope—wishing to bring about greater friendliness between Church and State, asked the Pope if it would be possible for the Patriarch of Venice to meet the King of Italy. This was a very different spirit from that shown by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bologna on the occasion of the royal visit to that city. The Cardinal ostensibly left the place until the visit was over. It is understood that the Pope told Cardinal Sarto to do as he pleased, whereupon the Cardinal, as



ecclesiastical head of the Province of Venice, publicly welcomed King Humbert.

The papal Conclave at Rome has differed from that of 1878 in the fact that there was no dominant candidate, as there was after the death of Pius IX. We believe, however, that the man has been elected who, if not popularly so dominant as was Cardinal Pecci, is at least potentially, as far-sighted, high-minded, and tactful as he, and perhaps politically more independent. At all events, the selection by Cardinal Sarto of the name Pius indicates no return to the politics of Pius IX. It is sometimes said that papal candidates choose the name of the predecessor who impressed them most, never going back further than the last one of that name to reign. It may be remembered, too, that Pius IX. started favorably enough in the eyes of many liberals. We shall be loth to believe, however, that the reigns of Pius IX. and Pius X. are to be marked by a continuous reactionary policy, allowing only for the welcome break of a quarter of a century made by Leo XIII.

If Pius X. is to be a political force in harmonizing Church and State, we hope that he will be also a social, intellectual, and spiritual force in declining to put forth any syllabus or encyclical contrary to modern ways of thinking, and that his democratic sympathies will be the motive for papal letters on social as well as religious subjects such as marked Leo XIII.'s rule. By them that Pontiff regained for the Church much of its influence with the people at large, as well as with certain foreign Governments in particular, which had been lost during the reign of Pius IX. and his predecessors.

With natively democratic principles, a long life of single-minded spiritual service, and a sturdy independence of Vatican prejudices, Pius X. ought to bring back to Peter's chair its purely religious influence. Many well-wishers, Protestant as well as Catholic, feel that the Roman Church needs the direction of a Pontiff who will be first of all moved by spiritual rather than temporal power. But it cannot be said that Protestant narrowness is defunct; witness the following exclamation of the editor of an American denominational journal last week: "Romanism is not Christianity; it is the denial of

it, the reverse of it. . . . Pope Leo is gone, but he will have a scheming political successor, probably the puppet and tool of the cardinals and other leaders. The Papacy remains, with which no Christian can be at peace." The vast majority of Protestants have no sympathy with this extreme type of opposition to the Roman Catholic Church, none with "Orangeism" and "A. P. A." movements; on the contrary, they recognize that the Roman Catholic Church may be used, and for the most part, we believe, is being used, as one of the great Christian churches for the perfection of the world. The Outlook sympathizes with the broad, liberal movement in that Church, which during the past quarter of a century has been strikingly shown in a number of instances, just as it sympathizes with the same movement in the Episcopal, Congregational, or any other Church. We trust that the Cardinals at Rome have elected, not a reactionary but a liberal Pope, one who will stand not so much for material ends as for spiritual verities.



## Murder

The New York "Tribune" is far from a sensational journal. As little as any daily that we know does it give undue prominence to crime. And the first page of the New York "Tribune" of Monday, July 27, reports one mob in Danville, Illinois, another in Atlanta, Georgia, a third in Scranton, Pennsylvania, one murder in Vermont, New York, and a murder and a suicide in a New York City hotel. Every morning paper brings us a report of a murder or two, or a lynching party bent on murder and generally successful. Judge W. H. Thomas, of Alabama, in a recent charge to a Grand Jury, summarizes recent statistics and shows that the impression which these daily papers give to us of the frequency of homicide in the United States is not a false impression. We quote:

Killed on American railways, three years ending June 30, 1900. . . . .	21,847
Killed (British forces) during South African war, including death from disease . . . . .	22,000
Homicides (three times the number for one year, 10,465) . . . . .	31,395

That is, the homicides in the United States are nearly half as many again as

either the deaths from railroad accidents in the same country in time of peace, or the deaths in South Africa from war. Even if Judge Thomas includes suicides, as we judge that he does, the figures show an appalling disregard of human life in the United States.

It is clear from these figures that lynching is less a disease than the symptom of a disease both widespread and deeply seated. They indicate that the diagnosis of this disease furnished by a writer in the Springfield "Republican" (quoted by the New York "Evening Post" as Professor William James, of Harvard) is inadequate. The letter lacks the sobriety of tone we are accustomed to expect in Professor James. Whoever he is, the writer interprets lynching as a kind of brutal sport:

The young white American of the lower classes is being educated everywhere with appalling rapidity to understand that any negro accused of crime is public spoil to be played with as long as the fun will last. Attempts at general massacres of negroes are certain to be the next thing in order, and collective reprisals by negroes are equally certain.

We could almost wish that this explanation of the cause of lynching were correct. If it were, if lynching were only a kind of cruel sport, we may be very sure that the number in any community who would see "fun" in hanging, shooting, or burning a defenseless negro would be a very small minority, and it would only be necessary for those who do not share that view of "fun" to assert themselves and the sport would cease. But the number of homicides produced directly by mobs is very small in comparison with the whole number. Some other cause must be looked for than a mere recrudescence in the lower classes of the barbarism which led the women of Rome to turn down their thumbs in the Coliseum that they might see the gladiatorial combat end in the death of the defeated combatant. The figures which Judge Thomas gives indicate a disregard for human life, as well as a contempt for law and a free reign given to excited passion. They tell us that there are large bodies of people in America who lack the restraint put on human passion by reason and conscience operating from within, and also that put upon human passion by law and penalty oper-

ating from without. The remedy which Professor James proposes—if this letter is indeed by Professor James—and which the "Evening Post" indorses, is therefore no remedy; their suggestion rather indicates that they have been, to use Mr. James's figure, "inoculated with the same disease."

Unless special legislation *ad hoc* is speedily enacted, and unless many "leading citizens" are hung—nothing short of this will check the epidemic in the slightest degree, and denunciations from the press and pulpit only make it spread the faster. We shall have negro-burning in a very few years on Cambridge Common and the Boston Public Garden.

This hanging of a few "leading citizens" appeals strongly to the fancy of the New York "Evening Post." In Danville, Illinois, the sheriff, shot-gun in hand, faces a mob bent on lynching and single-handed drives it off. It was a brave deed; and the sheriff is worthy of all praise. But the "Evening Post" exults not merely in his courage, but in the felicity of seeing "a dozen of the rioters writhing on the ground." This rejoicing in human suffering is itself a form of that very barbarism which hangs or burns one accused of crime and carries off his bones as relics of the occasion. It is another phase of that passion for revenge, unregulated by reason, which is seen alike in the Southern lynching mob, the Italian Mafia, the labor riot, and what Judge Thomas calls the "hip pocket practice."

What is the remedy?

I. The first question to be asked is this: Is there any explainable reason for the prevalence of lynch law? Any rational excuse or palliation for it? Any provocation the removal of which would lessen the temptation to it? Any occasion which excites to it and which can be corrected? The following letter from a Southern correspondent partially answers this question:

All the South appreciated your review of Judge Speer's speech on Lee. You are doing a noble work.

Our most serious trouble is rape. It is a fearful problem. It baffles us. You know that thousands of families, where there are wives and daughters and mothers, have abandoned their farms and moved to town for police protection—afraid to remain on the farm. The widow and her children dare not remain unless under good protection. No white woman dares travel the public highway alone; yet any negro woman can travel in

absolute safety, on foot or otherwise, the highways from the Potomac to Texas. Justice Brewer has just said that there will soon be a popular uprising against lynching. It is to be regretted that he was silent upon rape of our women. Negroes misinterpret the North by their silence upon the crime of rape. They are led to believe that the North approves of that part of the tragedy or outrage. If an uprising against lynching, it is also appropriate that there be an uprising in favor of our white women. They are entitled to go unmolested. Why should they be debarred from travel on the king's highway? Why should they not be accorded the liberty and privileges of a negro woman? Why should a farmer's wife sit in fear at her own home if her husband chances to be in the field? J. C.

It may be that this letter exaggerates the fears; it may be that the fears exaggerate the dangers. But our first duty is to remove these dangers and allay these fears. That there are considerable sections in which neither the life nor the honor of woman is safe can hardly be questioned. That justice as at present administered is inadequate to protect her has been demonstrated. That if woman is to be protected by the courts of law they must find a more expeditious method of justice than they now employ is certain. Such expedition can be secured, or at least attempted, by other and better methods than mob violence. The law might provide that in any case of attempted rape the nearest judge in any court of record should at once summon a grand jury to investigate and a petit jury to try; and that no appeal should lie from the verdict of the court except on the certificate of the trial judge of probable cause for appeal. •The criminal practice of Great Britain would give warrant for the last provision; the necessities of the case for the other two. Is it said that this would violate all the traditions of American law? The answer is that it is better to violate all the traditions of American law than to leave women unprotected. Is it said that by such expeditious methods the innocent might fall a victim to popular passion and prejudice? The answer is that the innocent would be safer than they are now. Justice is sacred, but the methods which law is accustomed to pursue are not sacred. The demand of the community for the immediate arrest, trial, and punishment of the man who is guilty of rape is an entirely just demand. The method the community takes to execute

that demand is an entirely unjust method. The first remedy is to provide a just method for satisfying the just demand.

II. The second remedy is that which Mr. James and the New York "Evening Post" recommend; but administered in a very different spirit. Passion for revenge on lynchers will not cure the passion for revenge which has produced lynching. What is needed is a cool head and a resolute determination in judges, juries, sheriffs, preachers, editors, and teachers. So far as words can express what we want to express, it has been well done by Mr. Justice Brewer in a recent address:

Every man who takes part in the burning or lynching of a negro is a murderer, and should be so considered in the eyes of the law. Although it is always given in defense of such actions that what are known to lawyers as extenuating circumstances lessen to a considerable degree the gravity of the offense, it is my opinion that no circumstances whatever can change the classification of the crime to anything else but murder. Any man who kills his fellow-man otherwise than in defense of himself or his property commits nothing less than murder. The man who takes part in the burning of a negro, no matter how atrocious was the latter's conduct, is guilty of this crime.

So far as what we wish to express can be expressed by deeds, it has been expressed by the prompt and vigorous action of the Governor of Indiana in dealing with the murderous mobs in that State. We need judges who will call lynching murder, juries who will convict lynchers of murder, sheriffs who will risk their lives and, what is to them more important, their political future, by resisting lynchers as they would resist all would-be murderers; editors and preachers who will label lynchers murderers, whether or not they are "leading citizens." A few months ago some rather hysterical journals of the North declared that slavery was re-established in the Southern States and called for a crusade, at long range, by Northern papers, preachers, and reformers against it. Meanwhile two judges in the South proceeded, in the discharge of their duty, to characterize peonage as it deserved; after a brief period of hesitation, Southern papers came to their support; and already the disgrace has been atoned for, the oppression has been abated, and peonage will soon be, if it is not already, a thing of the past. Something of the same spirit shown by

press, pulpit, and court in dealing with murder by mobs would summon to their aid the judgment and conscience of the Nation, and would check, though it might not wholly abate, the awful crime the record of which blackens the pages of every day's issue of our American journals.

III. But this is not a duty which we can relegate wholly to officials, judicial or other. The power of courts and laws in America depends upon public opinion; and every man in America helps to create public opinion. American lawlessness has its springs in the home, and the school, and the church. Anarchists so labeled are few; anarchy so called is in disesteem; but the doctrine that government is undesirable and the less of it there is the better is an inheritance from the days of the Revolution. The notions that liberty is the right of every man to do what he will, and that majorities can do no wrong, are common and popular. Law is banished from the home, or administered with irregularity, and children are persuaded, coaxed, or bribed instead of commanded. The rod is banished from the school-room—whether wisely or not we do not here consider—but with it authority is also banished, and pupils are allured to studies which were once required of them, and won to good conduct by rewards of merit instead of being educated in righteousness. The Moral Governor of the Universe is no longer heard of in our pulpits, which is no loss—the phrase is not used in the Bible; but for the Fatherhood of God as Jesus Christ inculcated it is substituted the Grandfatherhood of God—that is, his kindliness and good nature without his authority, for authority does not belong to the grandfather. That there is a “law of liberty,” that justice is what Bushnell has described it, “justice secured,” that law is universal and we are all under its authority, that obedience is not only a cardinal virtue but the foundation of all virtues, are doctrines rarely emphasized in press, in pulpit, on platform, in school, or in the home. We need in America to revise both our theology and our sociology, to re-define both liberty and law, and to counteract the unrestrained passion of the mob by cultivating a reverence for law and a passionate loyalty to it.

## Civic Æsthetics

The “Engineering News” calls attention to the recent action taken by the city of Lübeck in Germany in prescribing that any structure hereafter built or rebuilt shall have all parts that are visible from the public streets constructed so as not to be a disfigurement or detract from the appearance of existing buildings. All signs, inscriptions, or other advertising devices which would be disfigurements are expressly prohibited. The “Engineering News” asks: “What would be thought if an American city should take such action?”

We believe—and so too does the “Engineering News”—that the time is approaching when such action as that taken in Lübeck will be well thought of in the United States. It is, of course, true that the power to regulate the architecture of buildings might easily be abused by the building department in any of our great cities, but so too may be—and are—the powers now lodged in this department to prevent the erection of buildings unsafe or unsanitary for their inmates. If this department had power to prevent or even delay the erection of buildings positively unsightly to the public, much good might be accomplished. In residence suburbs especially, the erection of unsightly structures often injures whole neighborhoods not only æsthetically but also in property values, without even benefiting the offending builder. Here clearly is a wrong without a present remedy.

In the matter of advertisements the case for regulation is clearer still. The law regulates railway property because, though private, it is, as the courts express it, “affected by a public use.” Advertisements are not only affected by a public use, but have no value whatever except that which the passing public gives them. When, therefore, a home or a landscape is disfigured for advertising purposes, the right of the public to regulate the advertisements by taxation, if not by prohibition, is absolutely clear. If there were a tax—for protection, not revenue—upon all such advertisements, and if people of refinement systematically refused to purchase the goods advertised in them, one of the flagrant offenses of our arrogant commercialism would be removed.

The signs are multiplying that concern

for public beauty, which is so justly a matter of pride with the authorities in Germany, is obtaining a strong hold upon the people here. It is a matter of significance that two of the National associations for municipal reform—the Association for Civic Improvement and the Park and Outdoor Art Association—are devoting themselves to the work of beautifying our cities rather than securing changes in the methods of government. Nearly every considerable city and a great many little towns and villages have a group of citizens, men and women, actively engaged in making less painful “the contrast between the cities where men live and the fields where the beasts live.” This week we read that the Civic League of St. Paul, Minnesota, is urging the establishment of playgrounds in connection with all the public schools, and a few weeks since we read that a new league in New York City was urging that new public buildings in all parts of the city should be so grouped in little parks that they should form “centers of beauty” for the people about them. Especially was it urged that our park system and our school system should be so co-ordinated that the school shall be the center of that which is most beautiful and recreative in the life of the child.

But the movement has gone beyond municipal dimensions. Last week we received the eighth annual report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, a well-illustrated volume of a hundred and sixty pages, published by the Legislature of New York, and significant of the State's interest in furthering the Society's work. Though this Society aims to preserve from injury all places of historic interest, nearly all such places for the preservation of which it is laboring have the charm of beauty as well as association. One of the beautiful places which the Society has successfully labored to protect—the Morris mansion, on Washington Heights, which served as Washington's headquarters in 1776—was last week purchased by the city of New York to form a part of its system of small parks. But the preservation of places of historic interest is only a secondary part of the Society's work. Its primary object is the preservation of the natural beauty of the Commonwealth. In this connection it reports what has been done by the Joint

Commission of New York and New Jersey for the preservation of the Palisades. This Commission has now received altogether \$587,000 for the prosecution of its work—\$410,000 from the State of New York, \$55,000 from the State of New Jersey, and \$122,000 from Mr. J. P. Morgan. Of this sum the Commission has now expended \$306,000, and has secured over two hundred acres of land stretching along more than four miles of river front, and has stopped the wrecking of the Palisades by the quarries already in operation. Ten miles more of river front remain to be purchased, and the most beautiful scenery in this part of the world will have been secured as a park for the delight of future generations. The vigorous prosecution of such a work through the co-operation of two commonwealths is incontrovertible evidence of the growing concern of the American people for the beauty of their country.

## The Patriotism of General Lee

The editorial article in *The Outlook* for July 11 entitled “The Loyalty of Robert E. Lee” has called forth a number of letters from our readers. Of these letters we have chosen three for publication in another column, one expressing approval, the other two disapproval, of the views we have expressed. These are the strongest statements we have received on either side. Leaving them without further comment, we confine our attention here to the fundamental question involved in the discussion. This question is tersely stated in the following letter:

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Webster's definition of a patriot is, “One who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests.” If this is correctly defined, how can your statement, “Robert E. Lee stands to-day among the purest of patriots,” be true?

GEORGE W. BARROWS.

What constitutes patriotism?

In “*Harper's Magazine*” for August there is an article by Mayo W. Hazeltine on “The Republic of Vermont.” In this is described the plucky stand taken by the Green Mountain Boys in defense of their homes. They had settled in what is now Vermont under the authority of

royal grants given to New Hampshire. Later the British Crown decided that the land belonged to New York. The controversy that resulted between New Hampshire and New York was of vital importance to these settlers; for if New York, representing the authority of the British Government, should gain possession of this territory, they would be dispossessed and their families impoverished. When the War for Independence broke out, they had, perhaps, as the author says, "stronger reasons than any other American colonists for rebellion against the British Crown," for if the Colonies should be defeated, the British troops would enforce the decision of the Crown and oust these men from their farms. Therefore "they had at stake not only the political liberties which were threatened by Parliament's assumption of a right to tax the Colonies, but also a title to the homes which they had created in the wilderness." Here is a concrete example of patriotism in its rudimentary form—the instinctive impulse to protect the family.

Sometimes this instinct has developed into loyalty to the tribe or clan, as among the Semites, or in the early history of Scotland; and when it has been perverted, it has resulted in prolonged family feuds, of which our own land has furnished examples. It is in this impulse to protect the family that may be found the source of race pride, or race patriotism.

But with the growth of civilization, with all its complex relationships, this instinct of home-defense has become, as it were, organized. Instead of each man's defending his own home, men have combined for the common defense of all their homes. This union of men for the common defense has been one of the elements, perhaps the chief element, in the formation of government. Such union has taken different forms. In a monarchy the king is "the father of his people," and allegiance to the home is transferred, for the purposes of defense, to the king. In a republican government it is the co-operation of the natural defenders of the home that is the essence of the Commonwealth, and allegiance is transferred from the home to the Commonwealth. It is this allegiance to the power that guards the family that is the essential element in love of country, in that passion which, according

to the Century Dictionary, "moves a person to serve his country, either in defending it from invasion, or in protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions."

It is evident that under different kinds of government patriotism itself assumes different forms. In early Scotland it was fidelity to the tribe; in feudal days it was fidelity to the overlord; during the English Revolution it was, on the part of some undoubtedly sincere men, allegiance to Charles; on the part of others, equally sincere, support of Parliament. In times of transition there consequently arises a struggle between two forms of patriotism. One form may be intellectually or politically more primitive than the other; but it may at the same time be no less pure and honorable. It was a struggle between two such forms of patriotism which came to a crisis in America in 1861. Undoubtedly there were men prominent among Southern leaders, as there were undoubtedly men prominent in the North, who were swayed by other motives than those of patriotism. Very likely the struggle would not have taken the form of open war if it had not been for the men who were more concerned about the maintenance or destruction of slavery than they were about fidelity to the sovereign government. Such men are not here under discussion, but only the men who, North and South, were ready to lose all for the sake of preserving that sovereignty to which they were convinced they owed supreme allegiance.

In the North conditions largely economic had brought men to identify that sovereignty with the Federal Union; though there were Northern men, not only at the time of the Hartford Convention, but as late as the war itself, who were by no means clear in their convictions. In the South conditions, also largely economic, had brought men generally to identify that sovereignty with the State; though there were exceptions, such as George H. Thomas. In the main, then, patriotism, that is, allegiance to the Commonwealth, in the South meant allegiance to the State; in the North it meant allegiance to the Union. The fact that since the war American patriotism means fidelity to the Union does not alter the fact that before the war

the question as to which form of patriotism, State or National, should be supreme was an unsettled question. It was between these two forms of patriotism that Lee had to choose; it was whether Virginia or the Union was his country, his *patria*. Those who find it difficult to imagine how such a question could have been seriously considered may perhaps put themselves into Lee's place by imagining their own state of mind if in the future they should be called upon to choose between America and a Federation of the World. To Lee the institutions of his country which he was called upon to defend were those of his native State. To him the Federal Constitution was of prime importance politically; but he regarded it as an external compact between his State and other States, and he believed that the State, not what he regarded as a federation of States, demanded his supreme loyalty. So he decided that his country, his *patria*, was not the Union, but Virginia. If a patriot is "one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests," then Robert E. Lee, in following his convictions that Virginia was his country, was a patriot.

Those on the one side (we believe that their number in the South is small) who think of the Federal troops as mere invaders, and those on the other side (we believe their number in the North is diminishing) who think of the Confederate troops as mere traitors, miss the real tragedy of the Civil War. The tragedy of that war lay in the fact that there were patriots on both sides—men like Lincoln in the North, men like Lee in the South.

The Outlook, it seems hardly necessary to add, is convinced that the outcome of the conflict between the two forms was inevitable. The Outlook believes, too, that the result of the war, which determined forever that the American's country is comprised in the Union and not limited to the State, is accepted by the South as not only inevitable but also as wise and right. It is perfectly consistent both to honor as patriots those who followed their convictions in fighting for what they counted the rights of their States and the defense of their people, as we honor those early Vermont colonists who were State patriots before they were National patriots, and at the same time to rejoice that

a higher type of patriotism than theirs has prevailed. It shall be well if we of to-day see to it that we keep our higher patriotism as pure as Lee kept his.



## Sabbath, or Lord's Day?

Churches in convention regularly protest against an increasing desecration of "the Sabbath." The encroachments of work and of pleasure-seeking upon the limits that once hedged around the ancient preserve of religion certainly indicate a secularizing tendency of evil omen that must not be left unchecked. But the resistance to this now required must recognize and follow the line of reality. There is an essential difference between the Jewish and the Christian conception of the consecrated day. It is the former that is failing, and any attempt of modern Sabatarians to revive it is foredoomed.

The difference is this: The Old Testament Sabbath was consecrated by a prohibitive *precept*: "Thou shalt not work." The New Testament Lord's day is consecrated by a positive *purpose*: "Lay hold on the life eternal." The difference of these is the difference between letter and spirit, between mechanism and life.

With the precept we are familiar. Its results were but partly good. A complicated casuistry grew up from it, whose arbitrary and often irrational decisions tended to bring it into contempt. Jewish casuists forbade the eating of an egg laid on the Sabbath. Christian casuists forbade settling accounts for pew rent on Sunday. The casuistry of prohibition was offset by the casuistry of justification, and the hedge of the prohibitive precept suffered many a breach. The Sunday street-car that began to run under anathemas from the pulpit has become the main reliance of many a pulpit for hearers. The conservatism which fancies that the broken and trampled hedge can ever be made whole and tight would cure a case of rickets by braces instead of more lime in the blood.

The wise conservative will follow the New Testament in its substitution of the positive purpose for the prohibitive precept. The precept reiterated in the Old Testament is wholly absent from the New. In its stead is put a purpose, with

incentives to strive for it. In Jesus Christ the highest ideal of life is set forth with the strongest appeals to adopt it. To promote this a day previously undistinguished is made his memorial as "the Lord's day," consecrated to commemoration of him. These are the sole data of the New Testament for observance of this day, as a day consecrated to the activity of a spiritual purpose.

But in effective power, while precept is weak, purpose is strong. It enlists the will, whole and free. No perplexing casuistry dulls its discrimination. Intelligently and automatically it rules out whatever thwarts or hinders it. Thus, to win his degree the student constrains himself to scorn delights and lives laborious days. Thus, the purpose to clear the mortgage from the home estops all incompatible expenditure. No external precept can so yoke and guide the mind in its choice of means to ends as does the purpose self-imposed. And this is the Christian theory of the sufficient safeguard of the Lord's day, as auxiliary to the Lord's purpose adopted as one's own.

But the Christian theory is neither fully presented nor truly understood without a better than the common idea of what the positive, and therefore prohibitive, purpose—the commemoration of Christ on the Lord's day—involves. The most effective commemoration is in imitation. And this is certainly not in doing all the things that Jesus did in his peculiar mission and environment, but in adopting his ruling principles, his characteristic purpose, his conceptions of personal and of social life.

Contrast here the current superficial notion of divine worship with the true idea of it. Beyond all formal observances divine worship (literally *worship*) requires us to hold things worth what God holds them worth. Here, for instance, is Christ's cardinal truth of the kingdom of God among men, and the appeal made to heart and mind by its historic progress and present advance. Defect of interest in this is defect in worship of the King. But a multitude of church-goers care much for the Sunday newspaper, and care nothing for the philanthropic and missionary publications that record the victories of the divine kingdom and appeal for larger support of the heroes at the front. This

is flat repudiation of real worship as distinct from formal.

Suppose that a prohibitive precept could be enforced, as once, on those whom church conventions charge with doing things that desecrate the consecrated day, what gain thereby? The real desecration is not in the things they do, for things innocent on one day are equally innocent on any other. It is in the repudiation of the high purpose which prizes the day as its helper—Christ's purpose to build a divine manhood by winning men to care for the things he cares for. Decorous church-goers severely disapproving of Sunday golf-players and cigar-sellers may yet be essentially with them through lack of this regulative Christian purpose.

The stock question as to what is prohibited by a proper keeping of the Lord's day may be summarily answered. Nothing that its ruling purpose does not rule out as incompatible. This, of course, is qualified by the fact of being our brother's keeper. The personal liberty that misleads another must be foregone. But personally the principle is absolute. Whatever does not interfere with that ministration to our higher nature in mind and spirit to which the great purpose of commemorating the Lord by imitation of him has consecrated the day, is to the man of that purpose, apart from considerations of a social kind, as right on the Lord's day as on any other. The fact that needs all emphasis is that the external regulative, given by Moses is superseded by the inward regulative given by Christ.

A weighty responsibility rests upon Christian pulpits to lead the Church up to the New Testament point of view. The long resisted, now advancing, movement toward the Sunday opening of public libraries shows the turn of the tide, not for the secularizing but the true humanizing of the day. What wealth of opportunity is yet unappropriated in the use of the Lord's day for the expansion of Christian knowledge and power, knowledge of the way and work of God in the past, power intelligently engaged in divine services at the altars of human need! Let church-goers make themselves learners, from its alphabet up, in the divine art of human helpfulness. That which makes all days holy, by devoting all days to the promotion of the kingdom of God on the earth, will



bar out all personal desecration of the day that is specially commemorative of the Lord.

## The Spectator

The Spectator was sitting in an open car the other day, in front of two young women whose conversation he could not avoid hearing. They were evidently going shopping, and one of them took occasion to remark, laughingly, "I've been able to get some lovely things this summer, and paid for every one of them out of my season's winnings at bridge!" To which the other replied, "I put my bridge winnings into the marketing, and once this spring I ran the house on them for two weeks." The Spectator listened and marveled. As they left the car, he had the curiosity to take a good look at the fair speakers. They were not loud or vulgar-looking women, but well dressed and apparently refined. The Spectator had heard of bridge whist and the women gamblers it produced, but he had thought of them, hazily, as existing mainly in that over-rich and exaggerated social *milieu* where fantastic things happen, not to be taken as indexes of normal feminine life. But here were women of the class that a few years ago played "progressive" games for small prizes—the average woman, in other words—and who had now progressed so far as to gamble thriftily for food and raiment, with unconcealed pride in their ill-gotten gains.

The Spectator, at lunch that day with a wealthy friend just back from a fashionable Southern resort, mentioned the occurrence, and confessed that it had given him a shock. "Well," said his friend, "I'm not strict myself about cards, and I play bridge for money because almost every one else does, and I can't get a good game unless I do. But the other night, down at the Springs, we could only get three men to play. We needed a fourth player, and one of the men, a New Yorker, suggested that his wife played, and might take the hand. Of course we assented, and he brought her over. They were both young people, and she was as refined and well-bred a woman, apparently, as you would see anywhere. He introduced her to us—none of us knew

her at all—and she played all evening with us, like a veteran, and won our money, too. At the end of the game I paid her over some bills and she took them without turning a hair—and she was a lady, and I a stranger she had never seen before. I tell you, I'm not strict about things, but if my wife was willing to play cards for money with strangers in a hotel, I wouldn't take her round with me any more. I used to laugh at her because she wouldn't learn bridge—she said she didn't care for a game that had such gambling associations—but I begin to think she showed her usual wisdom about things in taking just that stand."

Finding the subject rather interesting, the Spectator kept it in mind more or less for the next few days, and noticed a good many straws denoting the direction of the wind. For instance, a London periodical of high standing asserted that very week that the decline of book-selling was due to the fact that five hundred packs of cards were sold this season to every book purchased. The Englishwoman, instead of reading, plays bridge nowadays. In both England and America, it was also asserted, young men who are wise refuse invitations to houses where bridge is played by the hostesses and feminine guests, because of the impossibility of getting out of playing for high stakes, with consequent losses that they cannot afford. The whole situation reminds the Spectator of those old plays in the stout volumes of his "British Drama," where the women gamblers at basset and ombre are so vividly portrayed by Vanbrugh and Cibber and the rest. The Spectator had always imagined such plays as remote from modern life as the satires of Juvenal—but lo! history repeats itself, and bridge has the same excited votaries as quadrille. Pope's smooth satiric numbers, as he celebrates Belinda's victory at ombre, are not back numbers, after all, though two centuries lie between his heroine and the modern nymph. The Eternal Feminine has a trick of repeating herself whenever conditions invite; and she is not all angel, by any means.

The Spectator remembers that he has heard a great many people excuse "progressive" games for prizes. But "doubt-

ful things are mighty onartin," and the doubtful game has led to the game which is undoubtedly a gambling one. The feminine feet which went along the primrose path of prizes have come now to actual stakes and winning. The skill at cards gained in whist tournaments easily carries over to bridge whist, in spite of its differences of play. The Spectator had a cousin who played in a whist tournament in the Quaker City some years ago, and who came home indignant because every mirror in the private drawing-rooms where it was held was tied up in white linen, and actual spies were placed to see to it that no fair player looked into another's hand. "We were guests, and supposed to be ladies," remarked the Spectator's cousin with some heat, "and we will never, never play there again after being treated in that way!" When lovely woman gets into such false positions, is there anybody to blame, however, but herself? The Spectator fears that he was not sympathetic, even then, with the feminine card-player; he is still less sympathetic now.



The modern tendencies of women form a large subject, and the end is not yet. Fifty years from now will be a better time to judge them than at present. But there seems no doubt that woman, having suddenly conquered a larger liberty than ever before, is tempted to license by her victories. Of old, for example, cigarettes and several kinds of wine at a ladies' lunch were unheard of. To-day, so the Spectator is told, such accessories are a commonplace in some social circles whose women are active in charities as well as in ultra-fashionable life. The Spectator could never quite forgive Jane Welsh Carlyle her cigarettes, even as a woman of genius. But they have come down, it appears, from the sphere of genius to the atmosphere of the average person. An artistic friend living at a primitive seaside place told Mrs. Spectator the other day of her woes with a girl acquaintance who came down to visit her from the city and must have cigarettes. The hair of the clerk in the one country store rose visibly on end when the visitor strove to buy them there; and when, sent for through the mail, a package reached the fair

smoker, and she straightway sat down on the beach and lit one with practiced hand, every man, woman, and child in the place stood at gaze, and stared their fill. "It was *dreadful*!" wailed Mrs. Spectator's friend, "and Ethel only laughed and thought the natives were great fun. But I shall never, never meet with quite the same respect from them again; for I can't explain it to them. They'd never understand. I'm so much the same way myself that I never want that girl to visit me again."



The Spectator hopes that the majority of intelligent women feel the same way. He is pretty sure that they do. How far the pendulum of liberty will swing toward license is a painful present-day question. But that a reaction will come is as certain as that the Eternal Feminine exists. Meanwhile the moral law is undoubtedly in a confused state in many feminine minds. The conscientious mother who came back from playing golf with her husband at the Country Club one Sunday morning lately, and put her little girl to bed because the child hadn't gone to church as she was told, is a true type of such moral confusion—a modern Mrs. Facing-Both-Ways. Moral issues, however, tend to clear themselves. A charming old lady of the Spectator's acquaintance, who has lived a long and full life in two continents, said to him the other day: "My daughter calls me an Early Victorian Matron in my views, and my granddaughter regards me as a Cave-Dweller; but from the Cave-Dwellers to the Early Victorian Matrons, my traditions and convictions come of enduring stock, and I have no fear of their extinction. They will assert themselves again before long. My daughter may not live to be a Cave-Dweller in her views—but my granddaughter will, some day!" The Spectator heartily believes her prophecy, and is therefore not too much disquieted over the present vagaries of women, though they are, frankly, not pleasant to one who desires to admire and reverence the gentler sex. Portia playing bridge, Juliet with a cigarette—surely the glaring profanation of such imaginations might well give lovely woman pause as she hesitates before the follies which beckon her to-day.

# SOUTHERN QUESTIONS

## Was Robert E. Lee Loyal?

### I.—Northern Views

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

No one desires to subtract in the least from the tribute of praise due to the memory of General Robert E. Lee for his many noble qualities. But if we are to preserve at all the meaning of words, or keep clear those distinctions which give words their moral value, it does not seem to me that we can rightly call General Lee a "patriot."

Webster's International Dictionary gives as the sole definition of a patriot—"one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests." In the hour of his country's sorest need General Lee gave his love and his zealous support to its foes, and strove to overthrow its authority and interests.

You say, "The test of patriotism, like that of any other moral quality, is not success, but loyalty to conviction." Now, granting that success does not decide moral qualities, it does at least help to determine facts; and the war settled forever the fact that the country to which as a patriot Lee owed allegiance was not Virginia, but the Union; was not "his State," but the United States. Had he succeeded, the Confederacy would have called him a patriot, but not the North; certainly not the victorious Union.

But may there not be a higher patriotism than that of mere loyalty to the existing government? This is probably your thought. May not he who obeys his convictions retain the name of "patriot," even though the issue prove him unsuccessful? I answer, he may still keep the name "patriot," even though defeated, if the convictions for which he drew his sword against his country were right convictions, but not otherwise. Thus both Burke and Washington were truer patriots than Lord North or King George; and the mere fact that Burke resided in England and Washington in America, or the hypothetical defeat of the latter, would not have changed the essential spiritual and moral fact that both these men were loyal

to the real country, to the higher nation, to the "spirit of the English constitution." In behalf of Washington, wholly aside from his success or failure, we appeal from the *prima facie* evidence of unpatriotism (his waging war against England) to the higher right for which he fought.

But when the convictions are erroneous, this right of appeal is forfeited. Now, the editor of *The Outlook*, standing in the shadow of Beecher, will not claim that Lee fought for right moral or constitutional principles. Secession was wrong; slavery was wrong; and since no man can serve two masters, placing love of State before love of the Union was wrong. All agree to-day that Union and Freedom were the right cause.

It may be said that a man must follow his sincere convictions, even though mistaken. In reply, we maintain that it is a man's duty to find and follow the right convictions. But, however that may be, sincerity is not the equivalent of patriotism.

The man who takes up arms against his country furnishes *prima facie* evidence that he is not a patriot. If he fights in an unsuccessful cause, that presumption is increased. The only appeal is on the ground that the man is fighting for the real interests of his country, and of mankind through his country; that is, for those high moral ends for which God has established human government. General Lee cannot maintain such an appeal. However natural his motives, the cause for which he fought against his country was not for the permanent welfare of his nation or of humanity.

A second fact has been too frequently overlooked. General Lee was under peculiar obligations to the Nation. He had been educated at her expense at West Point; his commissions all contained a solemn pledge "to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, to serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies whatsoever, to obey the President of the United States, according to the articles of war."

The excuse made for General Lee is his question, "How can I draw my sword against Virginia, my native State?" But

General Lee was offered the command of the Union forces when Virginia was still in the Union; when nearly two-thirds of the delegates to the convention had been elected as pledged opponents of secession and when it was by no means clear that the people favored secession. Yet then he declined to support his country by accepting the command. Furthermore, he accepted the command of the armies of Virginia after the ordinance of secession had been indeed passed by the convention, but before it had been ratified by the popular vote, which was the condition of its becoming effective. There is point in the query of Mr. Chittenden, Registrar of the Treasury under President Lincoln, whether, if General Lee had used the mighty influence of his name and family aggressively in support of the Nation, while the State hung in the balance, and while the masses of the common people were loyal, he might not have saved Virginia and the Union from war. That is what General Scott expected him to do. Instead, he drifted with his State into disunion, and fought for a wrong cause against his country. I cannot agree with *The Outlook* that this was merely an "error of political judgment." It seems to me rather an error of the gravest "political morality."

As a private matter, we may excuse Lee on account of his sincere though mistaken convictions. But the word "patriot" is a public word, with a sacred meaning, speaking of the highest public honor. It should be reserved for men like those other Virginians, Generals Scott and Thomas, who were not misled by erroneous convictions, but who, guided by true patriotism, in the hour of their country's peril were loyal to her and to the cause of freedom and of right.

AUSTIN RICE.

Walla Walla, Washington.

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I read with interest your article on the "Loyalty of General Lee."

That the question of the real character of Robert E. Lee should still be under discussion justifies the conviction that it is not so easily determined as your ingenious effort at its vindication assumes.

Let me add my modest mite to that discussion.

It seems to me that you are inaccurate and illogical in ascribing to General Lee's sentiment for his native State the dignity of that exalted virtue "patriotism." At the beginning of the Civil War, in the North and at the South, "patriotism" had but one signification, elementary indeed, but unmistakable and enduring as the ages. No pent-up Africa or Virginia or Rhode Island contracted its powers or suppressed its fervor.

In the South itself, "States' rights" (which you adopt as the adequate and righteous foundation of Lee's patriotism) was a purely political issue, not less than the question of the tariff or the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Some effusive hustings orator, here and there, may, upon occasion, have aimed to cast a glamour of sentiment around so prosaic and practical a subject; but the historic fact abides that "States' rights" was a political dogma alone.

General Lee did not take up arms in defense of his native State, any more than I or any other Union soldier entered the service to defend our native State, be it Pennsylvania or Massachusetts or Kentucky. The State of Virginia was neither in theory nor in fact attacked, any more than Pennsylvania was attacked when Lee came to Gettysburg. It was the political organization known as the Southern Confederacy against which the armed forces of the United States Government were directed; and it was in behalf of that Confederacy that General Lee abandoned his commission in the old army and accepted one of higher rank from the new association of seceding States.

This was the broad and manly and patriotic estimate of the situation that another son of Virginia, equally faithful to all her just demands upon him, and a not less gallant soldier and "Christian gentleman of high character," General George H. Thomas, found no difficulty in taking when the identical emergency presented itself to him, likewise an officer in the old regular service.

That was loyalty "writ large," contrasted with which Lee's engrossing sentiment for his native State, mildly commendable though it might have been, was but a pinchbeck thing.

ROBERT D. COXE.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## II.—A Southern View

### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Allow me to express my high sense of gratification with reference to your comment concerning "The Loyalty of Robert E. Lee." I trust, however, that I may be permitted to add to your appreciative estimate of the high plane of duty upon which General Lee acted, a further statement of facts that seem to me to be involved in the case. On the 23d of January, 1861, before the organization of the Southern Confederacy, General Lee was in Texas. On that day he wrote: "I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution." Constitutional means of adjustment were still possible in January, 1861. In the form of the Peace Convention and the Crittenden Resolutions such means were resorted to in February, 1861. In April, however, a resort to force was made, and on the 18th of April, 1861, President Lincoln offered to Lee the command of the army which he was then assembling for the invasion of the South. The issue presented in April, 1861, to the mind of Lee was entirely different from the issue presented to him in January, 1861. He loved the Union founded by Washington. He was loyal to the principles of that old Union. He was ready to enter his protest against secession from that Union. But with far greater strength of conviction he held that the President of that Federal Union had no authority to send an army into any one of the States. Such an act of invasion on the part of the President constituted, in Lee's mind, a more damaging blow aimed at the principles of the old Federal Union than the act of secession on the part of a State. Against secession he offered verbal protests, but against the President's policy of invasion he was ready to *fight*. On the 20th of April, 1861, Lee resigned his commission in the Federal army; and on the same day he wrote to his brother: "War seems to have commenced, and I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty which I could not con-

scientiously perform. . . . Save in the defense of my native State, I have no desire ever again to draw my sword." On the 23d of April he said to the convention in Richmond which had made him commander of the Virginia forces: "Trusting to Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I will devote myself to the defense and service of my native State." In September, 1861, Lee told his soldiers in western Virginia that they were fighting for "the right of self-government, liberty, and peace." In July, 1862, he commended the conduct of his army at Richmond as "worthy of men engaged in a cause so just and sacred, and deserving a nation's gratitude and praise." On the 8th of September, 1862, he announced to the people of Maryland that his army had come to assist them in "regaining the rights" of which they had been deprived by a Federal Administration at Washington, which was acting "under the pretense of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions." On the 11th of July, 1863, Lee said to his men, "Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home." Quotations of a similar character might be multiplied to show that Lee regarded himself as contending, throughout the war, for the rights of his people, as those rights were defined by the old Federal Constitution. In March, 1866, before a Committee of Congress at Washington, Lee expressed the view that the seceding States in 1860-61 "were merely using the reserved rights which they had a right to do." Lee wrote also, on the 5th of January, 1866, as follows: "All that the South has ever desired was that the Union as established by our forefathers should be preserved; and that the Government as originally organized should be administered in purity and truth." Again, December 15, 1866, he wrote: "The South has contended only for the supremacy of the Constitution and the just administration of the laws made in pursuance of it. . . . Although the South would have preferred any honorable compromise to the fratricidal war which has taken place, she now accepts in good faith its constitutional results." On March 12, 1869,

he made the following statement: "I was not in favor of secession and was opposed to war. In fact, I was for the Constitution and the Union established by our forefathers. No one now is more in favor of that Union and that Constitution, and, as far as I know, it is that for which the South has all along contended; and if restored, as I trust they will be, I am sure there will be no truer supporters of that Union and that Constitution than the Southern people." These words, and others that might be added, show that Lee was loyal not merely to his State, Virginia, but in his own opinion he remained always loyal to the Federal Constitution and to the Federal Union of 1789.

HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE.

Richmond, Virginia.

## Peonage

### I.—A Voice from Alabama

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

As a resident of Montgomery, Alabama, let me thank you for your editorials on Southern questions in your issue of July 18. I am glad that there is a National moral sentiment to which the wrongs of the humblest—whether in Maine or California or Alabama—can confidently make appeal. The power of your editorial on Peonage lies in the fact that you have not excluded from this sentiment the moral participation of the South. You have not assumed that the Nation in its righteousness is on one side and that the South is sitting in darkness on the other. You have recognized the local evils, but you have also recognized the local forces of self-correction, the local conscience, and the local resolution implicit in the fact that all these indictments against peonage were found by a grand jury composed of Southern men, under the instructions of a Southern judge. If the Nation must include the South in the partnership of responsibility, the Nation recognizes and includes the South in the partnership of rectification.

Too often we find that when a Northern paper discusses wrongs at the North or at the West it criticises the *wrongs*, but when it discusses wrongs at the South it criticises the *South*. The indiscriminating and intolerant criticism of which I have just spoken tends to make the evils arising in the

Southern States issues not between Americans everywhere and the foes everywhere of a true Americanism, but crude and bitter issues between the North and the South. Such criticism reflects a Pharisaism which is the very soul of sectionalism—a Northern sectionalism as offensive as any sectionalism in our Southern States. The North, *as the North*, has nothing to do with peonage in Alabama. The North, as the North, is, in the affairs of Alabama, a meddler pure and simple. The Nation, including the South as well as the North, and the West as well as the South and the North, has to do with every issue in Alabama that touches any National right of the humblest of its citizens. We do wish the North, as the North, to let us alone. We do not wish the Nation to let us alone. We desire from every quarter, as every section should desire, a true National participation in our interests. We wish from the spokesmen of the Nation, whether in journalism or elsewhere, a criticism National in the exacting nobility of its ideals, National in its moral vigor, but National also in its intelligent and constructive sympathy.

EDGAR GARDNER MURPHY.

Montgomery, Alabama.

### II.—A Voice from Georgia

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

As a regular reader of your valued magazine, as a Georgia planter for thirty years, and as the descendant of five generations of Southern planters, in Georgia and other States, I desire to express my cordial and entire indorsement of your article on Peonage in *The Outlook* of July 18.

You are quite correct in saying that the best sentiment of the South is utterly opposed to any such methods. Respectable planters neither desire to descend to such a system, from a moral point of view, nor to compete with it from a business standpoint. The mistaken State policy and system of hiring convicts to private parties, to conduct planting, milling, and various other business enterprises, is a temptation to the greedy and unscrupulous to be dissatisfied with the legitimate labor field.

The corrupt connivance of the degraded type of magistrates, and lax local sentiment in certain sections, make it easy and profitable to secure by fraud, and retain

by illegal and violent methods, ignorant and helpless negroes. The shiftlessness and tendency to vagrancy of a considerable class of negroes and their utter indifference to contracts as obligations serve as a welcome excuse for this iniquity and they fall easy victims.

This system of convict leases and the system of child labor in factories are both strongly attacked in our present Legislature, and there is a widely developed and most proper opposition to both.

The child labor bill was killed mainly by the potent opposition of the factory interests. It is to be feared that the convict lease system will also be sustained; but both are doomed, and it is only a question of time and educated opinion; and this in spite of the powerful interests involved in their continuance. I would add that the desire to protect the negro from oppression and brutality by the "best Southern sentiment" does not in the least involve any advocacy of his voting privilege or political rights.

A GEORGIA PLANTER.

## The Mulatto Factor

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue of June 27 you print a communication from the Rev. Thomas Nelson Baker correcting a construction which an editorial of yours had placed upon his reference to my article on the mulatto. I have no quarrel with Mr. Baker's comments upon my utterances, and have no desire to consume your space and tax the patience of your readers by indulging in an idle controversy, but the conclusion indicated in this communication demands, it seems to me, some reply.

All that I attempted to do in the article in question—"The Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem"—was to set forth briefly certain features of the "problem" which it appears to me to be unwise to ignore in our considerations of it. At most, I could make so short a discussion merely suggestive, and no more than this was contemplated by me.

I have no fault to find with those who take issue with me, but I do object to having entirely incorrect motives ascribed to me, and false conclusions drawn from my words. The fact that this has been

done by so many of my critics—to say nothing of one or two unintentionally misleading "interviews" on the subject—warrants me in making this correction.

My position is simply that, in its mental and moral equipment, if I may so express it, the negro race is the inferior of the white; that the men who have come to the front as "race leaders," and who are pointed to as the highest intellectual type of the race, are, in fact, not really negroes—under any exact definition of the word, as descriptive of a race; that these mulattoes, from their position of leadership, wield a large influence over the more than nine millions of our population classed as negroes—and that it behooves them to see to it that that influence should be for good rather than for evil.

I do not mean to say that there are no pure negroes who have risen to eminence in this country, and I would be the last man to ignore the wise teachings and helpful influence and example of such men as Isaac Fisher and Professor Councill. I speak, however, of the masses of the race when I ascribe to it certain characteristics, just as I refer to the large body of "race leaders" when I speak of them as mulattoes. This does not mean to say that there are not many negroes who have risen superior to the character of the mass, any more than it means to say that every man is fitted for high station in the race just because he happens to be a mulatto.

Mr. Baker speaks of the "poor thinking" the white man is capable of "when dominated by prejudices and preconceived opinions." It is this, and the term "negrophobist," used by some of my critics, to which I take exception. The people of this country, North and South, white and black, have misunderstood and abused each other long enough over this "race question" to have learned that nothing is to be gained by the use of harsh terms and indulging in recrimination. Neither section, neither race, can lay claim to the exclusive possession of all the wisdom on the subject, nor justly charge the other with all the prejudice and ignorance. The situation demands a large measure of sympathy and charity f

1 the according

of honest motives to honest thought, even though it lead to conclusions at variance with one's own. He who cannot criticise without the questioning of motive—who cannot differ without indulging in reproach or abuse—cannot hope to add much to that kindly feeling which must characterize any discussion of the race

question to give it its first element of value.

ALFRED HOLT STONE.

Washington, D. C.

To the principle so admirably stated in the last paragraph, and so well illustrated by this entire letter, *The Outlook* adds its hearty and emphatic indorsement.—THE EDITORS.

## A Picture of the Papal Conclave

The romance of "John Inglesant," by the late John Henry Shorthouse, contains a vivid description of the Papal election of 1655. The very fact that it is imaginative in treatment gives to it a tone of reality which a more matter-of-fact account would lack. The election here described is that of Cardinal Chigi, who became Pope Alexander VII. By the kind permission of the publishers of "John Inglesant" (the Macmillan Company, New York) we print herewith certain excerpts from the thirtieth chapter of that justly famed romance.—THE EDITORS.

THE portion of the Vatican Palace set apart for the election of the Pope, and called the Conclave, consisted of five halls or large marble rooms, two chapels, and a gallery seventy feet long. Each of these halls was divided temporarily into small apartments, running up both sides, with a broad alley between them, formed of wood, and covered with green or violet cloth. One of these apartments was assigned to each Cardinal with his attendants. The entrance to the whole of these rooms, halls, chapels, and gallery, was by a single door fastened by four locks and as many keys. As soon as the Cardinals had entered the Conclave this door was made fast, and the four keys were given to the four different orders of the city—one to the Bishop of Rome, one to the Cardinals themselves, a third to the Roman Nobility, and the fourth to the Officer, a great noble, who kept the door. A wicket in the door, of which this Officer also kept the key, permitted the daily meals and other necessities to be handed to the Cardinals' servants, every dish being carefully examined before it was allowed to pass in. Within the Conclave light and air were obtained only by skylights or windows opening upon interior courts, precluding communication from without. The gloom of the interior was so great that candles were burnt throughout the Conclave at noonday.

From the moment the Conclave was closed a silence of expectation and anxiety fell upon all Rome. The daily life of the

city was hushed. The principal thoroughfares and fortresses were kept by strong detachments of armed troops, and the approaches to the mysterious door were jealously watched. Men spoke everywhere in whispers, and nothing but vague rumors of the proceedings within were listened to in the places of public resort, and in the coteries and gatherings of all ranks and conditions of the people.

In the interior of the Conclave, for those who were confined within its singular seclusion, the day passed with a wearisome monotony marked only by intrigue not less wearisome. Early in the morning a tolled bell called the whole of its inmates to mass in one of the small chapels darkened with stained glass, and lighted dimly by the tapers of the altar and by a few wax candles fixed in brass sockets suspended from the roof. The Cardinals sat in stalls down either side of the Chapel, and at the lower end was a bar, kept by the master of the ceremonies and his assistants, behind which the attendants and servants were allowed to stand. Mass being over, a table was placed in front of the altar, upon which were a chalice and a silver bell. Upon six stools near the table are seated two Cardinal-Bishops, two Cardinal-Priests, and two Cardinal-Deacons. Every Cardinal in his turn, upon the ringing of the bell, leaves his seat, and having knelt before the altar in silent prayer for the guidance of Heaven in his choice, goes round to the front of the table and drops a paper, upon which he has written the



name of a Cardinal, into the chalice, and returns in silence to his stall.

A solemn and awful stillness pervades the scene, broken only by the tinkling of the silver bell. The Cardinals, one by one, some of them stalwart and haughty men, with a firm step and imperious glance, others old and decrepit, scarcely able to totter from their places to the altar, or to rise from their knees without help, advance to their mysterious choice. To the eye alone it was in truth a solemn and impressive scene, and by a heart instructed by the sense of sight only, the awful presence of God the Paraclete might, in accordance with the popular belief, be felt to hover above the Sacred Host; but in the entire assembly to whom alone the sight was given there was probably not one single heart to which such an idea was present. The assembly was divided into different parties, each day by day intriguing and maneuvering, by every art of policy and every inducement of worldly interest, to add to the number of its adherents. "If perchance," says one well qualified to speak, "there entered into this Conclave any old Cardinal, worn by conflict with the Church's enemies 'in partibus infidelium,' amid constant danger of prison or of death, or perchance coming from amongst harmless peasants in country places, and, by long absence from the center of the Church's polity, ignorant of the manner in which her Princes trod the footsteps of the Apostles of old, and by the memory of such conflict and of such innocence, and because of such ignorance, was led to entertain dreams of Divine guidance, two or three days' experience caused such an one to renounce all such delusion, and to return to his distant battlefield, and so to see Rome no more."

When every Cardinal has deposited his paper, the Cardinal-Bishop takes them out of the chalice one by one, and hands them to the Cardinal-Deacon, who reads out the name of the elected, but not of the Cardinal who has placed the paper in the chalice (which is written on part of the paper so folded that even the reader does not see it); and as he reads the name, every Cardinal makes a mark upon the scroll of names he has before him. When all the names have been read, the Cardinal-Priest, from a paper which he has pre-

pared, reads the name of him who has had the most voices and the number of the votes. If the number be more than two-thirds of the whole, the Cardinal who has received the votes is thereby elected Pope; but if not, the Cardinal-Priest rings the silver bell once more, and at the signal the master of the ceremonies, Monsignor Fabei, advances up the Chapel, followed by a groom carrying a brazier of lighted coals, into which, in the face of the whole assembly, the papers are dropped one by one till all are consumed.

At the beginning of the Conclave the Cardinals were always divided into two, if not more, parties, of such relative strength as to make the attainment of such a majority by either of them impossible for many days. It was not until the persistent intrigues of a fortnight had increased the majority of any one Cardinal so much as to give a probability of his being ultimately elected, that the waverers of all sides, not willing to be known as the opponents of a new Pope, recorded their voices in his favor, and thus raised the majority to its necessary proportion. For this very delicate matter occurred at this period of the election, that, should the requisite majority of voices be obtained, the master of the ceremonies and his brazier were no longer called for, but the whole of the papers were opened to their full extent, and the names of the voters given to the world, whereby, as one conversant in these matters observes, "many mysteries and infidelities are brought to light." It is evident, therefore, that, as the majority of any one Cardinal increased or showed signs of increasing, morning and evening, as the suffrages were taken, the voting became a very exciting and delicate matter. No one could be certain but that at the next voting the majority from the cause mentioned would suddenly swell to the necessary size, and every man's name be made clear and plain on whose side he had been.

Upon entering the Conclave the friends of Cardinal Chigi adopted a quiet policy, and waited for the progress of events to work for them. . . . The great reputation he had gained at Münster, the determination he was said to have manifested to reform all abuses, the authority and influence he derived from his post of Secretary of State, his attractive and gracious man-

ner, the recommendation of the late Pope upon his death-bed—all tended to bring his name prominently forward. He was supported by the Spanish Cardinals, chiefly on account of the enmity of the French Court and of his professed opposition to Cardinal Mazarin.

The Spanish faction, which was numerous enough to have secured the election of any Cardinal had it been united, but the members of which were agreed upon nothing but their determined opposition to Sacchetti, contented itself with voting negatively at every scrutiny, making use of the form "*accedo nemini*." This course was pursued for two entire months, during which time the scrutinies were taken regularly morning and evening, always with a slightly varying but indecisive result.

It would be difficult to realize the wearisomeness which reigned in the Conclave during so protracted a period. The crowding together of so large a number of persons in a few apartments, the closeness of the air, and the unbroken monotony of the hours that passed so slowly, made the confinement almost intolerable. One Cardinal was taken ill, and was obliged to be removed. The great gallery was generally used by the Cardinals themselves, for exercise and conversation, while their attendants were compelled to content themselves with their masters' apartments, or the corridors and passages. Those which opened on the interior courts, and thereby afforded some fresh air, were especially resorted to. Communication from without, though in theory absolutely prevented, was really frequent, all the chief among the Cardinals receiving advices from foreign Courts, and conveying intelligence thither themselves.

At intervals the whole of the inmates were assembled to listen to Father Quæchi, preacher to the Conclave, a Jesuit, and secretly in favor of Cardinal Chigi, as was the Society in general. The sermon was so contrived as to influence its hearers considerably by its evident application to the manners and conduct of the Cardinal.

The famous De Retz, then an exile from France and a supporter of Chigi, by whom he always sat in the Chapel, was the principal intriguer in his favor. He was in communication with the nominal

supporters of Barberini, who sent him intelligence by Monsignor Fabei when to vote for Sacchetti, on occasions when it would be of no real service to him, and when to refrain. On one of these latter occasions Fabei intrusted his message to Inglesant, with whom he was intimate, and it afterwards appeared that Sacchetti, on that scrutiny, wanted but very few votes to have secured his election. This circumstance made a deep impression on De Retz, and he never recognized Inglesant afterwards without alluding to it.

The day after this scrutiny Cardinal Barberini appears to have thought that the time was come for his friends to make a demonstration in his behalf, and to the astonishment of the Conclave thirty-one votes appeared in his favor in the next scrutiny. This caused the friends of Cardinal Chigi to pay more attention to his conduct, and to the discourses of his Conclavists and other partisans, who neglected no opportunity of exalting his good qualities.

The exhaustion of the Conclave became extreme. Cardinal Caraffa, who, next to Sacchetti and Chigi, stood the greatest chance of election, became ill and died. Twelve other Cardinals were balloted for, one after another, without result. Cardinal San Clemente was then brought forward, and, but for the hostility of the Jesuits, might have been elected; but the Spanish Cardinals who supported him did not dare openly to offend the Society, and the election failed.

The apartment assigned to Cardinal Chigi was subdivided into three smaller ones, the largest of which was appropriated to the bedchamber of the Cardinal, the two others to his attendants. These apartments communicated with each other, and only one opened upon the center corridor running down the hall. The Cardinal retired early to his own chamber, and most of the other Cardinals did the same. A profound silence reigned in the Conclave; if any of the attendants still stirred, they were velvet-shod, and the floors and walls, lined with velvet, prevented the least sound from being heard.

Inglesant remained alone in the outermost of the three apartments, and determined to keep his faculties on the alert. For some reason, however, either the

fatigue of the long confinement or the deathlike stillness of the night, a profound drowsiness overpowered him, and he continually sank into a doze. He tried to read, but the page floated before his eyes, and it was only by continually rising and

pacing the small chamber that he kept himself from sinking into a deep sleep.

A profound peace and repose seemed to reign in a place where so many scheming and excited brains, versed in every art of policy, were really at work.

## Advice

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

W'en you full o' worry  
 'Bout yo' wo'k an' sich,  
 W'en you kind o' bothered  
 'Case you cain't get rich,  
 An' yo' neighb'oh p'ospah  
 Past his jest desu'ts,  
 An' de sneer of com'er'ds  
 Strikes yo' heaht an' hu'ts,  
 Des' don' pet yo' worries,  
 Lay 'em on de she'f,  
 Tek a little trouble,  
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'  
 'Bout his awful case,  
 You know you don' jine him  
 Wid a gloomy face,  
 But you wrassle wid him,  
 Try to take him in ;  
 Dough hit cracks yo' feachuhs,  
 Law! you smile lak sin.  
 Ain' you good ez he is?  
 Don' you pine to def ;  
 Tek a little trouble,  
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef de chillun pestahs  
 An' de baby's bad,  
 Ef yo' wife gits narvous  
 An' you's gittin' mad,  
 Des you grab yo' bootstraps,  
 Hol' yo' body down,  
 Stop a-t'inkin' cusswo'ds,  
 Chase away de frown.  
 Knock de haid o' worry  
 Twell dey ain' none lef'—  
 Tek a little trouble,  
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.



# A Singer of the Night

By Clara Barrus

TO turn a new leaf in Nature's infinite book of secrecy, to penetrate behind the veils and screens which so often shut the wild life about us from our dull senses, to have eye and ear suddenly endowed with new powers—what greater pleasure to a country dweller than that? Yet how few experience it, how few go to the quick in their observation of Nature! There is a play of life all about us, which we neither see nor hear till our eyes and ears are opened. At least I am aware that this has been largely so in my own case. How dull my powers of observation have been was recently brought home to me while taking a walk with that incomparable out-of-door comrade, John Burroughs. As we were returning at dusk through a damp, stony pasture, after a gleesome saunter over hills and through the fields and woods, my attention was arrested by my companion's sudden halt, his uplifted hand, and his admonitory "Listen!" I listened. "Seap . . . seap," a harsh voice querulously called from the bottom of the pasture.

It's the woodcock's call. Oh, if we are only lucky enough to hear his evening song! But comparatively few persons have heard it; I haven't for years. Emerson, you remember, speaks of it in his "Wood Notes"—"the woodcock's evening hymn." Many observers deny that it has a song—an unusual thing in a game bird, you know.

*Seap . . . seap*, came up to us, a little nearer now, as the bird moved about to get his diet of worms.

"What is his song like?" I query. Then Burroughs tells me that, in the mating season, the bird mounts in the air with a chirring noise, and showers upon the listener a succession of notes which grow more and more rapid until the song ends in an ecstatic downpour; then the bird drops to the earth and resumes his feeding, interspersed with harsh calls such as we have just heard.

Scarcely was this explanation ended when I became conscious of a chippering, chirring sound a few rods away, now here, now there, faint, elusive, rapid, more

rapid, bubbling, rippling sounds, oh, so faint, so scarcely discernible at times, then nearer, louder, ending finally in an ecstasy of liquid notes, and, almost instantaneously, it seemed to me, followed by that querulous *seap*, which again came up from the same place on the stony hillside.

How exciting it was, how we strained eye and ear, seeing nothing in the fast-gathering darkness; indicating the bird's course by outstretched hands, but not daring to break the spell during the song by the lightest whisper.

"You heard it, I'm sure you did by the way you moved your hand. Your ears are sharper than mine."

"But didn't you?" I asked in disappointment. "Only faintly, very faintly, and I lost it part of the time that you seemed to be following it," he replied.

Twice, thrice after that, the calls suddenly ceasing, again was heard that ringing flight, and the faint but ecstatic music in the darkening skies.

At an earlier hour the following night I persuaded a friend to go with me to the same pasture, assuring her that it would be well worth her while should we hear what I heard the night before.

It was still light when we reached the pasture. Bob-whites and whippoorwills were calling; a night-hawk was flying high up in the sky, crying "Peent, peent" to us as we jumped from stone to stone, brushing away the flies that the hawk would have been glad to see so near his face. Once he flew so low that we plainly saw the white bands on his wings.

The sunset light was flooding all this May loveliness of field and farm and distant wood; song-sparrows were blithely pouring out happiness by the throatful; peepers were piping and toads trilling, and we thought it no hardship to wait in such a place till the dusk should gather, and the wary woodcock announce his presence. But hark! while yet 'tis light, only a few rods distant, I hear that welcome *seap . . . seap*, and lo! a chipper and a chirr, and past us he flies—a direct, slanting upward flight, somewhat labored—his bill showing long against the red-

dened sky. "He has something in his mouth," I start to say, when I bethink me what a long bill he has.

Around, above us he flies in wide, ambitious circles, the while we are enveloped, as it were, in that hurried chippering sound—fine, elusive, now near, now distant. How rapid is the flight! Now it sounds faster and faster, "like a whip-lash flashed through the air," said my friend; up, up he soars till he becomes lost to sight at the instant that his song ends in that last mad ecstasy that just precedes his alighting.

Sometimes we counted nineteen *seaps* between the flights, sometimes up in the thirties. Each time, until it grew too dark, we saw him fly past as he mounted to the zenith, and usually we kept him in view till toward the very last of his song, when, in spite of all that we could do, he would elude us, yet the sound seemed to be right around us.

He seemed to return so often to the same feeding-place that we tried to get a nearer view of him by running to the spot whence the *seap* arose the instant we heard him start up on his flight. But this mirage of sound lured us long without revealing to us his whereabouts—he always seemed just about as far away when we arrived at the spot as he had been when we started for it. We finally succeeded, however, although it had then become dark; he was near, we knew, a rod or two at the farthest, for his calls sounded very harsh and close, but they came less frequently, whether because he heard us or was getting sleepy we could not determine. We heard, however, a new sound—a low gurgle—coming at about the same intervals that the seaps do, sometimes just preceding them, sometimes seemingly instead of them, but the gurgles always sounded to me a rod lower down in the pasture than did the seaps. Does each gurgle mean a worm swallowed, or has he a mate there, and is it she that gurgles while he seaps? We inclined to this opinion, for when we again rushed toward the spot whence the sounds came, we both felt sure, judging from the whistling sound of their wings, that we started up two birds, which flew in opposite directions.

Remembering the muddy, rough road we must traverse in the darkness, Pru-

dence admonished me to come away, and on she started in advance. I lingered, she called, he seaped. She called again, I followed reluctantly. At that instant the bird arose; suddenly I stood transfixed, enveloped in the sound; he was close by me, closer than at any time before; it was maddening—that obscurity balking my straining eyes, his elusiveness mocking my listening ears, and Prudence in the distance warning me that there might be tramps along Snake Lane. What cared I for tramps with that bird circling about me in the darkness? Suddenly, the last notes ending, something flew close by me and alighted almost at my feet. I said so triumphantly as I joined Prudence, but sober second thought made me acknowledge (to myself) that my excitement was such that I really wasn't sure whether I saw the bird that time or only imagined that I did.

A few nights later I kept tryst with the woodcock again—this time alone. I sought him in his banqueting hall still earlier than on previous nights, hoping to get a better view of him while it was yet light.

Nearing the place, I heard and saw the night-hawk, and hoped he would keep up his call until the woodcock began, so that I might differentiate his peent from the woodcock's seap, for Prudence had declared that to her these sounds were identical. My wish was fulfilled; in fact, it wasn't long before I wished that the night-hawk would quit the field; he interfered, with his harsh, insistent voice. The night-hawk's call is sharper, but not more querulous, than that of the woodcock; it is much higher pitched, and always comes down to one, challenging him to look up, while the woodcock's seap is always a sound of concealment, however near, and always comes up to one.

While waiting for the woodcock I heard the peculiar booming sound that comes after the night-hawk has darted down from the sky to seize his victim. Such a queer, improbable sound to come from a bird! I should think it would scare the victim to death.

Presently up from the stony field comes the familiar seap—making me deaf to all other sounds. Soon that fine, ringing music is all around me. I see the bird circle around low over the field, four or

five feet above the ground, before mounting to the sky, where he circles round and round, the circles becoming smaller and smaller, till finally he disappears in the zenith. In my efforts to keep him in view I nearly lose my balance and dislocate my neck—all to no purpose; he eludes me every time; and exasperating it is, for it is just at the point when that rapid, most ecstatic part of his song is dropping into one's very ears, and when he seems to be close at hand, that he is invisible in the zenith. Suddenly the sounds cease; still looking up, I see him swiftly drop from the sky, till just above my head he again wheels and circles about, then drops noiselessly to the earth, scarcely a rod away.

Again and again he repeats these flights. Am I the only listener, or has he an admiring mate down there in the mud and in the oncoming darkness?

Now I learn that he does not invariably go back to the same spot to feed, as I had supposed he did; possibly he has changed his tactics because I keep chasing him up. Whenever he drops within a rod or two of me, that low, gurgling sound is discernible. It always sounds farther away than the spot whence the seap appears to come, but I am now persuaded that it comes from the same bird.

I have hunted the field over for a nest by daylight, but have found none, although I have found the round holes in the mud made by the long bill of the woodcock.

It is impossible adequately to describe the charm of this wary bird, impossible to communicate to others the zest there is in following him up in the field or in tracing the course of his aerial twilight voyages, impossible to make others understand the excitement that one experiences afresh each time that the bird mounts on his singing wings. As the darkness gathers, the mystery, the charm, the elu-

siveness are increased; other voices of the night have become silenced, except, far, far away, a whippoorwill's call; seated on a stone, one looks up at the immensity of the sky with one lone star in sight, and waits in breathless excitement for that mysterious flight, that ecstatic evening song—with all respect to Emerson, I cannot call it a hymn. There is nothing hymn-like in the joyous downpour. But the peace that steals over one in the evening solitude as one lies on the good brown earth and looks up into the starry sky has something hymn-like in its quality.

What a pity that disquieting thoughts will intrude! How we are wrapped around with conventions when even alone! With only the stars and the voices of the night for company, we feel the necessity of defending ourselves to ourselves for having thrown us down on Mother Earth and quietly gazed at the sky above!

The darkness deepens. Again the flight begins; straining one's eyes, the bird is seen to mount and mount; there he goes right up into the big dipper itself, though it is bottom side up. I thought the singer had gone forever, dropping those farewell notes as he went; but it wasn't long until he was down in the mud hunting for worms—gurgling and seeping less than a rod away. Since he has a choice of worlds and prefers ours, Mother Earth ought to feel flattered.

It is dark as I stumble back through Snake Lane. A few glowworms shine like opals and topazes on the moist ground. An occasional peeper pipes slowly and tentatively. The scent of the apple-blossoms makes me wish to linger in the silent orchards where, before sundown, the orioles were piping so gayly. All is now still, till, passing the last strip of woods before reaching home, I hear the muffled diminuendo call of the lonesome owl—*who-o-o-o*—a fitting finale to the voices of the night.



# Seven Years of French Rule in Madagascar

By Jean C. Bracq

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THE unconditional surrender of Ranavalona III., Queen of Madagascar, on October 1, 1895, settled the question whether that island should be ruled by one of its tribes, the Hovas, or by the French. A great civilized Power would henceforth put an end to the abominable system of Hova oppression, with its Oriental cruelty and obvious disregard of the well-being of the Malagasies. The magnitude of the evils to be overcome and the radical character of the reforms imperatively demanded greatly increased the difficulties of the conquerors. First of all they decreed the emancipation of the slaves of the island, a measure whereby one million persons gained their freedom. The people suffered from another institution, in some ways worse than slavery, the *fanompoana*, or compulsory labor, whereby the natives were placed at the absolute mercy of the aristocracy, who wrenched from them an almost unlimited service without compensation. The French limited this forced labor, regulated it by law, and at last abolished it. The State officials, governors, judges, soldiers, and police had been hitherto unpaid. They secured their livelihood by plunder and all sorts of exactions. The French introduced a regular and sufficient salary. In this way the universal bribery system which sapped the moral life of the Malagasies has been very much reduced, if not suppressed. The former so-called administration of justice has been replaced by a system of judicature which led an English opponent of France to say, "The French courts command the general respect of the people because of the impartiality of the judges and the prompt despatch of business." The State Church has been disestablished for its own good. The practice of religion has become free from the pressure of Hova officials, who compelled the heathen to walk great distances to attend church. The Malagasy is now so free that he may remain a heathen if he wants to. These gains in freedom brought by the French, and their readi-

ness to receive the vanquished upon a footing of equality, touched them. There is not the same distance between a French officer, a French soldier, and a native as there is between a British officer, a British private, and the same native. The British will secure more respect, but the French more love. The Hovas are no exception. They soon feel that they are peculiarly welcome under the tricolor of France, and many show signs of unquestionable loyalty.

The conquest was followed by an insurrection, an uprising of Malagasy Boxers equally terrible in their treatment of Malagasy converts, the missionaries of all nationalities, and all foreigners. To put this down France sent one of her most experienced generals, General Galliéni. Few men have been at once more firm and more considerate for the highest interests of humanity in a work of repression. He succeeded so well that the island, in which wars of tribes were constant, has now a peace probably never known before. His aim was that as soon as the rebels had surrendered their arms the soldiers should help them in every way possible to restore their normal life and improve it. He set them to build huts, houses, and roads. They became telegraphers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, joiners, shoemakers, tailors, gardeners, and farmers. They assumed the functions of teachers in experimental stations, in places where missionaries had no schools, and even in English missionary educational institutions. They made themselves most useful as surveyors and civil engineers. One is impressed by the extensive and varied pacific service of the colonial army. Everywhere it has worked to improve the condition of the natives and to pave the way for European colonists. The guiding genius in all the reforms and in all constructive work has been General Galliéni.

At the time of the conquest this country, four times as large as England, had no roads. "The French," says the Rev. W. E. Cousins of the London Missionary Society, "has a way

of road-making." In 1895 they constructed a road from the west coast to the capital, Antananarivo, which cost thousands of lives. Since then they have built the eastern road to the same point, starting from the sea, crossing swamps hitherto considered most deadly, rivers, tropical forests, gorges, making cuts into the side of almost perpendicular rocks, until after one hundred and fifty miles it reaches its terminus at a height of 4,768 feet. This well-macadamized road, supported in parts by important walls, is a stupendous work for such a country. Six years ago all the passengers and freight taken from the coast to Antananarivo were carried upon men's shoulders. Now the road is patronized by horses, mules, *pousse-pousses*, and automobiles. Freight rates have fallen from \$240 per ton to \$100. It would be impossible to enumerate all the roads opened, some mere paths, others mule roads, and others still well-macadamized carriage highways. It is said that when the French means of transportation have been a little more improved fifty thousand men will be freed from the most fatiguing and demoralizing work of carriers. A railway to the capital is in process of construction. At one time twelve thousand laborers were at work on it. A section of it has already been inaugurated, and in five years from now the Eastern Madagascar Railroad will connect Antananarivo with the Indian Ocean. Another important work has been the connecting of lagoons along the coast into a canal upon which steamers are now doing considerable transportation. Several steamers are plying in some of the rivers, some are doing a regular coastal service, and three French companies, with twenty-two steamers, provide Madagascar with abundant transportation to Europe. Apart from this the British and German regular steamers also call. The telegraph radiates in every direction. In some districts it is supplemented by the optic telegraph, while the telephone is entering into a larger use. A good postal organization reaches almost every part of the island. The harbors have been improved in many ways; one of them has an iron dock one thousand feet long. Lighthouses, warehouses, dry-docks, repair shops, and means facilitating shipping have been provided. A most

extensive and varied work of scientific exploration, of scientific researches, of survey and triangulation of the island has been done. Most accurate maps have been published, which have excited much admiration.

The cities have been really transformed. Tamatave, the chief seaport in the east, has been rebuilt. It has been provided with sewers and is now furnished with abundant water. Its streets have been reconstructed, a square and boulevards opened, not to speak of the building of a circular railroad. A great covered market has been erected. Near the city is a fine botanical garden and experimental station. The city has also a commercial museum, a consultative board of trade, philanthropic institutions, clubs, means of education and recreation formerly unknown. Majunga, the western harbor, is a town almost wholly created by the French, and nearly two-thirds of its population are European. The same thing might be said of the northernmost harbor, Diego-Suarez, a town of increasing importance. Apart from the fact that it is one of the best-defended ports in that part of the world, it is provided with water-works, public lighting, and schools. A tramway sixteen miles long connects it with a recuperating place of resort upon Mount Ambre, at an altitude of 5,118 feet, where Europeans can find the reinvigorating climate of their native land. Antananarivo has been renovated more in its government and its life than otherwise, though even here a striking transformation has been wrought. The power of French æsthetics can nowhere be seen more strikingly than in the beautiful square, Andohalo, a most unsightly opening in 1896, now an admirable public garden. Now there are five miles of streets in which carriages may pass, not to speak of automobiles and bicycles. The palace of the Governor would be beautiful anywhere. Important public buildings have been erected or adapted to some great public interest. A museum of natural history, a commercial museum, a fine astronomical observatory, institutions of learning, of philanthropy, and amusement, have helped to make Antananarivo a new city. Everywhere in the country in places which have felt French influence one notices the improvements of civilization,



even in the matter of military stations and post-offices.

The future of Madagascar depends upon its agriculture. Here again the French have wrought great changes, and by French I do not mean the colonists, who have done good work, but the French administration inspired and commanded by General Galliéni. The Hova government claimed to be absolute owner of the soil and to dispense it according to its good pleasure. The French introduced and developed individual ownership, which in every country has been a great force of progress. The acquisition of land by the Malagasies, the French, and foreigners has been enormous. An admirable system of land registration gives them guaranties hitherto unknown. The spirit of routine is being replaced by practical intelligence. The department of agriculture has gathered all possible data upon the relative fertility of different parts of the country, the best methods of tropical culture, the selection and supply of most valuable seeds and plants, the best cattle to own and the best methods of cattle-raising, the inexpensive chemical analysis of soil, fodders, and fertilizers, the training of good workmen and overseers. A school farm and several experimental stations were set up. That of Tamatave is a nursery of tropical plants and a garden of acclimation for foreign plants and seeds. Missions of experts have been sent to Java, China, Japan, South America, and Cuba to study the best cultures of tropical plants. Specimens were sent from all parts of the world to these experimental stations, and when acclimatized and propagated are sold at cost or even for less. Thus one hundred plants of coffee or of cocoa-tree, well packed for transportation, sell for one dollar; a small vine or a peach-tree costs two cents. Rice must for a long time remain the great staple crop, but large plantations have been made of vanilla, coffee, tea, cotton, rubber, and other tropical plants, which must soon yield important returns. The mulberry-tree seems to have a great future. Much has been done for its culture. The Government has founded a model nursery for silkworms in which the Malagasy are trained for sericulture. Competitive agricultural fairs have been introduced, and their influence has been educational and

stimulating for the natives. At the time of the conquest there were but a few horses in the island. Under the supervision of State veterinaries large purchases of horses were made in Harrar, Algeria, and these were sold at auction to the people. Horses are becoming common near large cities. Government breeding stations were established. Forestry has also come under law. In the past the woods of the island were wantonly treated. The authorities have stopped this ruthless destruction. The lumbermen who have concessions are compelled to devote a certain number of days to the planting of trees. The purpose is both to keep up the forestial wealth of the country and also to preserve its action upon the rainfall. A very happy innovation is the founding of a bacteriological school in Tamatave to study any diseases of plants and beasts and to prepare adequate remedies.

Economically much advance has been made. A good banking service has been established. The credit of the island is such that it could easily have borrowed the seventy-five millions of francs needed for its railroad, but the metropolitan government gave its guarantee so as to secure a low rate of interest. Notwithstanding all the improvements, every year since the conquest has witnessed a large budget surplus. Trade has developed with great rapidity. It was seventeen million francs in 1896, twenty-two millions in 1897, twenty-six millions in 1898, thirty-five millions in 1900, and fifty-one millions in 1901. There are many signs that the progression will continue. To facilitate enterprise a labor exchange has been founded both for supply and for demand of labor. Large importations of Asiatic laborers were made by the authorities. Mining was favored with the co-operation of the colonial office, which placed all available data about the mines at the disposal of prospectors and miners. Numerous industrial departures were made. Commercial companies have increased as well as professions and trades. The natives have learned new crafts and improved the old ones.

Philanthropic and humanitarian advance has been even greater. New hospitals have been built to cope with that most dreadful of diseases, leprosy. If Pasteur succeeded in removing anthrax from the

*champs maudits* of France, his pupils will most surely put an end to the most frightful of human afflictions. A hospital was created for syphilitic troubles, long the predominant pathological stain of the Hovas. A lying-in hospital was opened in Antananarivo. Five large general hospitals, eleven lesser ones, and fifteen military ones do their work of mercy. A Pasteur Institute treats hydrophobia, bites from poisonous insects, anthrax, etc. Dispensaries are growing in number. A regular organization of native physicians provides medical service in the distant and often isolated parts of the island. The work of hygiene and sanitation has everywhere decreased the death-rate. If this continues, the time is not distant when Mada ascar will lose its reputation as an unhealthy country. In the building of roads, General Galliéni has shown the highest wisdom by placing the camps of the workingmen upon high grounds, in providing good water, in limiting the number of occupants of a camp, in compelling obedience to most rigid rules of sanitation, and establishing close at hand ambulances and medical service. In four and a half pages of his *Instructions générales* for the building of the railroad, two are devoted to orders bearing upon the health of all. The results as far as the railroad is concerned are that the Hovas, who formerly dreaded these districts in which they work, are now sending for their families to settle along its way. The same kindly attitude has been taken toward postal carriers, who, instead of moving in every direction, were attached to a station for service, and were there provided with a cabin and a little piece of land. This has proven physically healthier for the men, while it fosters habits of great importance. Efforts have been made to save the lives of children, whose death-rate has hitherto been enormous, a fact which accounts in part for the small population of three and a half millions in an island much larger than France. Rewards have been given to the mothers who take the best care of their offspring. "L'Illustration," of Paris, recently published a fine design showing French soldiers weighing Hova babies to ascertain their physical progress. Associated philanthropy is growing. There is a society to help half-breed children, a

benevolent society in Tamatave, and one in Antananarivo. Much more would have been done that could be recorded, but which more naturally follows church lines and is identified with religion. Every missionary enterprise in the island is a great network of philanthropic efforts.

Under the former régime education was carried on by missionaries, and here it is not possible to exaggerate the good that was done. The leadership was taken by the London Missionary Society, whose men, as a rule, are not college graduates or men of large educational ideas. After the conquest, when the separation of Church and State was accomplished, the Government was bound to take in hand the cause of general education. The old medical school was replaced by one with teachers from the best medical institutions of France. Four normal schools were created in different parts of the island to improve the grade of teachers. In 1900 more than three hundred schools had been opened where there were none or where the missionary school was inadequate. A professional school was established in the capital. The Pasteur Institute, apart from its work of treating patients, studies fermentation and makes bacteriological researches. The scientific work of travelers, naturalists, geologists, and other investigators has improved and broadened the educational spirit of teachers. The Government publications, "Le Journal Officiel," the "Vaovao Frantsay-Malagasy," the "Bulletin de l'enseignement," the "École Franco-Malgache," the year-book, the free press in Antananarivo and Tamatave, and the monthlies which every denomination publishes, have a large educational importance. We should also mention in this connection the influence of the Alliance Française with its branches, the Académie Malgache—devoted to the history, the sociology, the philology and ethnography of Madagascar—and the Library of Antananarivo, etc. Education has become more scientific, more independent, and freed from the virtual control of one denomination.

All fair-minded men acquainted with Madagascar recognize that the large body of missionaries, English, French, Norwegians, and Americans, are a stupendous force of moral, intellectual, and religious action in the island. This no

one has recognized more often or with more tact than General Galliéni. Hence he and his coadjutors are interested in having this work go on. They have created conditions most favorable to all forms of religious work. The missions have all suffered during the rebellion, and missionaries of the London Missionary Society were seriously annoyed by the crafty Jesuits who endeavored to get possession of some of the churches of that body. These churches had been built by the forced labor of all—heathen and Catholics included; they in reality belonged to the State. The Jesuits endeavored to secure them on the plea that the former nominal Protestants had become Catholics. When the untenableness of this assertion was

demonstrated, the French Government ordered the churches to be restored to their Protestant claimants. The converts gathered around these churches through compulsion lapsed as soon as the Hova government had fallen. The others have stood the test of one of the greatest social revolutions of modern times. Now they have become really independent. The missionaries of this great society may now be perfectly true to the best traditions of British Congregationalism. Working with American Lutherans, the Anglicans, the English Friends, the Huguenots, upon a footing of perfect equality, they can do more than before to give the Christ to the heathen of the island and to many of the European heathen who resort there.

## A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday

By Henry van Dyke

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known

A mother's love and tender care :

And Thou wilt hear, while for my own

Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,

Who gave the gift of life to me ;

And may she know, from day to day,

The deepening glow of Life that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast

Fearless and well content I lay,

So let her heart, on Thee at rest,

Feel fears depart and troubles fade away.

Her every wish fulfill ;

And even if Thou must refuse

In anything, let Thy wise will

A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.

Ah, hold her by the hand,

As once her hand held mine ;

And though she may not understand

Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

I can not pay my debt

For all the love that she has given ;

But Thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget

Her due reward,—bless her in earth and heaven.

# The Light that Cast No Shadows

By J. F. Farrell

THE teacher spoke to Llewellyn Crosby three times; and then, receiving no answer, she took one of his hands and spat it smartly with her ruler. Twice the instrument of discipline descended, and was uplifted again; but there was something in the startled brown eyes, wide with horror, the sharply indrawn breath, and the exceeding bitter cry of the child that arrested it in mid-air. The effect of the punishment was out of all proportion to its severity. Llewellyn dropped his head on his arms and cried all the rest of the session.

Nor was this all. His benchmates, Pillsbury Fletcher and Dana Dudley, were wild with indignation; and they made the teacher realize in seventy-five separate and distinct ways that she had made a mistake. Large boys did not go to school in summer; but those two were large enough to make a young woman hesitate about open war.

The facts were that Llewellyn was deep in the last chapter of a romance that he was spinning, and it bothered him. He had begun to tell it before the plot was at all complete; and now he didn't know exactly how to finish it. Pill discovered Llewellyn's gift first. He was playing with a toad; when the little Crosby boy, whom he had never particularly noticed, suddenly developed a frenzy of baby courage. He flung himself under the bat and came near getting it full whang. Then, when the toad was safe, instead of offering to fight—Pill was quite prepared to see him pull off his jacket—the extraordinary child had promised to tell him a story if he would leave off batting every such thing. This tickled Pill immensely. He fully expected some Mother Goose nonsense; but Llewellyn had entertained him so amazingly that ever afterwards he was his special and particular friend. Dana had come into the partnership because he and Pill were inseparable; but no one else had been admitted. Llewellyn was to them what their secret hoard of dime novels is to the village urchins. They would defend him with brain and brawn to the last.

When school was done they closed in on either side of him and bore him beyond the probing of curiosity and the slingshots of careless derision, far on the way to his home. Finally they paused under the three elms at the parting of the ways; and, seeing that Llewellyn had so far recovered his spirits as to laugh, "Is the story knocked galley west, Llewty?" asked Dana, anxiously. "It's 'most done. Can't ye finish it if we come over after supper? The moon'll be as big as a cart-wheel to-night, 'n' we don't have to be in till nine o'clock."

But Llewellyn shook his head, choked up, and ran away towards the house on the hill.

"We'll come anyway, 'n' play I spy," Pill shouted after him. Then the two sat down at the roots of the largest elm and waited with the patience of Indians for a girlish figure visible in the far distance to approach.

The teacher saw them and shrank from the ordeal of either speech or silence. It seemed impossible to ignore their exasperating behavior; but she had ignored it measurably in school, and they would resent bringing it up outside. Wild red raspberries grew along that roadside, and Miss Perkins found excuse for lingering to gather them.

But there are limits even to the delight of eating wild red raspberries; and Miss Perkins finally reached the two boys under the three elms at the forks of the road. As they stood up their entire absence of self-consciousness restored her poise. She divined that they wished to speak of Llewellyn, and led the way at once by asking them if their little friend was sick.

"I hope you understand, boys, that I should not have punished him in that way if I had known he was not feeling well," she said.

"Llewty ain't sick," said Dana, "but he's liable to be—sort of—absent-minded after he's got all of his lessons. You never ketch him up in numbers nor spellin' nor nothin'; now, do you?"

"He has his lessons very well, certainly; but that is not all there is to learn at school.

It is uncivil not to reply—to pretend not to hear—when you are spoken to. In Llewellyn's case it amounted to positive insolence—"

"'N' Llew't never heard a word of it, more'n the dead. He was—"

A bare brown foot sought the speaker's instep and he stopped short.

"Llew't's all right," said Pillsbury, hastily filling up the pause. "When he don't hear you, you don't need to lam him. Hit one of us a bat, 'f you're mad 'n' haf to hit somebody. That'll bring him—"

Dana's foot sought Pill's in the same stealthily warning way; and he stopped with a jerk.

"'S Pill says, 'f you *can't* help it"—the rush to fill the pause was even more obvious—"it'll be better to hit one of us, 'n' to be swattin' a little feller like Llew't. Did you know he was a Norphan? It's better to have a rock tied to your neck 'n' be hove in the pond than to be jabbin' it into a Norphan all the time." Dana was shamelessly quoting from a lecture that had been read to him, sometime before the partnership was formed, for persecuting that same "Norphan" even to tears for being a "sissy;" but that was a detail. "When you come to the Judgment," he continued, warming with the remembered theme, "'n' God says, 'What have you done to my little ones?' I'll bet you'll feel streaked. I'll bet you won't want'er say, 'I lammed him with a ruler, when he didn't mean no harm, 'n' didn't know what 'twas for.'"

Miss Perkins had been rummaging frantically among her treasured pedagogical instructions to find something that fitted this case. But nothing was forthcoming; and she was too young—took herself too seriously—to enjoy the humor of the situation. He eyes sparkled and pink mottlings began to show through the healthy tan on her face.

"You forget that I am your teacher, Master Dudley," she said stiffly; but added, with an attempt at dignified kindness, "If your little friend is a—natural—I will try not to be severe with him."

The promise fell on empty air. No sooner had that "natural" fallen from her lips, when—"P-f-f-f!" "K-r-r-r!" "Whoo-oo-p!" Two whirling figures, all legs and arms, rolled away from her in the

wheel-ruts of the road. Dana could revolve seven times as a cart-wheel and Pill could beat him by almost two revolutions.

When they were tired of this exercise, the boys sauntered homewards, their arms over each other's shoulders; and Miss Perkins spent a long evening conning printed rules for school discipline.

The game of "I spy" was a famous frolic, long to be remembered, because it was the very last that Llewellyn played that summer. It gradually merged into tag, and then into a wild romp all over the place.

When the two boys left him, the last shade of his school troubles had vanished; and, warm and breathless from much running, Llewellyn flung himself down in the soft, cool, matted knot-grass before the steps of the unused front door. How big and bright the moon was, and how sweet the flowers smelt! Then, with the first delicious languor of his rest, lo! the doors of fancy softly opened, and the scenes of his story sprang vividly before his eyes. Not only those scenes with which he was familiar, but new ones melting and flowing into each other till the story was completed in a most satisfactory manner.

Aunt Martha was baking. When you use a brick oven, the baking has to be done at night instead of in the morning. She had removed the pies and white bread and cake, and was putting in what she called the "second batch"—things that had to bake all night in a slow heat of the cooling oven to bring them to perfection—when she saw Llewellyn going up to his room, and called to him to be sure and wash his feet. She did not know that it was a part of the game; but Llewellyn slid through the window to the long slant of the shed roof, dropped to the ground, and hid behind the lilac-bushes. The subsequent play led away on the other side of the buildings; and there was not so much shouting, for the boys were economizing their breath by that time.

Uncle John locked up the house and everything was quiet till after midnight. Then Turk came home. Turk had assisted the boys in their games to the best of his ability. Then his temperature, respiration, and pulse indicated that a long swim was necessary; and he r-

bee line for the pond two miles away. On the way home he made a few calls, and it was after twelve o'clock when he entered the yard sedately, as became a high-bred Newfoundland. The first thing he saw was Llewellyn lying on the grass before the front doorsteps, and he was scandalized. Marching straight to his young master, he woke him up and told him it was long past bedtime for respectable boys. But Llewellyn only muttered incoherently and threw out his hands. Turk made sure that the boy did not speak with understanding; then he lifted up his voice and awoke the inhabitants of three farms.

Rheumatic fever seldom kills; but those, young or old, who endure its visitations are singularly ungrateful for that. Llewellyn was put to bed and doctored in primitive fashion for the rest of the night, but ordinary household remedies made not the slightest impression, and at daylight the doctor was sent for. He arrived twenty-eight hours later, and found his patient shrieking with pain in Aunt Martha's arms.

Llewellyn was too young to know anything of a man's pride in mere stoicism; but when he had gotten a little used to suffering, love taught him some measure of self-control and fortitude. Aunt Martha blamed herself so bitterly for neglecting him, and she felt so badly when he cried, that, for her sake, he tried hard to bear his pain in silence.

After all, it was not all bad. When he could think, in the intervals of repose, Llewellyn knew that he was happier than he could have been if the fever had not come. Aunt Martha and Uncle John, in the helplessness of their sympathy, became much more outspoken and demonstrative. Aunt Martha especially. Llewellyn's face was all eyes and his frame a mere shadow; he seemed like a tortured baby to her when his every breath was a moan of pain; and she hushed and soothed him in the paroxysms with a foolish babblement of endearments as she would have soothed an infant.

Llewellyn had not been unhappy; there had been no positive unkindness to make him so; but his finer nature had always been underfed and chilled. It was like the pansies wintering in cold-frames, and like those it sprang into sud-

den growth and burst into royal bloom as soon as the sunshine and warmth came. He did not know how famished his heart had been, but he knew his own when it was offered, and he knew that it was worth the price. Aunt Martha loved him. Aunt Martha was so good. And he never would have known if he hadn't been sick. That was the anthem his soul was chanting when his face beamed with an inner joy, and his eyes were wells of dusky splendor as they rested on his motherly nurse or followed her about the room.

It made Aunt Martha feel uncomfortable to see the happiness shining in the little sufferer's face. It must mean that he was going to die. The roses she had seen at fairs, so opulent in beauty, did not call for the supernatural to explain their perfection as compared with roadside briars. The right atmosphere for a little child to grow in being supplied, might not the product prove quite as superior to the average plant, taking its chances in a hedgerow of rampant vanities and coarse, cruel ambitions, exposed to the dust and heat and turmoil of the traffic of adult humanity, as the magnificent specimen rose is to the thorny, grubby brier? Aunt Martha did not think this out. The swift blossoming of the child's soul as his body wasted away and his almost ethereal beauty wrought in her the Madonna feeling of sacred privilege in caring for one whom the Lord had chosen so young. If a matter-of-fact neighbor had said, "That child was hungry for the love that you denied him because it flatters your vanity to have people praise your housekeeping, and now he feels contented and happy because he is getting a little extra petting and personal attention," she would have been deeply offended. No. Llewellyn was simply lingering a few days before he went home to heaven.

The pain subsided after a few weeks, and only recurred intermittently; but the bad spells were very bad and came mostly in the night. Llewellyn had never "experienced religion," though he was said to have been baptized in infancy. Aunt Martha felt that something ought to be done. She wanted some positive verbal assurance that it was well with his soul; and so one day Llewellyn was propped up in bed on a big square pillow, and found himself talking to the minister. His

voice was gone, but he could whisper a few words intelligibly. The fever had not affected his mind in the least. He could think all day as consecutively as ever; and he had treasured lots of things in memory to tell the boys when he got well.

He was glad to see Mr. Warner, and looked it so plainly that speech was unnecessary. For days and days, and sometimes through long nights, he had been trying to understand a strange thing; and now he would find out all about it, for the minister knew everything, of course. He listened politely, but not very closely, while the Bible was being read, and during the simple talk that followed; but his mind held tenaciously to the thing he was interested in. He got the idea that he was expected to make up the Sunday-school lessons that he had missed while he was sick. When silence fell, he put out a feeble hand; and Aunt Martha knew he wanted to speak to the minister.

"I'll make up my lessons when I get well, every one," he whispered. "Please don't make me get them now."

Tears sprang to the pastor's eyes, and he started to speak; but the feeble fingers gently bade him wait. "I want to ask you something." Llewellyn's voice was a shade stronger, and Aunt Martha's heart beat with a sudden hope. This would be the evidence that she longed for. The boy waited for further strength, also to pack his question small. Presently it came, clear and rational, astonishing them with its definiteness, confusing them with its unanswerableness in any terms they knew.

"What kind of a light is it that makes no shadows? and where does it come from?"

Llewellyn let go the hand he had been holding, and motioned them back to their seats. He evidently expected a full and clear explanation, with demonstrations. He had the classifying instinct, and the naturalist's keen investigating spirit, yoked with a dreamy, poetical temperament. It was the naturalist half that questioned. They ought to have known it, and hunted the idea to its origin; but the minds of both his hearers were clogged with venerable prepossessions; and the boy's inquiry simply blinded them with the great white light of its possible religious significance.

"You will know all that your heart hungers and thirsts for soon—very soon—my son. Let us pray."

Llewellyn was keenly disappointed; but he closed his eyes and tried to follow the prayer. It flowed in rhythmic sentences, and the sound of it made him feel rather drowsy; but all the while the question which had been thrust back unappeased gnawed at the bars of its cage. Then it settled down, with its head on its paws, to wait. This side of Llewellyn's nature, also, knew its own, and would have none of the stones that were offered in place of the red, juicy meat that it craved. The prayer flowed on and on; and when Aunt Martha arose from her knees, Llewellyn was apparently asleep. She felt comforted, and in a manner reconciled to what must be. They softly withdrew from the room, and Mr. Warner took rather hasty leave. He wanted to write out some notes for a sermon that he expected soon to be called on to preach.

But in a few days Llewellyn was decidedly better, and proved it by calling persistently for Pill and Dana. The boys had called every day, but they had only been allowed to stand outside the door, or lean on the window-sill and look at Llewellyn, so when they were invited to come in they were almost afraid to speak or move.

But Llewellyn called to them quite in his old manner to bring their chairs close to the bed, for it tired him to talk loud. Then Aunt Martha put "Uncle Tom's Cabin" under one rocker of her chair and "The Lamplighter" under the other, and set a large foot-stool in front of it, and when she was comfortably settled with a white Shetland shawl over her head she told the boys not to let Llewellyn talk too much, and went fast asleep.

Then Llewellyn told Pill and Dana all the things he had saved for them, beginning with the story that was cut short by his illness and ending with the strange light that he saw so frequently at night when his bad spells came.

"Don't they burn a lamp?" asked Pill in astonishment.

"I can't stand it," said Llewellyn; "and Aunt Martha sets it on a board on the andirons, and all she has to do is to pull away the fireboard."

"Is the light blue?" whispered Dana,

glancing, half afraid, into the shadowy corners of the room.

"It ain't no color. I can see everything just as plain—that's all. I looked for the shadows when it first came; 'course the light would be on the other side; but there wasn't any shadow behind anything. It was just as light up there behind the picture frames and behind the door as anywhere else. What do you think it is? What do you think makes it? Did you ever see such a light?"

Pill shivered. The freckles on his whitening face sprang out like ink-spatters. Dana's big round eyes under his tousled, up-standing hair gave him an owlish look. Both boys shook their heads and remained silent till Llewellyn laughed weakly and pointed his finger at them. "It ain't scarey a bit," he said. Then they laughed, too, but rather faintly.

"What'd the doctor say?"

"'N' the minister. He's been here. Did you ask him?"

"Both of 'em. Mr. Warner 'n' Aunt Martha got a notion that it was some kind of a warning—that I'm going to die; 'n' the doctor had to be funny. He's got a notion that he must joke when people are sick. You know his way. 'Course I asked him; 'n' he said I'd see blue-haired Dutchmen some night, 'n' went off laughing. 'Tain't fair."

"I think—" said Pill; and Llewellyn turned to him so eagerly that he hesitated. Llewellyn wanted an answer to his question "as a tiger wants a sheep."

"What do you think?"

"It's the Old Harry," said Pill, with conviction; "'n' when the light comes, you'd better say your prayers as quick as you can."

Llewellyn looked indignant. "Do you suppose the Old Harry would come into the house where Aunt Martha is? What a coot you are, Pill!"

"But he could come if she was asleep," said Dana. He was evidently of Pill's opinion. "At any rate, Lewt, 'twon't do no harm to say your prayers. *If* anybody from the Bad Place *happens* to be about, 'twould drive him off."

Llewellyn had the feeling which came to him sometimes when he was entertain-

ing the boys with stories, that they were younger than himself. But he would not hurt their feelings by laughing at their superstitions. He believed in the Old Harry as unquestioningly as they did, only his doings did not enter into the question. A shadow fell on his face, and Llewellyn made an effort to sit up in bed. He felt strange, remote, alone.

"It ain't nothing, I guess," he said. "Maybe I dreamed it. I was silly to talk about such a thing. Tell me what you've been doing since school closed. Have you made any squirrel traps? Say, Pill 'n' Dana, 'f I'll tell you where there's a flyin' squirrel's nest, will you catch just one for me, and not bother the rest? Honest Injun now."

"Honest Injun," said both boys in a breath.

While Llewellyn was directing them to the particular hollow tree that held his treasure, Aunt Martha awoke and said it would tire him too much to talk any more.

"Must have dreamed that light," said Pill on the way to the woods, and Dana agreed with him; but Llewellyn turned his face wearily to the wall.

"I wonder," he mused, "if I shall ever find anybody to talk with good."

In outworn France or benighted Scotland, perhaps, but not here. Turn your face to the wall, O gifted child! the tip of the "midnight tower of shadow" from a blind world has already touched you, is already sweeping you into cosmic isolation. Forget, if you can, the gnawing of the gray panther of starving intelligence. He will die after a while. Use for a little space your wonderful imagination; the young women with rulers who are waiting for you will beat those rainbow wings flat to your shoulders. Their shimmering radiance is depravity or idiocy. There are no ruled squares on the sacred average-sheet wherein to keep account of their vibrations from day to day. Bask while you may in the new-found love, purchased at such frightful cost. The morrow cometh, crowded with accumulated duties; and when children are well it is foolish to baby them. Turn your face to the wall, Llewellyn. Sleep, and grow strong.



## Semitic Religion<sup>1</sup>

THIS record of researches and discoveries has underlying it two foundation principles, both of which we think are sound. The first is that for our knowledge of primitive religious customs we are to look rather in the present life of the modern Semites than in the earliest records of ancient literature. In other words, life is older than the oldest literature, and many religious customs and traditions have been preserved so unchanged that in the present custom we find a more ancient record than in the most ancient literature. The other principle respects the interpretation of the Bible. We may regard it simply as the history of a naturalistic human development, from which all conception of God as a living, directing, controlling Person is absent; or as a purely superhuman revelation, so given that from it all human development, and so all human error, is absent; or as a human development under the guidance of a directing God, personally present and more or less consciously recognized. If we hold the first view, the religion of the primitive Semites is a matter of interest to the historical scholar, but only remotely to the student of religion; if we hold the second view, it is of no interest at all religiously; if we hold the third view, it is of great practical importance, since by comparing the primitive Semitic religion as we find it manifested in the beliefs and customs of the Syrians and Arabs of to-day, we are able to see more clearly than before out of what the religious ideas and experiences of the Hebrew people were developed, and to comprehend more clearly what in their ideas and experiences were the results of human imperfection and what of divine guidance and direction. We hold with Dr. Curtiss this third view, and with him we find in the present customs of this ancient people great religious value for the light which they throw on the religious teaching of the Bible.

This book viewed from the scholar's point of view is a real contribution to the world's knowledge. It is not made at

second hand. It is not compiled from other authorities. It is the first-hand record of original explorations, pursued during fourteen months of tours throughout Syria and Palestine. The object of these tours was a study of the habits of the primitive people of these countries. The spirit in which these studies were pursued is well illustrated by a single pregnant passage: "An aversion to the teaching of the Scriptures with reference to the blood atonement, or a predilection in its favor, should have no place here. There can be no scientific research if we come to such an inquiry with our minds made up as to what the result would be." This scientific spirit animates the book throughout. The author believes neither in the naturalistic nor in the traditionalistic view of the Bible. He treats it as the record of a divinely developed religion. But his investigation and record of the actual life of to-day is conducted, so far as we can see, in an absolutely candid spirit, with no endeavor or desire to make that life support a theological theory of any description.

We have not the space here to follow him in his journeys or to report their results. It must suffice to say that the customs of to-day, as he ascertained them by personal observation of rites and ceremonies, and personal conferences with the common people, throw much light on some of the rites and customs and some of the religious ideas and experiences of the ancient Hebrews. Demonology is still a current belief; ancestors are worshiped; custom precedes law and gives to it sanction and makes it authoritative; God is regarded as a kind of divine Sheik, bribable by gifts and to be appeased by sacrifices; evil as well as good comes from him, just as misfortune and good fortune come from the Sheik; there are clouds of subordinate deities, who dwell in sacred rocks, sacred groves, and especially in the "high places," where they are worshiped; sin is hardly to be distinguished from misfortune; right is hardly to be distinguished from obedience to an edict issued by the Sheik, or by God, or one of the gods, as a kind of

<sup>1</sup> *Primitive Semitic Religion To-Day*. By Samuel Ives Curtiss. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

superior Sheik; blood is a means of binding a covenant; it is also a means of averting the wrath of God or the gods, especially the latter. With these and other similar analogies between the Old Testament customs and the customs of the Syrians and Arabs of to-day, there are also some striking contrasts. Holiness is a term of character in the Old Testament; "the holy man of the modern Semites may be anything but a moral man." God is a righteous God in the Old Testament; might makes right among the modern Semites, and whatever his *power* commands is thereby made right. God's gifts are free gifts in the Old Testament, a grace, a *gratia*, bestowed unpurchased and on the undeserving; in the belief of the modern Semites gifts from

the gods can be obtained only by purchase.

Dr. Curtiss has opened a field for research which is well worth further exploration; if we are not mistaken, he is in this field a pioneer; and the value of his work is recognized in Germany, where a translation of his volume is soon to appear with an introduction by Ernest Baudissin, of the University of Berlin. Dr. Curtiss intimates that he would be glad to pursue his investigations further; he has proved himself the man to conduct them; and it would be to the credit of America, as well as to the advantage of sound Biblical knowledge, if some one interested in original research would equip him with the funds necessary to carry out his desires.

## Reynolds and Romney'

**A**LTHOUGH Hogarth and Reynolds must have met frequently, says Lord Ronald Gower, there seems to have been no intimacy between them. Rarely have two great painters of the same age and country been so unlike each other; their unlikeness as artists was the natural result of their unlikeness as men; perhaps their only resemblances consisted in their honesty and earnestness of purpose. "Study the great works of the great masters forever," said Reynolds. "There is only one school," answered Hogarth, "and that is kept by Nature."

In Sir Joshua's life probably the most interesting feature was his association with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke, a trio of illustrious names of which Lord Ronald Gower considers Johnson's the greatest. We wish that the biographer had told us more of this rare company. Regarding Sir Joshua's art, while the criticisms are not always satisfactory, we find certain striking estimates, as, after declaring Reynolds's portrait of Sarah Siddons to be that artist's masterpiece, Lord Ronald speaks of the portrait of Sterne, and cleverly com-

pares the saturnine expression in the latter to Velasquez's "Innocent X." and to Houdon's now equally celebrated statue of Voltaire.

Lord Ronald's book, however, seems to have been somewhat hastily written; at all events, there is a certain redundancy in expression and also a decided unpicturesqueness of style, avoided in great measure by the second biographer of Reynolds, who deals especially with the new attitude taken by many towards Sir Joshua as painter, writer, teacher, and man. As man, our author justly claims that "the best that can be said of his heart is that he kept it clean within him, and that, by a beautiful working of this, his work in art, if not as sweet and healthy as a good year's cornfield, is at least free from those three terrible diseases which visit corn, and not it alone—blight, mildew, and smut." As a painter, while many moderns will have him monotonous, no less an authority than Gainsborough was delighted "at his variousness," and his other great contemporary, George Romney, saw in his tendencies "an exquisite charm which I see in nature but in no other pictures."

Turning to Romney, two biographies of him also have been recently published. Mr. Cleave pays special attention to Romney's delightful grouping, as satisfy-

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Joshua Reynolds*. By Lord Ronald Gower. The Macmillan Company, New York.  
*Sir Joshua Reynolds*. By Elsa d'Esterre Keeling. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  
*George Romney*. By Rowley Cleave. The Macmillan Company, New York.  
*George Romney*. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ing and expressive of the highest genius; to Romney's faces as lively, vivacious, piquant, brilliant to a degree hardly achieved by the aristocratic, placid, composed, thoughtful faces delineated by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In draughtsmanship, also, Mr. Cleave puts Romney above Sir Joshua or Gainsborough. If pictures of the great President of the Royal Academy were more varied in outline, their results were not achieved with Romney's evident ease and simplicity. When we come to color, however, a certain monotony about Romney's golden browns and deep roses, restful as are those tones in themselves, is evident in comparison, especially with the color produced by Gainsborough—indeed, the last named, according to Mr. Cleave, stands head and shoulders above both his rivals. Taking him all in all, Gainsborough is declared by our biographer to be the greatest of the trio, especially in the essential poetry, delicacy, grace, and sweetness of composition as a whole.

With Mr. Cleave's capital biography the student of British art should read also the longer biographies, first by Hilda Gamlin ("Romney and his Art," published in 1894), and Sir Herbert Maxwell's, just issued. Allan Cunningham once said: "Of all our eminent artists, Romney has been the most fortunate in his biography," and after reading the biographies published since Cunningham's day, we are inclined to think that his saying is true now as it never was before. Sir Herbert's text, better than

Hayley's, Cunningham's, or John Romney's (George's son), also includes, as those men could not, an almost complete catalogue of the painter's works, with a tracing of the remarkable fluctuations in public esteem through which they have passed. When one considers that, unlike Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney never permitted his work to be touched by his pupils, but finished or left unfinished every picture himself, his output was prodigious. Of course there was in this an undue proportion of unfinished portraits, and haste made havoc sometimes with those called "finished." Yet even here, as Sir Herbert well says, we may recognize that Romney's sound method of applying pigments outdistanced Sir Joshua's in this department. Sir Herbert affirms that Romney was superior to Reynolds both in draughtsmanship and in color. Romney's re-establishment among great artists has been somewhat tardy in its coming, but now that it has come critics are almost running to an extreme in their appreciation of this painter's undeniable freshness, dignity, repose, grace, above all, in his representations of the character as well as the features of Englishmen, and especially of English women. His portraits preserve to a remarkable degree the fleeting, vivacious looks and gestures of his subjects—as if he had caught them while just passing by a window. There is in his portraits an undefinable, almost an Italian, grace. Romney certainly fulfilled the two essentials of a great painter, right temperament and keenness of perception.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Affaires sont les Affaires (Les): Comédie en Trois Actes.** By Octave Mirbeau. Eugène Fasquelle, 11 Rue de Grenelle, Paris. 4½×7¼ in. 288 pages. 75c.

We are not surprised that this realistic play commended by Count Tolstoi is the sensation of the day in Paris, where it is being produced at the Théâtre Français. It is certainly one of the most striking of modern French dramas. No work seems more accurately to depict the essential vulgarity of plutocracy than this. Its principal character is not a monster, but a man so enslaved by the passion of wealth-getting as to idealize money and its power.

Like most other such slaves, however, his career provokes pity rather than scorn; one feels that a good deal of his conduct is probably the result not so much of his own nature as of the materialistic age in which he lives.

**Andy Barr.** By Willis B. Hawkins. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 472 pages. \$1.50.

**Congo Slave State (The): A Protest against the New African Slavery.** By Edmund D. Morel. John Richardson & Sons, Liverpool. 5¼×9¼ in. 112 pages.

The recent action, or rather inaction, of the Belgian Parliament concerning alleged Congo

misrule is a striking fact in view of the present publication, following that of Mr. Fox-Bourne's "Civilization in Congoland." That "civilization" means a new African slavery, as the title of Mr. Morel's protest indicates. By a careful study and analysis of the facts, as impressively set forth by Messrs. Fox-Bourne and Morel, the truth about the Congo State will one day be made known to those who do not yet grasp the fact that, given a policy based upon the denial to the native of equatorial Africa of any right whatsoever in his land or its produce, slavery is necessarily re-established, and oppression rendered not only inevitable but endemic.

**Definition of the Psychical (The).** By George H. Mead. (The University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series. Vol. III., Part II.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 38 pages. 50c., net.

**Documents sur l'Escalade de Genève Tirés des Archives de Simancas, Turin, Milan, Rome, Paris et Londres, 1598-1603.** Publiés par le Société d'Histoire et d'Archéologie de Genève. Illustrated. Georg et Cie., Genève. 6x10 in. 488 pages.

The Society of History and Archæology in Geneva publishes this important collection of contemporary documents bearing on the celebrated Escalade of 1602, the assault by Savoy on Geneva, an event which marks the definite check to the policy of conquest which the Dukes of Savoy maintained against the little republic. At that time the city of Geneva had already become a kind of Protestant Rome. Calvin had founded in Geneva a church, a civil government, and a university, which were to be the beacons of Protestantism all over the world. The Duke of Savoy endeavored to win over the Roman Catholic powers to aid in his project against Genevan liberty, and his assaults took on an international character because of the very situation of the place, only a few miles from the French border and from Savoy. The successful repulse of the attack upon the town's freedom in 1602 is still celebrated there on every 12th of December.

**Essentials of a Written Constitution (The).** By Harry Pratt Judson. (The University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series. Vol. IV.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 43 pages. 50c., net.

**Executive Register of the United States, 1789-1902.** Compiled by Robert Brent Mosher. The Lord Baltimore Press, Baltimore, Md. 6x8½ in. 351 pages. For sale only by R. B. Mosher, Washington, D. C. \$2.

This valuable volume is the result of a work of infinite patience and energy. It includes an enumeration of all the Presidents of the United States and their Cabinets, a record of the dates of nomination, entrance upon duties and termination of service of the members of the Cabinets, together with the constitutional provisions and the laws governing their appointment, qualification, and tenure of office, and the first acts providing for the several executive departments. A very pertinent addition to these facts is that of the electoral and popular vote of each election, the terms of service of the Presidents, the provisions of the Constitution and the acts of Congress regulating their election, qualification, and official term. Mr. Mosher also includes the

official proceedings whenever the President has died in office. Finally, as an appendix, there are literal copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Federation, and the Constitution, with the arrangement of the signatures preserved as they appear upon the originals in the rolls of the Department of State. Mr. Mosher's book is not only of extreme value, it is really indispensable to the student of politics; for its record of the service of heads of departments is published for the first time, no complete record being found even in the departments. Such a work should prove of essential service alike to the legislator, to the "scholar in politics," and to every citizen interested in the administrative story of our Government.

**Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.** By Herself. Illustrated. The Every Where Publishing Co., 1079 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, New York. 5x8 in. 160 pages. \$1.

**Gnadensee: The Lake of Grace. A Moravian Picture in a Connecticut Frame.** By Edward O. Dyer. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5½x8 in. 295 pages.

Some day Americans may realize what a rich inheritance fell to the Nation in the Moravians who came to these shores. Any one who does realize it, and who knows how that inheritance has been squandered, will welcome this book for its service toward preserving what remains. Gnadensee is the name given to a lake in Connecticut by Moravians who established a settlement near it. The region round about it affords a text for two groups of chapters, the first dealing with the Moravians and their contributions to the making of America, the other with the scenery of the region and its historic associations. Those who know nothing of the Moravians and their heroic and mild spirit will find in this book a brief but stirring account of their work and their character. Those who do know something of them will be interested to read of their little-known activities in New England. The English Puritans came to America, as the author points out, with the spirit of the Old Testament, to drive out the bloody "salvages" as the Israelites drove out the Canaanites, so as to establish and build up a theocracy in the wilderness: the Moravians came in the spirit of the New Testament, to bring the Good News to the Indians and to reclaim their lives from ignorance and superstition. The Old Testament prevailed. The Moravians, persecuted in the Old World by the Roman Church, found persecutions by Protestants awaiting them in the New. In the Colonial Assembly of New York measures were passed so stringent against the Moravians—classed with vagrants and disguised Papists!—as to force them back into the more tolerant colony of Pennsylvania. One chapter pleasantly describes Bethlehem, the chief seat of the Moravians, as it is in these days. The apparent fruitlessness of much of the Moravians' effort, distinctively Christian in motive and method though it was, is saddening unless one sees it from the point of view expressed by the author in these words: "Machinery abandoned to rust and disuse is loss of capital, but the heroism of personality

is an unspent force which always registers gain somewhere."

**Historic Highways of America. Vol. VI. Boone's Wilderness Road.** By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 5x7½ in. 207 pages.

The latest volume in the "Historic Highways" series has to do with Daniel Boone's road through the Cumberland Gap. This volume is of special interest, since it describes not only pioneer traveling in general, but the first Western settlement in particular.

**Homeric Life.** By Edmund Weissenborn. Translated by Gilbert Campbell Scoggin, M.A., and Charles Gray Burkitt, M.A. Illustrated. (The Vanderbilt Oriental Series.) The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 144 pages.

At last our students have a translation of Weissenborn's "Leben und Sitte bei Homer." The American edition is especially valuable, since, for more complete discussion of the various subjects treated, references are made to such works as Harrington and Tolman's "Greek and Roman Mythology," Tsountas and Manatt's "Mycenæan Age," and Reichel's "Homerische Waffen," for instance. The volume includes chapters on the Troad, by Professor H. C. Tolman, and on Hissarlik, translated from Dr. Dörpfeld's "Troja," and will prove a valuable help to every student of Homer.

**How to Know the Holy Bible.** Published by Dudley T. Limerick, 10 S. Hicks St., Philadelphia. 4x6¼ in. 72 pages. 20c.

**Inductive Lessons in Language and Grammar.** By Thomas G. Harris, M.A. (Harris's Spiral Course in English.) First and Second Book. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in.

**Jones Readers (The): First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Readers.** By L. H. Jones, A.M. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5¼x7½ in.

President L. H. Jones, of the Michigan State Normal College, formerly Superintendent of the city schools of Cleveland, enjoys a wide reputation as an educator; hence his edition of readers for elementary schools will induce teachers and parents to examine with more than usual interest the "Jones Readers" which have just been published. The books are attractive in paper, print, illustration, and binding. In their careful development of vocabulary and in their general systematic plan they are adapted for a basic series. Their crowning merit, however, lies in the emphasis put by the editor in his selections on manliness, truthfulness, kindness to animals, obedience, industry, courtesy, honesty, generosity, patriotism, heroism: the stimulus towards these ideals is so well indicated by the subject matter as not to require special explanation by the teacher.

**Laboratory Manual of Physiological Chemistry (A).** By Ralph W. Webster, M.D., Ph.D., and Waldemar Koch, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6x9 in. 107 pages. \$1.50.

Physiological chemistry is coming into increasingly closer touch with the biological sciences—indeed, one may call this relation a bio-chemistry. Yet instruction in physiological chemistry is still largely confined to such subjects as foods, digestion, the blood, and the urine, a restriction which has not only been detrimental to the science of physiologi-

cal chemistry itself, but also equally injurious to the development of scientific therapeutics. As "a compromise between ideals and their practical applications" the present volume represents a laboratory course given to students who wish such a general instruction in physiological chemistry as shall not be too far from those practical applications. The course covers the chemistry of the cell (the application of the laws of physical chemistry to life phenomena), of the foods, of the digestion, the tissues, milk, and excretions. More experiments and methods have been given in this valuable laboratory course than can possibly be performed by any regular medical student; these have been introduced so that the book might serve as a manual for those desiring to go further into the various subjects in a supplementary course.

**Life of Leo XIII.: From an Authentic Memoir** Furnished by His Order. By Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.S., L.D., D.Lit. The John C. Winston Co., Chicago. 6x9 in. 744 pages. Sold only by Subscription.

Monsignor O'Reilly's life of the late Pope may be regarded as official, as the author was summoned to Rome by Leo XIII. and appointed by him to do this work, which occupied eight years of a residence in the Vatican. The biography is being published both in French and English. It is instructive and informative throughout, but is popular in character; it treats of the Pope, not only as a justly exalted Pontiff, but also as a distinguished statesman and scholar. The book's appearance at this juncture is timely. It will command reading from many Protestants as well as Roman Catholics; indeed, the whole world is interested to know more exactly and intimately about the life and work of the lamented Leo XIII. Being in one volume, not too heavy for the hand yet with excellent print and capital illustrations, this work is likely to make a wider popular appeal than the forthcoming long biography, official also, a work which will be sought for by students. According to a despatch from Rome, Pope Leo some time since commissioned Count Soderini to write his life for publication one year subsequent to his death, and gave to him free access to the secret archives of the Vatican. It is stated that Count Soderini has nearly completed the work, which will comprise four volumes, and that the last volume in particular will contain some important documents now for the first time published, including letters from King Victor Emmanuel and Mazzini to Pope Pius IX., giving a novel view of the history of the Papacy's loss of temporal power.

**Logical Conditions of a Scientific Treatment of Morality (The).** By John Dewey. (The University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series. Vol. III., Part II.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 27 pages. 50c., net.

**New Instruments of Precision from the Ryerson Laboratory.** By R. A. Milliken. (The University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series. Vol. III., Part II.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 8 pages. 25c.

**Plain Hints for Busy Mothers.** By Marianna Wheeler. Illustrated. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 57 pages. 35c.

**Possibility of a Science of Education (The).** By Samuel Bower Sinclair. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6x8 in. 126 pages. \$1.

**Practical Language Book (A).** By Edward A. Allen and William J. Hawkins. Books No. I and II. (The School Course in English.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in.

**Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.** *The Adventures of Philip*, to which is Prefixed *A Shabby Genteel Story*. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. \$1 per vol.

**Radium and Other Radio-Active Substances:** Polonium, Actinium, and Thorium. By William J. Hammer. Illustrated. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 72 pages. \$1.

This work informs us as to certain fundamental principles in connection with the new element of radium and other radio-active substances. The author's text, accompanied by many interesting illustrations, reproduces his lecture delivered before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in New York City last spring. According to Mr. Hammer, it is to the discovery of Professor Becquerel, of France, of the radiations emanating from uranium that the science of radio-activity owes its foundation. The remarkable radial substances which have recently been discovered give off light the moment they are formed without having to be stimulated by any form of heat, light, electrical or other vibrations. These substances, thinks Mr. Hammer, are likely to teach us more about the constitution of matter and the co-relation of vital and physical forces than any other substances which have ever been discovered.

**Rencontres.** By Marianne Damad. Plon-Nourrit et Cie., Paris. 4¼x7½ in. 317 pages. 75c. Yellow-covered paper novels bearing the imprint of Paris publishers are often suggestive of a social strata inferior in loftiness of ideals and purity of life to our own civilization. Students of French literature, however, and readers of contemporary French novels, know that this prejudice is to a considerable extent unfounded; hence they are especially pleased whenever a work in fiction appears to which they may call attention as being suitable for all readers. Such a book is the present one. It contains four stories, each a little longer than the usual "short story." The book's purpose seems to be to describe the complicated conditions involved in charity work—conditions both social and psychological. The volume has merit, not only because of its elevated tone, but also because it gives some new pictures of contemporary life to-day in the French capital.

**Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.** By Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed in the Easy Reporting Style of Phonography, in Accordance with the "Manual of Phonography." By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. The Phonographic Institute Co., Cincinnati. 4½x6½ in. 66 pages.

**Studies in Theology.** By J. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½x8½ in. 343 pages. \$2, net.

The two British Unitarians whose names are given as the authors of this volume are not collaborators. Six essays of Mr. Wicksteed's and seven of Mr. Carpenter's are here simply bound together. The two men are quite un-

like in method of thought and in literary style. Mr. Carpenter is a representative of the class of minds who have gained their breadth of view only with a corresponding loss in power of discrimination, who find it very easy to put Jesus and Plato, or Hamlet and the Sermon on the Mount, in juxtaposition, who, though they are called radical, have cultivated the wide-spreading branches of their philosophy rather than its roots. Mr. Wicksteed, on the other hand, represents that rarer class of minds whose Unitarianism amounts chiefly to a protest against the superstition and the crude tritheism that may be found in much of so-called orthodoxy; who have the historic imagination that enables them to understand, and even to some degree accept, the point of view of the mediæval Catholic, and to see the profound truth that lies in conceptions so uncongenial to Unitarian thought as the doctrines of Hell, of the Incarnation, of the Atonement, of the Trinity. The contrast between these two writers, it ought to be added, is, of course, modified by discriminating judgments on the part of the one, and by occasional lapses into the conventional phrases of "liberal thinkers" on the part of the other; but in the main the contrast is clear. Manifestly, a volume representing thus, with great ability on the part of both writers, two classes of free minds cannot be dismissed in a sentence. It invites discussion and criticism at greater length than we can give it. There are two essays which are typical of the two writers, on practically the same subject. One, "The Liberal Faith," by Mr. Carpenter, looks upon the great body of Christians from an assumed point of outside superiority; from which Greek Catholics and Roman Catholics and Protestants seem to be groping about among the devotees of other religions, all of them having contributed to the information by which the author and his guides reached the summit, but all of them prevented by the heavy creeds they carry, or the ceremonial robes they wear, from scrambling to the top themselves. The other, "The Significance of Unitarianism as a Theology," by Mr. Wicksteed, states with clearness and with sympathy one rational interpretation of the Trinitarian creed, points out the philosophy which underlies it, and then suggests that Unitarians ought to embody in their belief in the Unity of God the philosophic and practical truth that finds expression in the belief in the Trinity. In many respects the first essay of the book, on "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity," by Mr. Wicksteed, is the most thoughtful and suggestive in the volume. It points out a gain that might be made, and indeed in a measure is being made, by a return to certain phases of mediæval religion. Though it includes some statements which seem to us easily proved fallacious, and though it displays the weakness of the author's intuitionist ethical theory, very comfortable no doubt, that subtly identifies his opinion of what is right with the ultimate good for all men, it is worth reading both for its luminous interpretations and for its stimulating style.

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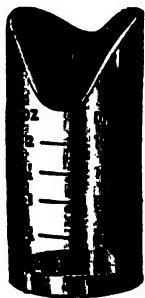
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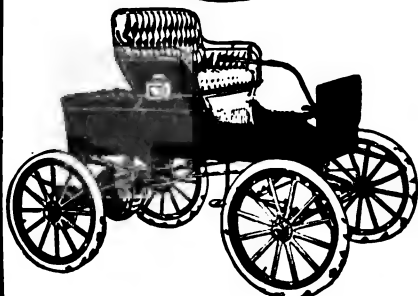
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# The Outlook

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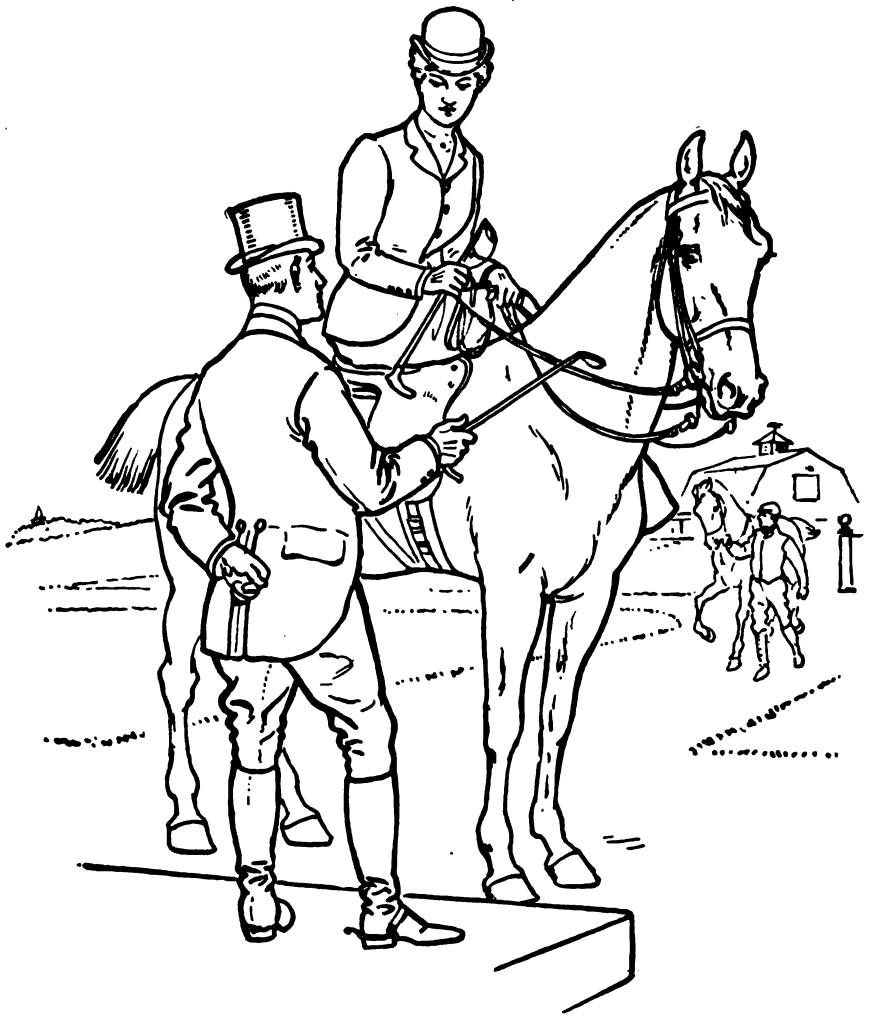
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## Resisting Industrial Arbitration

Apart from the settlement of the seven months' strike at Waterbury, Connecticut, the labor news of last week centered in contests over arbitration. Even the Waterbury strike was at the beginning largely a contest over the same question. At Waterbury, it will be recalled, the trolley company discharged several union leaders for petty offenses, and the union demanded their reinstatement and the submission of all questions in dispute to arbitration. The company felt strong enough to reject this demand, and soon succeeded in filling the strikers' places, but the struggle was embittered by labor riots, and greatly prolonged by a sympathetic boycott placed upon the trolley company by all the unions in Waterbury. The final settlement last week, which occasioned great rejoicing at Waterbury, was a substantial victory for the company. It merely agreed to re-employ as occasion presented strikers not charged with rioting, to confer with committees representing the employees, but not with committees representing the unions, and to make a few minor concessions. Nothing the men struck for was granted. Nevertheless, the prolonged conflict cost the company not only far more than it could have lost through arbitration, but far more than the entire wages of the men during the whole struggle. Had it not been for the rejection of arbitration, the sympathetic boycott could hardly have been instituted, and certainly could not have been so successful as to cause the Waterbury "American" to remark that the company could supply trolleys to the people but could not make them ride. In the other conspicuous contests over arbitration—those in the building trades—it appears to be the unions that are rejecting arbitration. In the statements recently

issued by the employers' associations in Boston and in Omaha it is charged that the men flatly refuse to arbitrate certain questions at issue. The conflict in Boston—between the Master Masons' Association and the Bricklayers' Union—is particularly disappointing, because for twelve years in Boston all strikes and lockouts in this trade have been avoided by yearly trade agreements which submitted all matters of material concern to a joint committee on which employers and employed were equally represented. This year the Bricklayers' Union refused to renew the trade agreement, thinking that it could force better wages by a strike. It may possibly do so for a season, but by substituting the method of combat for the method of conciliation it has aroused a new spirit of combat in the employers' association which threatens retaliatory exhibitions of power when harder times set in. In Omaha the unions express a readiness to arbitrate most questions, but not the question whether they will work alongside of non-union men. The utmost concession their representatives will make on this point is that the employers may hire men not now in the union, but the latter must join the unions and act with their fellow-workmen. Otherwise, it is claimed, employees will be divided, while employers, whether partners in a firm or stockholders in a corporation, always stand together and require dissenting partners or stockholders to act with the majority. In New York City the prolonged contest over the acceptance of the new arbitration plan shows no sign of settlement.

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## Wisconsin Bankers Against Asset Currency

A surprising opposition to an increase of banking privileges has developed among Western bankers. The asset currency scheme, it will be recalled, pro-

poses to allow banks to issue notes—unsecured by the Government—to be used as currency. The present National bank notes are not, indeed, directly secured by the Government, but the banks issuing them must deposit in the National treasury Government bonds to their full value, to be used to redeem the notes if the bank fails. Thus the Government really stands behind each note, and the Government gets some advantage from the issue because the banks are willing to buy Government bonds bearing only two per cent. interest in order to secure the privilege of issuing notes. But the asset currency scheme proposes to give them the privilege of issuing notes without buying Government bonds—the notes to be secured only by the assets of the bank. This plan would restore to the banks the currency privileges they enjoyed in many States under the old State banking laws prior to the enactment of the National banking law during the Civil War and the privileges they enjoyed in England prior to the passage of the Bank Act in 1844. It was expected that the general public would oppose this form of currency, on the ground that the issue of currency is a Government function, and that the Government ought to guarantee the quality of every dollar issued—and reap the profit if its guarantee made paper as acceptable as gold. But it was thought that the banks would unitedly indorse a plan promoting their own immediate interests and power. From the first, however, the banking associations have been reluctant about indorsing the plan, and last week the Wisconsin Bankers' Association took a decided stand against it.

#### The Grounds of Opposition

This action was the more remarkable because the Association had been addressed by Congressman Fowler, of New Jersey, the author of the Asset Currency Bill indorsed by the Republican members of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and by ex-Comptroller Eckels, an ardent advocate of the control of the currency by the banks. But the Wisconsin bankers, after a careful discussion, voted almost unanimously against the plan, on the ground that it threatened a reckless inflation of the currency likely to be followed by a dis-

astrous crash. It was pointed out that our currency supply had already been enormously increased during the past few years (about twenty-five per cent. faster than the population since 1897), and that more than half of our present currency consists of silver and paper. To permit the banks to issue more currency secured only by their assets would, as one banker put it, "drive our gold abroad under the Gresham law, or produce still further inflation of prices, resulting in riotous speculative ventures and consequent deeper depression when the ebb tide sets in." This, it may be recalled, is precisely what took place in England prior to the passage of the Bank Act. To use the language of Gresham's law, the cheaper money issued by the banks drove out the dearer money, gold, and the banks were unable to redeem their notes when the panic came. In regard to the country's need of an elastic currency, the banker we have just quoted—President Frame, of the Waukesha National Bank—uttered these sensible words:

A National bank has no more right to issue currency when its credit is strained than have State banks, or a merchant or manufacturer, under like conditions. It never should be done except in emergencies. In any case collateral should be put up as security, and a tax imposed high enough to drive it out of use as soon as its work is done. The interest rate is the check-valve to prevent undue expansion and inspire conservatism, not only in banking, but in all commercial pursuits.

This is a principle which Congress should bear in mind in legislating to provide an elastic currency. The country does not want a currency which will expand in times of high prices, low interest rates, and reckless speculation. It does want a currency which will expand only in times of emergency, when business is embarrassed by falling prices and high interest rates. To secure this the emergency currency should be subject to a Government tax, which will compel its retirement when the emergency has passed.

#### Municipal Electric Lighting in Cleveland

The city of Cleveland has undertaken to go further than Chicago and Detroit in the operation of a municipal electric lighting plant. It proposes to supply light and power to private consumers, and not merely to

light the streets and public buildings. The project formed one of the planks in the platform upon which Mayor Johnson and the Democratic Council were elected in the spring, and one of the first acts of the new administration was the introduction of an ordinance providing for the issue of \$200,000 in bonds for the erection of the required plant. The ordinance met with a temporary defeat in the Council because of the opposition of three Democrats, who refused to abide by the party platform upon this issue. A strong majority of the Council, however, favored the experiment—very nearly the necessary two-thirds. The opposition was strengthened by a report made by a special committee of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, which condemned the measure on the ground that municipal electric lighting was neither a proper city function nor a success; that the cost would exceed the estimates; and that the project was in the nature of unfair competition with a private company—the report further adding that ample power exists in the Council, through its ability to control rates and charges, to accomplish any results which might accrue through a municipal plant. The most striking feature of the committee's report was a comparison between the cost of street lighting in Cleveland and Detroit; it claimed that in the Michigan city the cost was the higher if proper allowance were made for interest, taxes, and depreciation. This comparison was in flat contradiction of the report given by President Ingram, of the Detroit Electric Lighting Commission, to the recent New York Convention on Municipal Ownership, and has naturally drawn forth a reply from Superintendent Bemis, of the Cleveland Water Department, showing that President Ingram's figures included the items of interest, taxes, and depreciation, and stating that the allowance for depreciation had been more than sufficient to keep the Detroit plant "up to date." Superintendent Bemis further reported that Detroit lighted her school buildings for nearly forty per cent. less than Cleveland was charged, and declared that the Cleveland rates were so high—except to large firms which received secret rates—that the business community generally welcomed the proposed city competition. Last week Mayor Johnson attended the meeting of the Cleveland

Council and proposed that, as the opposition to the electric lighting ordinance was avowedly based upon the opposition of the public, the matter should be submitted to the voters at a special election. After some opposition, this method of settling the problem was accepted, and the special election is to be held September 8. At this election a two-thirds majority of the voters must favor the experiment or it cannot be tried.



#### The Democratic Campaign in Ohio

Ohio is almost the only State politically interesting

that holds an election this fall, but the campaign there bids fair to be more interesting than any since 1900. Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, became last year the leader of the Democratic party, and to retain his leadership it appears necessary for him to take the Democratic nomination for Governor. Otherwise a conservative nominee seems inevitable, and with it the transfer of party management into the hands of the "reorganizers." Mayor Johnson therefore has expressed his willingness to be the candidate, and his candidacy, as has been shown in Cleveland, means a campaign pushed with almost unlimited money and altogether unlimited energy. There is practically no chance of his election, as the Republican majority last year was ninety thousand; but a Republican correspondent writes to us that Mayor Johnson might secure a Democratic majority in the Legislature and defeat the re-election of Senator Hanna. Even last year Cleveland went Democratic, while this year Toledo may do the same through a fusion with the Jones independents, and in nearly all the cities except Cincinnati there is a strong revolt against the abridgment of home rule under the new Republican municipal code. In addition to these factors, which may make several doubtful counties Democratic, there is the sentiment, not confined at all to Democratic ranks, that Mayor Johnson has done a public service in insisting that the franchise values of railroads shall be taxed at the same rate as farms and homes. Over against these advantages for the Democrats, however, the Republicans count upon the continued prosperity, the great popularity of the President, and the civil war going on within the Democratic

organization. Mayor Johnson, it will be recalled, was not a silver man, but warmly supported Mr. Bryan because he sympathized with the latter's attitude toward the power of concentrated wealth. Last year, under his leadership, the Ohio Democratic Convention indorsed the Kansas City platform, and this year it promises to do the same. Last week, at a great Democratic rally at Urbana, Mr. Bryan, who has entered the conflict for Mr. Johnson, vehemently attacked the conservative re-organizers, and declared that their leader, Mr. Cleveland, in getting the votes of the Democratic masses upon a platform demanding "the coinage of both metals without discrimination," and later using his power and patronage to stop all coinage of silver, had played the part of a "bunco-steerer" in the interests of Wall Street. Yet this ill-tempered attack, which in the East injures Mr. Bryan only, was received at Urbana with a perfect storm of cheers. But even in Ohio there are a great number of Cleveland Democrats, and the factional fight, in the cities at least, promises to reduce the Democratic vote.



#### General Miles's Retirement

The retirement of Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles as Commanding General of the United States Army occurred on Saturday last. The very indiscreet utterances which General Miles has made more than once in recent years have unfortunately obliterated in the minds of the American people to a very considerable extent the valuable services which he has rendered to his country. At twenty-two years of age he enlisted as a captain of the volunteer forces for the Civil War. He had not previously had military training, but from the beginning of his war experience he showed not only bravery but also aptitude for military life. As a result he rose with great rapidity from one rank to another. After an experience which included all the battles of the Peninsular campaign before Richmond, the battle of Antietam, and every subsequent battle of the Army of the Potomac except one, because of his courage and brilliance in action he had at the end of the war attained to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He thereupon entered the regular army as colonel. His subsequent career

as an Indian fighter was as brilliant as his career in the Civil War. The Kiowas, the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Sioux, and the Apaches in succession were subdued by forces under his command. In 1894 General Miles succeeded to the command of the army. Upon his retirement on Saturday General Miles issued an address of farewell to the army. This address, dignified throughout and elevated in tone, contains one passage of special pertinence to the unprecedented duties laid upon the army as pioneers of law and order in the recently acquired possessions of the United States:

Since its organization the army has been charged with a great variety of responsibilities, all subordinate to defending the country and maintaining the rights of its citizens. . . . Always to maintain truth, honor, and justice requires the highest moral courage, and is equally as important as fortitude in battle. Drill, discipline, and instruction are but preparatory for the perfection and efficiency of an army. The events of recent years have placed upon the army a new obligation and an opportunity for a broader exemplification of its country's principles. The United States army is now brought into daily communication with millions of people to whom its individual members of every grade are the exponents of American civilization. A serious duty and a great honor are now presented to every officer and soldier—namely, to exemplify to those with whom he comes in contact our country's principles of equal and exact justice, immunity from violence, equality before the law, and the peaceful use and possession of his own.

General S. B. M. Young, who succeeds General Miles as Commanding General of the Army, and will hold the office for just one week, is a man who, though entering the army, like General Miles, from civil life, has had, like him, wide military experience, in which he has shown great efficiency. On Saturday of this week the anomalous office of Commanding General of the United States Army without power to command will lapse. General Young will therefore be the last holder of a title which has been held by Washington, Grant, and Sherman. On Saturday of this week General Young will become the first Chief of Staff under the new Army Law.



**Our New Navy** The recent voyage of the battle-ship Kearsarge from Portsmouth, England, to Bar Harbor, Maine, was a remarkably successful test of



speed and economical coal consumption. The average speed was 13.1 knots per hour. The official report shows that the voyage was made under adverse conditions, a strong head wind prevailing except for two days, and the ship being compelled at times to go slower on account of fogs and icebergs. Captain Hemphill says that if the voyage had been eastward with wind, sea, and current, the average speed would have been 14 knots per hour. The voyage has given much satisfaction to the naval authorities. If the Oregon's great journey during the Spanish War was one of the most striking performances of our new navy, the more modest voyage of the Kearsarge is hardly less significant. In the naval maneuvers last week the Kearsarge was the ship of the commanding admiral of the squadron which defended the country against the squadron of attack. The campaign began with the departure of the attacking fleet from Frenchman's Bay, Maine, to make its preparations for the operations against the New England coast; the squadron was under the command of Rear Admiral Sands, whose fleet consisted of three battle-ships and three torpedo-boat destroyers. Two days later the defending fleet, under Rear-Admiral Barker, put out to sea and began the search. The duty of Admiral Sands was, if possible, to make a landing and establish a foothold. If he could have remained in any port five hours without being discovered, he would have won the victory. Admiral Sands had steamed about five hundred miles out, and then, returning, made straight for Winter Harbor, just inside Frenchman's Bay. The Olympia, one of the shore force scouts, however, succeeded in sighting the hostile squadron and in sending a wireless message to Admiral Barker, then twenty-five miles or more away, before it could be interrupted by wireless "discords" from the Texas, the flagship of the "enemy's" forces. The use of wireless telegraphy is thus once more impressively demonstrated. All the communications between the ships were accomplished without the aid of land stations. The international position which America has now justly attained as a world-power is evidenced by the popular interest in these naval maneuvers, and in the war games between the army and the navy which are shortly to occur.

#### The Transformation of the Steerage

The humanizing of human conditions which has been advancing on land is advancing also at sea. The squalor and discomfort of the steerage passenger, not long since depicted by a contributor to *The Outlook*, have given place, on some ships at least, to arrangements for privacy, decency, health, and happiness that mark a distinct advance in regard for the welfare of the poor emigrant. The advent of the piano to the steerage, or third cabin, as some now call it, is a sign that a new era has begun for the class of passengers who used to be packed like cattle into stuffy pens between decks, and might be seen squatting on the ship's hatches eating coarse rations from a tin dish. For instance, in the third cabin of the new Cunard steamer *Carpathia* a recent observer came upon a group of musicians accompanying the piano with the violin and with song. Near this was a comfortable sitting-room for women, and a similar room for men occupying themselves with games and pipes. The dining-room, extending the whole width of the ship, was fitted, like those of higher class, with revolving chairs, and exhibited its daily printed bill of fare, four meals a day of varied and substantial food. Here also, as in upper-class saloons, the ship's daily run was bulletined. Equal improvement appeared in the sleeping-rooms, patterned after those of higher grade, some with two berths, others with four, for married people and families, each room with its separate conveniences of water and light. Ventiducts supplied fresh air as liberally as to any part of the ship; bath-rooms were ready for use; as to deck room, there was enough of it for exercise, and deck benches for seats. In short, the third-cabin passenger is at least as well cared for on such a vessel as was the second-cabin passenger at no remote date; while the second cabin, in its turn, is distinctly better than was the first cabin not twenty years ago. The supplanting of unwholesome city slums with model tenements finds a fit complement in the transformation of the repulsive steerage into the sanitary and comfortable third cabin. Much remains to be done, however, taking the steamship lines as a whole, in this needed reform.

### New Movements in Southern Education

At the Summer School of the South, held every year at Knoxville, Tennessee, the daily attendance this season averaged more than seventeen hundred. All the Southern States were represented, though nearly two-thirds of the teachers naturally came from Tennessee. The libraries, shops, laboratories, and classrooms of the University of Tennessee were at the service of the School, and the faculty of the University were all at work helping to make the School a success. Unfortunately, relatively few of the teachers came from the distinctively agricultural sections, the reason being, of course, that where teachers average but little more than one hundred dollars a year they cannot afford to pay out fifty at a six weeks' school. The teachers present, however, showed an interest in nature studies which was perhaps the most significant feature of the School. A bureau of nature study was established to encourage the study of native plants and animals and also to prevent the destruction of native birds for use in millinery. The interest shown in manual training was hardly less significant. Not only did the classes include drawing, sewing, clay-modeling, wood-carving, and the like, but bookbinding, basket-making, and weaving. The teacher in basket-making showed that good baskets could be made from rushes, sedge-grass, cat-tails, palmetto buds, and even wild honeysuckle. Rug-weaving was taught by the use of inexpensive little looms. The two things kept constantly in mind in this work were that the material for the use of each pupil should be so selected and cared for as not to cost more than five cents a term, and that in every instance the pupil must be taught to apply his knowledge of manual training to raising the standard of comfort in his own life. Tennessee has been redistricted for school purposes, the counties instead of smaller districts being made the centers of administration. By this means many neighborhood schools have been closed and central schools have been substituted with longer sessions and better equipment. It was considered indicative of the attitude of the New South toward women that five Tennessee counties now have women superintendents. In North Carolina also the campaign for educa-

tion which Governor Aycock and Superintendent Joiner are carrying on is being aided by the women of the State, who have been organized into an association for the betterment of schools, and are helping with the school building. Last year over three hundred new school-houses were built. Here, as in Tennessee, the tendency is to consolidate little schools, more than seven per cent. of the whole number of white school districts having been done away with in the past year in order that letter schooling might be provided with the least possible increase in the expense.



### The Career of Charles M. Schwab

Last week the persistently repeated and denied rumors that President Schwab, of the United States Steel Corporation, was about to be relieved from his duties proved true. According to all the official reports, and to Mr. Schwab's own statement, his shattered health was the only cause of this action. His conduct of the wrecked ship-building combination had nothing to do with it. His exploit at Monte Carlo had nothing to do with it. It was purely a case of shattered nerves. That Mr. Schwab's nerves were overstrained was the one part of the official and ex-official statements which carried conviction. Nothing but overstrained nerves could explain Mr. Schwab's statement that Mr. Morgan had long been "holding on to his coat-tails" to keep him in the presidency. Mr. Schwab is a man of decided ability. Without any advantages of family or money or education, he rose with dazzling rapidity from the post of stage-driver to that of the foremost iron-maker in the world. When little more than thirty he became the President of the Carnegie Company, and until he turned his attention, in Mr. Carnegie's phrase, from the manufacture of iron to the manufacture of securities, his administration gave entire satisfaction—except to the employees whom he drastically forbade to join unions under penalty of instant discharge. At this time in his career Mr. Schwab was an opponent of unions among employers as well as among employees, declaring that they paralyzed invention, improvements, and every other manifestation of industrial vigor. At this time he even objected

to Masonic orders, because they tended to lessen individual responsibility. When, two years ago, he was raised to the presidency of the greatest industrial combination in the world, he laid aside this part of his creed and became an exponent of the idea that the magic of combination could turn water and wind into gold. It did on the stock market, and the young man of thirty-nine, administering a property more valuable than the entire wealth of whole States, suddenly ranked with emperors in his authority, and became their associate when he made his triumphal tour through Europe. That he should have been intoxicated by his sudden elevation was not to be wondered at, nor self-righteously condemned. But whatever may be said of the nervous tension caused by his high career, his kite was really lowered because a lack of moral ballast was evident to the business men holding the string.

William E. Dodge William E. Dodge, who died suddenly at Bar Harbor on Monday of this week, was of the third generation of a family of New York merchants whom the possession of great wealth neither enervated in business energy, narrowed in public spirit, nor hardened in spiritual life. He was born in 1832, and since 1864 had been a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company. His philanthropic and religious activities have been along many lines and never ceasing. He succeeded his father as President of the Evangelical Alliance and of the National Temperance Society; he had since his young manhood been one of the foremost supporters of the Young Men's Christian Association; he had been the Vice-President of the American Sunday-School Union and Chairman of the National Arbitration Committee, and besides had been an active officer in a large number of societies for the promotion of art and the natural sciences. His son Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge and his daughter Miss Grace Dodge have inherited in full measure the moral spirit of the family, and promise to carry forward with undiminished vigor the work of their father. When it is so widely believed on this side of the Atlantic as well as the other that American commercial life is hopelessly sordid and materializing, a

career like that of Mr. Dodge maintains the honor of his Nation as well as of his family.



Phil May To the readers of the London "Punch" the name of Phil May, who died last week, has been very familiar. Since the death of Du Maurier there has been no better-known English illustrator. In the ordinary sense of the word he was not a caricaturist, though his pictures had that element of emphasis on class or character traits that is the weapon of the maker of caricatures. Like other English makers of humorous pictures, Phil May had more restraint than most of the illustrators whose work is familiar to the readers of American comic weeklies. His subjects were generally taken from life in the slums of London. He could depict the droll aspect of poverty without altogether depriving it of its picturesque misery. Nothing that he did probably ever left a sting behind it. He was born in England, struggled against starvation, went to Australia, where he got his first experience as a regular contributor to the press, returned to England and became permanently attached to the staff of "Punch." It was through his contributions to that paper that his originality of ideas and nicety of execution gave him international fame. His kindly disposition won him many friends. He was not quite forty years old.



Mr. Chamberlain's Politics The British House of Commons has passed, by a substantial majority, the Sugar Bill. This bill imposes a duty on sugar imported from abroad whenever the foreign government gives to the producer a bounty on the sugar. Such a duty is "protective," but it only protects the English producer from the effect of special legislation by other governments. It is therefore not inconsistent with free trade. For the principle of free trade is that the interests of the public will be better conserved by leaving trade to the operation of natural law than by intermeddling with natural law by special legislation; and the object of the Sugar Bill is simply to neutralize the effect of special legislation. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, and a principal advocate of the bill, insists that

the price of sugar will not be increased, and that the West Indian trade will derive from the measure greater stability. The latter statement is undoubtedly true; the former statement is improbable. How the West Indian trade can be made more profitable unless higher prices are paid for West Indian sugars it is not easy to see. Mr. Chamberlain makes the Sugar Bill the occasion for a general discussion of protection. His arguments are a reproduction of those to which in this country we have long been accustomed. To wage-earners he says that, even if food be taxed, protection will raise prices, wages will rise with the general rise in prices, and so the food tax will not be felt. He does not tell them that wages are always slow to rise with a rising market and quick to fall with a falling market, nor does he say anything about the effect which artificial prices have to stimulate both speculation and extravagance. To manufacturers he says that he does not propose to impose a tax on raw materials. He takes no note of the fact that a rise in wages means an increased cost of product, and that the increased cost of product must be paid for to an exporting nation by the foreign market where the goods are sold. How, in the keener competition with America and Germany which England is now having to meet, she can retain her hold upon the foreign market while she raises the prices of her products, Mr. Chamberlain also does not explain. As might be expected, the majority of English statesmen propose to adhere to the fiscal policy which has made their country great. Of course the Liberal party as a whole continues to stand for free trade, but also the Tory-Unionist free-traders are now showing their strength. They have formed a "Unionist Free Food League," with that sturdy veteran, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, as President. At a by-election just held, however, the successful candidate was neither the Tory nor the Liberal aspirant, but the Labor candidate, a free-trader. While Mr. Chamberlain is espousing the cause of protection with his undeniably great skill and energy, the opposition to it is proving to be not only deeper but also more widespread than he apparently thought.

#### The Work of Baron d'Estournelles

Last week Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who headed the French parliamentary group of eighty members on its recent visit to London, published an important letter setting forth the results of the recent exchange of views in London and Paris between members of the British and French Parliaments and the leading Ministers of the two Governments. From this letter it would appear that there is more reason than ever to believe in the hopeful outlook for the success of M. d'Estournelles's proposal of an arbitration treaty between England and France. The plan has the distinct approval of the Balfour Cabinet, as has the suggestion for a reduction of naval forces. Baron d'Estournelles truly says that for twenty years the fear of parliamentary opposition has alone prevented an arbitral settlement of difficulties, but now that that fear is dispelled nothing prevents the adoption of a conciliatory policy. This policy has three objects: (1) An arbitration treaty similar to that negotiated between Great Britain and the United States, and in accordance with Clause XIX. of the Hague International Arbitration Convention; (2) a reduction in the overwhelming naval expenses; (3) a friendly settlement of all outstanding differences. The Outlook trusts that this arrangement may be put into early practical effect, and that through its influence a similar basis of agreement may one day exist among all the countries of Europe and America.



#### Macedonian Unrest

Last week in the town of Kruševo in western Macedonia the insurgents dynamited the konak, or Governor's palace, and killed fifty Turks; at other places in the sanjak (county) of Uskub entire villages were burned. The garrison at Prilip was captured, with a consequent addition of rifles for insurgent use. In several villages of the vilayet, or state, of Okhrida, on the Albanian frontier, the Macedonians rose against their Turkish neighbors and massacred them. Railway bridges were blown up and traffic on the Monastir-Salonika line stopped. A two days' rebel rout occurred at Sorobutch, in which the total loss is placed at a hundred and sixty lives. Finally, on Saturday of last week,

the Russian consul at Monastir—supposed to be in sympathy with the people—was murdered by a zapti, or Turkish policemen; it will be remembered that five months ago the Russian consul at Mitrovitza was also murdered by a Turk. These events show that the insurrectionists have cleverly planned a conflict which will require simultaneous checking at many points remote from each other. Hence, throughout the vilayets which compose the region known as Macedonia, the arrest of every

we take this statement with a certain degree of allowance, it must be remembered that the Bulgarian Government has no light task, for, ethnically, linguistically, socially, and religiously, the Macedonians and the Bulgarians are practically one people. They generally intermarry, so that the persecutions assume a family as well as a national complexion; hence the great strength of the Bulgaro-Macedonian Revolutionists' Committee having its headquarters at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital.



TURKEY IN EUROPE AND THE BALKAN STATES

suspected man has been ordered (and few indeed are not suspected), while the reserves have been called out from Adrianople on the east to Janina on the west and to the region of Novi Bazar on the north. Following last week's fighting, the Bulgarian Government announced that it wishes to maintain friendly relations with Turkey and also to prevent revolutionary bands from crossing the frontier, but that it fears a popular movement throughout Bulgaria as well as Macedonia if outrages on peaceful Macedonians, men and women, by the Turkish soldiery continue. While

This brigand band provides (1) that stores of arms and dynamite shall be kept hidden everywhere throughout Macedonia and prepared for quick use; (2) that the natives shall always be ready to fight for freedom; and—as crime begets crime—(3) that opponents shall be assassinated or “put out of the way.” Branch organizations exist in every community in Bulgaria and Macedonia, and the membership is believed to include nine-tenths of the people. We believe that the Committee has enjoyed the tacit support of the Bulgarian Government; at all events, the

Committee's influence is so powerful that it has been practically impossible to convict of crime any man who has been active in this movement.

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#### Reaction in China

Even the most optimistically inclined concerning governmental reforms in China have become depressed by the Imperial Government's apparent readoption of its old policy of repression. This has been specially shown (1) by the closing of the University of Peking to European and American instructors—even though it has become officered by the Japanese; (2) by the demand for the arrest in the foreign quarter of Shanghai (internationally governed) of the editors of the "Supao," a Chinese reform journal; (3) by the torture of a reformer journalist, Shen-Chien. Thus freedom both of teaching and of the press has been threatened. China demands that the international authorities shall hand the "Supao" editors over to the provincial officers, which is equivalent to a death sentence; indeed, the demand distinctly says, "The prisoners are wanted for execution," a trial not being even mentioned. The announcement in the House of Commons last week that the British Government would not agree to the surrender of the Shanghai refugees is commended by most observers. It remains to be seen how the other Powers will act. According to a despatch just at hand, Mr. Williams, Chinese Secretary of the United States Legation, has made an investigation into the execution of Shen-Chien, which shows that the executioners, after beating the prisoner for three or four hours, despaired of being able to fulfill the Empress Dowager's orders to beat him to death, and, yielding to the unhappy man's pleadings to end his misery, strangled him with their own hands. From these events it would seem as if China were witnessing a return to the conditions which followed the stroke-of-state of 1898 by which the Empress Dowager unlawfully gained control of the Chinese Government. She again assumes a certain fear for the throne. She has placed special guards at the gates of Peking and has called together all the princes of the dynasty to consider measures to insure safety. It is believed, however, in Anglo-German quarters that the main

object of the gathering is to grant further concessions to the Russian Government, with which the Empress Dowager is supposed long to have had some agreement for the protection of the Manchu dynasty. Thus the Empress Dowager would seem not to have changed her anti-foreign attitude by reason either of the Boxer atrocities of 1900 or of the punitive expeditions of the allied Powers which followed. Indeed, it is felt by some that her inimical feeling has only increased, and that she is quietly and steadily communicating this feeling to those about her in the central Government. We trust that, while our own Government has led the world in a magnanimous treatment of the Chinese, we may not cherish illusions as to any appreciation from that people, as represented by their Empress Dowager.

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#### Pius X.'s Coronation

The coronation of Pope Pius X. on Sunday of this week was the first occasion of the celebration of a pontifical mass in St. Peter's, Rome, since 1870. The new Pontiff ordered sixty thousand cards of invitation distributed without privilege, declaring that "all Christians are equal before God." In the throng the Venetians were especially noticeable; thousands of them saw "our Pope" crowned, and on his appearance in St. Peter's it seemed as if they would seek to carry him in their arms, so great was their enthusiasm. Notwithstanding the large placards which the Pope had ordered posted all about the church, forbidding with becoming modesty any acclamations in his honor, cries of "Long Live Pius X." and "Pius, our Pope, our Father," were raised and continued until the Pontiff was obliged to make a somewhat indignant sign for more reverential behavior. In contrast with the occasions when Leo XIII. had to wear the heavy white pontifical robes and the red and gold miter, the new Pope wore them without effort. Before entering the *sedia gestatoria*, or papal chair, he had asked for his spectacles, and when the master of ceremonies hinted that his Holiness would look better without them, said, "I have no desire to appear what I am not," and wore them throughout the ceremony. Over his head a canopy was held by eight men,

and surrounding him were the Noble Guard in their red uniforms and gleaming helmets, carrying drawn swords. In front marched sixty Cardinals, who had donned silver copes and white miters, and the chaplain bearing the cushion on which reposed the triple crown. The choir of the Sistine Chapel, in white, followed the Pope singing the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," accompanied by the notes of silver trumpets. A quaint ceremony now occurred. The master of ceremonies knelt three times before the Pontiff, each time lighting a handful of hemp which surmounted a silver torch, chanting as the flame flashed and died out, "Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi" (Holy Father, thus passes the world's glory). The Pope then walked to the high altar, blessed it, and the maniple, a symbol of the cords with which Christ was bound, was fastened to his arm. Mass was then celebrated by Pius X. with much attendant pomp, his sonorous voice being audible in the most distant corner of the immense church. Upon his return to the throne the Cardinals offered obedience, kissing his hand and feet and being embraced by him in turn. The whole of the Sacred College and choir then united in singing Palestrina's "Corona aurea super caput ejus." Cardinal Segna raising the Pontiff's miter, Cardinal Macchi placed on the noble head of Pius X. the triple crown, saying:

Receive the tiara ornamented with three crowns. Remember thou art the Father of Princes and Kings, the Rector of the World, the Vicar on Earth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is the honor and glory of all centuries.

At this the church was filled with the blowing of trumpets, ringing of bells, triumphant strains from the choir, and acclamations of the multitude. The ceremony ended, of course, with an apostolic benediction from the new Pope.



**A Democratic Pope** As indicating the Pope's indestructibly democratic ideas, he admitted to a private audience last week the Mayor of Riese (the birthplace of the Pontiff) and some other municipal authorities who were little better than peasants and presented an incongruous group in the gorgeous setting of the Vatican. They stood huddled

twirling their hats in their hands, but the Pope soon put them at ease, saying, "Come here and sit next to me," speaking of course in the Venetian dialect. He inquired after various people in the village and said, "Throughout my career I remember with joy and emotion my youthful days among you, which were also my happiest." When the villagers tried to express their gratification at the great honor done to their small village because of Cardinal Sarto's election, the new Pope is reported to have replied:

I cannot yet realize it. On coming to Rome I was so sure of peacefully returning to my Patriarchate at Venice that I bought a return ticket. I am entirely unprepared for the position forced upon me, and though I am working very hard, it will take time before I shall feel that I can thoroughly accomplish my mission.

Other simple country folk were also allowed to visit his Holiness last week, being formally introduced by an ecclesiastic whom they happened to know. Thus those who have been in the papal apartments since the new régime began have found an unprecedented crowd there in which the democratic element was conspicuous. It is even alleged that "any reasonable cause will now procure an audience with the supreme pontiff." Furthermore, Pius X. departed from the usual papal custom of dining with no one but princes; he actually invited Abbé Perosi, the priest-composer, to his private table. It is believed that all Vatican methods will be modernized by Pius X.; at all events, there has already been an admirable simplicity and despatch in instituting changes. To us in this country the most important event of the week was the Pope's reception of the American pilgrims. As this was not only the first delegation to be received by him, but was received the day after the papal election—an unprecedented event—the honor which the Pope thus pays to the Church in this country will certainly be appreciated. Pius X. also received Cardinal Gibbons in private audience, and in a long conversation renewed his expressions of interest in America, and said that in order to become thoroughly acquainted with questions connected with the United States he would like to have the Cardinal remain in Rome for some time. After his audience Cardinal Gibbons presented to the Rector of the American University at Washington. It

will be gratifying to liberals. Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, to know that the Pope promises to do all possible to further the interests of the University.



**An Expiatory Monument** On Sunday, August 13, three hundred and fifty years ago, Michael Servetus was arrested in Geneva, whither he had fled from judgment in Vienna. He was tried and convicted of heresy and burned at the stake October 27. He had been condemned to be burned at the stake by the civil tribunal at Vienna in the previous June, but as he had escaped, the judgment could not be executed. By the initiative of Professor E. Doumergue, of the Theological Faculty of Montauban, France, and perhaps the greatest living exponent of Calvinism, the Société du Musée historique de la Réformation at Geneva has resolved to erect an expiatory monument on the spot of his execution. The monument is to be erected by the friends of the great reformer of Geneva, as an expression of sorrow for the one great mistake of his life. It is not to indorse the doctrines of Servetus, but as a confession to give peace of conscience to the sons of the men who committed the most notorious crime in the annals of Protestant intolerance. It is, of course, well known that, though Calvin approved of the execution of Servetus, he earnestly disapproved of the manner of it. The inscription for the monument has not yet been fixed upon. It will probably be one of these two texts: "The respectful and grateful sons of Calvin, our great reformer, though condemning an error which was that of his age, and firmly devoted to the liberty of the conscience according to the true principles of the Reformation and of the Gospel, have erected this expiatory monument 27 October, 1903." "To Michael Servetus, burned for his convictions at Champel, 27 October, 1553, victim of the religious intolerance of his time. The Protestants and friends of Calvin have erected this expiatory monument to repudiate all coercion in matters of faith, and to proclaim their invincible attachment to the Gospel and to liberty, 27 October, 1903." Professor Doumergue merits the gratitude of the age. No other such monument has ever been erected.

**The Babs Massacre** The London "Times" publishes an account (which, as yet, is unconfirmed elsewhere) of a massacre of Babs in Yezd, Persia. The Babs are Muslim religious reformers whose aspirations have always been viewed with suspicion by the ruling class. According to the "Times" report, during two days every Bab who fell into the hands of the rabble was butchered, and the mutilated bodies were drawn through the town followed by crazed crowds. It would thus seem, from the striking similarity of the massacres, as if the butchery of Babs in southern Persia were as popular as that of Jews in southern Russia. In both cases the unfortunate people were members of an unpopular religious faith; in both cases they had been unjustly accused of plotting against the government. Furthermore, if we may believe the "Times's" account, in both cases the government made no active attempt to save the oppressed; nay, in both cases government subordinates actually aided and abetted the rioters and murderers.



**The Young Men's Christian Association** The latest Year-Book of the Young Men's Christian Association, covering the working year to May 1, 1903, shows a gratifying increase in numbers of associations, in membership, and in total property owned. It may surprise some to know that the Associations possess nearly twenty-nine million dollars' worth of property; on this amount there is a debt of less than four million five hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps the most interesting features of this report are in such statements as these: There are nearly 4,600 boys in the 214 summer camps. The colored men's department has 34 city and town associations and 47 student associations. Army and navy work is conducted at 269 points. The number of men and boys in the Bible classes in the city and railroad associations has increased from twenty-five hundred to thirty-one hundred. The number of men uniting with the Church from the Associations has increased eleven per cent. The daily attendance at the Associations is over a hundred and eight thousand. Positions were secured for nearly seventeen thousand men and boys. Such facts are eloquent in describing the



work of an institution which, emancipating itself from its one-time over-pietistic attitude, finds every year new fields of labor and success, not alone in one department, but in many departments of physical, social, educational, and religious life.



**The Northfield Conference** The Northfield Conference for Christian Workers, which opened on July 31 at East Northfield, Massachusetts, has so far in its sessions been marked by variety in the topics treated and in the types of mind represented by the speakers. The opening sermon by Dr. R. A. Torrey expressed with clearness the undogmatic but very earnest and vital spirit which has been evinced in the Conference from the beginning. In one of the early sessions the Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss, a missionary from Africa, made an address which, illustrated by some dramatic narrative of his own experiences among savages, emphasized the need of making Christian faith not a mere expectation of a happy future life but a power for the transformation of "this earth life." Dr. Campbell Morgan has given a series of addresses on the prophets. His power to visualize, so to speak, spiritual truth may be exemplified by this quotation :

It is because God is changeless in all the eternal sublimities of his character that he changes in his dealings toward men. I remember a man saying to me once, "Why, he is just as changeable as a weather-vane on a steeple." What an unfortunate figure of speech! The most unchangeable thing in Northfield is the weather-vane on the steeple. But, you say, it is always changing. No, it never changes; it is pointing north and south and east and west, yes; and because of its unchangeable principle it shows you where the wind is coming from, and it is always unchangeable in its adhesion to principle. The Almighty God is unchangeable. To-day his word is the word of tenderness, and to-morrow of anger. To-day he spares Nineveh, and to-morrow he smites it. Has he changed? No; Nineveh has changed. He has been the same throughout all his dealings with men, and it is they that change, not he that changes.

The Rev. Charles Stelzle, who is known to our readers as a minister who, because he has been a workingman, knows at first hand the needs of workingmen, addressed the Conference on Tuesday. He spoke of the commission of the Church to minister to physical as well as doctrinal, or,

as they are commonly called, spiritual, needs of people. It is refreshing to find a minister preaching to church adherents the particular form of gospel which the church adherents need :

I know that some people are saying the workman is at fault in this matter. Suppose he is! I am not willing to admit that he is altogether at fault—but suppose he is; don't you know that the Church was organized, established by Jesus Christ, for such people? The greater the fault of the workingman, the greater the fault of the Church in not reaching him with helpful ministrations. . . . As I have read this Bible I do not find a single command in it for the unconverted man to go to church. He is told to come to Christ; he is told to accept Christ; but there is not a single command for the non-Christian to go to church. But I find command after command in that book for the Christian to go out upon the highways and hedges and compel them to come in; and that is your commission and mine.

Professor Orr, in speaking of the drift from skepticism to faith, represented still another type of mind from those already mentioned; the Rev. R. J. Campbell still another. It is evident that Mr. W. R. Moody is making of the Northfield Conference a meeting-ground where men and women of various schools of thought may concern themselves with principles that underlie all kinds of theology, and may find a common way to the source of all vital faith.



## The Best Defense

President Roosevelt's letter to Governor Durbin, made public on Monday of this week, on the cause and cure of lynching, calls attention to the only sound method of dealing with such evils, whether they concern a race, a party, a commercial organization, a State, or any other division of men.

Although it is impossible to indict a whole people, it has been the practice of some of late to charge against the black race on the one hand, and the white race on the other, crimes committed by individuals. Naturally, men of the negro race have leaped to defend their people from the accusation brought against them; and in turn white men have leaped to the defense of their race. This impulse to defend one's own people is a lofty impulse; it is the pride which is as

necessary to the welfare of a race as self-respect is necessary to the welfare of an individual. It should not be repressed. But it should be rightly directed.

Negroes, or those speaking on behalf of negroes, in defending the black race usually attempt to minimize the evils laid at its door, declaring that the shiftlessness, the brutality, and the number of instances of assault have been exaggerated; or they extenuate the evil, declaring that slavery, with its train of injustice, social ostracism, hardship, ignorance, has occasioned the evils; or else they have brought recrimination, and rejoice in retaliation against the white race, as a correspondent of the Milwaukee "Sentinel," writing rather incoherently, seems to do:

In recent years negroes are growing away from that fear of the white man whipped into them and their ancestors during slavery; it is time they had, and are now in some cases showing a degree of manhood quite commendable, wrong as it may appear from a civilized standpoint.

When the white man defends his race, he usually follows the same procedure. He minimizes lynching and calls it sporadic. He minimizes peonage and calls it local and temporary. We quote from the Memphis "Commercial Appeal":

As a matter of fact, there is no "system" of peonage in Alabama. The fact that a few hundred negro convicts are leased out to farmers does not constitute a system. So far, the peonage is confined to two counties in the State, and it is an exception to the prevailing system.

What the white man, thus arguing, does not minimize he tries to justify. He declares that negro brutes need to be terrorized; that negro vagabonds need to be set to work. And he ends by a *tu quoque*—that any one in his place would do as he does.

Is this the best defense? We think not. This is defending the vice, not defending the race. He who excuses himself accuses himself. He, on the other hand, who begins by accusing himself will find in the end not mere excuse, but real defense.

I. The negroes' best defense against the evils charged against their race is the cure of them. There is no doubt that negroes are continually guilty of brutal assaults upon white women, and that

among negroes there is widespread indolence and shiftlessness. If negro leaders wish to defend their race against the charge just brought against it, they can best do so by being quickest to accuse those guilty and most alert in bringing about the enactment and enforcement of laws for the prompt punishment of rape. Let negro preachers preach, not against lynching, but against the crime, or crimes, which provoke lynching. Let negro teachers and parents be most earnest in drenching the minds of colored children with the hatred of the evils of which people of their race are especially accused. Let the negro race take a leaf of experience from the Hebrews, whose ancient laws are most stringent in respect to the evils to which they as a race were especially prone. Those who would make the strongest defense of the negroes can do so by inculcating in them enthusiasm for self-restraint and useful activity.

II. The best defense of the white race also begins with self-accusation. Upon the white people, especially of those localities where lynching has become prevalent, rests the responsibility of defending their race and their locality by the exertion of every energy to repress mob violence. Let white children be taught to hate anarchy with an especial hatred. Let men like Governor Durbin and Sheriff Whitlock be accorded peculiar honor. Let white teachers, preachers, parents, leaders of all kinds, make it their special function to arouse enthusiasm for law.

This principle, that the only true self-defense is self-purification, is the principle underlying President Roosevelt's ringing letter to Governor Durbin. We quote first what he says especially to the colored citizens of the United States:

In such cases, moreover, it is well to remember that the criminal not merely sins against humanity in inexpiable and unpardonable fashion, but sins particularly against his own race, and does them a wrong far greater than any white man can possibly do them.

Therefore, in such cases, the colored people throughout the land should in every possible way show their belief that they, more than all others in the community, are horrified at the commission of such a crime, and are peculiarly concerned in taking every possible measure to prevent its recurrence and to bring the criminal to immediate justice.

The slightest lack of vigor either in denun-

ciation of the crime or in bringing the criminal to justice is itself unpardonable.

Exactly the same principle he applies to the white citizens of the Union :

It is, of course, inevitable that where vengeance is taken by a mob it should frequently light on innocent people; and the wrong done in such a case to the individual is one for which there is no remedy. But even where the real criminal is reached, the wrong done by the mob to the community itself is well-nigh as great. Especially is this true where the lynching is accompanied with torture. There are certain hideous sights which, when once seen, can never be wholly erased from the mental retina. The mere fact of having seen them implies degradation. This is a thousandfold stronger when, instead of merely seeing the deed, the man has participated in it. Whoever in any part of our country has ever taken part in lawlessly putting to death a criminal by the dreadful torture of fire must forever after have the awful spectacle of his own handiwork seared into his brain and soul. He can never again be the same man.

Surely no patriot can fail to see the fearful brutalization and debasement which the indulgence of such a spirit and such practices inevitably portends. Surely all public men, all writers for the daily press, all clergymen, all teachers, all who in any way have a right to address the public, should with every energy unite to denounce such crimes and to support those engaged in putting them down. As a people we claim the right to speak with peculiar emphasis for freedom and for fair treatment of all men without regard to differences of race, fortune, creed, or color. We forfeit the right so to speak when we commit or condone such crimes as these of which I speak.

This is a principle that applies to the cure of any wrong, whether of a race, or of a State, or of a church, whether of a labor union or of a corporation. The best defenders of the good name of Alabama are the men who, like Judge Jones, brought the offenders to their punishment. The best defenders of the good name of Missouri are those who, with Mr. Folk, are indicting and convicting the corruptionists. Does a minister resent the accusation that his church is out of sympathy with the people? Let him arouse his complacent congregation. Does a property-owner fear assaults on property? Let him be the strongest supporter of the anthracite coal strike decision. Does a workman resent the charges of violence and disregard of individual rights brought against labor unions? Let him be thankful for the decision of the President that reinstated Miller against the unjust and

lawless demands of a union. He who would defend his race, his State, his organization, his class, against accusation, let him be the first to accuse and to purify.

## The Unspeakable Turk

The Sultan of Turkey has committed four grievous wrongs: (1) he has allowed the wages of his soldiers and civil officials to remain overdue; (2) he has winked at the miscarriage of justice in his courts; (3) he has made himself more of an autocrat than ever by unjustly centralizing the power of the State, and (4) he has permitted, if not encouraged, the massacre of those who differ from him, especially in religion.

Hence we are not surprised at last week's Macedonian insurrection, due to additional oppression from Turkish troops and civil officials. These rely upon the notorious corruption of the Ottoman courts, in which apparently every crime is condoned for cash. With their own wages always in arrears, the soldiers and civil officers have been reimbursing themselves by extorting sums from Macedonians through intimidation. This has chiefly concerned the exorbitant taxes, which in some cases represent the whole value of the agricultural land. Failing to get money, the Turks have filled the prisons, not only with the suspected dwellers in the town, but also with the more peaceful rural population. When they have met with resistance, they have pillaged entire villages, and have even massacred innocent persons—this despite the "reform programme" imposed by Russia and Austria. Increase of crime, of course, means additional bribes to be wrung from the terrified people, who in turn have sought the only two ways by which they can escape from military and civil clutches. The Macedonians have exhausted the first means—money; they have left only the second—force.

Viewed in the light of the highest civilization, the Macedonians are degenerates, but what wonder, after centuries of intellectual, moral, commercial, and political oppression! They still have enough instinct for liberty, however, to struggle towards it, even if they must fight the Turk with his own weapons. Is it not time for Europe to give to the miserable people

something of that freedom guaranteed by the Treaty of San Stefano which victorious Russia imposed upon Turkey after the war of 1877? It is true that by this the boundaries of the ancient Bulgarian Empire would almost have been restored, that the people would have been given theoretical independence under the Czar's protection, and that, in consequence, Russian aggrandizement would have been as evident as would have been the reduction of European Turkey to a narrow strip of territory. The Czar's protection would not have been ideal, it is true; instead of it, however, the other Powers preferred that Macedonia should be restored to the unspeakable Turk, and that a group of little weakling States should stand as a buffer between him and their jealousies. The following year, at the Congress of Berlin, they tore up the San Stefano Treaty, providing instead that the Macedonians should be under "the direct political and military authority of the Sultan," with a Christian Governor-General; that religious freedom should be guaranteed; that the people should have the privilege of electing their own magistrates and enacting their own laws, subject to the general approval of the Imperial authorities at Constantinople. These pledges have not been carried out, despite the "watchful attitude" of the Christian Powers. To show the attitude of the Turkish Government towards a word which once came near signifying liberty, the English Bible has been proscribed because it contains the word "Macedonia."

As regards Albania, the recent offer to the rebellious chiefs there of a transfer to Constantinople with immediate preferment and rich gifts awaiting them seems to have temporarily resulted as expected. At all events, it is a glaring example of the centralization of power in Constantinople which has also been one of the causes of Macedonian unrest. For years the Sultan has pursued a policy of outrageous centralization, and has now subverted what little local self-government was once enjoyed by his people. The Empire's civil affairs are supposed to be administered through the civil officers of each vilayet; in former times they had quasi-absolute power. That power has now been gradually taken away from them by Imperial edicts. The result is that every

position in the Empire may be had from the Sultan for a consideration. This centralization has, of course, undone any good which the provincial courts, were they worthy, might hope to have accomplished. If a subordinate official is shown to be a rascal, he can defy not only his superiors, but the courts themselves. He goes to Constantinople and returns with an imperial rescript which, for value received, confirms him in his position.

Turning to Turkey in Asia, we find that there also much trouble existed last week. After brutalizing its European provinces by sending into them many of the wild Kurds who had taken part in massacring a hundred thousand Armenians eight years ago, it has been believed that the authorities were secretly arming the Kurds still remaining in the mountains on the Russian and Persian border. The Porte now pretends that these brigand bands come from across the frontier, as in the case of the Bulgaro-Macedonians. At the same time the Porte had been endeavoring to convict the Armenians of revolutionary intentions. The menacing attitude of the Kurds is, naturally, a cause for disquietude at the foreign mission stations, notably at Harput, where Professor Tenekejian, of the American Euphrates College, is still scandalously kept in prison on a verbal charge of sedition, and not allowed to see American visitors. Our State Department has ordered the American Minister at Constantinople to do everything possible for the early release of the prisoner, than whom, according to those who have known him from childhood, there is no more loyal Turkish subject—most of the teachers in the American schools throughout Turkey are the Sultan's subjects. The American Minister has urged the Ministry for Foreign Affairs at Constantinople to free Mr. Tenekejian from the unjust and cruel charges made against him, and to punish the calumniators. It is feared, however, that the Sultan may use the present circumstances to endanger the safety of American institutions in Turkey. The dignity of the United States as a sovereign nation certainly demands the decisive methods which we hope have characterized the course of our Minister at Constantinople. Having once asked from Turkey that which manifestly is ours by treaty and

precedent—equal treatment with other Powers in the matter of foreign schools—we cannot allow the Sultan to humiliate us by refusal or unnecessary delay. It is desirable that our Minister and our Government take immediate and vigorous action. At least we ought strenuously to demand that all teachers employed in American institutions, whether Turkish subjects or not, shall have early and fair trial when arrested. If they are proven guilty, no one would demand that they should be exempt; but if they are innocent, we should insist that they shall not be disturbed in their work. In oppressing Macedonians and Armenians the unspeakable Turk may find that he has to do with a Power unmoved by the jealousies which have prevented the Powers of Europe from dealing with him as he deserves.



## Friends of Reform

Mr. Ridder, the editor of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," one of the best newspapers in America, is the leader of the German-American Reform Union. His newspaper has taken pains to show how much the misgoverned cities of America need the civic ideals that characterize those American citizens who are of Teutonic origin. He contemplates the political conditions of New York City, therefore, from the elevated point of view of those high-minded Germans who, having suffered in times past for advocating popular rights in a despotism, are now eager for the maintenance of liberty in a Republic.

Senator Thomas C. Platt is a man of wide experience in civic life. He has never asserted that he was in politics "for his own pocket." He holds an exalted position in the State and Nation. He lives in a county well removed from the metropolis. From his home he can view the affairs of the city with the passionless equanimity of a Greek god on Mount Olympus directing his quiet gaze upon the perturbed doings of mortals.

These two men, one an independent Democrat, the other a regular Republican, are reported to have met last week and discussed the welfare of the city. Here, surely, was an opportunity for the elimination of mere party considerations—for these two men differed in party affiliation;

an opportunity for the disregard of mere provincial narrowness—for one beheld New York from the point of view of universal freedom, the other from his throne in Tioga County. Under the circumstances, it certainly seemed as if almost nothing that was petty, temporary, parochial, could remain in any conclusion upon which two such men could agree. Is it surprising that citizens of New York, who have so soon to decide whether they shall be governed or be robbed, paused for a moment to hear the verdict these two men rendered? What they heard was something like this:

"My organization got nothing but the Bridge Commissioner. Reform has disappointed me."

"Me too," came the reply. "Mine got only a justice and a commissioner."

Then came a duet of which the following words seemed to be distinguishable:

"Let us wait and see."

It never occurred to us before how important it was to the babies of the East Side, whose very lives depend upon sanitary conditions maintained by good municipal government, that Mr. Ridder's organization should be rewarded with offices. It never occurred to us before how vital it was to the property-owners of the city, whose money may be at the mercy of a corrupt municipal government, that Mr. Platt of Tioga County should be satisfied with the amount of patronage he has to distribute. We dare say that these things never occurred to the minds of most of the citizens of New York City. This only goes to prove how different the affairs of mortal men seem when viewed from Olympian heights.

It is only fair to say that an echo has been heard which has the sound of Mr. Ridder's voice declaring that he was misquoted and that he does not approve of some things Mr. Low's administration has done; and adding that in preference to a Tammany "yellow dog" ticket his organization would support the fusion candidate even if that candidate should be Mr. Low. This overwhelming praise of honest government may reassure those who are dreading the return of Tammany to power. Who would not like to be considered better than a "yellow dog"? In the meantime the echo continues as a solo the refrain which began as a duet, and it

seems to merge into a nursery rhyme, that tersest form of philosophy:

"Let us see, let us see,"  
Says the Mole to the Bat;  
"With all my soul,"  
Says the Bat to the Mole,  
"Let us see, let us see."

We are sorry that we cannot tell our readers how accurately Mr. Ridder has been understood. He has declined to inform *The Outlook*, despite our request. We can therefore only report what the citizens of New York have heard. We are sure, however, that if he had said what he is reported to have said, he speaks for a very small number of citizens. We do not think that any one can control, by any appeal to greed for office, or by any picking out of incidental flaws in an honest administration, the votes of those whom Mr. Ridder nominally represents. The German-Americans of New York are too earnest a body of citizens either to be bribed by offices or to be deceived by even honest misrepresentations of fact.



## Try Again

You have tried the Christian life and you have failed, and you are inclined to give it up. You have gone to church, and the minister has been dull, and the church service and perhaps its membership unsatisfactory. You have suffered some practical injustice at the hands of a person of pretentious piety, and are cynically inclined to the conclusion that all piety is a false pretense. You have read your Bible faithfully and said your prayers. Nay! you have prayed, which is quite a different thing from saying prayers. But your prayers have not been answered; you have made nothing out of it all; you have not had the peace and joy which you had promised yourself. Moreover, if you are frank with yourself, you confess to yourself, though to no one else, that you have failed in righteousness. Not only have you not been happy, you have not been true to your own ideals of character. You have yielded to temptation; you are ashamed of yourself as well as disgusted with your neighbor and disgruntled with the world. Your summary of the past six months is, "I have tried and failed." Your spirit is expressed in the conclusion, "It is no use."

What does this conclusion at which you are tending mean? It means that you are giving up manhood. It means that it is no use to try to be a man. What, then, will you be? Will you revert to the beast? You are emerging, we are all emerging, from the animal condition. You have done the things you hate as you look back upon them. So had Paul. You are bound to a dead past whose memories haunt you. So was he. You are bound to a body of death, in this bundle of appetites and passions, of vanities and ambitions, of strong impulses and weak will, which make up the animal self from which the aspirations of your higher nature summon you. This also was Paul's condition. To give the struggle up is to drop back into the animal; it is to abandon the purpose to be a man. Are you ready for that conclusion? There are bad men in the church, therefore you will leave the church. By the same logic, because there are bad men in business, therefore you must give up business; because there are bad men in society, you must give up society; because there is badness in yourself, you must abandon yourself. This is what your cynical and half-formed resolution means. Did you ever consider what self-abandonment means? Are you really ready to adopt it as the final outcome of your life? There remains suicide. But have you any reason to think that another life will give you any greater advantages from this battle than are given by this life? Or are you quite sure that suicide is self-destruction, and death an eternal sleep, and that they will give you a sure refuge?

Summon your courage. Try again. Let failure nerve you to a new purpose. Take an hour to look the situation fairly in the face; to determine what you are willing to become; what you wish to become; what you are resolved to become. Then set out to achieve that purpose. Nothing is impossible to a manly resolve. Failure only nerves the true man to new endeavor. He learns from his defeats what are his weaknesses and how to guard against them. Take what helps you; avoid what hinders you. If the church helps you, use it; if it hinders you, avoid it. If one church hinders and another helps, take the one that helps and avoid the one that hinders. But whatever you do, do not do nothing. Take counsel of

courage, not of despair. The first exercise of manhood is the resolve to be a man, whatever it may cost and however long it may take.



## The Spectator

It was the recent privilege of the Spectator to listen to an informal but eloquent talk from that "genial theologian," the Rev. Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow—for so he was named in a felicitous introduction, "a Scotchman who not only could recognize a joke, but perpetrate one himself on occasion." Why, queried the Spectator in passing, is—perhaps better was—geniality so often dissociated from theology? Is theology of necessity a "dismal science" like political economy? Dr. Smith quite appropriately chose "Imperialism" for his topic, for he was a guest—"the" guest—at the dinner of a New England chapter of the Society of Colonial Wars. This is a society whose members belong to it by right of descent from fellow-subjects with Dr. Smith's own ancestors of a British king—subjects who lived on a different continent because of the first stirrings of that impelling imperialism which has since peopled remotest world-corners with men of the race. Thus Dr. Smith and his hosts were brought together on an occasion designed to laud the adventurous spirit of a common ancestry—a tie emphasized, in his individual case, by the fact, as he himself noted, that he was born in Calcutta, a "Mutiny baby," thus being, in a sense, the peculiar offspring of imperialism.



Of the delightful asides and charming casual humor of Dr. Smith's talk the Spectator will, of course, attempt no mention, these were so wholly born of the passing spirit of the hour. Two often-forgotten aspects of imperialism, as presented by Dr. Smith, seemed to him, however, most suggestive. The first concerns the fact that emigration involves immigration; that Scotland, no less than New England, is face to face with the problem of influx, a less desirable and unhomogeneous population flowing in to fill any vacuum created by those who have "moved out." The Spectator, taking the matter for granted in careless fashion,

had always supposed that the United States enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the immigration as distinguished from the emigration problem—that, indeed, one of our National distinctions was the general success, due allowance being made for an expected percentage of failure, to be credited to our institutions in assimilating aliens. He had supposed, American-like, that immigration was almost an unqualified blessing to all "foreign countries," meaning practically the rest of the world, since it relieved the pressure of population and gave those who were left a better chance, that is, more opportunity and higher wages. He was then surprised to learn from Dr. Smith that whereas in his boyhood a Jew was as uncommon a sight in Scotland as an "American Indian," the Jews are now so numerous that their competition appreciably affects the rate of wages in certain industries. Dr. Smith's attention had been called personally to the fact through service on a government commission appointed to investigate industrial conditions.



In talking the matter over later with a Scotch-American friend, the Spectator was again surprised to learn how general is the recognition of the seriousness of the problem, the Trade-Unions' Federation in Scotland, for example, having already started a movement aimed at the restriction of immigration. The Spectator's friend loaned him, for his further information, a number of clippings from Glasgow papers, filled largely with evidence taken by the Alien Immigration Commission sitting in London. From these clippings it appeared, among other things, that the "Jewish invasion" had reached even to Ireland, the traditional land of wholesale emigration, the land where, as the Spectator was brought up to believe, nobody stayed who could by any possibility get away; that the Jews in Scotland had very nearly monopolized the manufacture of ready-made clothing, having brought the price of the average cheap suit of tweed, serge, or vicuna down to thirty-five shillings (about \$8.50) and having absolutely killed the trade in second-hand clothing; that mine-owners in the west of Scotland had encouraged the immigration of cheap Polish laborers and had aroused strike agitation by reduc-

ing wages. This last, so exactly reproducing the policy pursued years ago in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, struck the Spectator as curious confirmatory evidence of the saying that "human nature is pretty much the same the world over"—a saying which, stripped of euphemism, means that human selfishness can be depended upon to manifest itself in identically conscienceless ways, given the same chance.

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The other aspect of imperialism in Dr. Smith's talk touched on its penalty of the distant grave, the family scattered in death—the cost of the adventurous migratory spirit, in his use of the word—and seemed to the Spectator peculiarly impressive. This penalty was suggested to Dr. Smith apropos of the universal sacrifices of the Boer War—the members of many families throughout Great Britain, of every social condition, who now lie buried side by side far away in South Africa. But, as he said, this was only a present example of what the adventurous spirit had cost the race from the days of Drake and Raleigh. Again and again, during a life of frequent travel, he had found in remote spots, on visiting the local cemetery (as had now become his custom), a little group of English graves, sometimes of soldiers, sometimes of civilians, telling the story of those who had fallen by the way in distant lands. For his own part, Dr. Smith added that, fanciful though it seem, he had come to believe that the sundered family ties and final separation in death, with all the longing and the brooding of which this end was the finis, the distressing experiences of generation after generation, had contributed their part toward that note of melancholy which distinguishes British character and literature.

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Turning from his side of the water to our own, Dr. Smith touched on the American share in this common inheritance, one to be brought closer home to us in coming years as our colonial departure carried the Nation further beyond its continental limits, but one not unknown to us in the past. To what this pathetic inheritance had meant to some New England homes he was himself a witness. Visiting the English cemetery in Crete, he had found in a remote corner a group of

American graves, of children, women, and men. There lay the members of a little band of American missionaries who had set forth in the first enthusiasm of the new movement to do their work in Turkey. Barred of entrance on their arrival, but hopeful of a new time of opportunity, they had tarried in sight of the appointed land of duty, set in their purpose not to turn back, though the weaker and then the stronger succumbed to the trying climate, until the last survivor answered, "Adsum"—all laid at rest, with their faces toward the East, toward the rising sun and the shores they were not permitted to reach. "In hoc signo vinces."

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Little as otherwise they had in common, the spirit in which these American missionaries met their death of disappointment, content to be buried where duty sent them—the spirit of the sign which conquers—recalled to the Spectator the death of Prince Christian Victor, son of the Princess Helena, and grandson of Queen Victoria. "The first member of the royal family to enter and go through a public school in the ordinary regular way," says a memorial volume by Mr. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, his too short career more than justified this "experiment in reality." By his own insistence, every honor accorded him was won fairly on his merits, from the captaincy of his (Wellington) school eleven, of which he was the proudest, to the confidence of his fellow-officers for his good sense, knowledge of technique, bravery and coolness in action, shown while campaigning in Egypt and India. His charm was his unassuming democracy, for during his service in South Africa he corresponded with equal regularity with the Queen and with a non-commissioned officer. Having reached at thirty-one the rank of brevet-major, he succumbed in 1900 to an attack of enteric fever while in Pretoria, where he was buried. This was in accordance with a noble wish which he repeated to his own mother each time he said good-by to her on leaving for the front: "If anything happens to me, please don't have me brought home. It is so unfair to the men if the officers are brought home, as they have to be left out. What's good enough for the men is good enough for me."



# Personal Impressions of Pius X.

By Daniel Clifford Branson

**J**OSEPH, Cardinal Sarto, henceforth to be known to the world and to history as Pius X., seems to me singularly unfamiliar to the general public. Even in Italy one heard little of him. On the rare occasions when he came to Rome and perhaps appeared along with other Cardinals at some papal function in St. Peter's, I used to hear all around me, "Who is that?" His face even was unknown to most of the crowd. This was not due solely or even chiefly to the fact of his being a provincial. The massive figure and strangely baggy eyes of Cardinal Svampa were as familiar to Rome as to Bologna. Cardinal Ferrari could not easily have gone about unrecognized. But Cardinal Sarto knew intuitively and superlatively how to keep quiet.

In his own Venice it was much the same. Certainly the Venetians themselves knew and loved him. There was no help for it. But of the thousands of travelers who faithfully saw Venice every year, and who at the end of their stay could tell you almost anything, from the site of Titian's grave to the prices of things at Florian's, very few could have told you the name of the Cardinal Patriarch. For in Venice, too, he kept quiet. But the Venetians knew him!

That is the first impression he gives, the impression of an equanimity not easily disturbed. He looked his best when one saw him, not in some high ceremonial, muffled and half-hidden in gorgeous vestments that would stand up of their own stiffness; but rather in his everyday cassock, walking through the corridors of the seminario or in the twisting alleys of its garden, or, perhaps, just stepping out of his gondola. Then there stood before you a man who seemed of medium height, though I suspect him of being taller, very straight, tranquil, but sure and decided in every movement, even in every little gesture.

He always seemed to me young for a Cardinal, although I knew he was not. But his fresh, almost boyish complexion, and his appearance of not only having but enjoying perfect health are oddly

incongruous with the silvery hair that struggles rebelliously from beneath the red *zuchetto*. He will never be able to do anything with that hair, unless, in time, the weight of the tiara may partially subdue it. It is "all anywhere" over his forehead, a riot of white fluff, giving a quaint and attractive dash of carelessness to a figure otherwise immaculately neat and orderly.

Pius X. has fine eyes. They are wide open, and their look meets your own squarely and with a charming frankness. You spend very little time indeed in arriving at the conclusion that you like this man, and that the devotion of his Venetians is comprehensible enough.

The first time I ever saw him, so far as I can remember, he was walking along slowly, surrounded by some half-dozen little seminarists. They were thoroughly respectful, of course, these little Venetian cherubim, but it was clear that they did not stand in any sort of awe of him. They seemed, rather, to have that boundless confidence in him which small boys give to a big friend. The Patriarch never for a moment relaxed his gentle gravity, but spoke to them as courteously as if they had been so many Bishops—no condescension, but just the manner of a man who genuinely likes children and knows that they like him. Many of the Italian clergy, especially in the country towns and villages, have this to perfection. You may notice over and again that the *parroco*, or parish priest, can scarcely budge from his door without a lot of absurdly handsome little brats clinging to his cassock and begging him for a *santo*—that is to say, one of those little cards with gorgeously colored pictures of the various saints which abound all over Italy. And perhaps the good old man will rummage his pockets and hand out cards all round, or he may kindly shake his head and tell them "*Pazienza*, some other time." In either case they kiss his hand and scamper away as pleased as boys well could be.

Well, the new Pope began as just such a parish priest. In that capacity he

labored for years, and from it he rose by slow gradations and, as Emerson said of Napoleon, "by very intelligible merits," to the Patriarchate of Venice, and now to the throne of Catholic Christendom. But through it all he has remained essentially the parish priest. His parish has widened from a village to the world, but he himself summed it all up in what he is reported to have said to a friend the day after his election: "The color of my robes has changed, but I am the same Sarto."

Village or Vatican, his surroundings change, but he does not. He will have, of course, new duties, and will have to get accustomed to things never before expected of him. He must exchange his gondola for the plaguy oscillations of *sedia gestatoria* as he is borne in unsteady triumph through St. Peter's. He who has loved quiet, who has so long shunned publicity, must school himself to be cheered and beclapped and huzzaed by thousands every time he lets himself be seen. Less than two weeks ago he was off climbing mountains; now he is a prisoner for life. Certainly these are contrasts. But it is safe to say that he will accept what comes, just as, if he had remained all his life a village priest, he would have accepted that—and thanked God.

That, as I read the man, is the basis of his character—simple, unquestioning piety. He was elected Pope for a reason which has not always primarily influenced the actions of Conclaves—for the plain, old-fashioned reason that he was a good man. The very simplicity of his nature is in salient contrast to the infinitely subtle and many-sided personality of his predecessor. We hear much discussion as to whether the policy of Leo XIII. will be continued or not. One thing is certain. There is a very striking change in the personality of the Pope. It will show in small things as well as in great. We shall have no more of those charming Latin verses, ranging in subject-matter from Horace to the hygiene of gastronomy—poems to the Madonna, and poems on the new electric lights in the Vatican. And we shall have no more politics in the grand manner. Papa Sarto—as the Romans will presently be calling him—is not a political Pope. One need only look at his face to see that. Leo XIII. had a

politician's face. Even in the closing years of his venerable age, when I used to see him borne into St. Peter's, white, frail, unearthly, seeming rather a spectral visitant from another world, his face was still the face of the master-diplomatist who brought Bismarck to Canossa, and whom the Iron Chancellor called "the greatest statesman in Europe." Cardinal Rampolla has a politician's face *par excellence*. He goes through the motions of piety with edifying correctness, and by this I do not at all mean to call his sincerity in question. But his expression and manner are predominantly worldly. I remember once observing him as he knelt before the sacrament in St. Peter's. A lady standing beside me whispered, "Isn't that a saint's face?" She saw what certainly was invisible to me. Now Pope Pius has not a saint's face, but the face of a kind, sensible man and energetic worker.

He is a man of scholarly tastes and a lover of the arts. His fondness for music and his patronage of Don Lorenzo Perosi have been much spoken of since his accession. The simple truth is that, with the best intentions, he came near wrecking Perosi's career. After one or two initial successes, the boy composer—for he was little more—came to Rome fortified with the recommendation of the Cardinal Patriarch. Here he was at once taken up and inordinately advertised by the Church. His fame was trumpeted to the four quarters of the earth, as if a new Palestrina had suddenly appeared. The natural result was an output of terribly amateurish music, evidently composed in haste and carelessly, which brought down a storm of adverse criticism all over Europe. However, Perosi is young enough to outlive the results of his premature celebrity. He has undeniable genius, and I am convinced that he will presently do work of serious value. And there is every reason to hope that the musical tastes of the new Pontiff will contribute to lift church music in Rome from the slough of despond into which it has fallen of late years. Any one familiar with the great functions of the Church in Rome, especially Holy Week and Easter, must agree that the music is scandalously inadequate to the place and the occasion.

Pope Pius is also a lover of painting,

in which capacity he once rather frightened me. This was in Venice. I was helping a friend celebrate a birthday by a visit to Giorgione's "Apollo and Daphne," in the Seminario Patriarchale. Save for the *custode*, we had the room of pictures to ourselves. The light on the Giorgione was bad, and I suggested to the attendant that we take the picture down from the wall and put it on a chair by the window. He agreed. Persons who have lived in Italy will understand the nature of the arguments we used. It was a wildly irregular thing to do, and we felt rather like stage conspirators all the time we were handling the picture. However, we saw the Giorgione to better advantage, probably, than any one else of this generation has. So we came out of the room jubilant—and walked plump into Cardinal Sarto! The Patriarch looked benevolent enough, and no doubt felt so, but to my imagination, at the moment, he seemed to have the major excommunication up his sleeve; and I lost no time in carrying my guilty conscience elsewhere.

Just one more recollection. It goes back to a day in the Jubilee year 1900, when a large pilgrimage of Venetians and North Italians were received by Leo XIII. in St. Peter's. They were presented by Cardinal Sarto, who read an address to the Pope. His sonorous voice carried far, with just the slightest touch of Venetian accent. As he stood there, erect and stately, he looked a strikingly handsome man. His few gestures, as he spoke, were deliberate, measured. Nothing could have been more different than the manner of Leo XIII. in replying. He was not still for an instant. His hands and arms were in a state of perpetual motion, reinforcing all that he said with that peculiar expressiveness of Italian gesture which makes even ordinary conversation almost dramatic. At times, in his emphasis and earnestness, he would half rise out of his throne. I watched the marked contrast with the greatest interest, but certainly without suspecting that I was looking at two Popes instead of one—Leo the statesman and Pius the priest.

## Negro Education

By H. B. Frissell

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**W**HY should negro education differ from any other? Colored men have demonstrated their ability to think the highest thoughts, to do the noblest deeds. There is no dead-line in education beyond which the negro cannot go. Only comparatively few white children have the mental ability to carry them through high school and college; that there are still fewer negro children who go beyond the grammar school is not surprising when we consider their heredity and environment. Yet it is true that representatives of the negro race, both this year and in former years, have taken the highest honors at Yale, Harvard, and other universities. The negro naturally looks with suspicion on anything that seems like an endeavor to provide for him a second or third rate education. He wants the best, and he ought to have an opportunity to get the best that he is capable of receiving.

But while it is true that there is no

dead-line in the education of the negro, the long years spent by his ancestors in African jungles or under a tropical sun, far removed from the lines of commerce, have given a heritage to the great masses of his race of dense ignorance and superstition, weak will-power, and but small sense of responsibility. They stand in great need of the sort of education which consists largely in learning by doing, and which trains the whole man into economic efficiency and Christian character.

President Eliot, in his address before the National Educational Association, quoted Emerson as saying that the acquisition of some sort of manual skill and the practice of some form of manual labor are essential elements of culture. "This idea," said President Eliot, "has more and more become accepted in the systematic education of youth." Manual training and manual labor, then, are recognized by the highest authority in this country as important factors in the education of

the highest type of man that the country can produce. It would certainly seem that they should be considered essential parts of the training of a people only a few generations removed from barbarism. All agree that character is the main object of education. How is that best produced? By the study of books, or by the intelligent performance of daily work? Probably by a judicious combination of the two.

The relative importance of providing young people with broad mental culture and of preparing them to earn their own living must be considered in any system of education. There is beginning to be, throughout the country, a realization of the fact that the real ends of education have often been neglected in an excessive attention to the school machine. President Eliot says, "It cannot be denied that there is serious and general disappointment in the results of popular education up to this date." "The cry of the land," declares Phillips Brooks, "is for a moral influence to go out from the schools and colleges." And Herbert Spencer goes to the root of the matter when he says, "The fact is that scarcely any connection exists between morality and the discipline of ordinary teaching. Mere culture of the intellect (and education as usually conducted amounts to little more) is hardly at all operative upon conduct." Now, if conduct and character are or ought to be the real objects of education, and our system of academic training is confessedly not altogether successful in producing character even among a people who have the advantage of generations of discipline behind them, who have good homes and all that makes for the best in life, is it exactly the right kind of education for the negro? Is the ordinary course of study given in our public schools, which has not produced the hoped-for results among any of our people, just the sort of training best adapted to the masses of a race which inherits sloth and lack of will-power from ancestral life in a tropical country, and whose experience in slavery deprived them of homes of their own and but slightly fostered responsible action? In regard to the Hawaiians, a race, at the time of which he wrote, in a stage of development similar to that of the negroes, General Armstrong noted the fact that although

ninety-five per cent. of them, from five to twenty-one, were at school, yet they were decaying. "Spelling-books," he says, "do not, as a matter of course, make manly fiber, and practical self-restraint is not the immediate result of learning."

✓The aims of negro education must be the same as those for any other race; but differences in conditions necessitate differences in methods. While every opportunity for advanced training should be given to those capable of receiving it, there seems no doubt that in the education of most of the leaders as well as of the masses of the colored race stress should be laid upon the sort of education which, at the same time that it imparts economic independence, develops mind and character. ✓We believe with General Armstrong that an institution especially devoted to colored youth must provide a training more than usually comprehensive; must include both sexes and a variety of occupations; must produce moral as well as mental strength; and while making its students first-rate mechanics, must also make them first-rate men and women. ✓The foundation of character must be the first consideration. The negro lacks continuity. He turns easily from one thing to another. Therefore he should be encouraged to anchor himself by buying land and establishing a home. The creation of an intelligent work-habit is one of the most important features of his education. The habit of working systematically and steadily should be formed in the public schools. ✓It is there that a love for agriculture and other industrial pursuits may most easily be instilled.

And this manual training is not needed in negro schools alone. At a recent Hampton Conference, a Northern man, the principal of a Connecticut normal school, said that native Americans were being supplanted in the factories of his State by better-trained foreign workmen. He claimed that the remedy for this condition lay in the introduction of manual training into the public schools. A Southern man, the Superintendent of Schools for Virginia, attributed the comparative poverty of his State to the lack of agricultural and mechanical instruction in its schools; and several of the prominent colored men present spoke strongly in favor of an education that would teach

their people how to live and how to work intelligently. The Indian day-schools are doing much in this direction. Each one is taught by a man and his wife, and combines farm, home, and school. The boys are taught farming as well as arithmetic, and the girls are trained in the duties of home life. Similar schools for negroes are to be found here and there in the South. In the various outgrowths of Hampton and Tuskegee the industrial features are emphasized. The Calhoun School in Alabama carries on true settlement work, training its young people in the duties of home and community life, and by means of its Land Company encouraging their parents to acquire property and become useful, self-respecting citizens. In Virginia, through the Southern Industrial Classes, cooking, sewing, gardening, and bench work have been established in the colored schools of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Hampton, and Newport News, and in many rural communities. A more general introduction of such courses into the public schools of the country could not fail to result in a closer correlation of school with real life. Habits of work would be inculcated, and a new appreciation of common things would lead to less artificiality and greater usefulness. Above all, the pupils' moral and mental

fiber would be strengthened, and the schools would be less open to the accusation that they fail to produce men and women.

But the work begun in the public schools should not end there. Manual training of some kind should enter into every department of education. It should be a part of the curriculum of our colleges and theological seminaries. That should not be called a higher education which enables a man to escape from the labor of the hand. We used to think that the study of books was the only source of culture. Fortunately, we are now beginning to realize that culture does not depend on this alone. "We are becoming convinced that some intimate, sympathetic acquaintance with the natural objects of the earth and sky adds greatly to the happiness of life, and that this acquaintance should be begun in childhood and developed all through adolescence and maturity." The shop and the farm as well as books are needed to make a truly educated man. This is true of every part of our country, but it is especially true of the South, where eighty per cent. of the whole population live in the country, and it applies still more particularly to the negro, whose salvation is to be won out of the soil.

## To Sleep

By Mary Page Bird

Oh, healing Sleep, why art so shy of me?  
 I, who have wooed thee from my childhood's day;  
 The night without thee marked a lonely way,  
 The stars looked down upon a silent sea.  
 I missed the sweetness of security,  
 While in their little beds the others lay  
 And dreamed their little dreams of love and play,  
 And I without thee tossing feverishly.

Oh! wilt thou never look on me with generous eyes  
 Till, forced to these poor arms, the moment when  
 Death gives thee to me solves all mysteries—  
 A sleeping and forgetting shunned of men?  
 As now I grudge thee no sweet sacrifice,  
 Oh, gentle Sleep, be tender to me then!

# The German Elections and the Social Democrats

By G. Monroe Royce

THE elections which have just taken place throughout the German Empire have created, or rather revealed, a political situation which, if not critical, is at least exceedingly interesting. Out of a total of about seven million and a half votes, nearly one-half were cast by the Social Democrats. But this means more than the mere figures indicate; for, taken together with the other parties that are known to be unfriendly to the Government, it proves beyond doubt that a large majority of the German people are resolutely opposed to the present régime of officialism, militarism, and tariff. This it certainly does mean, if nothing more. There is, in fact, scarcely any Government party left in the Reichstag—the Conservatives being the only party the Government can call its own, and this is a small and a constantly diminishing body. Other parties, such as the Centrum, or Clericals, and the Agrarians, frequently support the Ministry when it suits their convenience; but always for reasons of their own and interests of their own, and never for pure love of the Government. The Emperor and his Ministers fully appreciate their strange and somewhat precarious position, and rely almost wholly upon the hope that they may be able in the future, as they have been in the past, to play off the Clericals, the Agrarians, and most of the other parties—which number about a dozen—against the solid front and menacing attitude of the Social Democrats. But we shall see what we shall see—as the French say. This, then, is the situation, and there is nothing like it in any country in Europe or America, and I doubt if there ever was. Such a condition of things would be quite impossible in England, France, or Italy, or any other country where there is any semblance of a popular form of government. And yet in some respects, or at least in one respect, the German is the most popular of all forms of national government, for it comes nearer

to universal suffrage even than England, and the members of the Imperial Diet or Parliament are the direct representatives of the expressed will of the people. But, in spite of this fact, they, the chosen members of the nation's congress, are unable to make or unmake governments. They can have nothing whatever to say as to who shall or who shall not belong to the governing body—that is, the Imperial Cabinet.

In England, France, or Italy the defeat of a Government measure of first importance means a change at once in the personnel of the Government to harmonize with the will of the nation's chosen representatives. Not so in Germany. Here the Government may be beaten on every one of its cherished measures and still remain in office. So that while the Imperial Diet represents the people, the Government represents, and represents only, the Emperor. The Emperor alone appoints and dismisses the Ministers, and they are responsible to him and to him only. There exists, therefore, in Germany the strange anomaly of a wholly popular national legislative body on the one hand, and a wholly autocratic imperial government on the other; and now that these two forces confront each other in hostile array, it looks as though something interesting might happen. At any rate, it seems very like a critical moment in the political and economic German world, and I feel sure that a brief account of the circumstances that have led up to this apparent crisis will be found interesting to English and American readers.

I write from Germany, where I have resided for nearly five years, and where I have been a somewhat close student of the trend of things, political and social, so far as my imperfect knowledge of the language would permit. I have not, however, depended entirely upon my own observations, as I have had kind friends among the knowing ones on all sides who have kept me informed, and with whom I

have discussed from time to time the progress of events—the chief feature of which has been, of course, the rise and amazing growth of the Social Democratic party.

The history of this party thus far is compassed within the life of a single man—Herr Ferdinand Augustus Bebel. Herr Bebel was born near Cologne in 1840, and educated as a turner. He became a Socialist under the leadership of Liebknecht, and ~~was~~ the main influence in bringing together the followers of Marx and Lassalle, out of which he formed the Social Democratic party, and has been from the first its unchallenged leader. Herr Bebel's leadership has been abundantly justified by events, and he made no vain and empty boast when he declared the day after the election, in his paper the "Vorwärts," that "Berlin is the capital and Germany the empire of the Social Democratic party." Berlin returns six members to the Reichstag, five of whom were chosen by the Social Democrats on the first ballot; and the sixth requires a second ballot, with the probabilities strongly in favor of the Socialist candidate. Thus it appears that the whole delegation to the Reichstag from the capital city of the Empire will be members of the Social Democratic party. In the kingdom of Saxony—where Herr Bebel gained his first seat in the Reichstag—the Social Democrats have captured eighteen out of twenty-three seats on the first ballot, and all the other seats require a second vote. Out of these five contested seats the Socialists will surely secure three, so that we have, as one writer puts it, a whole kingdom, bag and baggage, going over into the Social Democratic camp. Whatever may be the result of the second ballot in Saxony, we know already that the Social Democrats have just doubled their vote within five years in this kingdom. This enormous increase is accounted for in a great measure by the reactionary methods of the Saxon Government, which has abolished universal suffrage within its own domain so far as it was able to do so. We have here in Saxony the curious political spectacle of a local parliament from which all Social Democrats are excluded; and yet this kingdom sends to the Imperial Parliament a solid body of Social Democratic representatives. In

Essen, where the Emperor made his famous speech over the grave of Herr Krupp, denouncing the Social Democrats as slanderers and murderers, this party has increased its vote since 1898 from four thousand four hundred to twenty-two thousand. "This is the way the people answer the Emperor's libels," said one of the German papers last week. Munich is the capital of the second State in the German Empire in point of inhabitants and territory. The city has a population of about five hundred thousand, of whom only fifty thousand are Protestants. And yet the Social Democrats have gained in this strong Roman Catholic city more than twenty thousand votes since the last election, and now outnumber the Clericals (the Roman Catholic party) by more than two to one. This is ample proof, if further proof were needed, that the Church and religion play but a very small part in this great German social upheaval. These elections settle all doubt concerning the cities and industrial centers. Berlin, Munich, Leipzig, Dresden, and the three free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, are all solidly in line for the cause of Social Democracy. Cologne, the stronghold of the Clerical party, is the only important city that still holds out, but with diminished force. "The country, that is to say the purely agricultural districts, are the only enemies of the Socialists that have anything left that is worth fighting for," said a German to me yesterday. "They make up the Agrarian party, which is the most stupidly selfish party in Germany." But even this party is showing signs of disintegration—if there is any truth in the saying that straws tell which way the wind blows. On this point I venture to give for what it is worth a case that has come under my own personal observation.

The little village of Grünwald in Bavaria, where I have had a summer residence for four years, is a purely agricultural community, and there is but one Protestant, so far as I know, in the whole district represented by this village. Farming, of one kind or another, but always in a very small way, is the only industry. The priest and the schoolmaster act together, and are the authorities on all religious and educational matters. There has never been, during my res-

public meeting held to advocate the principles of Social Democracy; and I had supposed that this was practically a unanimous Clerical constituency with Agrarian proclivities. But here is how these Roman Catholic peasant farmers have just voted: The total vote cast was 65. Out of this the Clericals polled 34, or barely a majority; the Agrarians 12, the Social Democrats 13, and the Liberals 6. The Social Democrats increased their vote in this little village since last election from 3 to 13. There was not one Conservative, *i. e.*, Government, vote cast. It appears from this that it may not be long before the village also capitulates to the Social Democrats. It indeed seems true that wherever the Social Democrats get a hearing, they get the votes. There are many striking details of these elections, all pointing to something resembling a universal conversion of the industrial classes to Social Democracy. The peasants are scattered over a wide area, and are always the last to be reached by any propaganda. But all German voters under the age of fifty can read and write, and the daily paper is now the most effective means of carrying on an agitation of any sort.

Of course the quidnuncs offer all sorts of explanations that do not explain; one of which is that the people will support any party that offers the most uncompromising opposition to the Government. This is a political philosophy as frankly pessimistic as anything could well be, and there may be a grain of truth in it. But no merely negative principle can go a great way in accounting for so positive a revolution—a revolution which is not merely or principally political, but industrial, economic, and social in the very widest sense. You cannot educate a whole nation of people, as the Germans are educated, and then expect them to be silent while their industrial and social interests are either wholly neglected or foully betrayed. The Social Democratic party in Germany is not so much a political as an industrial and social party. It does not take political preferment except as a means for industrial and social improvement; and this is perfectly well understood, and it is this that is winning for it the favor of the people. The signs of this popular favor are everywhere felt, if not always seen. It was thought for a

time that none but laborers and artisans could be attracted by this Socialist programme. But we know better now. This election has shown that the small merchant and trader, the small banker and builder, the doctor, the teacher, the professor, all have come to see and to know that the Social Democratic programme has many things to offer that they desire.

And now just what programme does the Social Democratic party in Germany offer? But it is better perhaps first to say what it does not offer. It does not offer State Socialism, as so many outsiders suppose. Except in a very limited sense, State Socialism is, or rather was, an Imperial measure, introduced by Bismarck to neutralize the effect of Social Democracy. His famous saying that every man has the right to work, and that the State should allow no man to go hungry, was State Socialism; and Bismarck was not afraid of the word Socialism, but used it on many occasions and in the frankest possible manner. There was, indeed, a period in Bismarck's career when he seemed to have been an honest convert to Socialism, in a very true sense. This was the time of his admiration and warm friendship for the brilliant Socialist Lassalle. His plans for State insurance and old-age pensions were Socialistic plans; but they were plans that centered in and gave strength to the Imperial Government. Germany has many such Socialistic features, which the Social Democrat accepts, such as State railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc. But there is nothing democratic in any of these State monopolies, as at present conducted; for they are all centralized in the most intense way, and are administered by an officialism which is often as insolent and arbitrary as a pure military government.

Bismarck, seeing that Socialism was inevitable in some form or other, hoped to emasculate it, or in some way destroy its dangerous tendencies, by placing it under Imperial supervision; and when he found that he could not succeed in doing this, he tried to stamp it out by repressive measures of the most thoroughgoing sort. The pretext for this energetic course he found in two attempts which were made upon the life of William I. The Social Democratic party was in no way implicated,



directly or indirectly, with these attempts at assassination, but Bismarck contended that it was, and really succeeded in persuading the public that it was; and the Social Democrats all over Germany were hunted like criminals from house to house. Their public meetings were interrupted and disbanded by the police in the most arbitrary manner and on the slightest pretext. These high-handed methods by the Iron Chancellor seemed for a time to succeed, and Social Democracy ran down to a very low ebb. Bebel, Liebknecht, Vollmar, and other leaders were frequently imprisoned, and for long periods. But, whether in prison or out of prison, these Socialists were always returned to the Reichstag. On the accession of the present Emperor and the dismissal of Bismarck from the post of Imperial Chancellor, the Social Democratic party again became an outward political power, and has grown rapidly in public favor ever since. That it is not Anarchistic is shown by the fact that early in its history it first broke with Bakunin and afterwards with Kropotkin. It also excluded John Most from its body, and forced him to leave Germany. It has never advocated or been responsible for any act of murderous violence, for it knows only too well that industrial amelioration can be brought about only by peaceful means. Social Democracy is not communism, as it advocates the right of private ownership under proper limits. And now, once again, what is Social Democracy? Its principle, broadly speaking, is collectivism; its programme, briefly stated, is municipal ownership of the means of production, and a just distribution of the wealth produced. Social Democracy advocates, of course, the State ownership of the postal system, railways, telegraphs, and all the means of transportation that the municipality cannot control. But these things are virtually accomplished facts in Germany, and need no further advocacy. The principle and programme of this party are neither "Anarchism," "Communism," nor "Utopianism." They are sane, practical, and just, and may be realized in any body politic without violence. Of course they would require some readjustments in the present economic methods that might disturb for the nonce the universal practice of private ownership in almost every-

thing. But no injustice to any person need follow; and this readjustment could be carried out in the most peaceable manner.

It will be seen that, both as regards principle and programme, the Social Democratic party does not commit itself to any system of State government, nor to any attitude toward the Church, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Those things it leaves to take care of themselves, but it intimates that if they know what is good for them they will not get in the way of this social and industrial evolution. This defines the situation exactly. Previous movements of this sort have first of all announced some theory or method of State government, and taken up some attitude toward the Church and religion. The Social Democratic movement does neither. It conducts an industrial and social propaganda along the lines of natural evolution, and leaves political systems and religious cults to decide their own fate. Its leaders have declared that religion is a private matter, with which this propaganda has nothing to do. Yet it goes without saying that this social and industrial revolution, though peaceful, cannot fail to affect in a most fundamental way the political and religious systems with which it is more or less in conflict. Moreover, it would be unnatural to suppose that this Social Democracy has no political nor religious ideals. As Herr Bebel has put it, "we aim in the domain of politics at Democracy or Republicanism, and in the domain of economics at Socialism that is collectivism." But they recognize that these are distinct and separate "domains," and they do not intend to confuse the issues and thereby defeat both objects.

Of course such economic changes as the Social Democratic party contemplates would not be long in securing a political form of government most favorable to their requirements, and this is the danger that threatens the present form of Imperial Government in Germany. But while the principles of Social Democracy are very definite, they are at the same time very flexible in form, and may accommodate themselves for the moment to all kinds of political systems, so long as their vitality is not impaired. Social Democracy does not feel itself called upon to run a tilt at every political it sees. Oppor-

tunism is just as serviceable and just as sensible here as in the domain of party politics. The leaders of this movement have learned wisdom through experience, and are not disposed any longer to sacrifice success for the sake of some questionable political or economic dogma. They have, in fact, ceased to be dogmatists. They are not only able leaders but practicable leaders. Herr Bebel is unquestionably the ablest leader in the Reichstag. Says the greatest living historian, Professor Mommsen: "The Social Democracy is the only great party which has any claim to political respect. Everybody in Germany knows that with brains like those of Herr Bebel it would be possible to furnish a dozen noblemen from the east of the Elbe in a fashion that would make them shine among their peers."<sup>1</sup> Herr von Vollmar is second only to Herr Bebel in ability. He belongs to the nobility by birth and training. He served through the Austrian war as a cavalry officer. He fought in the Bavarian army during the Franco-Prussian war, where he was wounded and made a cripple for life. He attained the rank of colonel, but threw up his commission for the cause of Socialism, in which he has worked ever since. His constituency is Munich, where he has just received an increase of twenty per cent. in the volume of his votes over the last election.

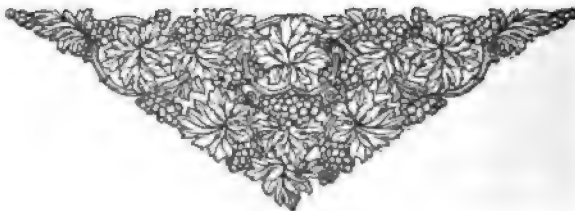
And, finally, what is the attitude of the Social Democrats toward the present Government's régime?

1. It would abolish the oppressive tariffs and establish free trade. (2) It would destroy militarism by transforming the standing army into a localized militia. (3) It would uproot officialism by vesting the appointing power in local bodies, and not in a centralized bureau.

<sup>1</sup> I take this extract from a quotation made in an article by Mr. Eltzbacher.

Now what will the Emperor and his Ministry do in the face of this army of three million Social Democrats? Will they, or rather he, accept the situation and bow before the inevitable? If so, he will have to dismiss his plans for a great navy and his dream of "world politics," and be content to reign over a peaceful, industrial, Socialistic Democracy. But if he should attempt repressive measures, what then? He will find that Germany has grown enormously in independence and in the knowledge of self-government since Bismarck's time. The last elections have shown that the Social Democrats constitute almost, if not quite, one-half of the German people, and it will be impossible to suppress such a determined body of intelligent citizens.

The Social Democrats have cast three million votes, but that they will secure seats in the Imperial Diet corresponding to their actual political strength no one expects. In the last Parliament the Social Democrats held only 57 seats, representing a popular vote of 2,107,100, and the Clericals were given 102 members on a popular vote of but 1,455,100. The average number of votes for each Social Democrat was therefore 36,966, while the average number of votes for the Clerical members was but 14,266—considerably under one-half the number of votes represented by each Social Democrat in the Reichstag. The Liberals, Conservatives, and all the other parties have each a much smaller basis for their representatives than the Social Democratic party. Should this party receive its just proportion, it would number about 175 members in the next Reichstag, and would virtually control all legislation. This enormous disproportion between the votes and the representatives of the Social Democratic party in the national Parliament is a grievance of the most serious character, into which, however, I cannot now enter.



# Taking Chances

By George Kennan

OF all the trout streams that fall into the Atlantic on the eastern side of Cape Breton Island, North River is perhaps the most picturesque and attractive. Heading in a wild mountain gorge about twenty miles north of Baddeck, it runs southeastward through a beautiful park-like valley to St. Ann's Bay, in an almost unbroken series of tumbling cascades, swift rapids, and broad shady pools, twelve or fifteen feet deep, where the foam-flecked water circles lazily over great reefs of sunken rocks, and where silvery trout, that have just come in from the sea, stop to rest and frolic as they run up-stream to their distant spawning-places.

I always went to North River for a few days' fishing in the early summer, if I could get any one to go with me; and when Mr. H——, who was the most enthusiastic and perhaps the most skillful angler of my acquaintance, proposed one morning that we drive over to the head of St. Ann's Bay and spend a day or two on North River and the Barassois, I caught eagerly at the suggestion. We left Baddeck at half-past eight, and after a ride of twenty miles reached the little farm-house of "the Squire"—our fishing headquarters—about half-past eleven. Kenneth, our Cape Breton driver, carried all of our equipment into the Squire's cozy parlor, and there we unpacked our bags, collected our tackle, and got ready for the river.

"You're not going to fish with that old rod, are you?" I inquired, as we went out to put our things into the wagon.

"What's the matter with that rod?" Mr. H—— replied, looking affectionately at the implement in question, and trying its elasticity in the air. "That's the best wooden rod I ever had."

"It may have been all right when it was new," I rejoined, "but it's played out. You've broken it two or three times already, and it's so patched up with gimp and surgeon's plaster that it's no good. It's too light for these waters, anyway; I don't believe it would hold an active tommycod."

"You don't know as much about fishing-tackle as you do about some other things,"

he replied, coolly. "That's a great rod; I've killed many a hundred pounds of trout on that rod; the splices don't hurt it any."

"Don't they! They make it look broken-backed and knock-kneed, besides spoiling the spring of it; I couldn't cast a straight line thirty feet with such a rod as that."

"No," he said, reflectively; "probably you couldn't, but I can."

"Why don't you take one of your new rods?" I persisted. "You've got half a dozen in the house; if you happen to strike a five-pound trout on that rickety old thing, you're going to lose him."

"Perhaps!" he replied, with provoking self-confidence, "and perhaps not; I'll take the chances."

"All right," I said, "take 'em, if you want to—chances are all you're likely to take, with that rod. I'll bet two to one you lose the first big fish you strike."

"Don't bet against that rod with me," he replied, laughingly. "If you do, you'll get left. Do you remember the song about 'the man behind the gun'? There's going to be a man behind that rod, as well as a big fish at the end of it."

Just at that moment the old Squire came out, bareheaded, to ask at what time we would like to have supper.

"About dark, Squire," replied my companion. "We'll fish up the river to the lower fall and back, and Kenneth can meet us with the wagon at Smith's Pool late in the afternoon."

Kenneth gathered up the reins, shouted "Get up out o' that!" to the tired horses, drove down a steep descent to the main road, and then over the shoulder of a big hill into the valley of North River.

Smith's Pool, where we intended to begin fishing, was a beautiful sheet of deep water, one hundred and fifty feet long and seventy-five feet wide, with a cascade at its upper end and a long, turbulent rapid below. It was fringed on the southern side by a dense growth of willows and alders, and on the north it was bounded by a high, rocky buttress crowned with trees, and a long beach of big water-worn pebbles which Mr. H—— called "the stone-pile." As the buttress on one side

and the alders on the other interfered to some extent with back-casting, the best places to stand were the pebble beach and a submerged ledge of rock, just below the cascade, at the very head of the pool. The ledge and the beach were on the same side of the stream, and were only sixty or seventy feet apart; but as they were separated by a deep bay, whose margin was thickly fringed with alders, it was by no means an easy task to get from one to the other. If a man should strike a big fish from the ledge, and the fish should run down-stream into the lower rapid, it would be impossible to follow him without swimming the bay, or crawling around the head of it through the bushes. The ledge, moreover, was a dangerous place to stand. It was nothing but a submerged shelf of slippery rock, and a man who waded out on it and stood there knee-deep in a rushing current, with the cascade behind him and fifteen feet of water directly in front, took several kinds of chances.

As Mr. H—— insisted that I should have the choice of positions, I forded the lower rapid and began casting from the pebble beach opposite the center of the pool. After a few experimental casts from the other side, he also crossed the stream, went up above me, crawled through the bushes at the head of the little bay, and waded cautiously out on the submerged ledge.

It was evident, even before we had taken our places, that the river was full of fresh-run trout, and that many of them were large. Circular ripples were constantly appearing over a deep-lying reef of sunken rocks opposite the stone-pile, and now and then I could see a flash-like gleam of silver as a big fish darted up from the depths of the pool, flurried the surface with a frolicsome sweep of his tail, and then vanished under cover of the disturbance that he had made. Almost every cast was followed by a quick responsive rise, and in half an hour I had taken six or eight fish, ranging in weight from a pound and a quarter to two pounds and a half. I looked up-stream occasionally at Mr. H——, and saw that he was casting with a short line over the head of the pool and drawing his fly slowly across the current, ten or fifteen feet below the cascade. Up to that time he had caught nothing; and I was just about to suggest that he should join me

on the pebble beach, when my fly, which I had allowed to sink a few inches under water, was suddenly taken by a very large trout and carried in a fierce rush to the opposite side of the pool. Almost at the same instant Mr. H—— shouted, with more excitement than he generally permitted himself to show, "Oh, Kennan! I've got a whale!" I glanced toward the head of the pool and saw that he was wading slowly and cautiously off the sunken ledge toward the sloping face of the rocky buttress, with his crippled rod bent into a dangerously narrow arch over the deep water just below the cascade. I had time, however, only for a hasty glance. My own fish was making such an energetic fight that I couldn't watch the movements of my companion, even if he did have a "whale." After half a dozen frenzied rushes, my trout settled down among the rocks at the very bottom of the pool and sulked—resisting, without apparent effort, the utmost strain that I dared put upon him. While he lay there, making up his mind what he would do next, I had a chance to look again at Mr. H——. To my great surprise, his rod was still bent over the stretch of water directly under the cascade, and his line had not moved a foot.

"What have you got there?" I cried. "A snag?"

"Not much! I don't hook snags. I've got a big trout—that's what!"

"But why doesn't he do something?" I inquired, skeptically. "You've had him on ten minutes, and he hasn't moved a foot."

"Don't you worry! He'll do something all right when he gets good and ready. I'm trying to figure out what I'll do when he makes a break; I can't get around through those bushes without giving him slack, and I'm afraid to play him from here. I wish I were down on your beach."

Five minutes more passed without any particular change in the situation. Mr. H—— lessened the spring of his rod, then increased it almost to the breaking point, and then suddenly lessened it again; but the obstinate fish at the end of the line kept close to the cascade, where the down-rush of water counteracted, to some extent, the upward strain.

"I believe that trout weighs all of six pounds," he said, as he concluded his

experiments. "I can't move him an inch. My rod feels as if I were fast to a tombstone."

"You're probably fast to a rock or an old snag," I said, with an assumed air of conviction. "No trout just in from the ocean would lie perfectly still for a quarter of an hour with a hook in his mouth and a steady pull like that on him; he'd rush, from the word go. Did you see him when he rose?"

"No, he took the fly two or three feet under water; I let it sink in an eddy."

"Get hold of the line," I suggested, "then you can tell what you're fast to."

"I know a better way than that," he replied. "If you think it's a snag, just watch out!" and, picking up a big stone from the slope of the rocky buttress, he tossed it into the pool, just below the cascade.

Then things suddenly began to happen. With a shrill whir of the reel, Mr. H——'s line started swiftly down-stream under the arch of my rod, cutting the water like a thin knife-blade, and leaving a fine V-shaped ripple in its wake. Fifty feet ran out—seventy-five feet—a hundred feet—a hundred and forty feet—without the slightest variation in the sharp metallic buzz of the whirling reel.

"Stop him!" I shouted. "You've got to stop him! He's almost in the lower rapid!"

Mr. H—— checked his reel suddenly; the long sagging line lifted and tightened; the rod bent with the increasing strain until I expected every instant to see it snap; and out of the shallow water at the extreme lower end of the pool leaped a bar of polished silver, two feet or more in length.

"Aha!" I shouted, in fierce excitement. "It's a salmon! Now, Mr. Man Behind the Rod, you've got your work cut out for you! Don't you wish now that you'd taken my advice? You'll never get that fish with your old broken-backed cripple of a rod!"

"Don't bank too much on what you don't know," he retorted. "I'll get him all right if you'll keep your trout out of the way."

The salmon leaped two or three times, just above the lower rapid, and then started up-stream, throwing the whole pool into commotion. Two more salmon, whose presence we had not even suspected,

sprang into the air over the reef of submerged rocks; my trout made a frightened rush toward the cascade; and Mr. H——'s line suddenly slackened, fell into the water, and disappeared. I thought for an instant that his rod had broken, and that in the tangle we should lose both fish; but he was merely changing his base of operations. In order to get to the beach where I stood, he was struggling around the little bay, holding his rod high above his head and shifting it from hand to hand to clear the bushes. In a moment he joined me, passed his rod under mine so as to uncross our lines, ran to the lower end of the beach, reeled in the slack until he could feel the tug of the fish, and then shouted: "Keep your trout near the head of the pool if you can, and I'll play the salmon below. We're all right if they don't run around each other and get mixed."

By putting a heavy strain on the trout and reeling in every inch of line I could get, I managed to hold him near the mouth of the little bay, giving the salmon a free range outside and below. For the next half-hour all our energies and all our skill were devoted to the work of tiring those two big fish and keeping them apart. We were succeeding fairly well, when, in the very midst of the struggle, Mr. H——, whose attention nothing escaped, shouted: "Kennan! There's a mink stealing fish out of your basket; if you don't stop him you won't have a trout left."

I had put my creel in a cool, shady place just back of the beach, where I thought it would be perfectly safe, and the daring little beast was busily engaged in carrying my trout up into the woods. For the next quarter of an hour we had to fish with one hand, throw stones with the other, and carry on a sort of triangular fight with mink, trout, and salmon.

At the end of a forty-five minute struggle I finally gaffed my trout, which weighed nearly four pounds, moved my fish-basket to a safer place, and sat down on the beach to eat my luncheon. When I had finished, Mr. H—— said, persuasively, "Now, Kennan, won't you take this salmon for a little while and give me a chance to eat? I'm hungry and tired."

"If I take him," I replied, "it must be with the distinct understanding that you're

not to hold me responsible for anything that happens. I haven't a bit of confidence in your crazy old rod—at least in my hands—and if I lose your fish, as I probably shall, you're not to throw it up to me, nor say to anybody that you hooked a big salmon and then Kennan bungled and let it get away. I'll do the best I can, but you've got to take all the chances and say nothing whatever."

"All right!" he replied, "I'll risk it. If you lose him, I won't say a word. Keep all the strain you can on him, and if he starts to run down-stream, I'll come to the rescue."

I took the rod, and Mr. H—— sat down on the beach to eat his lunch and smoke.

"It's a curious thing," he said, "that I should so often strike salmon when I'm fishing for trout. Only a week or two ago, on Middle River, I hooked one with a small fly and on a very light rod. I was alone that day; I hadn't any gaff; and how I was going to land him I didn't know. I held a heavy strain on him for two or three hours, threw stones at him every time he sulked, kept him constantly on the move, and finally tired him out—or at least tired him so that I thought I could get him ashore. When he began to turn occasionally on his side, I led him slowly and carefully into shallow water, and then, just before his belly touched the sand, I threw myself down on him at full length and scooped him out on to the beach with my hands. It wasn't a very sportsmanlike proceeding, but I got my fish. I had just killed him, and was filling my pipe for a smoke, when a red-bearded Highlander rose slowly to his feet in the bushes, not fifty feet away, looked at me with a humorous smile, and said, 'Hahn-somely done, Mистер H—— I an' it's a fine sawmon, whatefer!'"

"'Confound you!' I said, 'have you been there all this time? Why didn't you come down and help me?' But he thought it was more fun to look on. He was just lying low in the bushes to see what I'd do with a ten-pound salmon on an eight-ounce rod—and no gaff!"

I played Mr. H——'s salmon cautiously and circumspectly for half an hour, and then surrendered the rod. He kept the strain on him for another hour and then

begged for a relief. When I turned over the rod the second time, at half-past three, the fish was apparently as strong as ever, and the situation not at all encouraging. At half-past four Kenneth drove down to the pool with the wagon. The salmon was then so far subdued that he could be drawn toward the beach; but if I waded into the water with a gaff, he rushed away toward the head of the pool and recovered twenty yards of line in five seconds.

"Am I going to get him before dark, Kenneth?" inquired Mr. H——.

"I don't think!" replied Kenneth, laconically. But I began to have hopes. The fish was evidently getting very tired, and it didn't seem to me that he could hold out for another half-hour.

At five o'clock Mr. H—— drew him slowly and carefully toward the beach, and I waded out into the water with the gaff. In the eagerness and excitement of the moment I struck a little too soon, and missed him. He rushed away like a shot out of a gun, and recovered seventy-five feet of line before he could be checked. Mr. H—— made no remarks; but I knew what he thought, and, filled with wrath and humiliation, I said to him: "If you'll get that fish in once more, I'll gaff him if I have to wade out up to my neck!"

At a quarter past five the salmon was again within reach. I went cautiously down into the water over the tops of my boots, put the gaff out over him very slowly and carefully, lowered it until the point disappeared behind his back, and then struck with all the quickness and strength I had.

A moment later Mr. H—— and I were shaking hands over a fish that weighed only twelve pounds, but that had kept up a fight with two men for a whole afternoon. We had played him, by turns, four hours and three-quarters.

"Well," said Mr. H——, as we got into the wagon, "what do you think now of the 'broken-backed cripple of a rod'?"

"I don't think any more of it than I did before," I replied; "but I've got a higher opinion of the man behind it. I suppose you had confidence in your own skill; but when you waded out on that sunken ledge with that broken-backed cripple of a rod, you took big chances."

# Latin America and the United States

By C. Mayer

THE abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine has been advocated in certain remote quarters recently on the ground that it is a bar to the civilizing of those Latin-American countries of which Venezuela and Colombia are examples. With the recurring revolutions the argument is heard that these countries can be thoroughly civilized only by foreign intervention. If the observations of one citizen of the United States who has spent a number of years in Latin America and has devoted much attention to a study of its peoples is worth anything, he would assert that these peoples to-day are working out their own salvation.

The English are considered the greatest colonial rulers the world has ever seen. England has governed India for more than a century; but when we consider the frequent famines, epidemics, and insurrections which have occurred in India, the vast expenditures of millions of dollars in public charity, and the cost of maintaining the large army by which England preserves her rule, and then compare the stagnant civilization of India with the advancing civilization of Latin America since the close of the eighteenth century, surely no unbiased critic will say that Latin America has been less happily governed than India.

Did the French succeed in Martinique or Guiana? Have the English, Dutch, or Spanish succeeded in civilizing the natives of their South American colonies?

There are districts bordering on Mexico which, although half a century has elapsed since they received the benefit of the Constitution, are still in the same condition as when they were acquired by the Gadsden Purchase in 1853. We have not yet succeeded in civilizing the Indians. Rather, it has been a process of extermination. The negro question is still very much alive and unsettled.

Perhaps the only instance where a people has been partly civilized by outside influence is that of the Patagonian Indians, who, by the heroic efforts of the Jesuits, were partly civilized, but became sterile. Fiat civilization is a failure. Civilization

cannot be decreed—it must be acquired by the slow process of development. Foreign governments do not civilize, they colonize. Montesquieu said of Spain: "To preserve America she did what even despotic power itself does not attempt: she destroyed the inhabitants." Witness in our own times the "reconcentrado" policy of General Weyler. The question therefore is not whether the Monroe Doctrine retards civilization, but whether the Monroe Doctrine is a "bar to extermination."

In sketches of South America some very important and peculiar features have been overlooked; features which, no doubt, explain some of the causes of the lack of progress of Latin America, and adequately account for the paucity of immigration which has so great an influence on the civilization of a backward people. Such are the two kinds of climate that are co-extensive with the two ethnological and political divisions. The countries having a pleasant and healthy climate—the Argentine Republic and Chili on the extreme south and Mexico on the extreme north—have a stable government, a large percentage of white, Indian, or half-caste Indian and white inhabitants, and a small percentage of negroes, Indians, or mixed breeds; while the other Latin-American countries have an extremely warm and unhealthy climate, almost intolerable to white men, an unstable government, and a population which is composed of a large percentage of negroes and a small percentage of whites, Indians, or half-caste Indians and whites.

It is customary to speak of the citizen of Latin America as badly governed and unhappy, and the foreigner as subject to frequent abuses and persecutions. While admitting that the people of these countries are badly governed—using the words in the same sense as when speaking of the government of England or France in the eighteenth century—still their government is compatible with the character and civilization of their people; the foreigners are more abusers than abused; and when one goes into the interior—

away from the cities—he finds a people who live at all times in perfect contentment.

In order to describe the character of the people it is convenient to divide them into four groups :

(1) The Spaniards of pure blood, who form about eight per cent. of the total population, to which I would add the foreigners other than Spaniards, amounting to perhaps two per cent. of the total population.

(2) The peons, forming eighty per cent. of the total population. These are either descendants of native Indians and Spaniards, native Indians and negroes, or Spaniards and negroes, and are of every shade from white to black.

(3) The pure Indians, who are very few in number and of no political importance.

(4) The ruling class, comprising about ten per cent. of the total population, of either Spanish and Indian blood or Spanish with a heavy sprinkling of negro blood, with which I would include the renegade Spaniards.

The first group comprises the bankers, merchants, and their clerks. They have practically all the capital and culture of the country. In commercial dealing they are noted for their high standard of honor—one can deal with almost any Spaniard in Latin America. Be there stable or revolutionary government, they pay their obligations. They have become accustomed to revolutions and extortions, and adjust the prices of their merchandise to the political conditions. Since the days of Spanish rule they have refused political offices ; but they lose no opportunity to embarrass the government—even to intrigue against a president, though he be a man of honor. They desire officials from whom they may obtain illegal privileges and immunities. They look back at the time when they were the ruling class, permitting none but a Spaniard to have a voice in the government, and they retain their implacable hatred of the natives.

The foreigners—other than the Spaniards or the Germans—emigrate to these countries to make money and then return to their native land. It is immaterial to them how they make it, so it is quickly made. They prefer revolution if they are on the inside, but any occupation will

do. Among this class are the Americans, most of whom are the dregs of the United States. Arriving with little or no capital, they bid for the friendship of the officials, get the privilege of starting a gambling-house, rob the Spaniard—they love the green cloth—or join in a revolutionary movement.

Americans complain that they are frequently halted with a “*Quien vive*” and a Mauser leveled at them, or searched and jailed on apparently any trivial pretext ; but the Latin Americans have learned that a dozen Americans in a town is a sign of some illegitimate traffic or some attempt to subvert the government.

The second group, forming eighty per cent. of the total population, are mostly the inhabitants of the Campo. Kind-hearted, docile, and sober, but ignorant, childish, and simple, they are quick to learn the rudimentary studies—such as are taught in the lower grades of an American primary school—but most of them are incapable of acquiring higher knowledge. Their religion is a composite of Catholicism and either African fetichism or prehistoric Indian worship. Marriage ceremonies performed by the Church being expensive, and civil marriages—where permitted by the law of the country—being contrary to their religion, more than half of the peons live in concubinage. However, this custom has not as demoralizing an effect as might be expected ; they rarely separate, and they consider this tie almost as sacred as that of the Church. The children are recognized by the father, whose name they take when they are baptized. They have complete confidence in the curative powers of leaves, which they prepare in a *cocimiento*, and use for any affection, from tuberculosis to a broken arm. *Brujería*—witchcraft—is still practiced among them, and they repair to a *bruja* to find a lost ring, to secure a love potion, to reveal their future, to cast out devils, or to receive immunity from the law.

Subsisting on plantains, sweet potatoes, garlic, coffee, and sometimes a little sundried beef, the women wearing cheap cotton wraps, the men overalls, and the children nothing, they can live practically without labor. Many allow their nails to grow in the manner of the Mandarins, so as to show that they do no manual labor.



Most of their food grows without cultivation, and even during an extended revolution where the plantains and sweet potatoes are destroyed, there still are the palm-tops with which to sustain life. They have no ambition, no desires, that cannot be satisfied. They spend their nights in playing savage games of which "*Mata la Culebra*" is a type. This game is played thus: A string is tied to a rag which has been rolled to represent a snake—*culebra*—and a knotted rag is attached to a stick. There are three players; one jerks the string, making the "snake" jump around, another is the hero who kills the snake, and the third stimulates the hero by continually beating him with the knotted rag. During the progress of the game the players dance, sing, and howl, much as the American savages in their war dances; and the spectators, standing in a ring around the players, join in the chorus. The peons who have learned to write spend the day composing "poetry"—the kind where the last words rhyme, the meter notwithstanding—to which the Spanish language so easily lends itself.

The fourth group contains the officials, revolutionists, lawyers, doctors, editors, etc. Devoid of morals, ambitious to wear a uniform, rejoicing in revolution, remembering the days when Spain rode roughshod over every human right in their country, they consider the Spanish their natural prey. Each one looks forward to the time when he shall become a Jefe. They despise the American and are suspicious of the Monroe Doctrine; but this may be readily accounted for when we see America in the light in which it is seen in Latin America. Let us look at our citizens and government from their standpoint. Our consuls in the smaller Latin-American towns are frequently natives who went to the United States to obtain citizenship, in order that they might return to join any revolutionary party and hang out the American flag should the scheme go wrong. The Americans may justly complain of these representatives of the United States, but it is difficult to find upright American citizens who will live in a town where the necessities of life—according to the American standard—cannot be bought and where the perquisites amount to perhaps fifty cents per annum. Our consuls, therefore, have

usually been men of ability. With the exception of President Monroe, Mr. Bowen has done more to win the good opinion of the South Americans than any other American.

One class of our citizens who emigrate to these countries have already been referred to; the other, or better class, do not mix socially with the inhabitants and invariably return to the United States as soon as they have made their fortune.

Another cause of the feeling against Americans is the misleading press article. If one takes up a Latin-American newspaper and turns to the column of cables, he frequently finds a fictitious cable dated New York, containing some animadversion upon the people or government of the country. Sometimes the cable is a genuine extract from a speech delivered in America by a public man, but so extracted as to be unrecognizable by its author. There are also articles from American newspapers of the "yellow" type which find their way to Latin America and are translated and published. They purport to represent the American sentiment in some controversy, and are always uncomplimentary to Latin America. I remember a two page article printed at the close of the century in a New York daily, showing a map of the western hemisphere in the year two thousand across which were the words "United States." This paper caused demonstrations in a South American town against the United States.

Being in Cuba some time ago, I was surprised to learn of the feeling against Americans; it seemed to me to show great ingratitude. However, by mixing with the people, I discovered that this feeling was caused rather by the instinct of race-preservation than by ingratitude. The Cuban newspapers were publishing almost every day a report of a speech delivered in Congress or an article copied from an American paper containing either derogatory remarks or advising the United States to annex them—or both. Perhaps it might have been the nation's speech of a Congressman or a clipping from an unimportant daily of some town or of the map, but in countries where the United States is supposed to consist of New York, with Washington at the yard and with the Fair, Buffalo around it.

man in Congress is a statesman and any printed sheet a representative paper. By the dissemination of the true American sentiment towards these countries and the explanation of the Monroe Doctrine, we can change their opinion and bring them to understand that the United States is their natural friend and ally.

Before finishing this sketch of Latin America, I want to say a few words about the insignificance of our trade. Although South America is almost virgin soil for American goods, we can never hope to increase our exports by our present business methods. With the exception of some food products, in most Latin-American countries our goods are sold by catalogue, or through export companies; and, consequently, little is bought except specialties—such as tools, clocks, bicycles, shoes, patent medicines, etc.—which cannot be bought in other countries, or are so superior and cheap that they market themselves. Very few American manufacturers send representatives to these countries, and such representatives as they do send generally speak Spanish indifferently. They ask terms such as are customary in the United States; they do not seem to consider that the Spanish merchant is insulted if you try to sell for cash or on thirty days, and that he thinks this is a reflection on his credit; other foreign merchants are satisfied to sell their goods; they know the Spaniard always pays. Goods are not sold at a price which will not allow a margin for extra time. Cotton and linen goods, now mostly bought in Spain, could be sold by American houses if they would study the patterns and styles of South America. While we may prefer plain designs and pale tints, they are fond of gaudy plaids and bright colors. I think there is not a yard of cotton print manufactured in America which would suit their taste. Thousands of cases of English and Swiss condensed milk are sold in South America; whereas American brands, far superior in quality and purchasable at the same price, are unsalable. The English and Swiss condensed milk is labeled in Spanish, the American brands in English.

Much claret is imported from Spain; and although the California wine is far superior, it is practically unknown.

Virtue, intelligence, and industry being the essentials of a republic, and, as we have seen, conspicuous by their absence in these countries, I believe that they can be ruled only by a despot. The question is, shall he be a petty despot—a native not despising the peons—who, when he has carried through a successful revolution, has ruled for a few months or a year, has fleeced the Spaniard, and has banked a million in Europe, is satisfied to retire to that home for South American revolutionists—Paris; or a penniless foreign noble who despises the peons, fleeces every one, banks in his own country, and returns when he has enough money to restore his ancestral castle and family grandeur?

If we turn to the history of Mexico, we shall see an instance of a country once ruled by petty despots, shaken from year to year by revolutions, and finally reclaimed from anarchy by a native genius, President Porfirio Diaz. Is it not possible that other Latin-American countries may some day develop a genius out of one of their petty tyrants who would reclaim his country? Some other solutions suggest themselves. Geologists claim that the northern coast of South America is fast sinking—why not await developments? Or, if we will neither wait, nor allow a foreign government to set up their despot, why not make the officials virtuous, the peons industrious, and then extend to them the benefits of our Constitution? We might build cotton-factories in order to sell them the raw material and the machinery. The peon, metamorphosed into a factory hand, would soon be civilized; he would learn to eat our pork instead of plantains—would he be happier? Addicted as they are to revolution, these countries are inhabited by a people eighty per cent. of whom, although semi-civilized, are perhaps the happiest people on earth. Let us not abrogate the Monroe Doctrine. Let us permit these people to work out their own salvation.

# The Art of James Lane Allen<sup>1</sup>

By Albert Elmer Hancock

THE quality of charm is seldom found in a work of art that is strikingly original. The genius of Rubens, for instance, so versatile and so dramatically inventive, lacks the appeal of charm, while Corot, who unostentatiously transfuses a commonplace landscape with silver dream as the light transfuses a pearl, has the haunting, elusive, abiding charm of twilight and dawn. Mr. James Lane Allen has hitherto been a subtle artist of the commonplace like Corot. His muse has stayed at home. He has lacked the swift action, the dramatic originality of invention, that give movement and stir to a narrative. His plots—single, uncomplicated threads knotted by slight incidents—have been developed on a stage whose setting is the vast cosmic spectacle of nature, and for his total impression he has relied more on the quiet orchestral harmonies of landscape than upon the interplay of human emotions. One's mind reverts inevitably to that supreme moment when the solitary Mrs. Falconer, after reading of John Gray's marriage, gathers about her face the veil and whispers, "I shall go softly all my years"—a tragic moment upon which the curtain falls while the instruments of nature, playing a strain like the *Stabat Mater*, die away into quenched, heartbroken silence. Mr. Allen's work has been conspicuous for its homeliness of universal tragedies and the subdued charm of its music.

"The Mettle of the Pasture," his latest novel, shows the same traits with additional powers. There is in this book the devotion to landscape, the interpretation of nature in terms of modern science, the studious research for "parallel passages" in the life of nature and man, the idyllic love of sensuous beauty transformed into the definement of spiritual things; all these are wrought out again for us with the artistic scruple of a poet for the perfect line. But to this idyllic grace he has added some eruptions of human passion which are unusual for him, and which, like

explosives, unexpectedly burst with terrific force, tearing the heart.

The theme of the book is the double standard of purity for men and women. Rowan, the lover, forced by honor and the sacredness of his love, on the betrothal night confesses the one single slip of his youth; for his character will not permit him to base his expectant happiness on a lie. The girl, who loved him with all the possible intensity of faith and pure passion, recoils as from a hideous nightmare of hell. She rushes away from him, and in the agony of revolted nature contemns him as a man would contemn a woman of similar record. The one act was an indelible, inexorable stain. In a later interview—and here is where some of Mr. Allen's critics have failed to understand—she lashes him with an apparent self-regarding bitterness that is undoubtedly heartless, brutal. Then she commands him not to touch her, and, a moment later, as she takes her last farewell, trembling in the fear of woman's frailty to irresolution, she lays her hand on his forehead, passes her fingers over his lips, and touches her lips to his own. "'Good-by,' she murmured, against his face. 'Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!'"

Some reviewers cannot understand the paradox of the brutality and the love, but the consistency is in the fact that they are both expressions of her intense affection. Family feuds are always the worst. Men and women who love tepidly can jog along without much ruffling on the surface or in the depths, but those who love with all the ardor of absorbing passion are as sensitive to irritation and reaction as bared nerves. Isabel's apparent brutality was the instinctive recoil—love's negative passion, as the horrible is often the beautiful negation of beauty, like Leonardo's "Head of Medusa." The paradox of the brutality and affection is as consistent as the swing of a pendulum, and those who cannot see it are simply incapable of understanding the psychology of the profoundest emotions.

The other scene, even more powerful in its dramatic suggestiveness, is where

<sup>1</sup> *The Mettle of the Pasture*. By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

knowing, but because it gives—especially to American readers—certain glimpses of the life of some notable characters in this country at the end of the eighteenth century. Extracts from letters to Jefferson and Clinton are, therefore, not the least interesting part of this book. In turning these pages one is reminded of the bitter experiences of those other emigrants from Holland to this country two centuries before—the Pilgrims.

**Land of Faith (The).** By James Mudge, D.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$  in. 183 pages. 25c.

**Light Waves and Their Uses.** By A. A. Michelson. (The Decennial Publications. Second Series, Vol. III.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9$  in. 172 pages. \$2, net.

This volume includes discussions, not always too technical for the ordinary reader, of wave motion and interference. The author's interesting conclusion is that the medium which propagates light-waves is not an ordinary form of matter. It probably exists not only where ordinary matter does not, but it also permeates all forms of matter.

**Miracle of African Missions (A).** By John Bell. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. 139 pages. 60c., net.

This is the story of a Congo native from his childhood, through his persecution as a Christian convert, to his death from the mysterious "sleep-sickness." Though the diction is not always faultless, the narrative is simple, pictorial, and at times dramatic. If in some portions it is rather obscure, there is good reason in the fact that it comes for the most part from Matula himself. A vivid little tale like this does more to show wherein lies the real effectiveness of missionary labors than many a treatise.

**Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Color Paintings, Pastels, etc.** Edited by Charles Holme. Part VIII. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.  $11 \times 17$  in. 32 pages. Complete in 8 Parts. Each \$1.

In the eighth and last part of this series the editor states that he has aimed to present enough of the present schools of painting and allied arts to give students an insight into the many-sidedness of modern art and the variety of expression of which it is capable. In the choice of subjects he has succeeded admirably, and the articles have been of real interest and value. The most notable illustration in this installment is "An Arab's Head," by Hubert von Herkomer, which is a beautiful example of the Herkomergraving process. Other artists represented are John S. Sargent, E. J. Gregory, Edward Stott, H. Muhrman, and Charles Cattet.

**Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language (The).** By J. Walker. Revised and Enlarged by J. Longmuir, A.M., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  in. 720 pages. \$1.50, net.

It seems as if a rhyming dictionary might be an easy thing to make, but when one takes up the stout volume just issued, an appreciation instantly comes of the immense labor involved. The work will be valuable to rhymesters, of course. It will also interest many who are not, but who are glad to acquaint themselves

more thoroughly concerning synonyms and other features of our language. From the publisher's point of view the book is specially commendable in its paper, print, and binding.

**Tools and Machines.** By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 164 pages.

Every young boy loves a box of tools, and every older boy loves some kind of a machine. Mr. Barnard's book will tell boys young and old about tools—a good deal about tools and a little about machines. The book is well printed, well illustrated, and is not too large. It is just the thing for most boys and for some men.

**Turgot and the Six Edicts.** By Robert Perry Shepherd, Ph.D. (Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, Columbia University, Vol. XVIII., No. 2.) Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York.  $6 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  in. 213 pages. \$1.50.

Dr. Shepherd's monograph is one of the most interesting of recent contributions to French history. Turgot was Louis XVI.'s Controller-General of Finance. He was a scholarly philosopher; he was truly, as Dr. Shepherd calls him, the very "embodiment of philanthropic ability." His work has never been properly appreciated, but the present volume will do much toward that end. It will not only make the character of Turgot stand out with greater distinctness on the crowded stage, full of interesting French men and women in Louis XVI.'s period, it will also emphasize the great significance of Turgot's Six Edicts in connection with the events which led up to the French Revolution. Only by such governmental energy, in Turgot's opinion, could the coming Revolution be averted. Radical economic reforms were necessary; their wide-sweeping nature is indicated by the Edicts, which covered the subjects of labor, grain trade, ports and markets, guilds, exchange, and taxes. In addition to this, the Edicts were calculated partly to restore the monarchy to the *de facto* head of the State re-exalted in the hearts of the people, and, as Dr. Shepherd says, "made free from the parasites which were fattening from its already over-weakened vitality." Our author well brings out Turgot's ideal of an impartial government by the king of all his subjects; the nobility were to be recalled to their proper subordination, their perquisites curtailed to the minimum of valid requirements, and the Church was to be regarded not only as a religious but as an economic person, and required to share the burdens of the State. Back of these objectives, as Dr. Shepherd shows, lay the furthering of moral culture both for the individual citizen and for the State. Alas that some elements of human nature—ignorance, prejudice, pride, greed, self-interest above social interest—that these should have stood in Turgot's way! But, after all, these elements are ever to be counted up as stumbling-blocks in the way of any reform.

**Works of Charles Lamb (The).** Edited by William MacDonal. In 12 vols. Illustrated. Vol. I. *The Essays of Elia*. Vol. II. *The Last Essays of Elia*. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in. \$1.50 per vol.

Reserved for later notice.

# Correspondence

Wise!

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Please remove my name from your subscription list. When next you publish an article on English affairs, do not give such a bitter partisan view as in "Passive Resistance." S.

[You are very wise. No one should subscribe to The Outlook who is unwilling to read opinions strongly put with which he disagrees.—THE EDITORS.]

Thank You

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I am glad to be able to assist the Spectator [see The Outlook for July 18] and to put him upon the track of what he has lost—and more. "Serendipity" (not "seradipity") is the reported recreation of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The word is an attractive one, the more so, perhaps, because of the difficulty in finding out what it means. Having searched dictionaries in vain, I was much pleased to get the following information from Mr. George William Harris, librarian of the Cornell University library: "Serendipity is a word coined by Horace Walpole, meaning the gift or luck of discovering things the finder is not in search of. Walpole says he once read a silly fairy tale called 'The Three Princes of Serendip,' who, as they traveled, were always making discoveries by accident or sagacity of things they were not in search of, and from this he made up the word serendipity. Serendip is said to be an Indian name of Ceylon."

H. K. ARMSTRONG.

Penn Yan, New York.

Fair Play for Nebraska

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I have been a reader of The Outlook for several years, and would now like to ask a few questions. Nebraska is the most exclusively agricultural State in the West. It has not even any timber or minerals of any kind. Will you explain how we get any benefit from the high protective tariff? All our surplus of grain, meat, and other products is shipped east,

mostly to Europe. If we sell in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, we have to sell at less than European price. If we buy any manufactured goods made there, we have to pay European prices with tariff and transportation added. Government levies the tariff on foreign goods, and our manufacturers levy nearly the same upon their own goods. Is that just? Ought we not to receive as much above European prices for the product of our labor as we have to pay Eastern manufacturers?

It is claimed that our manufacturers cannot compete with foreign pauper manufacturers. Our farmers have to compete with foreign pauper farmers. Then how can our manufacturers export and sell their goods abroad without tariff protection? Why can they not do the same thing here at home?

H. W. HARDY.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Art of Agriculture

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In The Outlook of July 18, in an article by Mr. W. R. Lighton called "Where Is the West?" occurs this astonishing sentence: "It seems not unlikely that agriculture will soon be a lost art in the East." The writer defines the West as extending from Indiana to California, inclusive. This leaves Ohio, half of agricultural Michigan, eastern Kentucky, eastern Tennessee, and the States grouped by the census as North Atlantic and South Atlantic, for the East.

The development of the West has modified agriculture in the East without lessening its importance. The Eastern agriculturist is more and more concerned to supply fresh milk, fruits, and vegetables. Independent of the great increase in Ohio, every Atlantic State, except South Carolina and Georgia, had more milch cows in 1900 than in 1850, and New York had more than any other State in the Union. The Atlantic States have a decreasing surplus in the growth of population, but they still make a creditable showing in staple products per square mile. They reported in 1900, as compared with 1850,

more grain, over twice as many potatoes, more sweet potatoes, nearly three times as much cotton, over three times the tobacco, and fifty per cent. more hay and forage. Early census reports do not show the product of fruits and vegetables, but something of their recent importance is recorded.

JAMES H. BLODGETT.

Washington, D. C.

**Approved and Recommended to Railway Authorities**

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

While in the waiting-room of a railway station the other day, I had occasion to notice the stock of reading matter carried by the news-stand in one corner of the room. The most conspicuous papers were "police" journals, and the most noticeable books were "The James Brothers" and cheap detective stories—just the type that, according to Mr. Roosevelt in "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," the typical border outlaw delights in. Within less than one hundred miles of that news-stand within recent years there have been a half-dozen train robberies. There is some connection between literature and life; and it is reasonable to suppose that there is some connection between the sort of literature sold on railway property and train robbery.

Since railway managers are wisely exercising their authority to keep their employees from being contaminated by intoxicants, and even cigarettes, they ought to be too wise to permit the sale within their own jurisdiction of books and papers that not only intoxicate the judgment and numb the moral sensibilities, but certainly lead to train-wrecking, robbery, and murder. Surely, not only in the interest of good citizenship, but in the interest of the railway corporations themselves, the news companies doing business on the road need some attention from headquarters.

A. B. A.

**May an Engineer be an Artist?**

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue of July 18, in reviewing Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson's book on "Modern Civic Art," you make the statement that "engineering differs from pure

art in that it may not be the child of inspiration; it is an exact science, and, as such, wealth can buy it."

Is it not this view of the engineering profession which is responsible for the fact that so much of the engineer's constructive work is a disfigurement to the landscape? Why should not a bridge, no matter how small, upon a city street receive as much artistic consideration as a mercantile building upon the same street? Usually the former is a much more prominent object than the latter.

The designing engineer has need of artistic inspiration to the same degree as has his architectural brother, and such inspiration is not an exact science, although it may be purchased by wealth.

It appears to the writer that the development of the æsthetic principle in engineering works, so much needed, depends upon the recognition by the public of the fact that the design of æsthetic structures is not and cannot be an exact science.

WILBUR J. WATSON, Bridge Engineer.

Cleveland, Ohio.

[Our correspondent is right in recognizing the value of an artistic sense in making engineering designs. Mr. Robinson does not fail to urge this strongly in his book. In so far as an engineer may have this sense, he has something more than mere science can give to him. But he may be a capable—an able, though not the best—engineer without it. Mr. Robinson, in the quotation cited, gives expression to that condition recognized when it was required that the designs for the new bridges across the East River should be passed upon by the Art Commission, or when the Royal Institute of British Architects protested against the acceptance of a design (faultless in engineering) for a bridge across the Thames, or when an architect and a sculptor were associated with an engineer in the competition for the proposed memorial bridge in Washington—an association that has been notably justified by the recent instance of the Alexander III. Bridge in Paris. It is because so many very good engineers do lack artistic perception that engineering can be said to "differ from pure art in that it 'may' not be the child of inspiration."—THE EDITORS.]

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# The Outlook

*Saturday, August 22, 1903*

## Colombia and the Canal

By A. R. Colquhoun

## How Prohibition Works in Kansas

By C. H. Matson

## The Street Gang in Politics

By Brewster Adams

## Tribulations of a Seacoast Parish

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# The Outlook

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## The Negro Issue in Mississippi Primaries

The final reports from the Democratic primaries in Mississippi show that Major Vardaman, the race-hatred candidate for Governor, received only a small plurality of the whole vote, and that Judge Critz and Senator Noel, the two candidates who stood for the honorable treatment of the politically helpless race, had the support of a decided majority of the people. The exact vote was: Vardaman, 39,000; Critz, 34,000; and Noel, 22,000. The early reports of Major Vardaman's election were due to his majorities in the cities. The rural districts went strongly against him. The issue was a simple one between justice and injustice. It is not often that a political issue is so simplified. There are two candidates for Governor now before the Democratic voters of the State, to be voted on at the primaries on August 27. Major Vardaman stands for the policy of dividing the school accommodations between the white and the black races in proportion to the taxes paid by each race. Inasmuch as the whites pay very much the larger share of the taxes, this means that the negroes of the State will be practically shut out from receiving public education. Such a division of taxes not only is a violation of the fundamental principle of the American public-school system, according to which the children of the poor are entitled to the same treatment as the children of the rich, but also will result, if adopted, in creating a great ignorant caste. A Mississippi Democratic State Senator, the Hon. B. H. Wells, has stated the case very clearly: "That man or professed statesman who comes before you with a message which is calculated or intended to fan into flames the slumbering fires of race prejudice and race hatred is, whether he knows it or not, an enemy to this people, and an enemy to the prosperity

and the welfare of the State of Mississippi." Major Vardaman in his campaign has indulged in unquotable vulgarities. His opponent, Judge Critz, the "conservative" candidate, is the one who stands really for enlightened progress. It is almost impossible to believe that such a man as Vardaman and such a policy as he represents can receive a majority of the votes. Indeed, Senator Noel has announced his purpose, in accordance with his principles, to vote for Judge Critz; and if the majority of his supporters do the same, as it is natural to expect, Judge Critz will be elected. On August 6 Senator Money was chosen at the primaries for the Federal Senate over Governor Longino. In this case the reactionary party won. Success at the Democratic primaries in Mississippi is equivalent to election.



## Comments on the President's Letter

The vigorous letter addressed by President Roosevelt to Governor Durbin, of Indiana, expressing his appreciation of the Governor's courageous action in defiance of the mob spirit, and stating his views on the nature and cause of lynching, has called forth very wide comment. To many people it may occasion surprise to learn that approval and criticism have apparently been only slightly affected by sectional lines. In the main the press North and South has been emphatic in approval. Whatever criticism there has been worth any attention is directed to some subordinate statement or phrase, or is concerned with the practicability of dealing with the question. Some of the strongest expressions of accord have appeared in Southern papers. Thus, the Atlanta "Constitution" says that the letter "is filled with common truths of ethics and good government that no right-minded citizen will contest," and the Birmingham

"Age-Herald" declares that "there is not a line in it that will not commend itself to every friend of law and order," and that it has given lynching a "salutary and wholesome shaking." Of course some of the papers which acknowledge that lynching, or, as one of them calls it, "popular justice," is an evil, shake their heads over the evil and moan that it will not cease as long as the two races live side by side; but this is not criticism of the letter, it is a weakly pessimistic philosophy. On the whole, it seems unquestionable that public opinion is aroused against mob violence as it has not been before. That this is not due to increase in the number of lynchings is asserted by the New York "Commercial Advertiser," which cites statistics (which we learn were collected by the Chicago "Tribune") to show that lynching has pretty steadily diminished from 241 cases in 1892 to 96 last year, and a little over 50 for the seven months of this year. We agree with the "Commercial Advertiser" in believing that the present horror expressed at the lawlessness and cruelty of mobs is due to a growth in "the moral sense of the land."

⊙

**The Chautauqua Conference  
on the Mob Spirit**

That public opinion is aroused on the subject of lynching is shown not only by newspaper comment, but specifically by the conference on the mob spirit in America which was held last week at the Chautauqua Assembly. On this occasion both sides were heard. The principal speech made in defense of lynching was delivered by Mr. John Temple Graves, of Georgia. His argument was based on the proposition that the evil consisted not in the lynching but in the lawlessness of the lynching. "The mob," he declared, "stands to-day as the most potential bulwark between the women of the South and such a carnival of crime as would infuriate the world and precipitate the annihilation of the negro race." His cure, then, was to legalize the mob! He argued, too, for the separation of the races. That his view was not, as it has been called, "the" Southern view is manifest enough not only from Southern comments on the President's letter but from criticisms in the Southern press of Mr. Graves's address itself. Two

clergymen, one from Pennsylvania and one from Rochester, New York, reiterated in other forms Mr. Graves's argument. On the other side the most notable speeches were made by the Rev. Dean Richmond Babbitt, of Brooklyn, and Judge Lore, Chief Justice of the Delaware Supreme Court. Dr. Babbitt emphasized the need for courage on the part of the officers of the law, and especially those who guarded prisoners. Judge Lore emphasized the need of temperateness and calmness in the courts of law in trying criminals. Judge Woodward, of the New York Supreme Court Bench, on Saturday showed, in a speech of great ability, the fact that concessions to the mob mean abandonment of popular government by law. Arguments for lynching are really arguments for revolution, if not for anarchy. The discussion at Chautauqua has done good service in making that clear.

⊙

Mere protests against lynching are, however, ineffectual. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, in an article in the current issue of "Leslie's Weekly," has gone further and has advocated positive action to deprive lynching of its excuse. He points out the radical difference between two kinds of lynching: that, on the one hand, which existed on the frontier when society was in a crude condition and government not fully established, and that, on the other, which temporarily flames out in a civilized community. The former was a revolution for the re-establishment of order; the latter is an ebullition of anarchy, and creates an epidemic of crime. It is this sort of lynching, aroused by impatience at the lagging of legal methods, that needs to be dealt with now. Justice Brewer commends two changes in the law. One is the abolition of appeal in criminal cases. He cites legal experience as a justification:

For nearly a hundred years there was no appeal from the judgment of conviction of criminal cases in our Federal courts, and no review, except in a few cases in which, two judges sitting, a difference of opinion on a question of law was certified to the Supreme Court. In England the rule has been that there was no appeal in criminal cases, although a question of doubt might be reserved by the

presiding judge for the consideration of his brethren. The Hon. E. J. Phelps, who was Minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, once told me that while he was there only two cases were so reserved. Does any one doubt that justice was fully administered by the English courts?

As against the ancient maxim, "It is better that ninety-nine guilty men escape than that one innocent man be punished," he would put, in view of the publicity of modern trials with all their safeguards for prisoners, President Grant's dictum, "Let no guilty man escape." The other change he recommends is to direct "the presiding judge of the proper court, when such an atrocious crime has been committed as those giving rise to lynchings, to immediately convene that court and put the accused at once on trial." There is great significance in such suggestions coming from a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Both these changes The Outlook has already advocated.



#### The Panama Treaty Rejected

On Monday of this week news reached this country that the Colombian Senate had rejected the Panama Canal treaty. The Senate having rejected the treaty, it cannot in its present form again come before that body except by the Senate's own vote. Señor Marroquin, President of the Colombian Republic, however, can send the treaty, slightly amended, to the Senate and reopen the Canal debate. It is believed by many that he may adopt some such procedure. Amendment of the treaty, however, may defeat final ratification, inasmuch as the treaty would have to be returned to the United States Senate, which is disinclined towards any amendment. While the despatch does not state the cause or causes of the treaty's rejection, it is believed that the question of integrity of territory had much to do with it. As the consummation of a treaty with Colombia is a condition precedent to canal construction, it might be supposed that the first failure to ratify a treaty would mean failure to build a canal by the Panama route. In case Colombia continues obdurate, however, it is possible that the State of Panama, naturally favoring the canal, might secede from the United States of Colombia and form a new republic. Our

recognition of the republic would probably give it political standing with the rest of the world, and a treaty with it would be quickly ratified. Some of our newspapers are already suggesting more radical steps which President Roosevelt might take; it is hardly necessary to add that for these he has no warrant of law, even if he were inclined to take them. What Congress has empowered him to do is this: Failing to obtain the rights to the construction of a Panama canal, by the terms of the Spooner Act he is directed to make the necessary treaties with Nicaragua and Costa Rica on terms which he may consider reasonable, and then "he shall, through the Isthmian Canal Commission, cause to be constructed a ship canal and waterway from a point on the Caribbean Sea near Greytown by way of Lake Nicaragua to a point near Brito on the Pacific Ocean." The President is fully authorized to make these negotiations without referring the failure of the Panama scheme to Congress.



#### The Alaskan Difficulty

The approaching meeting in London between Messrs. Root, Lodge, and Turner on the one side, with three British Commissioners representing Canada on the other, again calls attention to the interesting question which is before them for adjudication, not arbitration. After the organization of British Columbia in 1871, the Canadian Government requested that the boundary line between Alaska and Canada should be adjusted, but it was not until 1898 that the British Government acted in the matter. Thus, for more than seventy years (through the Russian occupancy of Russian America and the American occupancy of Alaska), the British Empire made no formal protest against Alaskan boundaries as marked on maps, official and otherwise. In view of such history, the Canadian claim, countenanced in 1898 by the British Government, seems curious—that the Alaskan eastern boundary should run from Prince of Wales Island at 54° 40' along the mountains nearest the shore and across all the indentations of the sea up to Mount St. Elias. The grant of such a claim would contravene the phrase from the official language (French), "parallèle aux

sinuosités de la côte," found in the Russo-British Treaty of 1825. The correspondence leading up to this Treaty shows indubitably that its purpose was (1) to give to Russia a continuous strip of territory on the American mainland around all sea-indentations, and (2) to make this territory ten marine leagues wide unless there should exist inside that limit a chain of mountains which could constitute a watershed. The country is still largely unexplored, but we now know that a natural watershed exists on the summits of the White and Chilkoot Passes. These are less than ten marine leagues from the coast. Under a *modus vivendi* with the Canadian Government, our own boundary has thus been brought nearly to the coast line at these points, and if such a watershed exist elsewhere, the boundary line should be changed accordingly. This granted, the general claim that the boundary should follow, not the actual indentations, as provided for in the Treaty, but the general trend of the coast, rests on insufficient basis, as is seen even from Canadian and British sources. For instance, in the British Admiralty Chart No. 787, corrected to 1901, the American frontier is marked as giving a continuous strip of territory, cutting off Canada from all contact with any of the indentations which jut into the continent between Portland Channel and Mount St. Elias. Furthermore, by actual occupancy and usage the United States has acquired by prescription a confirmation to its title.



#### The Joint High Commission

The main cause of the suspension of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission in 1898, however, was on account of inability to agree as to the meaning of the language of the Russo-British Treaty. In considering the "coast" (côte) referred to in that Treaty, and also in the Russo-American Treaty of 1867, the American Commissioners understood the coast of the continent to be intended. To this the British Commissioners replied that, while it was probably intended that the line should be drawn upon the continent, the language used was open to misconception. In addition, they objected to the American claim that all towns or settlements on tide-water, settled under the

authority of the United States, should remain within American territory; they declared that this marked a departure from the rules which governed the Venezuela boundary question. The American Commissioners declared that the Alaskan and Venezuelan disputes were not analogous; indeed, they challenged their British colleagues to cite any instance where such a subject as the Alaskan dispute had been submitted to arbitration. The American representatives did offer, however, to submit the dispute to adjudication—that is, to the decision of six judges, three from each country. This the British Commissioners rejected, and the High Commission adjourned, referring the boundary question to the two Governments for further negotiation. The British Government finally agreed to adjudication, and we trust that the present labors of the American and British Commissioners in London will dispose, once and for all, of this irritating question.



#### The Macedonian Insurrection

Last week the Turkish Imperial troops reoccupied the town of Krushevo, which had been seized by the insurgents the week before. It is stated that the Christian inhabitants in the neighborhood were massacred by the Turks. At Monastir, where the Russian Consul was murdered week before last, terror reigns; Russia has now despatched a squadron to Turkish waters, to emphasize her intention of exacting complete compliance with her demands as to immediate satisfaction for the murder. The insurrection has spread not only over what is popularly known as Macedonia, but also eastward toward Adrianople. The insurgents operate in bands numbering about a hundred men each; wherever possible they avoid open encounters with the Turkish troops, but are burning crops and villages, seeking by these savage means to terrorize the inhabitants into joining them in revolt. The destruction of telegraph lines and railway bridges by the revolutionists has now become extensive. Across the border, in Bulgaria, the most dangerous factor in the situation is the country's economic depression. The influx of thousands of Macedonians anxious for employment has disorganized the labor market and be-



come a source of great discontent. Furthermore, the Bulgarian merchants are no longer able to obtain credit abroad, and are forced to pay cash. Thus, in addition to ethnological and political sympathy, there is now the factor of industrial and commercial panic to give additional point to the declaration of many Bulgarians that the present condition of affairs in their country is no longer endurable. Even war, they say, whatever might be the result, would be preferable, as it would at least be followed by some period of rest.



#### The Macedonian Committee

The Macedonian Committee at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, formally appealed last week to the representatives of the various Powers there, declaring that systematic persecution by the Turks has compelled the Christians in Macedonia and in the vilayet (State) of Adrianople to institute a general rising. The Committee complains that it has exhausted all pacific means for securing the intervention of Europe to enforce the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. The sporadic efforts of the Powers to secure reforms have failed—"they have resulted merely in a recrudescence of Turkish fanaticism and governmental oppression." The insurgents declare that revolution is now their only hope, and that they propose to continue the fight until the object of their uprising has been attained. The statement of this object has an ironical sound, when one considers that the European Powers pledged this very reform to the Macedonians by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. "It is evident," says the Committee, "that reform measures, to be efficacious, must include the appointment of a Christian Governor-General of Macedonia." The insurgents now add that this official should be one who has never held office under the Sultan's Government and who must be independent of it in the exercise of his functions. In its turn, on Sunday of this week, the Bulgarian Government presented a memorandum to the Powers, setting forth at great length the conditions in Macedonia during the past three months (or since the Turkish Government undertook to inaugurate the reforms imposed on it by Russia and Austria). The statement shows in detail that the Sultan has

failed to observe his promises; instead he has enacted sterner measures of repression and has sought "every possible pretext to persecute, terrorize, and ruin the inhabitants" of Macedonia. This memorandum is the most terrible indictment of the Turkish Government yet made. We trust that it may have its due effect upon the Powers. Under treaty they are responsible for good order in Macedonia.



#### The Lesson of the Paris Disaster

The loss on Monday of last week of nearly a hundred lives by burning and suffocation in the Paris transit tunnel, and the heartrending accounts of the helplessness of all attempts to aid those who were suffering so terribly, at once raise the question whether all possible safeguards against such a horrible disaster are being taken in the projected New York tunnel. When a similar but less extensive calamity took place nearly two years ago in Liverpool, Mr. George Westinghouse, the expert electrician and constructor, pointed out that there was special danger of conflagration in electric tunnels, that cars should be made indestructible by fire, and that in every plan for electric transit the question of possible danger from the motor power should have prime importance. In Paris this had not been done. The same electric circuit furnished the power and lighted the tunnel—a frightful error, for most of the victims were lost when groping through a dark tunnel or when blocked in a panic-stricken mass in an unlighted curve, while most of the trainmen, who knew the tunnel by heart, escaped. It is said that the motorman disobeyed orders in not disconnecting his motor at once when it became short-circuited, but so deadly a danger ought not to be left within the control of a motorman; undoubtedly a mechanical contrivance could make it impossible to proceed with an electric engine in such a condition. It is reassuring to be told as to the New York underground roads that the cars are to be of fireproof construction, that the lighting is to be done by entirely separate plant and circuit, that in ventilation and size of stations our roads are to be superior to those of Paris, and that protection against broken circuits is to be provided. It is fairly well establish-

that both the Liverpool and the Paris disasters were partly due to faulty and now already antiquated appliances, and the assurances of the managers of the American projected tunnels are of weight. It should be added, however, that the New York State Railway Board should make rigid inspection of all the apparatus and plant and insist upon a large margin of safety. The Berlin authorities have just made an inspection of Berlin's new electric road, which is partly underground, and their certification of its safety means something. If the New York tunnels are to be popular and useful, they should have the indorsement as to safety not only of their builders and managers but of scientific experts who represent the people.

#### The Russian Labor Revolt

Were it not for the overshadowing interest of the uprising against race oppression in Macedonia, the eyes of Europe would now be turned toward the uprising against class oppression in southern Russia. Reliable news is difficult to obtain, but, according to the Russian correspondents of the London "Times," "Mail," and "Standard," the labor movement has for the first time taken a serious hold on industrial Russia, and the industrial discontent is so vitally united with political discontent—giving strength to it and receiving strength from it—that the Russian authorities feel that political revolution will be hastened if the strikers are successful. This, according to the English correspondents, is the explanation of the shooting down of large numbers of strikers by the Russian soldiers during the past few weeks. The Cossacks, it is charged, fire into crowds of workmen upon little provocation, and themselves take the places of the strikers on the railways and in the factories when willing hands cannot be found. The censored Russian despatches deny the charges of terrorism, and claim that the troops have only fired into mobs which were themselves terrorizing the communities about them. Without doubt the Russian defense contains a large measure of truth. In Russia, as in Macedonia, those in revolt have been subjected to brutalizing conditions for generations, and it would be strange if they were not guilty of outrages requiring stern treatment from the sol-

diery. Nevertheless, in Russia as in Macedonia the struggle for better conditions awakens the sympathy of liberty-loving people all over the world.

#### Mr. Carnegie's Gift to his Native Town

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of two million five hundred thousand dollars and a park to his native town of Dunfermline in Scotland is a decided departure from the benefactions with which his name has generally been associated. Instead of establishing a library, he has undertaken the experiment of founding an institution to serve the entire social life of the people of the place. To quote his own words, the object is "to attempt to introduce into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline more of sweetness and light, to give them, especially the young, some charm, some elevating conditions of life which their residence elsewhere would have denied, so that a child in his native town will feel, however far he may have roamed, that, simply by virtue of being such, his life has been made better and happier." Whether it be in a village, a provincial town, or a great city, the last thing to be ministered to is the wholesome desire for social enjoyment. It is this lack of healthful social centers which gives power to degraded pleasure resorts and is the cause of much that is barren and dreary in country and city alike. We believe that Mr. Carnegie has in this gift made one of his greatest benefactions. He has shown great wisdom, too, in not only permitting but specifically instructing the trustees of the fund to try experiments, to be willing to make mistakes in attempting to discover just what will be most effective in accomplishing the object, and to be free in the administration of the trust so long as they keep in mind the wants of the people and the possibilities for their improvement and uplifting. There are thousands of communities in this country that need such a wholesome social center as this more than they need anything else.

#### A West Indian Hurricane

Not merely the sympathy of people in this country but their generosity should be appealed to by the destruction caused in Jamaica by the hurricane which swept over that beautiful island early last week.

A despatch from Kingston states that the destitution in the stricken districts is appalling, that thousands of persons are homeless, and that at a meeting held with the Governor's approval an appeal was made to the people of the United States for foodstuffs, lumber, and money. The southeastern portion of the island suffered most severely, and although the loss of life was comparatively small, the loss of property is many millions of dollars in value, and the immediate suffering inflicted on the people is incalculable. The same hurricane or cyclone also did serious damage in the island of Martinique and some on the southern coast of Cuba, and then appears to have dissipated itself in the Gulf of Mexico. It was a typical four days' tropical cyclone, such as often occurs in the Caribbean Sea at this time of year, and it is only because the island of Jamaica was so unfortunate as to lie exactly in the course of the storm when it was at its utmost violence that this cyclone is to be distinguished from many others which in August or September sweep this portion of the ocean.

**Prussia's  
Anti-Disfigurement Law**

The Prussian law recognizing without qualification the right of the State to prohibit disfiguring advertisements on private property, a right touched upon incidentally by The Outlook in a recent editorial on "Civic Æsthetics," is discussed at length in the latest issue of "A Beautiful World." This publication, as will be recalled, is the official journal of Scapa, the English society which for ten years has waged vigorous war against such advertising appropriation of the common inheritance in undefaced scenery. The object of the Prussian law, as stated in the preamble, is to "prevent the disfigurement of places remarkable for their natural beauty." It authorizes the "police authorities," meaning local elective bodies having some functions resembling those of the county or road commissioners of some of our States, "to prohibit outside of towns such advertising boards or notices or pictorial devices as disfigure the landscape," thus extending a similar prohibition in urban districts provided for in previous legislation. The law owes its origin to agitation in the Rhine country after the attempt by a

district council to prohibit disfiguring advertisements was thwarted by an adverse decision, the Supreme Court sustaining on appeal the claim that there was no legislative authority for such prohibition. The Government, in response to a generally expressed desire, then introduced in the Landtag a bill to remedy this defect. The committee charged with its preliminary examination carefully considered all the equities involved. It was urged, to quote the report, that "where a small landowner, who has won a scanty yield from his stony fields, is enabled to get an additional rent in excess of the annual yield of the land by permitting the erection of a huge advertising board," he is entitled to compensation for its removal. Reply was made that "employment of the surface of the land for a purpose so far removed from its common and ordinary use" does not constitute a proper case for compensation. It was proposed "to do no more than to extend accepted legal principles"—for example, "large restrictions placed on the use of landed property, in the form especially of building regulations," dating back to 1850—"so as to bring within the scope of public regulation both the protection of the æsthetic taste and the preservation of landscape beauties." This view was accepted by all but one of the fourteen members of the committee, and the bill substantially as reported passed both Houses with apparently little, if any, opposition. As "A. Beautiful World" says of the law, it is "elastic," giving a remedy where there is a grievance, but not interfering with advertising generally; it is not "arbitrary," since it makes no distinction between different classes of advertisements, "disfiguring effect being the sole criterion;" it is based on the right view of public policy, recognizing legally the equitable interest of all who love the beautiful in nature. The example set by Prussia has been followed by the Hessian Legislature, which has included similar provisions in a statute for the protection of public monuments.

**The Work of Scapa** This issue of "A Beautiful World," the first in three years, reviews at length what has been done by Scapa in the ten years of its existence. Of matters of

general interest in this record, not previously noted in *The Outlook*, these may be mentioned: The application to Parliament for special powers to regulate exposed advertising (similar to the powers granted to Edinburgh and Dover) by some twenty corporations and district councils; the promise of the Government to make official inquiry into the practice of other countries regarding the taxation of exposed advertising and its regulation; the passage of an act enabling local bodies to levy rates on spaces and premises used for advertising display, a power effectively invoked in some localities to diminish the volume of such advertising; a conference between representatives of Scapa and a committee of bill-posting interests to reach, if possible, some friendly agreement as to regulation—an incident, though the conference failed of immediate result, which illustrates the new place accorded Scapa as representing, not a fad, but a practical reform; the founding of "John Evelyn Clubs" as educative centers "for the defense and promotion of picturesque amenities, and for developing and fostering the taste for nature and for grace in the aspect of every-day scenes." "A Beautiful World" also devotes large space to the report of a commission appointed by the Grand Council of the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, and referred to the Council of State, demanding the protection of "our dearest national inheritance, the beauty of our country," from advertising disfigurement. In this connection it is interesting to note a quite general protest against the construction of mountain railroads in the Alps, and especially against the railroad now slowly creeping up the Jungfrau. The London "Graphic" comments: "The Wengern Alp, once sacred to the beautiful blue gentian, is speckled with the shells of hard-boiled eggs, rows of ladies read penny society papers at the edge of the Eiger glacier, and at the Sheideck a gramophone has taken the place of the 'Ranz des Vaches.'"



The London Religious Census  
The religious census of London compiled by the London "Daily News" has just been completed, and its statistics are worthy of attention. The census was taken by six hundred men, and involved

the work of six months. No enumeration was taken on such special Sundays as Christmas, Easter, or Whitsunday, when the churches would be likely to be crowded. According to the report, the ratio of church-goers is about one in 4.45, but as about a third of them are popularly known as "twicers," or those who attend a place of worship twice a Sunday, the total number of attendants must be reduced by so much. Hence the ratio becomes one in 5.25, or sixteen per cent. of the population. As to proportions between the churches, the Established Church of England heads the list, followed very closely by the Nonconformists, and a long way off by the Roman Catholics. Of the Nonconformist bodies, the largest are the Baptist and Congregational, each of which contributes more than a quarter of the total, while the Methodists and Presbyterians together contribute more than another fourth. The Methodist Church and the Established Church are the only two communions represented in every borough. In connection with this census the "Daily News" prints some interesting conclusions from the superintendent of the enumerators, who believes the principal lesson of his work to be that the power of preaching is undiminished. "Wherever there is the right man in the pulpit, there are few, if any, empty pews. It is not necessary that the right man be a genius, or anything approaching a genius. He may be in many particulars an 'extraordinarily ordinary' man so long as he possesses strong convictions, keen sympathies, and a magnetic personality." Secondly, if the so-called working classes and the classes below the working classes are to be brought inside a place of worship, future buildings must be the antithesis of what they are at present; especially must pews, with their attendant rents and proprietary rights, be abolished. But even where men and methods are alike admirable, many people, either from hostility or apathy, remain untouched. In order to reach these there must be more open-air preaching. Finally, the superintendent sensibly says, the Gospel preached must cover the whole of a man's life.

If the revival of the eighteenth century was due to the rediscovery of the worth of an individual soul and its personal responsibility, the revival of the twentieth century will be due to the discovery of the worth of the whole

man and the responsibility of the community. Our forefathers were content with the heaven after death; we demand a heaven here. They regarded themselves as pilgrims with no continuing city, "mere desert-land sojourners;" we are determined that this metropolis shall become the City of God.

While other causes may contribute to the apathy or hostility of nearly five-sixths of London's population as regards church-going, the deductions just mentioned are among the most important to be considered. It is hardly necessary to state that they apply to New York City and to other large communities as well as to the greatest city in the world.



#### Free Transportation for Tramps

While our frontier courts no longer return the verdict "Not guilty if you leave the State," many of our charitable societies continue to return the verdict "Worthy of aid if you leave the town." Tramping in America has been practically subsidized by the readiness of local boards to get rid of tramps by paying their railroad fares to the point where work is said to be awaiting them, or at least to the next station along the route. Like all mean ways of helping ourselves at the expense of our neighbors, this one has reacted upon those using it. Cities that have been made the dumping-grounds for the tramps visiting their neighbors have retaliated upon their neighbors, and in the end every city has had more tramps than if tramping had never been subsidized, and the whole cost of transporting tramps from one city to another has been added to the burdens of the cities concerned. Last year the National Conference of Charities and Correction took hold of the abuse, and appointed a committee, with Charles F. Weller, of Washington, as chairman, to formulate a plan by which the evil could be remedied. This committee sensibly utilized a plan which the National Conference of Jewish Charities has already used successfully for two years, and, after wide correspondence with competent advisers, has amended it as conditions seemed to require, and now submitted it to the charitable bureaus of the country, public and private, for adoption. It becomes binding upon the signers when adopted by the officers of one hundred such bureaus. It provides

that the signers shall not forward applicants for charity to other cities without first consulting the charity bureaus in those cities, and learning that the applicant's condition promises to be materially improved by transporting him, or that he has a legal residence in the place to which he desires to be sent. The signers further agree not to furnish any transportation to applicants unless they furnish through transportation either to the place where the applicant rightfully asks to be sent or to the place where his charitable transportation originated. In no case is the applicant to be "passed along" to another community which has no adequate responsibility for him. The committee has prepared an admirable telegraphic code by which all ordinary questions can be asked and answered in a few words. The plan is so well matured and the need for its adoption so evident that it ought to be adopted by acclamation by the charity bureaus of the country.



#### Forestry and Railways

The Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture has been accomplishing an amount of practical good which has not received the public attention to which it is entitled. One of the most important things accomplished by the Bureau is giving advice to individuals, associations, and communities concerning the various departments of forestry. An interesting application recently came to the Bureau from certain railways concerning the problem of securing new ties, a problem yearly becoming more difficult of solution as the long-leaved pine lumber grows scarcer. Yet over a hundred million ties must be used annually merely to replace those no longer serviceable, without counting those necessary for new construction. The reply of the Bureau of Forestry was that cheaper woods than long-leaved pine should be used—for instance, beech, birch, and maple. To the complaint that these timbers rot quickly the Bureau showed that the Chemin de Fer de l'Est in France has succeeded in making beech ties last over thirty years by simply impregnating them with tar oil. But the advice from the Bureau did not stop at this point; it suggested that railways should themselves

engage in practical forestry by acquiring large tracts of land suitable for timber; they would thus be assured of a steady supply of ties. Following this advice, the New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio roads are studying the woodlands along their routes with a view to determining where timber-farming may be carried on most advantageously. Of course the system advocated by the Bureau is that which exists in Germany and Switzerland, namely, the cutting only of those trees which will afford a maximum of the kind of timber required, the small trees developing in their turn, and the cut-over land being gradually reforested by the planting of new trees. In those countries, for every tree cut a new one must be planted. From the standpoint of National wealth, no economic problem before the American people is at once so important or so interesting just now as is that of forestry. The work of the Bureau at Washington can hardly be commended too highly. It has brought the question before the people in such a way as to appeal both to the head and to the pocketbook—in other words, to theory and practice.



**A School of Journalism** Columbia University is to have a School of Journalism, related to the general educational work of the University precisely as is its school of law or of medicine. This is absolutely a new thing in the field of education; there have been courses of lectures on journalism in colleges, and private institutions have taught or attempted to teach the art, but the systematic training for newspaper work in a fully equipped institution established solely for that purpose is a novel undertaking, and may be regarded as one of the most interesting educational experiments of our time. The founder of the school is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York "World;" and his generous gift of \$2,000,000 will certainly put the school on a sound financial basis and make it practicable to form and carry out thorough and extensive plans. The sum of \$500,000 is to go for the building, to be erected at once; the rest will endow adequately the professorships; the course is to be two years; it is hoped that

the school will be ready for work in about a year's time. In addition to the oversight and direction from Columbia University which the School of Journalism will have in common with other organic branches of Columbia, its management will be under the counsel of an advisory board to be appointed by the donor. Mr. Pulitzer has already obtained the consent to serve on this board of President Butler, of Columbia, the Hon. John Hay, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the Hon. Andrew D. White, Mr. Victor F. Lawson, Mr. St. Clair McKelway, and General Charles H. Taylor, of Boston, while President Eliot, of Harvard, although unable to serve on the board, has expressed his willingness to give the institution suggestions and advice and has approved the general plan. The personnel of the advisory board, so far as announced, must give the public confidence that the school will be carried on in a dignified and intelligent manner; it is constituted, as will be noticed, almost equally of experienced newspaper editors and of men recognized as of a foremost rank in public life and statesmanship. President Butler's announcement of the munificent endowment points out that a new academic field is entered upon and that the donor's aim, long in contemplation, is to provide an opportunity to secure in a great university both theoretical and practical training for journalism, or, in Mr. Pulitzer's phrase, to found courses of study that will for this profession be equivalent to what other professional schools supply for other professions. President Eliot has submitted an excellent tentative outline for the course of study; its main divisions include newspaper administration, newspaper manufacture, the law of journalism, the ethics of journalism, the history of journalism, and the literary form of newspapers; while history, political science, and English will be taught with special reference to the practical work of the press. It is often said that a good newspaper man cannot be made by teaching, but it is equally true that a lawyer or a doctor cannot be made solely by teaching; in every profession a period of apprenticeship in actual work must follow the study of theory. It is not to be doubted that of two men entering upon newspaper work, one who has had the

advantage of such a course as Dr. Eliot has outlined would have a great superiority over one of equal ability who depended solely on his native cleverness and adaptability. That the Columbia School of Journalism will in time have a perceptible influence on the press of the country as regards dignity, breadth of view, and thoroughness of method can hardly be doubted.



## The Making of Americans

In the discussion aroused by the attempt of the United States to control and educate dependent peoples in distant islands the fact has generally been overlooked that there is an undertaking of the same nature in controlling and educating the mass of immigrants that pour into the States themselves. To say, as we are saying or ought to say, to Italians or Hungarians or Russian Jews who are here in America, You shall not be admitted to the privileges of citizenship until you give evidence of your fitness to meet its obligations, and in the meantime you shall not govern yourselves, we shall govern you, is to set ourselves a problem no less complicated and difficult of solution, but no less inevitable, than that which we have set for ourselves in the Philippines or Porto Rico. Indeed, the situation in those islands is in many respects less serious than that which exists within the United States itself. There the dependent people are isolated, here they are mingling with the citizens of the Nation. There the disturbance that is bound to occur in the process of control and education extends only indirectly to the Nation at large; here every disturbance affects very directly and appreciably the whole American population. The gradations are easy from ignorance and violence in a horde of un-Americanized aliens to political corruption throughout the whole political body; and political corruption means the decay of republican institutions. The Outlook has faith enough in the American form of government to believe that it is capable of solving the problem involved not only in the extension of territory, but also in the increase of immigration. The problem, however, will not solve itself.

There are two factors in this problem.

They may be stated in two questions: (1) What shall the Nation do to regulate the incoming stream of immigrants? (2) What shall the Nation do to make those who are already here contribute to its own best life?

I. The present stream of immigrants is very different in composition, as The Outlook has already pointed out in the issue for August 1, from that which was entering American ports twenty years ago. Then the immigrants were not very different in race and historical environment from those who originally peopled the United States. Celts and Celto-Saxons from Great Britain and Ireland, Swedes and Norwegians from Scandinavia, and Teutons from Germany are all racially allied. These were all elements that entered into the making of the English race. These elements were, two decades ago, simply uniting again in remaking the American people. Now, however, it is a people almost wholly alien in race and language that is being fused with the population of America. Now it is not northern but southern Europe, and southern Italy at that, not Celts and Teutons, but Slavs and Semites, that are sending in their hordes. These people bring with them no high standard of living; they bring with them no conception of popular government, not even one so rudimentary as that which the barbarian invaders of England possessed. The other day a colony of these immigrants was discovered contentedly living in the midst of the filth that dripped from the garbage-dumps of New York. Every day there are occurrences that show the easy acquiescence of these immigrants in the *padrone* system, a petty tyranny that is too ignoble to be classed among forms of government. Even as they are, if they were impelled to come to America by their aspirations after something better than they have in the Old World, though their aspirations were crudely materialistic, they ought to find at least discriminating welcome. But it is plain that they come almost involuntarily. Indeed, it is fair to say they do not come, they are imported. The steamship companies find that men and women make as profitable freight as any other goods. To drum up trade they are employing agents to send men and

women to these shores. According to the reports of Mr. Marcus Braun, the confidential agent in Europe of the Bureau of Immigration, these companies pay peasants and peddlers, school-teachers and postmasters, village notaries and even priests, in Hungary, Croatia, Poland, and elsewhere, to recruit immigrants from among the most ignorant, destitute, and degraded of the people. Employers of labor in this country, according to accounts given of Mr. Braun's reports, are joining in defiance of the law with the steamship companies in this importation of men like chattels. Immigration thus stimulated and conducted is not the sort of immigration this country can be expected to tolerate. The Outlook has never advocated and does not now intend to advocate the shutting of "the door of hope" against the oppressed of other lands, but it does most urgently advocate the shutting of the door of privilege against the greed and unscrupulousness of those who would traffic in human beings without regard to the welfare of this country, much less to the ordinary promptings of humanity.

There needs to be a very vigorous and widespread public sentiment aroused against this wholesale commerce in men, women, and children. If the economic and political welfare of this country is to be preserved, the people themselves must preserve it. They owe it to themselves to call for a curtailment, and if possible a total prevention, of this cattle business. For this there must be more effectual laws.

In the last session of Congress the bill requiring an educational test was held up by filibustering in regard to the Statehood Bill. This test ought to be enacted. It is hopeless to make Americans out of the class of immigrants who are now entering the United States, unless they are proved to be intellectually capable of understanding American institutions. The only way by which this may be done is by an examination that will satisfy the immigrant officers that the applicants for admission have received some education.

Before the new law was passed last March, consuls in foreign ports had power to scrutinize the list of immigrants leaving those ports. Thus precaution was taken against allowing undesirable immigrants

even to start on their trip across the Atlantic. By the new law the consuls were deprived of this power. Why? A stone does not roll of itself up hill. The steamship companies found it not only irksome to pay the dollar for each list submitted to a consul, but disagreeable to be obliged to accept his rejections of those immigrants who, because they were superannuated or paupers or contract laborers or exposed to disease, deserved to be excluded. The companies, moreover, did not enjoy having their steerage quarters supervised. So the law was changed, and now the steamship companies dump their human freight before inspectors in American ports who have no such means of knowing about the people as an official in the port of departure would have. Whether the former provision was the best that can be devised we do not undertake to say; but in some way the power to examine and reject immigrants before they embark for America should be restored. The best way to prevent the steamship companies from grubbing after the most degraded human creatures of Europe is to make that part of their business unprofitable.

II. Whatever may be the safeguards, however, which we may adopt in the future, we have already hundreds of thousands of aliens in this country who are strangers to our laws, our customs, our language, to the whole spirit of our life. Like all strangers, they huddle together in communities of their own. They not only speak, but they think and live, in Italian, Slavonic, Yiddish. They dig American ditches, they mine American coal, they cut American garments, but they no more become Americans thereby than a cow becomes an American because she eats American grass. What shall we do with them?

The chief thing to do is to believe in them. They are not all living under the garbage-dumps. Go into an Italian tenement and see there more courtesy than exists in many a New England village. Go among the Slavic population of a mining town and find there virtue that would shame many an indigenous American community near by. Go among the poor Jews of New York and find there more family loyalty than in most homes on Fifth Avenue. This Italian, this



Slovak, this Jew, is different from the Yankee. Suppose he does not become a Yankee all at once, is that any ground for contempt or fear of him? Is not a character that is a bit firmer than wax worthy of respect? Is it not somewhat vainglorious in us to imagine that all good will come to him only as he becomes like us? Is it wholly preposterous to fancy that in return for what we give him he has something to give us? Is American civilization to be measured wholly by wages and votes? Cannot America get other profit than that which can be described as economic or political? It seems to us that we may expect something from races that have created the art of Italy and the wild music of Hungary and Poland. Down in the foreign quarters on the East Side of New York there is more evidence of sheer delight in the beautiful than can be discovered in all the annals of conscientious New England. The evidence may be only in a fiddle, a bit of colored cloth, a little puppet show, but that, to use Carlyle's expression, "as compared with flat Nothing, is something very considerable." It is of first importance to make sure that only those be admitted to this country who have aspirations for economic and political freedom; but it will be well to remember that these same incoming aliens have other aspirations—or perhaps, more exactly, instincts—which we of well-to-do America, too commonly ignoring them, might cultivate to our own advantage as well as to theirs.



## A Victory for Conciliation

While capital in some of the textile industries and laborers in some of the building trades are rejecting arbitration because they think they can secure by conflict better terms than impartial arbitrators would accord them, it is refreshing to see that the principle of arbitration is making steady advance and that in every part of the country public sentiment is pressing more and more strongly upon both parties to industrial disputes to submit their differences to a fair tribunal. The latest victory for this principle is in the Southwestern coal mining region, where the agreement reached covers all the mines of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Indian Ter-

ritory, and Kansas. This great mining district has not received from the press one hundredth part of the attention given to the anthracite fields, but it is rapidly coming to rival them in importance. About fifty thousand miners are already employed in it.

As in other sections, the miners' union in the Southwest passed through the crude experimental stage when its combative spirit was out of proportion to its strength, and when this spirit in the union had its counterpart in the same spirit among the operators. As a correspondent in the heart of the region writes us: "The record of the past shows that operators met in secret and secluded places to plan war against the miners' organization, subscribing thousands of dollars to ship in colored miners and non-union white miners, and thus show that they had a right to run their business as they pleased and employ whom they pleased. The miners, on the other hand, fought for their organization as the bear fights for her cub. They denounced the mine-owners, abused capitalists, obstructed every movement to operate the mines, and put the whole surrounding country in jeopardy. This year, after long negotiations, a treaty of peace was concluded satisfactory to both parties."

The negotiations took place during a three weeks' inter-State convention of operators and miners held last month in Pillsbury, Kansas, one of the most important of the new mining cities. For fully a week before this convention met, separate meetings of operators and miners had been in session to formulate in private the policy of either side. For the first time in their history the operators were fully represented and united, and for the first time a complete recognition was made of the miners' union. The miners were firm in their demands for higher wages and improved conditions. These demands were chiefly based on the increased expense of their living and the more profitable market operators have for their coal. The moving and guiding spirit in their meetings was the President of their National organization, John Mitchell. The operators felt that they could do business with a man who had received the respect of Eastern operators and of the President of the United States. The miners felt, too, that their cause could be safely

intrusted to his hands. Their retreat from radical and unreasonable demands is due to his generalship and sound advice. Addressing a mass-meeting of miners, previous to the joint convention, he said :

There are many misconceptions about the relations of capital and labor. Some men who own the mines think they own the men too. And some miners who work in the mines think that they own them. Both are wrong. The mines belong to the owners. You belong to yourselves. I don't believe we will ever be able to correct wrongs by denouncing some one else. I don't believe in denouncing capital for the wrongs of labor. I don't believe that capital is altogether to blame for all of labor's wrongs. None of us are poor because we want to be. There is not one of us but would be willing to accumulate wealth and become a capitalist if we could do so honorably. So, instead of denouncing those who have money, what we ought to do is to organize our forces to cause a fairer distribution of wealth among those who produce. . . . It is claimed by the ignorant and the prejudiced that trades-unionism should be abolished because it depends upon the exercise of physical force to make its issue successful. If I believed that trades-unionism depended on acts of lawlessness and violence to be successful, I would abandon it forthwith. I am a better American than I am a trades-unionist, and I would not stay with a movement that depended on lawlessness. . . . While the trades-unions ask the highest possible wages, they must return faithful service. In the trades-union and in the industrial movement men have obligations as well as privileges. We have a duty to perform. If we receive good pay, we must give good work.

At the miners' convention, speaking to the delegates representing fifty thousand miners, Mr. Mitchell gave similar advice. He appealed to them to meet the operators not in the spirit of bluff and bravado, but as man to man, and talk over the situation "calmly, temperately, and without prejudice or passion." When a resolution was introduced to submit to the local unions for their adoption the joint contract and scale of wages that should be agreed upon, it was promptly tabled, on the ground that it was not right "to play ping-pong" with a contract accepted and signed by the operators. In the joint convention the miners were represented by their best-informed and fairest-minded men, who presented ably their interests, and were also ready to concede to the operators just profits on capital invested. The operators showed on a blackboard the cost of operating shafts, and the average cost per ton to

them. The miners showed to a cent their average wages and actual earnings after deducting their expenses. After a most thorough discussion, the whole matter was turned over to special committees which wrestled with the problem a whole week, and finally settled upon a contract and scale of wages, which the joint convention adopted.

It is hardly necessary to add that in the final agreement each side made concessions for which its members had been prepared at the separate sessions to which the proceedings of joint conferences were constantly reported. At the end, however, each side was assured that it had obtained fairly just terms, and that insistence on better terms threatened a strike or lockout, sure to cost far more during the conflict than could be won by victory. The public, too, has gained as much as either side, for, no matter what the result of a labor conflict, the public is sure to be the loser from suspended production, interrupted trade, and advanced prices. There are times when the stronger of the two parties to an industrial dispute may gain an advantage through trial by combat. But the advantages thus secured are short-lived, for the imposition of unjust terms provokes new conflicts until justice is secured. To the public, however, there is never any advantage, however temporary, from industrial war, and every one who is—as Mr. Mitchell might phrase it—a citizen first, and a trades-unionist or a stockholder second, is bound to support the methods of peace. The great victory for conciliation in the Southwest brightens the hope for similar victories in every part of the land.



## An Old Lesson

Years ago Mrs. Jackson, writing under the familiar initials "H. H.," published in *The Outlook* an article on a lost map, which attracted a great deal of attention. A distinguished officer during the Civil War had been charged with grave misconduct on the field of battle. He defended himself by a very straightforward statement, which was unsupported by proof, and for many years he suffered greatly in reputation and still more, no doubt, in his own sense of injustice ; for, after a long period

of time, a plan of the battle was discovered which confirmed in every respect his own statement of his plans and actions on the momentous day. From this striking incident Mrs. Jackson drew the lesson of holding the mind in suspense, of postponing the judgment, of patience and charity in passing judgment upon others, so constantly needed to be learned by men and women of all classes.

There is no more tragic aspect of life than the waste of energy, the loss of power, the breaking of influence, and the breaking of hearts, which are the results of hasty and inaccurate judgments of all kinds. Men are constantly ridiculed or denounced for reports of speeches or newspaper statements of opinions which the critics and judges do not so much as take the trouble to verify. Misrepresentations of this kind often fly undisputed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leaving a permanent erroneous impression in the minds of thousands of people. The discussion of the day, both oral and written, in conversation, in newspapers, in magazines, in every conceivable form of publication, is full of misrepresentation, incorrect quotations, and misstatements, not always by any means the result of malicious intention, but the product of a careless, slovenly, and morally inexcusable attitude of mind.

All right-minded men and women owe it to themselves, to their neighbors, and to the well-being of society to protect their fellows against this kind of misrepresentation. No charge against a man ought ever to be repeated unless it is advanced upon serious grounds by respectable people. Not long ago several leading journals united in publishing a story in regard to one of the foremost Americans of the day which, if true, would have stamped him as a scoundrel. That story has been retracted, and the inferences from it disavowed; but meanwhile it has found lodgment in the minds of thousands of people who have failed to see the disavowal, or forget that it has been made, and a permanent injustice has been done to an upright public servant. It is one thing to criticise fearlessly and sharply a public man's failure to do his duty; it is another thing to make charges affecting his personal character. Such charges ought never to be made, or to be repeated, except on good authority.

No man ought to be held responsible for an opinion unless it is definitely known that he entertains and has expressed it. A newspaper report of a speech ought never to be made the basis of serious criticism unless the person who has been reported is first consulted. Grave injustice has often been done by taking careless and inaccurate reports as if they were authoritative statements of opinion.

No story of any kind against a man or woman which is being hawked about through small communities, or in larger circles in larger communities, ought ever to be passed on except with a full sense of responsibility. That is to say, every man who repeats a story affecting another person's character ought to understand that by that repetition he has made himself responsible for the charge. Instead of pulling people down morally and breaking their influence, it is every man's duty to build them up and to conserve their influence. There is no more heinous offense against a community than the wasting of its moral capital; and this is precisely what happens when the reputation of a good man or a good woman is assailed. To attack such a reputation, to smirch it, or belittle it, is not only a grave offense against the person, but is a waste of the moral capital of the community in which that person lives.

No rational man or woman expresses an opinion about any scientific matter unless that matter has been made the subject of intelligent study and some familiarity with the facts has been secured; but in the gravest questions affecting character, men and women do not hesitate to express opinions on the slightest possible basis of knowledge; and so it happens that the gravest wrongs are committed and the heaviest sorrows inflicted by mental slovenliness and moral obtuseness. The sensitive and high-minded suffer as much from the stupidity of the obtuse as from the malice of the keen-witted. Most of the misrepresentation, eight-tenths of all the personal criticism, and the great mass of miscellaneous misinformation which floats about in every community, are set in motion and kept in motion by people whose opinions are entitled to no weight because they never take the trouble to base them on facts.

Responsibility for the tongue is constantly evaded, but no man can escape it; and there are heedless men and women in every community who are walking straight on to a day of reckoning, the terrors of which will not come out of any external punishment, but from the consciousness of irreparable wrongs committed carelessly and stupidly, without even the palliation of temptation.



## What is it to Accept Christ?

If accepting Christ means simply obeying his instructions and following his teaching, how does this differ from salvation by works? What place does it leave for regeneration? What for atonement? What for the value of his sufferings and death?

To accept Christ is to accept his life, his love, his service, to accept his pardon and his forgiveness, to accept his cross and his power. It is to accept this simply, naturally, to accept it as a free gift, paying nothing for it. And then, because we honor him and love him, to follow him, and try to do his work in his way. Salvation by work means that he saves us because we work for him. Salvation by faith means that we work for him because he has saved us. In the one case we pay him for his gift, and it is not a gift but a purchase. In the other case we accept his gift, and then show our gratitude by the service we render. If we try to buy peace and joy by working for them, we make a mistake. If we try to buy them by regarding our experience as a condition of getting them, we make a mistake. We are to take God's gifts as we take the sunlight and the air, and we are to live in his grace just as we live in the sunlight and the air.

Regeneration is new birth, new life. We cannot recreate ourselves. The birth from above must come from above, not from us. All our thinking, our studying, our resolving, can do nothing toward recreating ourselves. We are to leave all questions of new birth to God, and not trouble ourselves about them. We are just to take his gift of life, and then live naturally and simply because he has given that gift to us.

Atonement is at-one-ment. It is reconciliation with God; it is being at one with him. It has cost God something to make

this atonement possible. That cost is represented to us by the suffering and death of Christ. He has done all that he can do to be at one with us, by coming into our life, sharing our sorrows, bearing our burdens, entering into our sins. It remains simply for us to be at one with him, to make his will our will, by taking the gift which he freely bestows upon us, by making his will our will, and by living the life which through the life of Jesus Christ he has interpreted to us. This is salvation, taking the gift of life from God, and then living it naturally, simply. Salvation, then, does not come by work; it is not given to us as wages because we have paid for it by service. It does not come by seeking or following after it, or trying to get it. It comes by the faith which desires it and accepts it, the faith which works by love, that is, the faith which is shown in the obedience of love, by doing the work which Christ bids us to do, and living the life which he enables us to live, accepting the commission which he proffers to us in the words, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you into the world."



## The Spectator

In a recent issue of *The Outlook* comment was made on the attitude of the Turkish Department of Public Education toward the editions of the Bible in the Turkish language which the American Bible Society distributes so widely throughout the Ottoman Empire. This attitude and the comment thereon recall to the Spectator the general question of press censorship in Turkey, and particularly a chat which he had some time ago with the editor of the "*Lisan el Hal*," one of the leading papers of Syria published in Beirut. Ludicrous to the American mind as may seem the objections of the Turkish Educational Department to the word Macedonia as it appears in the New Testament, or its suggestion that the sentence in 1 Timothy, "Christ Jesus came to save sinners," be changed to "Christ Jesus came to save Christian sinners," the Turkish censorship as applied to the press and to secular books offers examples still more amusing and incomprehensible. The last instance given above is indeed not incom-

prehensible at all, as soon as one understands the intense hold that his religion has upon the average Mohammedan, and his utter contempt for and hatred of other beliefs.



To come back to the main point, however. As in Russia, the proof of every line intended for publication in a newspaper in the Ottoman Empire must be submitted to the censor. If he approves an article, well and good. If it displeases him, out it goes, or else he changes it to suit his views and those of the Government. The "Lisan el Hal," or, to English the name, the Tongue of the Times, is a Christian publication (in the sense at least that it is not Mohammedan), and perhaps has had more than its share of attention from the censors, but, on the whole, the latter are fairly impartial and treat the publications of all sects and nationalities pretty much alike. The editor must bear in mind that nothing must be said which could be remotely construed by the most exuberant imagination into a reflection on the Sultan or the Government; that he must constantly speak in praise of Abdul Hamid, and that he would much better avoid politics. If he touches on the latter subject, he does so with considerable trepidation, and usually his views do not reach the public. The "Lisan el Hal's" editor gave to the Spectator a number of examples of the work of the censor. One day a man came to the office and offered an advertisement to the effect that a valuable horse belonging to him had been stolen from an inn somewhere in the Lebanon. The advertisement was duly set up, sent to the censor, corrected by that official, and printed in the paper. The next day the advertiser appeared at the office and demanded to know where his advertisement was. "In the paper, of course," he was told. "There's an advertisement in the paper saying that a horse has been lost. That's not mine. My horse was stolen," he protested. "Ah, but don't you see," was the reply, "if we say that your horse was stolen, that would indicate that traveling in the Lebanon is unsafe. The censor says that would never do, because every one knows there is no safer region in the world." And the advertiser content with that. What

of the "Lost and Found" columns in the New York papers if that system prevailed here? On another occasion there was a murder in Beirut, and the "Lisan el Hal," being an enterprising sheet, "covered" it fully. The entire article was "killed" by the censor. He could not allow the impression to go abroad that anybody ever killed anybody else in the city. Partly through disgust, and partly because the paper had to go to press at once, the editor simply left a blank space where the account of the murder should have been. Worse and worse! The censor argued that when people saw that blank space they would know that something objectionable to the Government had been left out, and would immediately begin to inquire what that something objectionable was. They might find out, too, and then the work of the censor's office would have gone for nothing. So, to uphold the dignity of the office, he suspended the "Lisan el Hal" for some weeks, and, if the Spectator's memory is not at fault, imprisoned the editor to boot. There came to the city at one time, for a visit, a certain Mr. Caliph, from somewhere in the interior. He was a man of some consequence in his native town, wherever it was, and "Lisan el Hal" deemed him worthy of mention and proposed to print the fact that "Mr. Caliph was visiting Beirut, etc., etc." The censor was aghast. Allah forbid! There is but one Caliph, and he is our victorious Sultan, Abdul Hamid Khan—long may he live! So poor Mr. Caliph had to make his visit unnoticed by the press, much as he may have deserved the distinction and little as he may have cared to exchange places with his Imperial Majesty.



It has been said that in newspaper articles frequent mention must be made of the Sultan and the glories of his reign. An excellent instance of this is shown in an account of the inauguration last May of the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, D.D., as President of the Syrian Protestant College, which was printed in "El Mahabbi," an Orthodox Greek newspaper in Beirut. After an introductory paragraph the article continued: "The joy was general the spirit and significance of the celebration was general. The celebration

was a bright representation of the advance of knowledge protected by the Ottoman flag. It presented to our view a magnificent scene in the progress of an age illuminated by the sun of knowledge radiating from the firmament of the Hamidian [Abdul Hamid's] throne. We greeted, therefore, in the person of the new President, the Ottoman Empire under whose protection the college has grown and the sciences and arts which the college strives to disseminate in our country. It was with this salutation that we stood among the crowds of well-wishers. For, as loyal and true Ottomans, whose first and foremost duty is to honor their Sultan and his flag, we deemed it our duty to salute the man who has come from a distant country to direct an institution in which the Ottoman flag is honored and where good wishes are always being formed for the welfare of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, . . . We are particularly indebted to the college for the respect in which the Ottoman Empire is held within its walls and for honoring his Imperial Majesty, our lawful liege and sovereign, the victorious Sultan, Abdul Hamid Khan. The faculty is so careful in this respect that the college is more Ottoman than American. The name of our beloved Sultan begins and ends every speech delivered from its platform. The crescent of our victorious flag waves over its walls and lends to them its luster and brilliancy. Its graduates are known to be the most loyal subjects of the country. That is what makes the college great in our eyes, in our heart, and in our thought." No comment is necessary. The Spectator has reason to know that most of the adulatory sentences were written or suggested by the censor himself, and that much of the original matter was stricken out.



The censorship over secular books is conducted on the same picayune ideas. The Department of Public Education once suppressed an entire edition of a rhetoric or grammar because it gave as an example of an interjection the phrase "To arms! To arms!" That, the censors gravely said, would be enough to rouse all Armenia to revolt. Better still was the serious objection raised against the Moody and Sankey hymn-book. The censors based their ob-

jections on the ground that the famous hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming," could not fail to spread sedition among the discontented and lead them to believe that some mysterious power would aid them in overthrowing the Ottoman Empire! There is also the probably apocryphal story of the suppression of a chemistry because it spoke of the formation of water by the *union* of oxygen and hydrogen. The story might very well be true. All books that enter Turkey through the Turkish mails are, of course, carefully examined. Not long ago the Spectator sent "Richard Yea-and-Nay" to a friend in Turkey, but it never reached its destination. The censor probably has it in his library. The safe way is to direct books via London. In this way they go in the English mail, which the Turk does not often dare to violate.



The supervision over telegrams is just as strict as that over books. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of a stationary engine to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered, "Five hundred revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such and such a firm in Paris?" "Yes." "Ah," cried the judge, "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are five hundred revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"



And the above instances are not extreme ones. Others similar to them occur all the time. This microscopic censorship is not only an annoyance, but, if the Turk could understand it, is perfectly senseless and useless to himself. While the censors are wasting their time hunting for insignificant little things which would otherwise pass unnoticed, they are leaving the door open for the entrance of advanced ideas of education and civilization which, from their point of view, are calculated to do a world of harm. So one may view with considerable equanimity the present system, irritating as it is at times and ridiculous as it is always.

# Colombia and the Canal

By Archibald R. Colquhoun

Author of "China in Transformation," "The Mastery of the Pacific," etc.

EVER since the Latin-American countries threw off the Spanish yoke, that part of South America which adjoins the isthmus has been the scene of conflict. Bolivar, the hero of ancient Colombia, who was President from 1819 to 1831, had a simple task in upholding his people against Spain compared with the efforts of later Presidents to maintain themselves against their own countrymen. Colombia split in two in 1830, and then came a fresh period of confusion and party strife leading up to the civil war of 1860 and the triumph of the Federalists, after which the country emerged as the United States of Colombia, with a constitution modeled on that of its great neighbor in the northern continent. Since that time the history of Colombia has been that of revolution and party warfare. But, indeed, there seems some special fate pursuing this unfortunate country.

The strongly fortified city of Cartagena, said to be the oldest walled city in the Americas, testifies to the strategic value attached by Spain to this territory, and was the scene of many stern conflicts. Cartagena, with its forts, its walls, its narrow streets, its cathedral and churches, remains almost as the Spaniards left it, and the free-born citizens of the republic which threw off the yoke of Spain use the dungeons left by their quondam masters to imprison their political opponents.

What the internal development of the country has been can best be judged from the state of communications. From the coast at Savanilla a short (and uncertain) line runs to Barranquilla, a rather picturesque little town, where the prevailing features are the dust, the blaring of trumpets and banging of drums by a ragged military band, and the prevalence of Germans at the hotels. From Barranquilla to Bogota, the capital of the republic, is about ten days' journey; the first six performed in comparative comfort if one is able to secure a peaceful passage on one of the fine paddle steamers that

ply on the river. These are liable, however, under the military régime which has prevailed for the last four years, to be requisitioned for troops, who are not at all desirable traveling companions. The latter half of the journey is made on horse or mule back, and its comfort depends greatly on the knowledge possessed by the traveler of the country, the completeness of his arrangements, and on his power of invective if he detects his pack-driver or others in his employ in attempts to shirk their duties.

Bogota, when reached by this route, is therefore some eleven days from the coast, and although there are about four hundred miles of railway altogether in Colombia, different parts of that country are even more remote. The lines are laid in short lengths in eight out of the nine departments, and forty-seven miles must be deducted for the line which crosses the Panama isthmus. The country is, nevertheless, a fine one, especially in the temperate regions of the plateaus in the eastern Cordilleras, which enjoy a cool and healthful climate and are rich in minerals. Large quantities of gold were taken from the country in Spanish times, and mining, even under present conditions, is successfully carried on by several foreign companies.

It is impossible to appreciate the condition of affairs in Colombia to-day without a brief résumé of her political history since 1884, and more especially since the death of her last strong President, Rafael Nuñez, early in 1894. This man overthrew the constitution of the Federal Republic, and was practical dictator of the country for about ten years; and although his opponents regard him as a traitor, and he undoubtedly used political parties merely as a means of gratifying his ambitions, it must be said that under his arbitrary rule Colombia enjoyed peace and comparative comfort. The constitution of the republic before the *coup d'état* of Nuñez was modeled on that of the United States, each department enjoying

autonomy under a President chosen by themselves. Nominally no more freely representative government could be devised, but practically the party in power managed the elections in such a manner that they became mere farces. Latin-Americans have peculiar theories of their own as regards elections, which are very differently worked from those of Europe or the United States. As a rule, they take place without the people's knowledge, the result generally showing the return of the President's selection at the head of the poll. The process is as follows: A few weeks before the date of the so-called elections an address is circulated in which it is courteously but plainly pointed out that, while in no way wishing to bring an undue influence to bear upon the electors, in the opinion of the President and Ministers Mr. X. and Mr. Y. would be highly suitable people for such and such seats; and returned they usually are. But if the people happen not to approve of the official nominees, ah!—then occurs the revolution, that so oft-recurring feature, the *pièce de résistance* of Central American life.

Sometimes, however, as a means of avoiding a threatened rising, they go so far as to make considerable show of opening the polling-booths, and one little instance will give a pretty fair idea of what mockery it all is. On the eve of the day announced for the polling, the *alcalde* of one of the larger towns despatches a batch of messengers to three hundred or so residents in the district, requiring their presence on the morrow under penalty of a heavy fine. On arriving next day, they are ushered one by one into the *Cabildo* (municipal building), where the *alcalde* wishes them good-morning and summons his clerk, who hands each man a strip of paper neatly folded up, pointing at the same time to a box and adding: "Put it in there, please." Naturally, Mr. Elector does as he is requested, after which another clerk registers his name and address, the *alcalde* comes forward and shakes him by the hand, and the next moment he is in the street—asking the first passer-by what it all means. Next morning the official gazette solemnly announces that by an overwhelming majority Mr. So-and-so has been elected to the vice-presidency, and so the matter ends. This is what is known

as the strict observance of the people's right of voting. The fact is that the liberties, the guarantees, the rights of the Spanish-American citizen exist in the Constitutions—but only there. Nothing remains to be desired—except that fulfillment.

Under a vigorous and unscrupulous man like Nuñez the government became entirely centralized, and the President assumed the most absolute power. By the new Constitution promulgated in 1886 the President became irresponsible, had the power to declare the country in a state of siege, to frame special laws, and to muzzle the press in a manner hardly possible in even autocratic Russia. Partly because of the heavy expenses involved by his method of government, which made a large army imperative to the maintenance of his power, and partly because he was a very poor financier, Nuñez involved the country in serious difficulties by the reckless issue of paper money, and thus was inaugurated the most extraordinary financial system ever seen in a country, outside comic opera. The issue of paper money has been the resort of every one who has been in power, or nearly in power, since then; and to such an extent has this been carried that unauthorized and irresponsible people have got together a few printer's types, and, setting up notes, have printed and circulated them with great success before any one could interfere. No wonder that the exchange has gone up and down to extraordinary figures, from something like 250 to 20,000 and more. (At the time of writing it is a little over 10,000.)

The death of Nuñez in 1894 let loose the elements of discord. The Vice-President, Caro, who had been for some years the executive head but entirely subordinate to his chief, became Acting President. Nuñez and Caro had kept to the traditional policy of their party in maintaining the Church as part of the State, but making the former subservient politically to the latter. In 1895 the Liberal party, whose principal platform is anticlericalism or the separation of Church and State, made an effort to get into power by stirring up a revolution, but this was put down by General Reyes, who was generally expected to be Caro's successor. Reyes is a man of property and education,



in many ways superior to his opponents, and a good deal was hoped from him; but hitherto he has not developed the daring and initiative which make a successful leader. In 1897 fresh elections took place on traditional Latin-American lines, but Caro, Reyes, and the other Conservatives could not make terms among themselves as to who should be "elected," and they therefore compromised by nominating two men, assumed to be "men of straw." These were an aged gentleman named Dr. Sanclemente, living a long way from Bogota and believed to be too feeble to be carried there, who was appointed President, and Marroquin, a man of some capacity but no particular influence, who became Vice-President. Reyes caused himself to be named "Designado"—a functionary who acts as under-study to both President and Vice-President, and assumes the supreme functions in case of death. Caro was, therefore, left out in the cold, and this seemed a defeat to his wing of the party, which is known as the "Historical Conservative." A surprise awaited Reyes and many others, however.

Marroquin had assumed the Presidential rôle, for the appointment of Sanclemente was regarded more or less as a joke; but while it still remained to be seen whether Caro or Reyes would be the power behind the throne, a third party got possession of the old President, "bundled him up," as a lively American described it, and brought him to Bogota, where, after a struggle with the astounded Congress, which locked its doors and sat inside refusing him entrance, he actually took the oath and became President *de facto* as well as *de jure*. During his temporary absence from the capital in 1898 Marroquin again took the reins of office, and, to the surprise of many, abandoned the Nationalist Conservative party, with its traditions of centralization, and went over to the Historicals. He gave satisfaction to many of the people by repealing some of the most obnoxious anti-Federal laws, but his reign was cut short by the return of Sanclemente, backed by his party, and in the clashing of interests was struck the spark which lighted a four years' revolution in Colombia.

It will be seen from the brief sketch given that many conflicting elements go to make up the political situation in

Colombia, and the broad lines which divided the Liberals and Conservatives, the Clericals and anti-Clericals, have been complicated by many side issues. Nevertheless, the Church has played no inconsiderable part in the recent struggle, and as Colombia is the last stronghold of the Catholic Church as a State institution in the Latin-American republics, it is inevitable that the *odium theologicum* should make itself felt in every dispute.

Soon after the outbreak of the war Marroquin headed a revolution in which the aged President was deposed and imprisoned, the ostensible object of the revolt being to stop the war. Marroquin became President, but the war continued with augmented force, the principal supporter of Marroquin being Fernandez, the head of the military and police forces at Bogota, who still retains a place in the Government under the same chief. Reyes took little part in these affairs, going to Paris to live, and afterwards, by a touch of irony, to Mexico as a delegate to the Pan-American "peace conference." He has only recently returned to Bogota.

The havoc wrought by the war is enormous. For over three and a half years trade has been non-existent, millions upon millions of paper money have been issued, crops destroyed, native and foreign property damaged, serious foreign claims incurred, and some forty thousand lives sacrificed. Peace has been obtained at last merely because the people are quite exhausted. At the time of writing the country remains under martial law, and thus all functions are vested in the executive, Marroquin and his associates being fearful of the consequences if they let go their despotic power.

At this juncture the Panama Canal question comes once more before the Colombian people, and all the four aspirants for power—Caro, Reyes, Marroquin, and Fernandez—are anxious to be in office when the treaty is passed and to get their share of the purchase money.

If a story (which comes on such excellent authority that it can hardly be doubted) be true, the Colombians, not long ago, were "done out of" what they thought was a very nice little deal on the Panama Canal. During the recent war, when the Government was particularly hard pressed for funds, certain members of the Gov-

ernment remembered that the Panama concession had nearly terminated, and arranged, on their own responsibility, to renew it to the Company for a very moderate sum. As the Colombian Constitution renders a renewal of the concession valid only after the sanction of Congress, this was an act of doubtful legality, but the members of Government concerned were prepared to take a good deal of risk for a small sum of ready money. Unfortunately for them, the whole amount was paid to certain bankers representing Colombia in Paris, who, when asked to pay over the funds, replied that they would be pleased to credit the amount to the Government account, but as the Government was still in their debt, they, much to their regret, could not see their way to further advances! Whether this is entirely accurate or not, it is certain that the Government got little or none of the money.

It would seem to a casual observer that there could be no two opinions in Colombia as to the desirability of the canal treaty; but it is the opinion of well-informed people that if the Congress had met two months ago the chances of ratification would have been only four out of ten. The people who object to the treaty may be roughly grouped into seven classes:

1. Those who honestly believe that the treaty violates the Colombian Constitution, and that adherence to the principle of the Constitution is of more national importance than any material gain.

2. Those who give reason No. 1 for opposing the treaty, but whose real motive is to make political capital by accusing Government of selling a strip of territory, in violation of the "sacred word of the Constitution," for their own personal advantage. This position is taken by many Liberals looking for an opportunity to embarrass the Government, and by many factions of the Government party itself who wish to delay ratification for reasons given in No. 3.

3. Those of the Government party who wish to delay ratification until they themselves are in office, or can obtain preferment which will help them to a share of the money to be paid by the United States.

4. Those who believe that the United States will pay more than has been offered,

especially if ratification is withheld for a time, while others who do not really believe this use it as an argument to induce delay.

5. Those who believe that the \$10,000,000 paid in a lump sum will be at once dissipated, either by dishonesty or by payment of debts, and that the country will reap little benefit. These people would prefer an annual payment, even if it were a smaller amount than the lump sum offered.

6. Those citizens of the Department of Panama who believe that, the canal being situated in their department, the money should be handed over to them; and who will oppose the ratification until an arrangement is made as to the division of spoils. Some are even anxious to secede and set up a Republic of Panama, when they could make their own treaty and, of course, obtain all the benefits accruing.

7. Those who oppose the treaty for a thousand and one "tom-fool" reasons, which could, however, generally be traced to personal animosities.

The opposition, therefore, appears to be formidable; but a great many of these objections would disappear were there any question of losing the canal altogether, and in any case the opposition grows steadily weaker and will probably break down before the intense desire of those in office to put the treaty through before they go out of power.

It may perhaps surprise the reader that there is no joyful anticipation of the difference which \$10,000,000 of good money will make in the economic condition of Colombia. On the contrary, only those whose official position or political influence may give them opportunities for "spoils" are eager about the money. The general feeling is that whatever escapes the governmental maw—if such an unlikely thing should occur—will be wasted in paying debts to foreigners and others; and a Colombian can imagine no more uninteresting way of spending money. It will be remembered that in the neighboring State of Venezuela President Castro, when, by means of the customs, he had collected considerable sums of money, spent it, not in liquidating his many debts, but in equipping eight thousand men for a futile expedition to Bogota. At the present time he is employing money freely

to influence Colombian politics, and hopes to prevent the ratification of the treaty.

If Colombia had any statesman of vigor and capacity to take the situation in hand, affairs would be immensely simplified, but at present there is none in sight. Reyes has shown a lack of backbone, Caro and Marroquin are also too weak to become dictators, and Fernandez, who has power and ability as well as ambition, is the worst type of Latin-American politician, and, fortunately for the country, has but a scant following.

Even when the treaty is ratified, there will be no change in the unstable conditions of the country. Indeed, the parties

which have called a truce while this momentous issue hangs in the balance will inevitably fall foul of each other over the division of spoil, and the governmental abuses will lead to further revolutions.

Such is the political condition of the country through which the United States is undertaking to make a trans-isthmian canal. Britons who remember the sequel—a long series of sequels—to the Suez Canal scheme wonder whether the United States realizes the burden the nation is taking upon its shoulders. And yet it is a burden that cannot be shirked, nor can the United States, having put hand to the plow, turn back again.

## How Prohibition Works in Kansas

By C. H. Matson

**T**O understand the present status of the Kansas prohibitory law it is necessary to understand the early attitude of the political parties towards the law. It has been twenty-two years since prohibition became a feature of the organic law of the State. It went into effect on May 1, 1881. There are voters in Kansas who have never seen a saloon in the county in which they were born and now live, and in whose minds liquor-selling is classed in the same category as stealing or any similar crime. When the prohibitory amendment was passed, it was a popular measure. The leaders of the Republican party realized this fact, and an indorsement of the law was placed in the party's State platforms year after year. The Democrats were forced to keep silent or take the opposite view. They chose the latter course and denounced the law. Many Democrats really believed in it, but loyalty to party compelled them to oppose the law. Many Republicans, on the other hand, were at heart opposed to prohibition. They would place a prohibitory plank in the party platform and then seek some unseen place to drink to the success of their candidates.

One of the first great blunders in the history of prohibition in Kansas was this action of the Republican party in making it a partisan issue. The majority of Democrats were naturally inclined to resent such legislation as an abridgment

of their personal rights, but prohibition was popular and the Republican party made political capital by becoming its special champion. For years one could always count on one of the first planks of the Republican State platform declaring for prohibition, while one of the chief planks of the Democratic platform never failed to denounce it as "sumptuary legislation."

In the eyes of many people this removed it from a question of right and wrong to a mere issue of partisanship. To them the prohibitory statute was no longer clothed with the majesty of the law, nor did they deem it entitled to respect as such. At length the wave of Populism swept over the State and the Republican party was removed from power. The opponents of prohibition were numerous enough to be a valuable aid in a close political campaign, and the Republican leaders began to grow lukewarm on the subject. Weak officials who did not wish to incur the enmity of the liquor element found it easier to shut their eyes to violations of the law than to prosecute the law-breakers.

The liquor interests outside of the State were organized to take advantage of every possible point against the enforcement of the law. In the course of time the anti-prohibition element became a source of considerable power in the larger towns. As a consequence it frequently found a

way to secure the nomination of men for prosecuting attorneys and sheriffs who would at least not be hostile to the interests of the saloon, if not positively friendly to them.

In three or four of the larger cities prohibition has never been thoroughly enforced. During recent years this number has increased, and to-day there are probably not less than thirty towns in which illegal saloons, or "joints," as they are termed, are operated openly. In these towns a system of monthly fines which amounts to a license system is in vogue, so that Kansas now practically has local option. These towns are now governed entirely by local sentiment. Outside of two or three of the larger cities in which the saloons are recognized as a permanent institution, every municipal campaign in many Kansas towns corresponds to the local option fights in the towns of other States. The mayoralty campaigns are usually only a contest between the "wet" and "dry" elements. This is true even in Topeka, the capital of the State, with its forty thousand inhabitants. At the time of this writing the "dry" element in Topeka has just won a decisive victory, and the chances are that the saloons, which have operated openly for a year or more, will be compelled to close.

The difference between the system now in operation in Kansas and the local option plan of other States is that legal local option does not breed the contempt for law which unenforced prohibition does. On the other hand, prohibition, even unenforced, is a constant menace to the saloon, and if the saloon becomes too bold, or if some crime is committed as a direct result of the existence of the saloon, public sentiment may rise and cause the officials to wipe it out in a day; so that the existence of prohibition is a check on the encroachment of the saloon element, even where it is not enforced.

The contempt which unenforced prohibition breeds for the dignity of the law is its worst feature. There are towns in Kansas—a very few—in which it is almost impossible to convict a lawbreaker of selling liquor. No matter how strong the proof of his guilt, at least one man of the twelve on the jury will stand out for his acquittal. The saloon breeds lawlessness, and the contempt for the prohibitory

law inevitably spreads to other laws. Kansas has a law against gambling which makes the offense a felony punishable by a term in the penitentiary, yet this is as persistently violated as is the law against liquor-selling. Other statutes are viewed in the same manner by those who have come to regard the violation of the prohibitory law as an evidence of smartness.

Another evil which prohibition has wrought in Kansas has been in impeding direct efforts to reform the drunkard. With prohibition in the State Constitution, the temperance people settled back on the theory that the only way to abolish the evils of drink was to keep liquor from being sold. All efforts are now directed towards electing officers to enforce the law against the liquor-seller, while the drunkard is left to himself. The good old-fashioned Gospel temperance meeting, in which men are urged to abstain from drink for the sake of their souls and their families, and in which they are impromptu to sign the pledge, is practically unknown in Kansas. Theoretically there are no drunkards in Kansas, and this is indeed true in many counties where the law is strictly enforced. The old toppers have died off and the strict enforcement of the law and moral sentiment have prevented the manufacture of new ones. But in many Kansas communities there is practical work for the old-time temperance lecturer. While even in communities where saloons are in open operation drunkards do not exist to the same degree that they do in States where liquor-selling is unrestrained, and while instances are rare where men waste their property through drink in Kansas, and outside of three or four of the larger cities men who become intoxicated and abuse their families are very few—while these things are true, if the advocates of temperance had devoted more effort to the reclamation of drunkards, and thus destroyed the demand for liquor, it would now be less difficult to enforce the law against the liquor-seller.

The time is now passing when prohibition is looked upon as a partisan issue. In some of the larger towns many Republicans are as much committed to the system of regulating the "joints" by monthly fines as are the Democrats. The

last Republican State platform was silent on the question of prohibition, while at the last Democratic State Convention a number of the younger element pleaded for a denunciation of the saloon. During the last Legislature Topeka had open saloons. The Legislature was overwhelmingly Republican, but in connection with the Copeland Hotel, the Republican headquarters, and only two blocks from the State Capitol, was a bar-room. The saloon was in a building adjoining the hotel, but to accommodate the thirsty politicians who crowded the hotel lobby during the session of the Legislature a door was cut through the wall between the lobby and the bar-room, and the State's legislators were by no means few among the patrons of the bar. Yet, notwithstanding this, so strong is the sentiment for prohibition in Kansas as a whole, that a bill to strengthen the prohibitory law passed almost without opposition.

While the law may be openly violated in perhaps twenty-five of the one hundred and five counties of the State, they are the exception to the rule. In the other eighty counties the law is enforced—in some with practically no violations; in others with few violations, carried on in the utmost secrecy. Strange to say, the western counties, the frontier, are generally the more law-abiding. There are counties in which the county jail has not been occupied in eight years, and in which there is no poorhouse or poor-farm, for the reason that there are no paupers. These are generally counties with a strictly rural population, although there are towns of ten thousand people or more in which the prohibitory law is comparatively well enforced.

The towns and counties in which the law is strictly enforced are, as a rule, better off financially than those which allow open saloons and collect a monthly revenue from them for the support of the city government. The towns in which the monthly fine system has been longest in force are deep in debt; they are compelled to maintain a large and expensive police force, and the criminal dockets of their county courts are nearly always crowded. The opposite is true in the towns which will not tolerate saloons. This is aptly illustrated in the history of

Hutchinson, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, and, with the exception of Wichita, the largest town in the south-central part of the State. After allowing "joints," or illegal saloons, to run for a number of years under the monthly fine system—practically a license for the support of the city—a "dry" government was instituted two years ago and the saloons driven out. The result is given in a recent statement made by the Mayor, Mr. F. L. Martin. He says:

For the first time in the history of the city of Hutchinson the floating debt of the town has been reduced, during the past two years. The street fund has changed from a deficit of \$8,000 to a surplus of \$4,000, and the general fund from a \$15,000 deficit to a \$5,000 deficit. Not one dollar of "joint" money went into the treasury in this time.

In the eight years prior, when the saloons were running, the floating debt was increased by \$75,000. Of this \$55,000 was refunded and \$20,000 was left over for us to pay. During part of that time as high as \$1,000 a month was collected from the "joints."

In two years the criminal docket of the district court originating from Hutchinson has practically disappeared. The total costs to county and city of criminal cases originating in Hutchinson for two years will be less than \$500, against probably \$5,000 to \$10,000 for each two years prior under the "fine" system of allowing saloons to run.

Tax levies have been reduced, yet we voted one mill for a Carnegie library, increased electric lights from thirty-four to forty-six, and added twenty-one additional water hydrants and two miles of water mains to our water plant.

We reduced the police force, and our city has been free from the criminal element. A large portion of the money formerly spent in saloons or lost in gambling has gone into legitimate trade, and our merchants all report increased business. During two years not a woman or child has complained that her husband's, father's, or son's wages were spent in a saloon or gambling-den.

There are many counties in Kansas in which the prohibitory law is enforced with the same vigor as the law against horse-stealing, and there is little doubt that the sentiment of the people of Kansas as a whole is largely for prohibition and against the saloon. On the strength of only a rumor that an attempt would be made in the last Legislature either to resubmit the prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people or to weaken the existing laws for the suppression of the saloon, the Legislature was flooded with protests from thousands of people against any such action. The rural communities in many

counties are almost solid against the saloon.

In the towns where public sentiment is against the strict enforcement of the law there is practically a high-license system. A city ordinance is passed declaring all "joints" and saloons to be public nuisances, and making the proprietors of them subject to a fine of from \$50 to \$100. In some places it is the custom to make a formal arrest of the proprietor or barkeeper of each "joint" once a month. He pleads guilty and is fined a regulation amount. After paying the fine he knows he will not be disturbed for a month, and he proceeds with his illegal business without fear of molestation until the regular time for his monthly arrest. Another method is for the city marshal or other police officer to go through the formality of an arrest, but, without taking the offender to the police station, to release him on a cash bond for a stated sum, \$50 or \$100. The offender never appears in court and the bond is declared forfeited. This latter method opens the way for municipal corruption by making it possible for city officials to collect bonds of which a record is never made in police court, and which go directly into the officials' pockets. There is little doubt that corruption of this character exists to a greater or less extent in some Kansas towns. It is one of the evils which the prohibitory law and its non-enforcement make possible.

In some towns the illegal saloons are allowed to run wide open in second stories, but are not tolerated on first floors. This is the condition in Salina, a town of seven thousand people, where from twelve to sixteen of these second-story saloons have been in operation for several years, and pay \$50 a month each into the city treasury as fines. No signs are tolerated, but the drinking public has

little difficulty in locating the stairways leading up to the saloons.

In the county in which Salina is situated the prosecuting attorney is a brother of a justice of the State supreme court, yet he has not prosecuted a joint-keeper in three years. He tried a few prosecutions when he first went into office, but each jury refused to return a verdict of guilty, although the evidence was as strong as it was possible to make it. This is one of the deplorable results of the system now in vogue in Kansas. In communities where the law is openly violated and the sentiment is for the saloon, men who regard themselves as fairly good citizens will perjure themselves as jurors and return a false verdict in order to protect an illegal traffic.

But, notwithstanding this, prohibition has raised the general standard of public morals to a higher plane in Kansas as a whole. The nomination for a public office of a man who is known to use intoxicants to any considerable degree will bring forth a storm of protest. In the great majority of counties the "jointist" is considered to be as much of a criminal as a pickpocket.

The law can doubtless be enforced more successfully in Kansas than it could be in most other States, because there are no large cities in Kansas, yet in some Kansas counties it would require a Roosevelt, a Folk, or a Jerome to enforce prohibition, and men of that character are few. The majority of prosecutors in counties where public sentiment is against the law are either too indolent to enforce it or are afraid that such action would interfere with their political futures.

The experience of Kansas teaches that even with constitutional prohibition the battle for the suppression of the saloon is only partly won, and that it is really only another form of local option, after all.

## The Washington Monument

At Washington, D. C.

By Richard Watson Gilder

Straight soars to heaven the white magnificence,—  
Free as man's thought, high as one lonely name.  
True image of his soul,—serene, immense,—  
Mightiest of monuments and mightiest fame.

# The Street Gang as a Factor in Politics

By Brewster Adams

University Settlement, New York City

**A** POLITICAL organization is maintained only by constant accessions, to be gained either by persuasion or training. Of these two methods the former offers the more immediate, the latter the more permanent, results. A temporary, unorganized body, as a fusion ticket, must of necessity depend for victory almost solely on its ability to persuade. Such an organization as Tammany, however, gains permanency and stability from the education and training of its supporters.

The voters of a city are recruited from two classes, those who are born in it and those who move into it—the boy and the immigrant. The allegiance of the immigrant is uncertain. The “graft” which wins him may lose him. He learns to expect to be done for, not to do for. He is more truly a recipient than a supporter. His loyalty varies with the patronage assured him. If he has employment steady enough, protection secure enough, favors often enough, he may be relied upon. Should a fluctuation in his “blessings” occur, he will shift his allegiance. The knowing ones are familiar with this weakness. Ring and Reform will, in the last analysis, appeal to the same motive. The Ring makes no apology for its corruption. It simply emphasizes the fact that when the people put them in office they distribute the “benefits.” Mr. Devery is bold enough to say: “The graft belongs to the people, and youse is the people. When youse give me the office, youse get the graft.” Reformers as well, in making election speeches to the foreigners, know that they cannot gain support by condemning corruption as an abstract wrong. They must appeal to the greater benefits that are to come from a better administration.

The vote goes to the party that throws the larger bone. We term one office “spoils” and the other “benefits,” and believe the first to be malicious and the second legitimate. As long, however, as those who are to decide prefer free beer

to free baths, reform by persuasion is somewhat afar off.

A friend, prominent in the reform movement, tells of a men’s club in which he became greatly interested. He spent several evenings before election explaining to them the significance and value of a vote. Later he was thunderstruck to find that the club had voted Tammany to a man. It was explained to him as follows: “You see, we never knew what a vote was worth until you told us, and so we all struck for five dollars for our votes instead of two dollars, being what they had always given us, and we got it.”

Besides the persuasion which can be exerted and the patronage to be brought to bear, there is an opportunity which offers more certain and reliable results—namely, the training of the boys for the “Organization.” This training is rarely that of the individual boy. It is an exception when the parent seeks to educate his child in his own political faith—a far more feasible fulcrum is found in that natural and instinctive tendency of every boy to enter and organize a gang.

This instinct spares no boy. Every street has its gang, every corner its club, every neighborhood its organization. He will belong to the “Chrysties,” the “City Halls,” the “Cherry Hills,” the “Elizabeths,” the “Leonards,” or a hundred other gangs of a similar nature. One of these will surely find him a devoted and loyal member.

Until he is about eight years old he has few ties save those of his home. At that age the authority of the family suffers decline; at twelve he may still be the son of his parents, but he is more truly the child of the street. With perhaps twenty-five others from the immediate neighborhood, of the same age and with similar tendencies, he has formed a gang. This comes about through necessity as well as by instinct. “Little Spec,” who lives in a tenement down on James Street, has suffered violence at the hands of the “Mott Streets,” the most dangerous gang

of boys under fourteen in lower New York. He tells his grievances to his friends on James Street. "Dere's a guiney over at de Points [Five Points] what cut me wid a knife." "Us kids will get togedder and go over dere and we won't do much but make circles around dat gang," responds a Hiteye, his friend, who lives in the next flat. Thus the gang has its beginning, Hiteye becoming its self-constituted leader. They go forth to war to conquer or be conquered, it matters little which, for adversity binds them together even more closely than fortune.

The motive of the gang has no little influence in molding the future political ideas of the boy. To seek the gain of the gang, whatever be the loss to the community, offers a most excellent working premise for his later political career. To steal, to pillage, to destroy, even to stab or shoot, is justified if done in a worthy (?) cause, in the name of the gang.

The meetings are democratic; every boy can speak his grievance or rehearse his wrongs. Each case receives its deserved attention. Their government, however, is autocratic, for when "Boss Kelly" rebuked "Hooligan" of the "Young Seymours" on Henry Street for disturbing a meeting, there was no putting the question to vote. His words were memorable on that occasion and were typical of the lower East Side: "Say, Hooligan, if you don't quit dat rough-house, I'll punch dat face of yours so dat you will want to hock [pawn] it and lose de ticket."

Here in the crude is a rare opportunity for political training. Instinct and nature will aid the politician. The gang, with its strong tendency toward organization, its motive of personal gain and its government by leaders, would develop almost of itself into the present political system. If shrewd influence be brought to bear upon it and a direction given to its partisanship, an allegiance will be gained not easily to be shaken.

Little impression can be made upon the gang until it begins to develop the social spirit; for the gang, as the individual, must first pass through certain stages of development. The inclination is at first toward athletics. If you will take a trip down Mulberry Street to a point near the

Band Stand, you will find twenty-five youngsters about twelve years of age playing "shinny." They compose the Mulberry Bend Athletic Club. They are organized almost solely for athletics. Their organization gives them authority and power to control the use of the pavement, to say who shall play and who shall not, to pester the unwise buckster who shall place his cart in the way of their game, and to resent interference by those who would molest them. One must notice that this strife for control, this granting of special privileges, and this desire for security differ little from the real platform of any political organization. The social instinct is only in the germ as yet. Upon each Wednesday afternoon you will find them holding a business meeting in the Band Stand. It will be only a little while, however, before they follow the history of every other gang. They will lay aside their sticks and ball and "hang around" the corner or frequent some friendly candy-shop. Down on Front Street, near Roosevelt, you will find thirty boys between fourteen and sixteen who style themselves the Front Social Club. Last winter they used a vacant flat for a rendezvous. They care for little more than to keep together, to loaf, to shoot craps, to smoke cigarettes, and to isolate themselves from all others. They are now entering the social period in the development of the gang.

Hitherto the politician has befriended them only as individuals. A picnic has brought about a certain friendliness, or a vote bringing a job has awakened some little gratitude. Now, however, the time has come for the first impression upon the gang. One of the members, "Looking-glass-fighter" they dub him, is the son of the local Boss. He appears one day with an extra box of cigarettes and passes them around. "Say, fellers, dis joint is to de bad fer a hang-out. De old man says we can use his flat on Catharine." "All to de good," respond "de fellers," and the politician and the gang have shaken hands in a friendship not easily to be dissolved. Many benefits follow, but they are always judiciously given. The gas may cost the boys nothing. The piano may be contributed. A "feed on de old man" may strengthen the tie. Still, there is much wisdom and



prudence in each bestowment. The Boss is educating the lads, not patronizing them, and very often the gang must contribute its portion of the expenses.

At election time they may become a valuable adjunct. There is not a gang in lower New York over fifteen years of age but bears allegiance to some politician. They distribute circulars, "throw-aways," and election literature in general. They spot uncertain and unreliable votes; they shadow rival candidates for information; they augment the applause and cheering for the street speakers of their own faith, and add materially to the disturbance and "flying things" which greet their opponents. Thus the bond between the politician and the gang is strengthened—a support for the Boss and an education for the boy—until one day the tie is drawn very close. "Swift Kelly" is pinched (the leader of the gang is arrested). The "old man" now becomes a very present help. A word to his friend the sergeant and thence to the judge, and the boy is put on probation. If that is impossible, the fine is paid. The Boss has won the lad, and not him alone, but the gang with him, for they have received back their leader.

They are no longer boys, but young men now, and the politician is prepared for a further move. He plans the first outing for the club. It is a Sunday excursion, a "treat" by his worthy self. Every boy in the gang is there with his "bundle," and she is happy to be there. It is a great trip. Under the excitement, moved by the memory of many a good turn, dreaming of future graft, the die is cast. It is no longer the Street Gang with its sticks or the Club with its rooms, it is now the Association, with every interest on politics, for at the climax of that day's fun "Swift Kelly" has called the gang about him and expressed his views (he is likely to have had a previous rehearsal with the Boss). "Fellers, dis bunch has got one friend, and dat's Mr. Callahan. He's stuck by dis gang and played us clean. He's give us rooms fer a hand-out; he's put many a job in our way; he shoved de dust when de judge clipped me wings. Dis club has one friend, and it sticks by him. After dis day, which is de biggest blowout dis gang has yet seen, we's no longer the

Henry Streets, we's de Callahan Junior Association."

Thus does the street gang disappear and that organization of mysterious birth, the political association, appear. The latter is the development of the former, and the politician who has been a friend to the first gives the name to the second. If you will walk down Third Avenue and notice the "stickers" on the "L" supports or the cards in the windows, you will read of outings, balls, or meetings of these associations. You will read of the Tim. D. Sullivan, Thos. J. Brennan, Lowenstein, Max J. Porges, and innumerable other associations, all of which were organized either directly or were recruited indirectly from some street gang under sufficient persuasion.

The "Catharines" were a street gang of twenty lads only twelve years of age, but they recently changed their name to that of the "Wm. Guthrie Association." In a similar manner the "Oaks" have become the "Murphy Association;" the "Madisons" are now the "Sullivan, Jrs." An East Broadway gang of fifty lads have assumed a new title, "The Young Adlers Association." The "Hamiltons" have, for sufficient reasons, chosen to be called the "J. P. Burke Association." Nor does this in any way exhaust the cases about Chatham Square of gangs of twenty to fifty boys under eighteen years of age that have developed from a street gang to a political association.

As they further progress they are more closely embraced by the larger organization. The street gang has become part of the local club, and they in turn of the city "Organization." The "Pearl Streets," for example, graduate into the "Five Points Social Club," which is itself only a school for Tammany Hall. Each seeks, however, to preserve its social functions. Balls, stags, and outings are given by the different clubs. Protection and assistance are lent them. Attempt to disturb the "Chatham Club" or the "Broken Shutter Association" if you question this. In return for this favor the party expects not only so many individual votes, but organized help. Fights and disorders at the polls can very often be traced to this sort of support.

It is not many years since Tom Foley made "his contribution to the expenses" of the "Five Points Social Club" (a club

that began years ago as a social organization but now wears the Tammany star). Any one who lived about Chatham Square will tell you what occurred on the election following. No "Diver" (man) passed the "two and threes" of the "Five Pointers" without being provoked to fight or to run. Could he by any means pass this outer ring without being shuffled off, he would meet a line of that same gang "waiting to vote" (?), and that line waited ahead of him until the hour for voting was passed.

Such a factor does the boys' gang become in politics. Only a few years ago these little fellows were trying to control the street for their play. Now they are seeking to keep the city under their authority. The lad has become the politician. He has had his training, his education. Year after year the influence of the "old man" has passed upon him. The leader in his little clique will become the chief in the greater body.

The gang has become a part of the "Organization." Its motive has suffered little change. The good of those within, regardless of the loss to those without, is still the great object. The spirit of

the one is that of the other—"the display of faithfulness and allegiance to the members, and the legitimacy of all intrigue and deception on those without." Their government is the same. Chief, lieutenant, and boss, all find counterpart in the gang. Their policy is similar; the assembly of the political organization, with the right of all to speak but the might of the few to rule, finds prototype in the meetings of the gang.

It is not the object of this article to show that these are merely coincidences. As such they would offer but little significance. It would make evident that the gang, with its motives and instincts, would develop of itself into a political ring; that when direction is given to its development it becomes the most reliable support a party can gain; that it develops the boy along "Organization" lines, thus inculcating loyalty to the ring without any conception of obligation to the people. Such being the part a boys' gang may play in politics, the problem of municipal reform is deeply involved in the problem of the boy. Better conditions will come, not alone by the persuasion of men, but by the training of youth.

## Tribulations of a Seacoast Parish

By George S. Wasson

Author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store," etc.

Our readers will be interested to know that this story, though cast in the form of fiction, is a genuine human document. Mr. Wasson has lived for fourteen years in a small New England coast town and is thoroughly acquainted with the people of that coast in other towns. His volume of stories called "Cap'n Simeon's Store," lately published, is receiving from many sources warm praise for its singularly direct reproduction of the talk, way of thinking, superstitions, and old-time lore of the Maine mariner and fisherman.—THE EDITORS.

OVER the sagging wooden steps of the ancient meeting-house at Killick Cove, and covering deep the straggling path leading up from the road, the snow had lain undisturbed all winter. As the cold Northern spring grudgingly advanced, it slowly settled away until from under huge drifts in the little graveyard behind the church appeared quaint urns and weeping willows chiseled on reeling stones of slate over many a God-fearing old-time skipper of the Cove.

But the eaves ran at noonday till the snow was gone, and plantains and dande-

lions grew thickly in the still untrodden path from the road, until even Captain Isaac Windseye, latterly chief pillar of the Cove society, was forced to admit that the society was in an unusually bad way.

In younger days Captain Windseye had earned his title in transporting slab-wood by sloop to Portland, but, having thus laid by a tidy sum, straightway quit so perilous an occupation for good, and established a store on his native heath at Killick Cove. Here there undoubtedly existed enticing opportunities for a man with his particularly greedy appetite for

"trades," not only in the way of lending money among an improvident fishing population, but frequently upon the occasion of wrecks in the vicinity. For these latter it was remarked that the Captain had a scent like a vulture.

He soon became a power in the village, and with prosperity came the development of a hitherto wholly unsuspected quality of his nature, for he not merely experienced religion in most violent form, but posed as its foremost champion in the Cove, and gradually assumed the difficult position of managing director in the affairs of the Cove's society. It is true that interest in the church seldom showed itself through expenditure of money on his own part, but was chiefly manifested in luring the pastors annually required, and in hounding his neighbors for their support; still, Captain Windseye habitually claimed much credit for his prominence in church matters, and constantly called attention to his labors in their behalf.

In spite of all, however, attendance and support steadily fell away, and the village of Killick Cove frequently remained for long periods without Sabbath services of any sort.

Allured by the promise of three hundred dollars salary, and donation parties at short intervals, the last incumbent bravely stood at his post for nearly six months. He failed to collect the promised money, and was, like his predecessors, obliged to eke out a bare living by haying and working at odd jobs about the village, till at length, being unable to support his family in the tumble-down parsonage, he vacated the premises one foggy night, leaving in lieu of farewell discourse, firmly impaled upon each remaining picket of the dilapidated front fence, one and one-half dozen yellow saleratus biscuit, these constituting the gross receipts of a recent donation party.

For many ensuing weeks the Killick Cove meeting-house remained closed except during the short stay of callow divinity students from a distant seminary, who came and spoke their little pieces, and went with the blueberry season; and also excepting the memorable Sunday on which Captain Isaac Windseye himself mounted the pulpit and held forth to an assemblage largely composed of persons in his debt at the store or otherwise.

So matters stood until, as the result of much laborious correspondence on the Captain's part, a shabbily dressed, well-nigh decrepit old man arrived one day by stage as a candidate for the vacant position, but, before having an opportunity of addressing the people, was bedridden by rheumatism, and so remained when, just as the fog was creeping in from sea towards the close of a brooding October day, certain prominent citizens, assembled in Abner Grommet's sail-loft, noticed a small white sloop drifting slowly into the harbor.

Her sole occupant seemed to be an elderly man in a long black coat, and as he anchored his craft in mid-channel, a battered canvas-covered spy-glass was brought to bear upon him by Captain Job Gaskett.

"That 'ere's that tormented ole mish'n-ary feller ag'in, ef I ain't mistakened!" exclaimed he, handing the glass to Captain Windseye. "Prob'ly he cal'lates to turn to and preach here Sunday. A man must owe hisself consid'ble of a bad gredge to take and scull 'round the rocks all soul alone same's he doos, come now!"

"Oh, wal, you! it's a trade same's everything else!" said Captain Windseye, after a long look. "That's him, I don't misdoubt. Let him go to work and preach all he wants. He'll come in jes' now handy's a pocket in a shirt."

"Who in tunkett is it backs the ole creetur, anyways?" asked Job. "Plague take his ole pelt, when the likes o' him gits a livin' preachin', seems 's ef there'd ought to be an opening for 'most any on us, and resk it! Ever sence that little confab him and me had together the last time ever he showed up here, I've kind o' sot him down for a reg'lar-built ole garsbag, and them that turns to and foots his bills must love to heave away money a sight wuss'n what I do!"

"Set-fire, you!" exclaimed Captain Windseye. "What sense is they takin' on so-fashion? Ef there's folks wants to take and send him round this way, and square all his bills, I don't see no great call to kick, now you can bate! 'Tain't the leastest mite of expense to us folks, and we make out to git us a Sunday's preachin' free gratis for nothin', in room o' not having none at all!"

"Preachin' for nothin' be jiggered!" retorted Captain Gaskett. "I'd lievver

pay out a little sunthin' for my preachin', ef ever there was ary preacher struck this Cove now'days was wuth listening to; but dinged ef I call it no objic' to go and set under some pore ole has-been that ain't got no buckram left to him, nor yit one o' these young squirts same's they turn to and ship down here summer-times to preach out their grub and lodgin'! That last pore little shoat ever we had here wa'n't scursely ole 'nough to wear galluses, anyways, and I never figgered them kind are over 'n' above fittin' to tell us no great sight we ain't knowin' to a'ready in regards to the hereafter, nor nothin' else! I been knockin' 'round here 'most too long now to turn to and swaller down them little boys' say-so right kerplunk, leave alone asking for no more sich! But you come to take this here towzle-headed ole creetur out here in the bo't, and I can tell ye jest what about him in less 'n two shakes!"

"I ain't the leastways anxious to hear no more sich blasphemis rubbige!" snapped Captain Windseye.

"Sho, now!" said Captain Job, coolly.

"I cal'late, though, to out with it, all the same, Cap'n. You don't make out to be all the one to this Cove has any say about the meetin'-house, Cap'n, ef you do run her now'days pooty much to suit yourself. Two year ago come spring, when this ole feller come in here last time, we hadn't had no preachin' for quite a long spell, mebbe you rec'lect. This ole mish'nary feller he come in of a noontime Friday, I know, and dropped killick right abreast o' my house, there. All soul alone he was, same's he is this time, and 'twas right in the thick of a fog mull, too. Wal, now, he come in same's to-day, noontime, we'll say; leggo killick under foot, took and snugged up things on deck all tanto, went b'low and turned in, I cal'lated, for he never once shoved his head outen the cud that we see till nigh supper-time, same's to-morrer night; goin' on two days, that was.

"Then he come paddlin' ashore in his small skiff, clim' up over them laidges front o' the house there, and wanted to know of me jes' who 'twas had the care o' the meetin'-house; 'lowed how he cal'lated to turn to and preach into her next mornin'. Wal, o' course, I give him to un'stand you was called the biggest herb

we had here now, Cap'n, but then I up and says to him, 'Elder,' s' I, 'come right in,' s' I, 'and have some supper 'long o' our folks. We're only jest this very minute settin' down,' s' I. 'Be tickled to death to have ye stop,' s' I.

"'No! No, sir-ee! Wa'n't noways hungry, and couldn't stop ef he was hungry. Must be steppin' right along any ole how!"

"'Wal, look a' here, you!' s' I. 'Don't, Elder,' s' I, 'don't for king's sake go to stoppin' no longer all soul alone out there aboard that little smoke-bo't so-fashion! That ain't no kind o' way to live!' s' I. 'Turn to and fetch your dunnage right ashore to-night quick's ever you can, and put up 'long o' us. We got any God's quantity o' room and to spare!' s' I.

"But no! You couldn't budge him a hair noways, and fin'ly the woman she come out and done *her* dingdest a-coaxin' of him too. 'Whatever should possess ye, Elder,' s' she, 'to turn to and do for yourself all soul alone aboard your bo't that way, when there's folks would love dearly to have ye take and stop 'long on 'em ashore?"

"But seems 's though her talk didn't amount to nothin' either, for allst in the world ever he'd do, he'd just up and fetch them horrid groans like o' hisn, till bimeby he turned to and drewed his ole mug down out o' all manner o' shape, and says, s' he: 'When I'm out there aboard o' the bo't,' s' he, 'I feel sure I'm all alone 'long o' my God,' s' he—them's jest his very words—but then he 'lowed how ef he should turn to and stop any time at all here on the main, he was like to git hisself smirched and s'iled someways or 'nother rubbin' up agin' our folks, and so he figgered prob'ly it stood him in hand not to go taking no sich chances!"

"'Wal, wal, wal, you!' thinks I to myself right away off, 'ef you ain't a dandy to go mish'naryin' 'round! Godfrey mighty!' thinks I, 'I've run afoul o' folks afore now that was what you might call nasty-nice, but he jiggered ef ever I see anything yit would commence to tetch *you*, Mister What's-your-name! Guess,' thinks I, 'on the whole you better a dinged sight stick her right out aboard your bo't where you be! We're a consid'ble weeked lot here to this Cove, that I'll give in to ye, but blowed ef I cal'late you're the feller to help us out no great a-preachin',

and resk it! I never went anigh the meetin'-house that time, and I don't cal'late to go anigh her this time neither, nor ary one o' my folks!"

"You're allus and forever ter'ble down on all them preachers, Cap'n Job," protested Captain Windseye. "I've took notice it's seldom ever we do git a one to this Cove without you're allus the fust to commence pickin' on him like. Mebbe the time'll come when you'll wisht you'd tended out on meetin' stricter 'n what you do."

"Like enough! Like enough!" laughed Job, good-naturedly. "But there, Cap'n, when you come to talk about my being down on them style o' folks, why, you're clean away off! I'm only jest givin' of ye a few p'inters in regards to this ole smoke-bo't feller out here. *Me* down on preachers! Why, 'tain't only this spring I was took for one o' them kind myself, there to Portland!"

"Yas, it's some likely you was!" sneered Captain Windseye.

"Honest Injun I was! That's a fact!" declared Job. "'Twas the time I visited to Mirandy's. Up steps this here white-haired preacher-lookin' ole sir, and ketches me by the hand, ter'ble glad to see me, now I tell ye. Asked how the folks was to home, and all sich-like, same's ef him and me was reg'lar ole chummies.

"'Wal, Elder,' s' I, quick 's ever I could slide in a word edgeways. 'Elder,' s' I, 'you got the advantage o' me in proper good shape this time, be jiggered ef you hain't, now!"

"'What! s' he right away, 'ain't I addressin' the Rev. Mr. Slocum?"

"'Not by a blame' long chalk you hain't! s' I, and I wisht to gracious you could seen the look he give me that time!"

"Didn't stop to make no more talk 'long o' *you*, prob'ly," remarked Abner Grommet from his bench.

"Talk? No, you bate he never!" replied Captain Job. "Shoved his hellum hard up, and kep' her off for all he was wuth, now I tell ye! S'pose likely I hadn't ought to spoke to him jest the way I done, but there, you! Prob'ly 'twill be all the same a hunnerd year from now!"

"Guess it's some lucky for you 'twa'n't ole Elder Roundturn you run afoul on that way," said Abner. "I often set here

and think what works there'd be here to this Cove if ever he showed up here ag'in at this day o' the world! I cal'late he'd make shift someways to fill the meetin'-house chock-a-block full same's he useter, don't you?"

"Fill her full?" repeated Captain Job. "I cal'late he'd have her jammed chock to the hatch-combin's every lick, ef he had to turn to and collar every soul on us to do it! I never'll forgit the time I see him take holt on ole Skipper Adam Kentall up the ro'd a piece one Sunday mornin'. Seems 's though Skipper Adam sot out to take a walk down to his shore that mornin' so 's to turn a few dezen fish he was makin' there on his flakes, but Elder Roundturn he spoke him and ordered him to heave to right away. Big through as ary hockshead-tub, ye know ole Elder was, and strong 's a steer. 'The two had some little argufyin' it over at fust, but all to once I heern Elder holler out fit to stund ye. 'You won't trouble no fish not this mornin', my friend,' s' he, and bedide ef he didn't up and grab ole Skipper by the scrof o' the neck, and snake him off to meetin' in tow, goin' a good ten-knot stick at the least cal'lation. Why don't you turn to and gaft onto one o' them kind o' preachers to fill her up now'days, Cap'n?"

But Captain Windseye evidently by no means approved of such jocularly concerning a former light of the Cove church.

"All the same," said he, somewhat severely, "you come to take ole Elder Roundturn there, and them that could down him at preachin' was some scatterin'. I'm knowin' to it myself that when he was preachin' into the ole Neck meetin'-house you could hear him tol'ble plain chock down to the shore, and that's a good mile and a half, leave it to any man ef 'tain't!"

"Oh, he was a master ole feller to poke it to 'em in them days, 'cordin' to all tell," said Job Gaskett. "I'll bate too you never ketched him usin' no papers and writin's to preach out on neither, same's lots doos now'days!"

"I know they do!" cried Captain Windseye, indignantly. "I know they do, any grists on 'em doos so, but, set-fire, you! no sich kind o' krawn and rub-bidge ever'll git no footing to this Cove as long's I've got ary word to say 'bout it!

The way I allus look at the thing, ef a man's got a call he don't need no plaguey writin's to help him out. Ef he's got rale ole preachin' into him, it'll rabble out'n his mouth good and easy, and ef he hain't got it into him he best take and git into sunthin' else quick 's ever he can git 'round to it. Ain't that the right doctrine, Abner?"

"Wal, yas," admitted Abner Grommet, "I cal'late you got the rights on't there, Cap'n. "A consid'ble every-day sort o' chap can gin'ally make a pooty fair fist readin' a mess o' writin's off'n a parcel o' papers, but, by fire! the way 'tis with me, 'lowin' I go to meetin' at all, I want to see some feller into the pulpit can stand right up in his boots and reel it direct off'n his tongue, like!"

"That's the talk!" cried the Captain. "That air's what you may call proper good preachin', you! But I want a man should give us it so's it 'll be heerd good and easy, too. This here mumbeling of it over, same's the most on 'em doos now'days, is a style o' preachin' don't hit me wuth a cent, and I don't care who knows it, neither!"

At this point some one took occasion to speak in commendation of a certain Indian evangelist, so called, who had electrified his hearers during an all too brief sojourn at the Cove some months previous.

"Set-fire, you!" at once exclaimed Captain Windseye, in a burst of enthusiasm at the recollection of such eloquence. "What a voice that man had onto him! Put me in mind o' the fog-horn on the Neck fust time he come to preach, and that's a fact. There wa'n't nobody in them ordinances deaf so's they couldn't hear *him* hollerin', now I'll guarantee! And d'ye mind them plaguey great long jaw-breakin' words he kep' a-ropin' in stiddy—why, there wa'n't ary soul ever to them meetin's knowed what under the livin' canopy he was comin' at, not half the time! Set-fire, but ef only he would stopped here a spell, I cal'late the meetin'-house would been shingled 'fore spring, and money to spare! Them kind won't never stop 'round long to sich places as this, though," added the Captain, regretfully.

"Why hadn't you went to work and coaxed him to stop over a spell, ef 't took a leg?" asked Job Gaskett. "Ef

he suited so right chock to the handle, seems 's though you might turned to and rigged it someways so 's he'd hung on a while."

"Wal, didn't I try my dingdest a-coaxin of him, as you call it?" retorted Captain Windseye. "Coaxin' don't amount to shucks with them kind, though; it's the dollars that talks every blame' time! That air Injun chap 'lowed how he'd stop here jes' long 's I'd take and guarantee him his little ten dollars a week and board, and he wouldn't talk no less.

"I up and told him right off, 'Set-fire, you!' s' I, 'what you cal'late us folks 'round here is, anyways? Jest only a blamed click o' millionaires or what?' s' I.

"Wal, he never 'peared to give a rap one way or 'tother; independent 's a hog on ice, he was. 'Lowed how he could make that much wages 'most anywheres; so, bein's we couldn't seem to hitch hosses in no kind o' shape, he up and give it to her back down east ag'in where he come from. Now it's all ter'ble fine to go 'round here a-yippin' and yappin' how we'd ought to run a reg'lar-built, smart, A No. 1 preacher to this Cove, but I allus take pertik'ler notice quick 's ever it comes to drawin' your wallets and puttin' out the cash, you fellers' tails is clean down betwixt your legs in a jif!

"Of co'se, we can't never count on no great shakes of a preacher stoppin' here long, for them kind most gin'ally strikes a soft snap to some city place—they're all after a dollar, same 's you and I be, eggs-ac'ly—they that preaches for the love on 't at this day o' the world is some few and fur betwixt, now I tell ye what! But I cal'late we could run a meetin'-house to this Cove, and keep a fair up-and-comin' style o' preacher into her, too, ef only our folks didn't begredge puttin' out a cent for preachin' now'days so like the very mischeef.

"I cal'late we're missin' of it right along scand'lous by not keeping no reg'lar preacher. For one thing, I cal'late we don't commence to git the rusticators we would to this Cove summer-times ef only we kep' holt on a preacher anyways stiddy. Ever sence them summer-folks struck in comin' this way at all, I've kind o' kept the run o' their talk about this here bus'niss of not keepin' no preacher, and, set-

fire! I can tell you for a fact we'd be full better off in the long run to keep a one!

"But there, as I say often to them rusticators up to my place there, I can't allus and forever bear the brunt o' the bills, that's a dead sure thing. I'm a pore man, I be, and going astarn every blamed hitch reg'lar, but I'll put in my time for nothin', and mebbe give what little money I'm able, 'cordin' to."

This familiar talk of poverty on the part of the forehanded Captain was always taken by his hearers for just what it was worth. Every man of them knew that his condition was most flourishing, and most of them had before this unwillingly contributed towards making it so.

"Wal, then, I cal'late that settles it for us folks," observed Job Gaskett, as Captain Windseye paused. "Ef your boarders says preacher, nothin' won't do with-out we turn to and git us a one for good, right away off. How about this ole Mr. Step-and-fetch-it you've got in dry-dock up there to the pars'nage now, Cap'n? Ain't he never liable to limber up so 's to be out 'round ag'in, think?"

"Set-fire, you! I dunno jest what to think 'bout him," answered Captain Windseye. "Some days I have consid'ble hopes he'll pan out fair to middlin' yit, but the thing on't is he's so blamed short o' clo'es, ye see. Ain't got ary half-decent coat to his name, nor nothin' else, fur's ever I can make out."

"You don't mean to say!" exclaimed Captain Job. "I want to know ef he's so bad off! I see, the day he come, there wa'n't nothin' very beautysome about the ole feller. Come right down to the fine thing, s' I to myself, he doos make out to be one o' the very lookin'est ole has-beens ever was stranded here yit, but then, thinks I, p'haps he may turn out to be same's the singed cat, as the feller said, a sight smarter'n what he looks to be."

"You've allus got to take and heave slurs, now ain't ye, Job?" said the Captain. "Of co'se anybody can see he's pooty much all run out, and ain't no great to look at, but his lungs 'pears to be good yit, and I cal'late ef only we take and sort o' tog him out a grain amongst us, and mebbe top-out that there old chimbley to the pars'nage, he'll be more'n apt to stop here the winter over, and 'twon't be no

great bill of expense to us neither. Looks to me, he doos, jes' though he wouldn't need no sich dretful sight of urg'in' to stop and preach 'most anywheres for his keep."

But it proved that shrewd Captain Windseye was too hasty in thus flattering himself that the Killick Cove meeting-house was soon to have a pastor preaching into her on such favorable terms. The health of the new candidate turned out so poor, and his worldly possessions so exceedingly scanty, that retention was at length deemed inexpedient, and after a short trial he too departed.

Said Job Gaskett, in summing up the matter afterwards: "Cap'n Windseye he made out to pick up a pore ole wrack of a preacher adrift outside here somewheres, and towed him in here to the Cove, cal'latin' for sure how he'd grafted onto consid'ble of a big prize. Come to call a survey, though, they found the gear pooty much all played out; keel twisted out o' all reason; wood-ends started forward and aft, and the upper works ter'ble punky like. They fin'ly come to the conclusion she wa'n't wuth repairin' up, so they jest turned to and condemned the ole creetur, and sot her adrift ag'in, to be red on her."

Then followed another long period of what had come to be known as "low-water-slack" in parish affairs, but at length it began to be rumored that a candidate was coming who at one time in his career had actually preached in that cultured region rather indefinitely described as "up back o' Baws'n somewheres."

In due course of time the Rev. Mr. Mudger appeared at the Cove, distinguished by the tall silk hat he invariably wore even while personally making much-needed repairs upon the desolate old parsonage. Under the pilotage of Captain Windseye he later strode about the village making acquaintance with his flock, everywhere creating a most favorable impression, and confirming the Captain's expressed belief that not only was Killick Cove at length possessed of a reg'lar-built snorter of a preacher, but, moreover, one of that desirable variety who wouldn't go outside the Bible for nothin' nohow.

In Abner Grommet's sail-loft his first sermons were discussed for a time to the utter exclusion of other subjects. With

pardonable pride, Captain Windseye drew attention to the powerful manner in which the elder had socked it to 'em on the preceding Sabbath, and reiterated his belief that a reg'lar snorter was now at the helm; Abner Grommet declared enthusiastically that they were indeed at last gittin' of it poked to 'em in proper good style; and Captain Job Gaskett confessed with delight that the new minister was simply whangin' and cuffin' of 'em right and left, and not leavin' of 'em in no kind o' shape at all.

Such favorable comment on Mr. Mudger's plan of campaign, as indicated in his opening discourses, was, however, not merely confined to that select coterie frequenting the sail-loft, but was constantly to be heard throughout the village of Killick Cove. Judiciously refraining from discussion as to the identity of the unrighteous persons whose evil practices were at length being rebuked in such scathing terms, each man, with a serene feeling of personal immunity perhaps not peculiar to Killick Cove alone, apparently included his neighbors in the black-list of names, and chuckled mightily at such merited castigation. Thus may possibly be explained, in part at least, the unwonted wave of enthusiasm with which the new pastorate undoubtedly began.

But it seemed as though fate had decreed that trouble should be the lot of the Cove parish in these latter days. For a time all went smoothly enough, though the pace set by the impetuous Mr. Mudger in his first few sermons proved too hot for permanent retention, and his popular manner of sockin' of it to 'em lost some of its pristine vigor as the weeks rolled by. Still, his labors were on the whole acceptable, and numbers of young men appeared to find the evening service especially attractive.

There was always the alluring hope that the Elder might at any minute again delight their souls by whangin' somebody after his early ravishing manner, and meantime the rear pews of the meeting-house furnished decent facilities for amusing conversation and the consumption of peanuts, corn-balls, and tobacco.

On a fateful Sabbath evening, however, after dealing as usual in a plain-spoken manner with certain frailties of his flock, Mr. Mudger rashly ventured a remon-

strance against these time-honored features of worship in the Killick Cove meeting-house. Munching peanuts continually during services, and the incessant spitting of tobacco-juice in the corner of the family pew, were habits, he plainly declared, with which he was heretofore unfamiliar, and against which he acknowledged the strongest prejudice. Then, expressing a fervent wish that in the future they might be dispensed with, he pronounced the benediction.

But it must not for a moment be supposed that the high-strung, sensitive natures of these young men could brook so wanton and deliberate an insult, and several of them immediately announced their intention of lickin' the Elder within an inch of his life, thus avenging his unpardonable slur upon society and the citizens generally.

Accordingly, four of them, divested of coats, and with shirt-sleeves rolled up, lay in ambush for him in a thick growth of alders by the side of the road as he returned home that evening.

Now, fortunately, the Elder, though by no means a heavy man, was a muscular Christian of pronounced type, and had, moreover, previous to entering the ministry, served for some years with much credit on the police force of a large city. Though it seems incredible that he should at the time have foreseen a call to labor in the vineyard at Killick Cove, yet had this been the case he could in nowise have fitted himself to more purpose for the strenuous life of his present incumbency. In short, it transpired that as an officer Elder Mudger had won renown on his beat for his masterly manner of running in hoodlums, and the four young men who anticipated a veritable picnic in the proposed meeting with their pastor were somewhat discomfited at the outset by the totally unconcerned manner in which he received their first volley of threats and profanity.

Far from recanting, or even showing the least apprehension of the impending thrashing, the Rev. Mr. Mudger, as it were, cast aside for the moment his priestly robes, and, addressing his young parishioners in the terse phrases of an unmistakable layman, assured them that unless they forthwith hied from his presence with the utmost despatch, he would



then and there proceed to wipe up the ground with their persons.

Failing to withdraw at once as the Elder suggested, two of the young men nearest him suddenly found themselves revolving among the dust-laden burdocks by the roadside; seeing which, the other defenders of the Cove's fair name speedily fled into the alder-bushes, and Mr. Mudger coolly proceeded on his way homeward.

But the matter was far too serious to be allowed to rest here, and as a result, numbers of persons whose help could ill be spared withdrew their aid of the society in anything but mute indignation. Before the leaves had fallen from the stunted cherry-tree at the parsonage gate a rude little sign bearing the word "Dress-making" appeared nailed to its trunk,

and later Mr. Mudger himself in his tall silk hat earned a few needed dollars at banking up certain houses for the winter with rockweed and kelp from the shore.

By Christmas, however, the parish at Killick Cove was once more pastorless, and the gray little meeting-house again stood deserted among the ledges on the hill. The howling northeast storms started bricks from its crooked chimney, and scattered shingles from the roof broadcast among the mossy headstones of its zealous supporters long years ago.

Very often the two narrow front windows were seen gleaming with the cold light of the winter sunset across the bay, but the snow again lay heaped in unbroken drifts high against the weather-beaten door.

## Why the French Have No Social Settlements

By André Siegfried

FOR a long time the Social Settlements of England and America have attracted the attention and, I may say, the admiration of that part of the French public which cares for social matters. The old *cliché* of the French, ignoring what is going on outside Paris, has long ago ceased to be true, and at present we are well informed about that splendid movement of the Settlements of which the English and the Americans are so justly proud. Why, then, has that mode of social work had, up to the present time, no real success in France?

I do not mean to say that the French have not dealt with the momentous problem of the relations between the different classes. In a democracy (and France is a democracy in the true sense of the word), the people being called to exert a decisive influence on the government, it is, of course, most important to educate them. The founders of the third republic understood the gravity of the thing, and under the leadership of Jules Ferry they framed the well-known laws on primary education. Since then the workmen have taken each year a greater part in the government of the country, and, seeing

this evolution, quite a number of the people of the richer and more educated ranks have understood the necessity of entering into closer contact with the laboring classes.

During the last years of the last century the ground seemed then to be well prepared for the creation of Social Settlements. Many young men had visited the English and American Settlements, some had even lived in them, and were eager to create institutions of the same kind in their own country. Their propaganda was at a certain time flourishing in various French circles, but it has never been broadly popular. Some institutions very like the Settlements have been tried, but in order to succeed they had to be modified, and to take the classical form of the French *Universités populaires*. The reasons of that transformation and the predominance of the *Université* on the Settlement constitute an interesting problem to study, as it throws a curious light on the feelings and methods of the Parisians in their social and political conceptions.

The difficulty of making Settlements in Paris (I do not say France, in order not to indulge in exaggerated generalizations)

does not lie in the lack of eagerness of the average Parisian to study and to learn. On the contrary, I think that no population in the world has such a great desire to learn. You will never hear science more spoken about than in the discussions of the *Universités populaires*. It seems that the French workmen, having as a rule given up religious belief, have taken for their own the idea once flourishing in the time of Renan, that Science will be one day the master of the world, and that the scientist will be all-powerful. This love of knowledge is a broad and solid basis for the organization of universities or schools for the people. But Settlements are something else and something more.

The first and great obstacle met is that the working people of Paris (I mean here the people who live mostly in the *fau-bourgs*) are extraordinarily independent, and that their usual feeling toward the upper classes is one of distrust. They were in olden days under the influence and sometimes the domination of the richer classes and of the Roman Catholic Church. They have won liberty by hard fights, and they are now very particular about anything or any one likely to influence them again. That is undoubtedly why any kind of patronage is now rather unpopular in Paris. People always fear some intrusion of a political, or religious, or even a moral kind.

This state of feeling obliges those who deal with popular universities or Social Settlements to be extremely careful. They must avoid even the appearance of any political, religious, or even moral propaganda. If you want to have a political meeting, do it openly. I should say the same thing of religious work. But you will lose entirely the confidence of the average Parisian workingman if you come to the *Universités populaires* with the least ulterior motive, or even the appearance of such a motive. Those who have followed the evolution of French thought for the last century will understand very well the great difficulty of the situation. They will understand, for instance, that it would be inconvenient in Paris to have Settlements with clergymen as residents. They will understand also that religious or simply ethical principles would not be welcome when set forth by a lecturer with the aim of doing good to the hearers. The French

are generally good people, often altruists and generally idealists, but they hate being sermonized. Every one who wants to found an institution with some chance of success must not forget this point of view.

Another characteristic of the workman in Paris is that he does not admit any hierarchy of classes. The English, for instance, have never lost their traditional respect for the noble and the rich. That fact gives a great power to the upper classes, and they would be wrong not to use it. In Paris such a kind of influence may be real with the lower middle class, but with the workingmen it is utterly non-existent. When members of society have to come into contact with the working people, they must try, on the contrary, to make them forget that they are of another social level. The Parisians are usually such good talkers and so quick-witted that it is rather easy to talk with them as you would do with friends. This attitude of equality is certainly the best. I have met sometimes English or even Americans who were to deliver lectures in Paris for the people; they thought they ought to appear in their most elegant clothes; that the people would be honored by the fact. I think they were completely mistaken and had failed to understand the true character of the Parisian democracy. The way of approaching people is to go with the simplest clothes you have, and to mix with them exactly as with comrades, forgetting even that you have or might have some intellectual or social superiority over them.

After this brief description it is easy to understand that it would be difficult to organize in Paris Social Settlements exactly after the English or American type. The principal features of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements appear to be, with the educational part, the residence of educated people in the poorer quarters, and the personal patronage and influence of the residents among the families of the quarter where they dwell.

In Paris the educational part is easy to organize and usually successful. But the residence scheme and the patronage are awkward to carry out. I do not say that you cannot find in Paris charitable people living among the poor and doing marvelous work. But I think that the plan of a

body of residents, in the English or the American style, has not yet been successfully tried in the French capital. The *milieu* is not really favorable. If the residents want to win a good reputation in the quarter they have chosen, they have to live exactly as the people around them. If they indulge in, I do not say luxurious, but simply comfortable rooms, it will be known, and some will feel jealous or judge it unsuitable. If, having noticed that state of feeling, you oblige the residents to live in poor rooms, in the outlying parts of Paris, you will find most likely some trouble in recruiting people to live the life of apostles or missionaries. The question of patronage is by no means an easier one, for the reasons I have already ex-

plained. I suppose those are the causes why Social Settlements have not flourished in France.

I should not dare to conclude that Settlements will never succeed in French towns. But for the present I must remark that among the *Universités populaires* no one works on the line of a Settlement. In a capital where paupers are not exceedingly numerous, where there is no particular prestige of wealth or society, but in fact a real prestige of brains, the popular university is certainly better adapted to the wants of the situation. That is probably why France has no Social Settlements, while it has a wonderful growth of social work under the successful form of the *Universités populaires*.

## The Turk and His Lost Provinces<sup>1</sup>

THE present unrest in the Balkan provinces makes the appearance of this volume timely. In picturesque phrase Mr. Curtis describes for us, first of all Turkey, and then the Turk's lost provinces. We have in this book much of that direct, almost conversational, talk which also distinguished the author's "Between the Andes and the Ocean."

Mr. Curtis believes, as did the great Moltke, that Europe's next battle-ground will be the Balkan Peninsula. The horrors which have been constantly occurring in the Balkans need occasion no surprise; these will continue to occur so long as Turks are permitted to govern Christian communities. If a Christian woman repels a Turk's advances in Macedonia, for instance, persecution begins not only as regards herself, but her family also; father, mother, brothers, and sisters are arrested for fictitious offenses and thrown into prison. They may be accused of treason and shot; they may be fined the entire value of their property, and made to suffer other penalties which the Turks show great ingenuity in devising. Of course there are many cases of yielding; but, says Mr. Curtis, usually the entire family abandons everything and flees across the boundary into Bul-

garia, with only such property as can be carried in their hands, to begin life over again under the protection of the Bulgarian authorities and among sympathetic surroundings. Turkish officials invariably confiscate any property that may be left. Southern Bulgaria is full of such refugees.

On the other hand, there has been enormous provocation from the Bulgarian-Macedonian brigand "committee." Few will agree with the author that the present management of the Macedonian Committee is "patriotic, unselfish, and honest," though Mr. Curtis does admit that the previous administration was corrupt and vicious. With regard to the kidnapping of Miss Stone, Mr. Curtis makes a statement which may surprise some:

No demand has been made upon Turkey for indemnity or other reparation, because it is clear that the crime was committed by Bulgarians and not by Turks, although upon Turkish soil and in Turkish disguises; and it is equally clear that the conspirators desired and intended to involve Turkey in complications with the United States.

Of course the Macedonian Committee needed money to carry on their armed propaganda, desired to terrify the American missionaries into co-operation with them in their efforts to secure the emancipation of Macedonia, wanted to attract the attention of Europe and hoped to provoke complications between Turkey and the United States, thus involving a new Power

<sup>1</sup> *The Turk and His Lost Provinces: Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia.* By William Eleroy Curtis. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

in the question. This granted, we do agree with Mr. Curtis when he says :

No one will suggest that the sufferings of the Christian citizens of Turkish provinces should be prolonged, even though bandits and blackmailers may be interested in their redemption. The world owes a duty to the people of Macedonia.

The control of Bulgaria has now been obtained by the very power which the Treaty of Berlin was supposed to oppose. Intrigue has done what international law could not do.

The lack of educated natives in Bulgaria made it necessary to fill nearly all of the important military and civil offices with foreigners, and the Russians obtained the most influential places. Clever men were sent from St. Petersburg to cultivate public sentiment, and by mercenary and other means to influence elections.

The brave Prince Alexander, however, instituted a spirited policy independent of Russian influences, adding an encouragement of education to an extent not appreciated by the clergy of the Greek Church. The Russian Government retaliated by a conspiracy which might have happened in the Middle Ages, in the days of the robber barons and the Medici, but with which there is nothing to compare in modern times. The crowning shame is that not one of the Russian officials who were engaged in the plot was ever punished, or even censured. When, finally, Alexander saw that Russia would compel him to retire, he exacted a pledge from the Czar that the Bulgarians should henceforth manage their own affairs without interference, "a pledge violated within the next thirty days." The leader of the assassins of Premier Stambulov, our author avers, was a political adventurer who had frequently been employed by the Russian Minister on confidential missions. Mr. Curtis is so scathing in his indictment of Russia as to declare that its diplomatic agent in Sofia has gradually acquired an influence over Prince Ferdinand (Prince Alexander's unworthy successor) and a control over the Government that are now almost absolute. "Ferdinand might as well be the Governor of a Russian province."

Mr. Curtis believes that in Bulgaria, Servia, and even Rumania disorganization and decay are advancing more rapidly than are the elements of progress—a statement which will be challenged in many a quar-

ter. He declares that Russian influence is now supreme in Rumania as well as in Bulgaria, and that the Servians are willing to submit to Russian domination under certain contingencies. It is difficult to believe that Russian influence is supreme in the first-named land.

Since Mr. Curtis's book was published the Servian King, Queen, Prime Minister, and a number of other dignitaries have been slaughtered; hence the following excerpt may be read with interest:

Sunday morning the King gave an audience to the Skupshtina, as the parliament is called, and it was, therefore, one of the great days of the year. The bishops and the clergy, in their magnificent embroidered vestments, were even more imposing than the generals in uniforms of blue, scarlet, and green, with gold braid. The members of the diplomatic corps in court dress were led by the Turkish Minister and his suite. The Austrian and Russian representatives were handsomely decorated and made a fine appearance. They were watched with interest because it is supposed that both are intriguing for the control of the country. The members of the Skupshtina were clad in black evening dress, with embroidered shirt-fronts, white ties, and white gloves. A band of music stood in the area beside the palace and played lively airs while the ceremonies were going on, and a battalion of the King's bodyguard, in brilliant uniforms like those of the Austrian Hussars, was drawn up in two lines, between which everybody had to pass. I looked at these troops with peculiar interest, *because upon their loyalty the life of the King depends.*

Politics is the curse of Greece.

I have always noticed that the smaller the country the hotter the political contests. In Servia, Bulgaria, and certain American republics, where the population is less than in Greece, political agitation is even more bitter, and a larger number of people give their exclusive time to it.

Even so acute a man as Mr. Curtis, after trying to discover the political issues in Greece, gave up the task in despair. The local complications are too intricate, says he, to be untangled by a stranger, and "when you bore through into the pith of the thing you find that the ambition to hold office is the ruling motive."

Bosnia makes the only bright picture in the book. Thirty years ago that land was in a worse condition than Macedonia is to-day, because it had a larger proportion both of Mohammedans and of Turkish outlaws. One could travel in Bosnia only with the greatest difficulty and with not less danger than in the wilds of Kur-

distan. The condition of the people was more abject than that of the fellahin on the Nile. Yet one who visits Bosnia to-day can scarcely believe such conditions to have existed only a short time ago. No passages in Mr. Curtis's book are more valuable than those which show what law, order, education, and broad-gauge rule have done with the hitherto apparently hopeless state of Bosnian civilization:

Railroads reach every corner of the province, and the freight-houses are fed by long caravans of carts hauled over excellent highways. The towns are filled with new and handsome houses, factories have been built to utilize the water-power, a university, colleges, academies,

training-schools, and other institutions have been established to qualify the people to make the most intelligent use of their opportunities. Members of the different religious faiths mix with each other on amicable terms and show mutual respect and mutual toleration; the courts are wisely and honestly administered, justice is awarded to every citizen regardless of his religion or social position, taxes are low and honestly collected and disbursed. There has been little corruption in office, and whenever it has been discovered it has been severely punished. The people have learned for the first time in their history that honest complaints will be patiently listened to and that wrongs will be redressed. The introduction of free education has enabled them to appreciate the value of such a government.

## 'The Bible and the Monuments'

THE publishers of "Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century" have given to it a form which is impressive both for its portliness and for its typography. We can well imagine the pride with which a minister would view this volume on the shelves of his working library, and the comfortable consciousness of possessing what would serve at once as a testimonial to his scholarly inclinations and a storehouse of information on the history of the peoples of the Bible. We can imagine, too, the assiduity with which, after the first flush of possession had passed, he would let it remain on the shelf.

To the expert, or *quasi* expert, this volume is of undoubted interest. In the first place, it gives at first hand an account of the explorations and excavations undertaken by the editor and principal contributor to the book, Professor Hilprecht, the Assyriologist of the University of Pennsylvania; in the second place, it combines in one volume accounts of expeditions and discoveries, not only in Assyria and Babylonia, but also in Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia during the last century. The fact that the account of the work done by Americans is given here officially is, so far as its technical value is concerned, an extenuation of its being accorded space out of all proportion to the rest of the volume. It is not, however, an extenuation of the personal

animus that appears in Professor Hilprecht's accounts of the origin and history of the Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. If in writing his accounts he was not influenced by the desire to justify himself as well as to record the facts, he should have guarded more carefully against subjecting himself to the suspicion that he was. As it is, parts of the narration are not very dignified. The ordinary reader who buys this book in order to learn about Oriental excavations is not likely to be very much concerned as to whether the author is right or not in statements which amount to saying, "I told you so!"

The early explorations in Assyria and Babylonia were marked by a courage and an idealism that are highly praised, though not a whit too highly. What the men of these expeditions endured is typified in events of the '30s and '40s. In the middle of the former decade a party of men under command of Colonel Chesney left England for the Euphrates. Among their other possessions, two iron steamboats had to be carried overland from the Bay of Antioch to the Euphrates. Fever and inundations were the first enemies to be overcome. Then, after a year of laborious progress, the descent of the river was made. The population of the region turned out "to see an iron boat swim," for there was a tradition "that when iron should swim on the waters of the Frāt, the fall of Mohammedanism would commence." Soundings, explorations, and tours of explanation and conciliation to

<sup>1</sup> *Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century*. By H. V. Hilprecht, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia.

neighboring Arabs were carried on during the descent. Suddenly a simoom, with its "dense masses of black clouds, streaked with orange, red, and yellow," struck the vessels with terrific force. One of the vessels sank and twenty men were drowned. The other vessel continued to the juncture with the Tigris, and ascended that river some distance. When returning up the Euphrates, the engines broke down. Funds were exhausted, Russian opposition was made emphatic, and the enterprise ended. But the results of the surveys made at that time can be seen in the later expeditions, and are valuable even to-day.

In 1845 Sir Austen Henry Layard started to excavate Nineveh. Knowing the evil disposition of the inhabitants of the region, he set out ostensibly as a hunter. With untrained Arabs he began his toil. On the first day he discovered two Assyrian palaces. He pushed on with his work. The rains of winter poured through the hovel where he passed the nights. Then the Governor of Mosul, learning of the operations, forbade further work. Under the cover of making drawings and copying inscriptions, Layard continued his search. A new and enlightened governor replaced the old one. Further excavations were then made possible. It was under the protection of this new governor that the enormous human head of a winged lion (one of those that are now seen in the British Museum) was found. The amusing method by which the Arab workmen brought Layard to see it—an incident, by the way, which is one of those that show the interest these Arabs took in the work—is told for the most part in Layard's own words. In order to arouse interest in England, he had been digging to find some well-preserved monuments, and had unearthed, in the process, the earliest palace of Nimrod.

On the morning following these discoveries he rode to the encampment of a neighboring shaikh, and was returning to his trenches, when he observed two Arabs of the latter's tribe "urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching him they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them; 'hasten to the diggers, for they have found

Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! We have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God!' and, both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off without further words in the direction of their tents. . . . One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. . . . Entering breathless into the bazaars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared." . . . The governor, "not remembering very clearly whether Nimrod was a true believing prophet or an infidel," sent a somewhat unintelligible message "to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once."

The work was resumed after the excitement had subsided. Then Layard's health, revolting against the work carried on in that climate, broke down. After two months of recuperation he was back again in the trenches. Then came new difficulties; funds were lacking; but Layard continued, making even greater discoveries, and in the course of his work identified the site not only of Nimrod, but of Nineveh itself, the capital of the vast Assyrian empire.

The larger part of the book, dotted as it is with names that bristle with diacritical marks which mean little to the ordinary reader, lacks the human interest existing in stories that are told of Chesney and Layard and some others. Nevertheless, the book as a whole is not without some interest for the ordinary minister or other student of the Bible; for it is a record of labors that have given new significance to the Bible. It is due to such labors, involving patient enthusiasm, the expenditure of money, and even the loss of many lives, that the life of nations which were ancient when Greece was young is being restored to the knowledge of men; and to such labors, together with the equally patient and courageous work of literary critics, is due the understanding of the Bible, not as a mere mechanically dictated law, but as a record of a people whose life, in connection and in contrast with the nations round about, felt the guidance of God and struggled up toward him.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Ahead of the Army.** By W. O. Stoddard. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 302 pages. \$1, net.

The author of those excellent stories for boys, "The Noank's Log," a tale of the Revolution, and "Jack Morgan," a tale of the War of 1812, has now published a story of the war between the United States and Mexico, which ought to prove as interesting to young readers as have been its predecessors. The hero of the book is an American boy who arrives in Mexico as the war is beginning, and becomes a guide of our army. As such he meets Captain Lee, Captain McClellan, and Lieutenant Grant—men destined to become famous in another and greater war.

**American Newspaper Annual (The).** N. W. Ayer & Sons, 300 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 6½x10 in. 1,466 pages.

This portly volume includes a remarkable gain in number of newspapers and periodicals; an analysis of increase, however, shows the gain to be mostly sectional. There are notable additions both in number of towns and number of newspapers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and California; these additions make about two-thirds of the total, but the other third is scattered among the remaining States, some of which even show a small loss. In the United States and Canada the dailies have increased in number to nearly twenty-five hundred, the gain in the United States being just double that of the previous year. This, says the editor of the Annual, is largely due to the extension of the rural free delivery system, which in many cases has caused the establishment of new dailies, or the change from weekly or other issue to a daily issue. To this he adds an interesting and, to many, a surprising statement: "The discontinuance of the weekly edition of leading newspapers is being increasingly noted." The number of weeklies is about two hundred greater than the report for the previous year; this is undoubtedly due to the growth in newly settled districts. A very striking augment, also, is that of the monthlies. They have increased by no less than eighty—four times as much as the gain of the previous year. The net gain in the total number of newspapers and periodicals enumerated in this Annual is the largest recorded since 1897. It is true that the names of several hundred publications will not be found in this Annual, as they have no value either for the general public or for the general advertiser. Among them are the papers issued by local churches, the small colleges, the high schools and academies, and the private schools. Not only by reason of the twenty-three thousand and more newspapers and periodicals enumerated, but also by reason of noteworthy

accuracy in the enumeration and description, this Annual is invaluable to every one interested in newspaper and periodical circulation.

**Another View of Industrialism.** By William Mitchell Bowack. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 403 pages. \$2, net.

This is a weak attempt to create a new political economy by treating industrial problems from a metaphysical standpoint. The author believes that in our enlightened day economic truth only needs to be presented in order to be accepted. "Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, John Stuart Mill," he says, "were ever marshaling their arguments against the dangerous fallacies and hostile interests of their age," but now "these giants have all been slain." This extreme bit of optimism recalls by contrast Macaulay's reflection that the doctrine of gravitation would not be accepted to this day if it had interfered with vested interests.

**At the Gates of Song: Sonnets.** By Lloyd Mifflin. (Third Edition, Revised.) Henry Frowde (American Branch), Fifth Avenue, New York. 6¼x8¾ in. 150 pages. \$1.25, net.

The third edition of Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's collection of sonnets, entitled "At the Gates of Song," will be welcomed by the many who think him a modern Wordsworth. His poems are simple, strong, and beautiful; the feeling they express is both deep and great, and the style is distinguished by appreciation and scholarship. There is the craving in the heart of every man for the lovely, tender, and noble; it is not too much to say that such sonnets as "The Ocean Isle," "The Voiceless," "He made the Stars also," do very much toward satisfying these longings. Mr. Mifflin's book seems an abiding contribution to American poetry.

**Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald: Favorite German Poems.** Edited by J. H. Dillard. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7 in. 206 pages.

In this anthology Professor Dillard, of Tulane University, has done welcome service to all lovers of German poetry. In a volume not too large for the pocket, well bound and well printed, we find a collection of short German poems, ranging from Luther to Geibel. The grouping of the verses into four departments or chapters is original and attractive, the arrangement being with regard to thought and connection rather than (for American readers) any progressive ease in translation. Yet even very young readers will not have to seek far before coming upon their favorites—"Der Gute Kamerad," by Uhland; Körner's "Gute Nacht," Heine's "Zwei Grenadiere," and Goethe's "Ich ging im Walde" or "Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein Steh'n." From these titles it may be seen that the anthology is especially rich in verse which was first published in that wonderful period for German literature just

before and just after the beginning of the nineteenth century. Finally, we acknowledge with gratitude another excellence. The English notes are not put at the end of the book, as is too often the case, but at the bottom of the page, where they ought to be.

**City of God (The).** By St. Augustine. Translated by John Healey. (The Temple Classics.) In 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6 in. 50c. per vol.

**Color of His Soul (The).** By Zoe Anderson Morris. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 4x7½ in. 220 pages.

A piece of crude realism that shows the ugliness of life in New York City.

**Distribution of Blood Vessels in the Labyrinth of the Ear of *Sus Scrofa Domestica* (The).** By George E. Shambaugh. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. X.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 35 pages. \$1.25.

**Duke and His Double (A).** By Edward S. Van Zile. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½x6¾ in. 187 pages. \$1.

**Hints for Lay Preachers.** By F. B. Meyer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 128 pages. 50c., net.

Though addressed to lay preachers, this volume may be read with equal profit by ministers. It states with great concreteness and directness the fundamental principles involved in all effectual preaching. In spite of one or two instances of indulgence in the whimsical (as, for instance, an objection to a sermon with six divisions, because six is the "number of the Beast"), these chapters illustrate with great genuineness and spontaneity the principles enunciated, for they bear the characteristics of brief sermons themselves. When Mr. Meyer deals with specific methods of sermon-making, he wisely points out that their value depends upon temperament and other variable conditions; but when he deals with underlying principles, he speaks with the confidence of one who possesses truths that can be universally applied. We wish that every minister might make these principles a part of his sub-conscious self.

**Hiram College and Western Reserve Eclectic Institute: Fifty Years of History, 1850-1900.** By F. M. Green, A.M., LL.D. Illustrated. The O. S. Hubbell Printing Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5½x8 in. 425 pages. \$1.50.

**Interior of the Kingdom (The).** By David Vaughan Gwilym. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5½x7½ in. 132 pages.

A series of meditations on the spiritual and devotional, as distinct from though not necessarily in contrast to the theological, or the practical, side of Christian life. They all center about the Beatitudes.

**Ireland and Her Story.** By Justin McCarthy. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4¼x7½ in. 190 pages. \$1.

Mr. McCarthy's latest volume is a clear narration of the social and political evolution of the Irish nation from the earliest times to the present day. Mr. McCarthy vividly brings out the chief figures in the history of his people—Grattan, Flood, Tone, the Emmets, O'Connell, Parnell—though his accounts of such movements as that for Roman Catholic Emancipation, the "Young Irelanders," the Home

Rule propaganda, and finally the contest for the ownership of the soil, are necessarily condensed. Still, they are related with all the compelling power of Mr. McCarthy's brilliant phrase. The little book in its appropriate green cover, excellent page and print, should find wide circulation, if for no other reason than that no one is better qualified to describe Irish events than its author. Though he has been chairman of the larger section of the Nationalist Party, and for many years the leader in the House of Commons of the views of the Irish majority, he has never lost the confidence and the esteem of Englishmen, and thus among Irish representatives at Westminster has occupied a unique and enviable place.

**Junior Studies in the Life of Christ: A Year's Course of Thirty-five Lessons, for the Use of Junior Students and Classes.** By Ralph Eugene Diffendorfer and Charles Herbert Morgan. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4x6½ in. 221 pages. 50c.

**König der Bernina (Der): Roman aus dem schweizerischen Hochgebirge.** By J. C. Heer. J. C. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger, Stuttgart und Berlin. 5x7½ in. 361 pages. \$1.

The Engadine is justly becoming more and more the playground and the health-ground of Europe and of the world. This is due to its apparently unique physical character; yet of the thousands of foreigners who spend summers and now winters there, few realize that its people have also an extraordinarily striking stamp of character. "Jürg Jenatsch," by Conrad Meyer, was perhaps the first really great novel to depict the Engadine folk. Herr Heer's superb "König der Bernina" is also valuable; first, because of its merit as a historical romance; secondly, as an impressive delineation of the life of the people; and, finally, as a description of the varying appearance in every month of the year of the marvelous valleys, mountains, lakes, and glaciers about Pontresina and St. Moritz.

**Law and Loyalty: With Other Charges and Sermons Preached at the Consecrations of Bishops.** By Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York. Edward S. Gorham, New York. 5½x8½ in. 307 pages. \$1.50, net.

This series of discourses by the Bishop of New York on the duties and functions of the clergy in his communion are of course chiefly interesting to Episcopalians. Bishop Potter does not succeed in making clear how the "freest and frankest criticisms" of the offices of his Church—criticisms which he welcomes—are consistent with the duty he lays down in these words: "A man who is under the obligation of a priest's ordination vow has parted with his individual discretion." In his sermon on the occasion of the consecration of the Bishop of Nebraska he makes a distinction which comes with especial force from a prelate of his standing: the men whom Christ chose, he says, "were bidden to do the mightiest works the world had ever seen . . ." and as they preached, wrought and healed, "it was not their powers—canonical, ecclesiastical, episcopal—that made them strong, but their power." And he warns his brethren against mistaking "that which is the voice of authority for that which is the far mightier constraint of example, of wisdom, of love." We believe



that "individual discretion" is freed, not imprisoned, much less destroyed, by such constraint as that. That this is true these addresses themselves are no insignificant indication. In them the emphasis is strongly upon what is vital, rather than what is formal, in the system and order of the Episcopal Church.

**Lord's Prayer for Children (The).** By Martha K. Lawson. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 37 pages. 50c., net.

Each petition in the Lord's Prayer is illustrated by a story, rather insipid, a song set to music, and a picture. The concluding chapter of hints is brief, sound, and moderately suggestive.

**Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book: A Practical and Exhaustive Manual of Cookery and Housekeeping.** By Marion Harland. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5½x8½ in. 780 pages.

A large, well-arranged, and fully illustrated volume on a subject of universal and continuous interest. Mrs. Terhune's pseudonym is a guarantee of high excellence.

**Mitosis in Pellia.** By Charles J. Chamberlain. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. X.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 25 pages. 25c.

**New German Grammar (A).** By Marion D. Learned, Ph.D. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 407 pages.

**Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer.** By Lieut.-Col. Basil Jackson. Edited by R. C. Seaton, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 218 pages. \$2.50, net.

The Waterloo campaign will always be one of the most absorbing and interesting moments of history. Many very notable contributions have been made to its narration. Among them the present volume will have deserved place, first, because it is a first-hand account, and, secondly, because of the simplicity and directness of its style. Colonel Jackson was a staff officer in the Waterloo campaign, and was afterward at St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity. In 1889, at the age of ninety-four, Colonel Jackson died, leaving only three surviving heroes of Waterloo—namely, the Earl of Albemarle, General Whichcote, and Colonel Hewitt. The narration, as given to us in this volume, may be criticised as not being in line with some other accounts, but it certainly makes a strong impression as the evidently faithful report of an eye-witness.

**Philippine Islands, 1493-1803 (The): Translated from the Originals and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne.** Illustrated. Vol. V.—1582-1583. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼x9½ in. 320 pages.

**Phylogeny of Angiosperms (The).** By John M. Coulter. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. X.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 6 pages. 25c.

**Saint of the Dragon's Dale (The).** By William Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6¼ in. 129 pages. 50c.

In this little book we have a tale of Eisenach, the Thuringian Forest, and the Wartburg as they must have looked in very early days.

The story is fantastic, but attractively fantastic. The book's size, its good paper, clear print, and appropriate cover, will prejudice the reader in favor of the volume as a pocket companion during an hour's journey.

**Studies in Fat Necrosis.** By H. Gideon Wells. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. X.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 27 pages. 25c.

**Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.** Vol. XVI. The Centralization of Administration in Ohio. By Samuel P. Orth, Ph.D. The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 6x10 in. 177 pages. \$1.50.

**Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.** Vol. XVII. Principles of Justice in Taxation. By Stephen F. Weston, Ph.D. The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 6¼x9½ in. 299 pages. \$2.

**Temptation of Jesus (The): A Study of Our Lord's Trial in the Wilderness.** By A. Morris Stewart, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼x8½ in. 230 pages. \$1.25.

Lessons drawn from the temptations in the wilderness after the baptism by John. Although the author says that "critical questions and purely theological discussion have been avoided," he enters them enough to suggest, for instance, that Jesus was transported bodily to the pinnacle of the Temple. He seems to have ignored the probability, to say the least, that Jesus, who is the only one who could have related the story of the temptation to the disciples, spoke in this case, as was his wont, in a parable.

**Under Our Flag.** By Alice M. Guernsey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 192 pages. 50c., net.

A collection of facts and anecdotes illustrating conditions affecting home missionary work.

**Woman's Library (The).** Vols. I. and II. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. \$1.50 per volume.

From the articles which constitute these volumes one may ascertain how to become a London milliner, learn the steps which take one into sanitary inspecting and the secrets of the dressmaker's art, and consider the stage and medicine. The most illuminating portion is Janet Hogarth's chapter on the "Higher Education of Women," which treats that rather over-treated theme with freshness, insight, and good judgment. Would-be actresses who read Mrs. Kendal's article on "Theatrical Life" will have to reverse the ministerial motto, "Not as I do, but as I say," for this successful player holds out scant prospect of place or success. We are inclined to think somewhat misleading her statement that "there are three thousand actresses in London alone always out of work half the year at least." The profession is one of shifting engagements and constant changes, and from week to week the three thousand would not be the same people. All the writers deal with conditions in England, and give an English point of view. Perhaps the more practical volume is that taking up needlework. The article on embroidery is especially good, and the cuts and illustrations are so clear that even one unskilled with the needle could do fancy stitch or two.

# Correspondence

## Bishop Brent on Religious Conditions in the Philippines

[Concerning the religious conditions in the Philippines statements have appeared from time to time in the papers that the American Commissioners and other officials at Manila (1) did not greatly welcome Protestant missionary work; (2) were absenting themselves from Protestant church worship, perhaps for policy's sake towards the Roman Catholics; and (3) had interfered with the freedom of a school-teacher in outside religious work. In response to our request Bishop Brent thus informs us concerning these matters.—THE EDITORS.]

### *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I have arrived at the following conclusions regarding the subject of the attitude of Government officials to mission work in these islands:

1. The Governor and his associates on the Commission make every effort to be impartial and just in all their dealings with religious bodies of whatever sort. Two illustrations will suffice: There was a dispute in Benguet as to the title of some land which we were using for church-building purposes. The opposition of the local governor notwithstanding, the Commission dealt with the matter in no cold, judicial way, but with a measure of considerateness that does not always characterize the action of such bodies. It was under no compulsion to allow us to continue our use of the property, and we would have had no grounds for complaint had the decision of the local authority remained unmolested; for we could have had recourse to the courts, which, perhaps, would have been the natural way of settling the dispute. The Commission's action indicates a desire to foster any work that has the welfare of the people in view. I have every reason to believe that the Commissioners are glad to see American missionaries come to the Philippines, and that they stand ready to give that measure of aid which is possible under the American Constitution, which admits of no State religion and allows of no special consideration for any given religious body.

The other instance referred to above is more pointed. The Methodists applied to the Commission for a lease of part of the San Lazaro estate, in the administration of which delicate questions are involved. The Commissioners did not grant all that was asked of them, but I believe they went to the limit of their authority. Here again they were in no wise bound to give heed to the application, and had the Commissioners been afraid of exciting Roman Catholic criticism they would have excused themselves from complying with the request; for the San Lazaro estate has such antecedents as to make the existence of a Protestant mission upon it sufficient to rouse the former owners from their graves, to say nothing of its effect on the living. I have no doubt at all that the Commission has at times been overcautious in handling questions in which Roman Catholic matters were involved. It would be surprising if it had not. But, on the whole, it has threaded its way along a difficult and intricate path with fairness and commendable wisdom. The very fact that there are many from the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, and from Protestant churches on the other, ready to shower criticism on the Commissioners on the common charge of partisanship, is something of an indication that impartiality is their law; they are in a position which Scripture makes an enviable one—by inference, at any rate; that is to say, no man speaks well of them in this respect! There is a story to the effect that one day Archbishop Alcocer charged the Governor with being unfair. The Governor turned to his secretary and asked for the letter in which he (the Governor) was attacked for his action in the matter. The secretary is said to have replied: "Which letter, sir, the Roman Catholic or the Protestant?"

2. As to the attitude of Government officials. As I view the question, we are warranted in discussing their religious or ecclesiastical behavior only from one standpoint. The fact—and a deplorable fact it is—is that the majority of Government officials, great and small, are not regular church-goers. The question, how-

ever, is not whether or not they go to church, but whether they absent themselves from public worship for policy's sake—that they may favor the Roman Catholic cause. I can secure no evidence that this is the case. The temptation is to impute evil motives; but I do not think we have any more right to guess at motives as to why men stay away from church than we would have to guess at those which lead them to church. When I came to Manila, I heard it stated in different quarters that Commissioners held aloof from religion so as not to offend the Roman Catholics. At first I was inclined to believe it. As careful an investigation as a man can make in such a matter leads me to the conclusion that the complaint had no foundation either then or now. So contemptible a thing would it be for a man to suppress his convictions and his duty to God for the sake of the applause of the majority, or to gain some petty advantage in temporal government, that any one guilty of it, *ipso facto*, would be disqualified for holding the reins of authority.

Probably the majority of the men under discussion came from the United States as non-church-goers, and they are seen at public worship here somewhat more often than when at home—at any rate, not less. Others, of course, have fallen into the listlessness of Oriental life. But the point is this, they are not absentees because of timidity or on account of (what viewed from the precarious standpoint of expediency alone would be a foolish and short-sighted) policy. Beyond this I do not care to discuss the matter. In my own church not a Sunday passes without the presence of Government officials, from the Governor down; a number are not regular, but they recognize that they owe some duty to religion by coming even occasionally. Many of our warmest supporters are of the families of men high in office, and this has always been so from the inception of our work, long before I arrived on the scene. Naturally, I wish that more of our public men, men of mind, character, and influence, were prominent also in church matters; but I would deprecate their becoming so because it was politic, respectful, useful for temporal ends, almost as much as I would resent their abstention on similar

grounds. We do not want officials at church because they are officials, but because they are men; and the more excellent way is to hush our complaints and go after and win them as men.

The real drawback to mission work here is the same that exists elsewhere—the indifference and wickedness of nominal Christians. If we are to criticise those who happen to hold office for being non-religious or irreligious, it should not be *qua* officials, but as belonging to that class, which is large in Manila, who are so absorbed in the affairs of this world that they give no thought to the deep things of God. Only that measure of censure is due to officials which attaches to any other non-religious persons. They should be religious because they are men, not because they hold government positions.

3. I am conversant with the case you quote, in which the freedom of a school-teacher was tampered with. Shortly after he arrived here he was asked to speak at a Sunday evening meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. He did so, and no comment was provoked. Months later the Evangelical Union invited him to give an address on "our work." He assented. Mr. Moses, the then Commissioner of Education, led him to understand, through the Superintendent of Education, that he would displease the authorities if he did not cancel his engagement. Such action was unjustifiable, and the teacher would have been warranted in ignoring this interference with his religious liberty; but it was the action of an individual Commissioner and not of the Commission, who, as I understand the case, knew nothing about it. There was no formal prohibition issued; though, as I view the matter, there was no sufficient warrant for *any* interference. It would have been quite within the bounds of propriety for the Commissioner to have conferred with the teacher, whose position happened to be conspicuous, as to the wisdom of making a public address on religious matters new to the native mind, at a moment when the Filipino was viewing the schools with suspicious eye, and was encouraged to believe that the educational work bore something of the character of a Protestant propaganda—a colossal lie, of course. But he seems to have overstepped the mark in the course he

a clever girl may be ready to take a position (on trial) as general housemaid. After a year and a half of service let her come back for advanced work in cookery, fine washing and ironing, physiology and hygiene, and, when all the requirements have been complied with, give her a diploma. Of course, if her behavior in service has not been satisfactory, probation must be longer. The school would keep in touch with its alumnæ and foster an *esprit de corps* like other institutions. The wage for the graduate would naturally be higher than for the probationer or the ordinary maid, but it would be justified by her greater skill and economy, and probably not far exceed the present sum.

A pretty, serviceable uniform might become as honorable a badge of skilled service as a nurse's white cap and apron, and bring as great comfort into our households.

This experiment has been tried in London with great success. How far the details correspond with the plan outlined above I do not know. Even one good school in this country would do much to advance the standard. Just as the first woman who went to college opened the door to thousands of others, so the first women trained to housework will draw others after them. Certain it is that a warm welcome is waiting, in every home in the land, for the well-trained, economical, responsible servant-girl; nor will she ever have cause to complain, like her sisters in other occupations, of lack of time, money, respect, home surroundings, or, bitterer still, the fierce competition that crowds them into dishonor or starvation.

EMILIE CAM DE PHILO.

#### A Health Farm

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

The establishment of the Denver Association Health Farm marks the latest development in Young Men's Christian Association work. The aim is to provide in this rare climate of bright sunshine and pure air a cheerful environment, sanitary home, nutritious food, and pleasant occupation for men who need building up physically, and to give an opportunity in this connection for young men of meager financial ability to get the benefit of Colorado's favorable climate. The present

equipment includes a brick house for office, superintendent's residence, parlor, dining-room, kitchens, apple cellar, stable, and a group of cottages, each one of which is occupied by a farm resident. These cottages are well floored, and have a three-foot wainscoting with canvas sides and roof.

Residents are received on a basis of twenty-five dollars a month and credit given for work done by the resident. Employment is not guaranteed, but, when the physical condition of an applicant permits, will be provided as far as possible. Some employment can be secured on adjacent nursery and vegetable farms.

Mr. Richard C. Morse, General Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, describes the Association Health Farm as a "manifestation of that Christian hospitality to young men for which our Associations stand," and further very cordially characterizes the enterprise as a generous Christian and international undertaking which should receive enthusiastic support from the whole brotherhood of Associations.

W. M. DANNER.

Denver, Colorado.

#### Honor to Oberlin

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In the number of *The Outlook* of August 1, in an article on "Education of Women," the author states that up to 1840 no college was open to women. In that she is mistaken. Oberlin College was open for women from its foundation, 1834. One woman graduated there in 1838 and six in 1839. Oberlin was the first college in the world to admit women. Kindly make the correction.

ADDISON W. FISHER.

Warsaw, New York.

#### A Correction

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

"College News" is not published, as was stated (June 26), by the Wellesley Inn Corporation, but for the past year has been edited and issued by the students of the college, through the Board of the "Wellesley Magazine," which bought it last September from that corporation.

E. D. C.

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# The Outlook



*Saturday, August 29, 1903*

Lord Salisbury

By Justin McCarthy

The Finances of Colleges

By Henry A. Stimson

Emergency Relief in Disasters

By Edward T. Devine

The Hungarian Immigrant

By Edward A. Steiner

One of the Family: A Story

By Alice W. Bailey

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Vol. 74

August 29, 1903

No. 18

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**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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# The Outlook

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## The President and the Labor Unions

Three weeks ago, in reporting the action of the President in reinstating a workman who had been dismissed from the Government Printing-Office because he was not a member of the union, The Outlook said that the President had directed that the principle upon which he had acted in that case should be followed in every department. The letter which he sent to the heads of departments inclosed two letters to Secretary Cortelyou; they have now been made public. The principle which he enunciates is given in these words:

There is no objection to the employees of the Government Printing-Office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire, but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce.

He then quoted from the finding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission:

It is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization.

The President then made this comment:

I heartily approve of this award and judgment by the Commission appointed by me, which itself included a member of a labor union. This Commission was dealing with labor organizations working for private employers. It is, of course, mere elementary decency to require that all the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principles thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated.

With the publication of these letters there arose the rumor that a general investigation of labor conditions in all the departments had been ordered by the President. This has been denied. What is more important, the policy of the Administration in dealing with Government employees

has been distinctly stated. The result makes every concern conducted by the Government an "open shop." In other words, the laws and regulations of the Government have been declared supreme over all rules of labor unions. Clear-headed workmen will see that this decision is as much to their advantage as it is to the Nation at large. If labor unions were permitted to compel the Government to accept their selection of employees and their determination as to conditions of work, American laboring men would be under the rule of irresponsible associations rather than under the protection of a free republic. The unions themselves, whether they recognize it or not, will profit by this decision, for they will feel the stimulus to maintain their organization by making it stand, not for privilege, but for competency.

## Discriminations Against Unionists Legal

While Government officials, under President Roosevelt's directions, are seeking to put an end to arbitrary discriminations against non-union workmen in the Government employ, the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis has rendered a decision that a private corporation may legally discriminate against unionists by discharging workmen for connecting themselves with a union, and by maintaining for itself and giving to others a blacklist of the employees discharged for this cause. The case before the Court was that of Arthur Boyer and others, who stated that they were members of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, and had been discharged and blacklisted by the Western Union Telegraph Company solely because of their membership in this union. They asked the Court to enjoin the Company from discharging employees because of membership in their union, and, from conspir-

ing to prevent their further employment by means of a blacklist. Judge Rogers, in refusing to issue the injunction, held that the corporation had a right to discharge an employee for any cause, or without cause, unless it thereby violated a contract, and that if it did violate a contract the remedy of the discharged employee was a suit at law and not a writ of injunction. The Court further held that the blacklisting of discharged unionists and the giving of the lists to other employers did not constitute a conspiracy, as there could be no conspiracy to do a legal thing. The very fact, he said, that the union professed to be organized for moral purposes prevented any member from objecting when his discharge was based upon his unionism. The unionist had no more cause for legal complaint than would a member of the order of Freemasons or of the Presbyterian Church if he were discharged and blacklisted for membership in those organizations. All this, it may be said, is quite conclusive from the standpoint of law, but unsatisfactory from the standpoint of justice. In the absence of a statute forbidding it, a corporation may discharge employees for membership in a union just as it may discharge them for membership in a particular church or political party, but the discharging of employees for such reasons has always been resented in America as a tyrannical violation of individual freedom, and has in some States led to the passage of laws forbidding such discharges. Workmen have the same natural right to join unions not directed against the public welfare that capitalists have to join corporations not so directed, and the attempt to deny equal rights brings public sympathy to the side of the intended victims. The action of the Western Union Telegraph Company in discharging and blacklisting employees for membership in the union is certain to make new friends for the cause of unionism.

⊙

#### A Walking Delegate Convicted

On Friday of last week Samuel Parks, the walking delegate of the New York Housesmiths' Union, was convicted of the crime of extorting two hundred dollars from Josephus Plenty,

a contractor for skylights on the new Hamburg Line pier. The contractor, it may be recalled, charged that he had paid this sum to settle a strike which tied up work on the pier and rendered him liable to a penalty of two hundred dollars a day for delay in carrying out his individual contract. The jury was selected with great care, and was an intelligent, well-to-do body of men. Unfortunately for the prosecution, one of the witnesses called by it to sustain Plenty's charges became a witness for the defense, others had their testimony stricken out as incompetent, and still others were not put on the stand. The weakness of the prosecution led the friends of Parks to expect an acquittal, but the weakness of the defense finally convinced the jury of the truth of Plenty's charges. Parks not only pleaded not guilty, but declared that he had never met Plenty until the prosecution was begun, and his attorneys asserted that Plenty falsely claimed to have paid Parks the two hundred dollars in order to extort a hundred and fifty from the Hamburg Company as its share of the alleged cost of placating the union. An agent for the Hamburg Company, it appeared, did at one time pay Plenty the sum specified, though it was afterwards paid back. But, unfortunately for the defense, it conspicuously failed to put on the witness-stand the friend of Parks who was alleged by the prosecution to have turned over to him the money paid by Plenty, and also failed to put on the stand the servants alleged to have passed through the room where Plenty and Parks were conferring. The witnesses summoned by the defense were used chiefly to prove that Parks had not been accompanied by another officer of his union when conferring with Plenty, as the other officers named by Plenty had been in a conference with other men at the time named. The jury spent four hours considering the case before they were able to reach a verdict. The lawyers for the defense at once gave notice that the case would be appealed. Three other indictments are pending against Parks, and the prosecution asks for his immediate trial upon them. No one questions that many union officials have used their power to extort money from employers, and it is a great gain to the entire public to have these extortioners exposed and punished. The unions

are the worst sufferers from this crime, because it is their interests that are betrayed by bribe-taking delegates, just as it is the public interests that are betrayed by bribe-taking councilmen and legislators. It is extremely unfortunate that in the case just tried the associates of the man found guilty are not yet convinced of his guilt. The prosecution of the other indictments ought fully to establish the character of the man indicted.



**Negro Business League  
in a Southern Capitol**

On Wednesday,  
Thursday, and Fri-  
day of last week

there was held in Nashville, Tennessee, the fourth annual session of the National Negro Business League. This organization is formed of colored men and women who are engaged in various lines of business—nearly every line, indeed, in which white men are engaged. It is doing good service to the white race as well as to the black. On the one hand, it is a summons bearing visible evidence of its own reasonableness to the poor and the ambitious of the negro race to make themselves useful members of society. As Dr. Booker Washington, who is President of the League, said in his annual address, "It is much wiser for us to emphasize opportunities than grievances. The world soon gets tired of the man or the race with a grievance. We must learn to be bigger than those who would insult us. . . . The race that can produce such an assembly [as this] of men and women after only forty years of freedom is one to be proud of. . . . The man who proves himself useful, no matter what his color, is the one who is going to succeed." On the other hand, this League is a revelation to the white race of what the negroes are capable of. Factory operatives, blacksmiths, hotel-keepers, pharmacists, bankers, gathering together and conferring on their various enterprises, form an unanswerable argument that the American negro is not unworthy of public confidence and respect. Unquestionably there are many Southern white people who need such ocular demonstration to be convinced of the negro's capability; but that Southern white people are glad to be convinced of this fact is evident from the way in which this League was entertained by the people of

Nashville. The Hall of Representatives in the State Capitol was put at the League's disposal for its meetings. Trolley excursions were provided. Mayor-elect Williams made the address of welcome on behalf of Nashville, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce welcomed the negroes on behalf of the commercial life of the city. Women of the best white families attended the meetings, taking seats behind the rail. In spite of the many disheartening aspects of the relation between the white and black races, such a convention as this is full of reassurance as to the present and of promise for the future.



**Political News  
and Gossip**

In Nebraska—one of the few politically interesting States that hold an election this year—the Republican Convention last week passed resolutions enthusiastically indorsing President Roosevelt for a second term, proclaiming present prosperity to be the result of Republican policies, eulogizing the protective tariff, condemning "combinations of capital having for their purpose the stifling of competition," and demanding such legislation as will enable American-built ships to carry America's foreign commerce. The word subsidy was not used in this last plank, but the subsidy policy was plainly indorsed. Mr. John L. Webster, an Omaha lawyer, was proposed by the Convention as President Roosevelt's associate on the ticket of 1904. In Ohio the contest between Mayor Johnson and John L. Zimmerman, the conservative candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, is proving closer than was expected, though the reports still indicate that Mayor Johnson is likely to control the Convention. In Missouri the popular demand that Mr. Folk, the successful prosecutor of the St. Louis and Jefferson City rings, shall be made the Democratic candidate for Governor is increasingly strong—particularly in the rural districts, where Mr. Folk's independent course has not stirred against him influential enemies. Mr. Folk has even been proposed in the "Commoner" as a possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1904. For this last-named position, however, the present range of gossip knows no bounds, and the situation has recalled the epigram made upon the election of President Polk:

"Henceforth no private citizen is safe." Several influential Southern Senators have united in indorsing Senator Gorman, of Maryland, but Mr. Bryan has promptly declared that this nomination would no more secure harmony than would that of Mr. Cleveland. It would, he says, eliminate from the campaign the tariff issue, the trust issue, the imperialism issue, and the currency issue, and leave nothing but the question, Who shall hold the offices? Mr. Gorman, he declares, would poll a million less votes than a Democratic ticket with no candidate at all.



**Mr. Hay and the  
Open Door**

Last week the Chinese Minister at Washington conveyed to the State Department an official notification of China's purpose to open two ports in Manchuria on October 8. This is the date on which Russia has announced her intention of evacuating that country, "if circumstances permit." While most observers hold this phrase to be hardly other than meaningless, it is significant that the opening of the ports is put by China for the date of the supposed evacuation. It might be thought that China's consent to open the ports would constitute in Russian eyes a "circumstance" that would prevent evacuation, but Russia's consent has already been obtained by our State Department. It might also be thought that, on its part, China would make Russian evacuation a secret precedent for the opening of the ports. We hope that this fear is groundless, especially as the Chinese Minister, in an interview last week, defies any one "to name an instance when China violated her treaty obligations except in the guarantee of safety to foreigners." Whether Russia evacuates or not, if additional treaty ports are opened at our initiative, the benefit accruing both to China and to the world will be far greater than the mere amount of extra commerce involved—the benefit will be moral rather than commercial. So far, the American open-door policy as regards the Asiatic Pacific coast seems to promise ultimate success. We are glad to note that Mr. Hay's work in this matter is receiving commendation from the best papers, not only here but abroad. For instance, last week the London "Specta-

tor" declared China's official notification to be the crowning proof of Secretary Hay's ability. He is "the most successful of living diplomats," declares the "Spectator." Considering his place among the world's statesmen, it notes certain qualities that have raised him to his present position:

His ruling qualities are serenity, firmness, a high sense of honor as well as of public duty, and a wide knowledge of men and affairs, without a trace of the bully or blusterer in his composition. He is never awed, not merely by other men, a kind of courage which is not uncommon, but he is never awed by rumor, circumstance, or the creation of bogies of any kind.

The "Spectator" attributes Mr. Hay's calmness, self-possession, and quiet ability to his training as President Lincoln's secretary, and regrets that President Roosevelt, Mr. Hay, and others do not collect young men around them and train them in a similar manner for a few years as secretaries, since such training would be invaluable if in later years they were called to serve the State. We believe that the young men who have been serving our statesmen as secretaries have had precisely this training. Some of them—notably Secretary Cortelyou—now show its advantages in a more important station.



**The Macedonian  
Insurrection**

Readers of press despatches should not put too great confidence in the despatches from Constantinople or from Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, concerning the events of the Macedonian insurrection. During the week, now from one source and then from the other, characteristically contradictory statements have come as to the massacres in the northern district of Uskub, as to the reign of terror in the Monastir district to the south, and as to the burning of villages in the district of Adrianople to the east. On one point, however, all despatches are agreed. The port of Iniada is a port of the last-named district. The Russian fleet sent to overawe the Turkish Government anchored there last week. It remained until the Sultan had acceded to all the peremptory and severe demands made by Russia relative to the punishment of the murderers of the Russian Consul at Monastir and of the officials, both civil and military, who were in power at the time. The Russian

Government demanded, in addition, the appointment of European officers to the Turkish gendarmerie or police force. Having gained some reform in Turkey's internal affairs, the Russian ships returned to Sebastopol. The presence of the fleet, however, at Iniada for several days, gave encouragement to the insurgents, as the spread of the insurrection towards the east indubitably shows. It must be admitted that, with all his record of crime, the present position of the Sultan is a pitiable one. No matter how sincere he may be in his desire for peace and order within his empire, he has to deal, in the first place, with agents whom he cannot trust. He has not money enough to pay his soldiers regularly; and, though they have been accustomed outrageously to recoup themselves from the provinces, those in the region popularly known as Macedonia find the country devastated and are proportionately discontented. Moreover, the Sultan's own body-guard is composed of a large force of Albanians, and these, if the bravest, are among the most lawless of his subjects; a single untoward event on the border between Macedonia and Albania might be paid for by terrible vengeance at Constantinople. Again, while the Sultan has been able to keep the Bulgarian Government at bay because of the distance of insurrection from the border, it will be increasingly difficult for him, even aided by the Powers, longer to restrain the Bulgarians, for the fighting has within the past week approached dangerously near the frontier. Finally, there is always the Russian glacial movement, whether towards the Pacific, the Persian Gulf, or the Mediterranean, to be feared. Sometimes the movement is impressively unglacial, as was the case last week.



#### The Native Christians of Turkey

According to last week's despatches, the Greek Christians in western Macedonia appear to have complicated matters unnecessarily for the Bulgarian Christians. Some rivalry between them has existed ever since Bulgaria began to be politically independent. Even as far back as 1870, eight years before the Treaty of Berlin erected Bulgaria into a principality, the Bulgarian

Church, which had been part of the Greek Orthodox Church, became independent of the latter, causing considerable feeling. The Bulgarian Church is governed by a senate of bishops which, with the Sultan's approval, chooses an Exarch to reside at Constantinople and dispense patronage throughout the Empire. Perhaps the strongest bond between the Bulgarians and the Macedonians has been that of a common religion. Any possible present jealousy of the Greek Christians arises largely because they fear a Greater Bulgaria as a result of the insurrection against Turkey, and they discern no Greater Greece. If Macedonia is divided into two main divisions of native Christians, Armenia is divided into three. The Armenian Church was founded by Saint Gregory (died 322), hence the name Gregorian as applied to the Church which at the General Council of Chalcedon (451) refused to accept that Council's decisions. To the rest of the world the following centuries were dark ages, but there was a renaissance in Armenia both in literature and art. Historically Armenia was really the first Christian nation. It possesses a translation of the Bible dating from the fifth century, a work of marked literary worth. As for architecture, the Armenian churches still standing throughout the region of Van and as far as Anj in Russia show, in their slender pillars, noble arches, polygonal towers and domes, an impressive evidence of Byzantine art. In the fifteenth century the Armenian Church was split into two parts, the larger accepting papal supremacy. When, in 1870, the dogma of infallibility was promulgated, this majority faction again split and its minority affiliated with the Old Catholics. The Orthodox Armenian ecclesiastical head, the Katholikos, has as subordinates the Patriarchs of Constantinople and Jerusalem; he resides near Erivan, in Russian Armenia. The Roman Catholic Armenian Patriarch resides in Constantinople. The American Protestant missionaries in Macedonia and Armenia, we are glad to add, have always endeavored not to antagonize these various bodies of native Christians in Turkey, but to lead them to a larger liberty. That they may attain this liberty is a not impossible outcome of the present agitation in the East.

**The Humberts Convicted**

An extraordinary ending to an extraordinary chapter of criminal conspiracy was reached in Paris last week. Mme. Humbert, at intervals during the trial which has been the reigning sensation of the summer, has declared her intention of solving to everybody's satisfaction the mystery of the Crawfords and their mythical millions, with the story of which our readers are familiar. Her counsel, Maître Labori, in his address darkly foreshadowed the impending revelation by saying, "Suppose the Crawfords bore a name so hateful to mention that it would scandalize your patriotism." This was explained when Mme. Humbert, in a dramatic and rhetorical address to the court, put forward the startling assertion that the elder Crawford, the original owner of the untold millions (which were to be but were not found in the safe sealed up by the courts while they gravely considered the sham lawsuits brought by the non-existent Crawford heirs), was no other than Regnier, the supposed intermediary between Marshal Bazaine and the Germans in the matter of the surrender of Metz, and the intimation was that the source of the money was a German bribe. Regnier was, it is said, condemned to death by a French court martial, but disappeared, and has been supposed to have died many years ago. As a stroke of monumental mendacity this "revelation" was sensational enough. It was joined to solemn assertions that the "Crawfords" exist, that the millions exist, and to the incoherent declaration, "Now you have the whole Crawford case and the whole Humbert case." Mme. Humbert's revelation certainly proved a sensation, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the Parisian multitude who have followed this astounding case with all the expectant excitement of an audience at a play. If there had been previously, however, any possibilities of an acquittal, the impudent audacity of the accused destroyed them. She made no attempt whatever to explain the connection between Regnier and the younger Crawfords, who by the two wills were rival suitors for her sister's hand. Neither did she tell where the great fortune is to-day. Her assertions were vague, incoherent, and inconclusive at every point. The time had long gone by when this remarkable woman

could convince merely by the vastness of her schemes and her sheer bravado. The jury promptly found Mme. Humbert guilty, as also her husband and her brothers, Émile and Romain Daurignac. The Humberts were sentenced to five years' imprisonment, the others to two and three years.

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**Automobile Restriction  
in Great Britain**

The most noteworthy thing about the law for the regulation of

motor vehicles passed by the British Parliament just before its close is that it does not content itself with specific limitations as to speed, nor, indeed, treat the question as if speed were the only matter for regulation, as have some of the State laws in this country. On the contrary, the British law in itself, and Lord Balfour in his exposition of its intent, brought to the front the sensible idea that drivers of automobiles on public roads must have regard for the nature and condition of the highway, the amount of traffic which is actually upon it at the time, the conduct of the horses actually near to the automobile, and all surrounding circumstances. The law defines recklessness, not only as proceeding at a speed above a given limit, but as acting in a manner dangerous to others, having regard to all the circumstances of the case. As to speed itself, the limit is placed at twenty miles, while the local authorities are given power to set the distance from the center of towns or cities within which motor-cars are to be confined to a speed of ten miles. Licenses are to be granted, recoverable by the courts for misconduct; no one under seventeen years of age may have a license; automobiles must be registered and carry numbers; fines ranging from twenty to fifty pounds may be imposed for violation of the law, and the magistrates have also the option of imposing imprisonment in case a conviction is not a first offense. This law appears to be based on reason and regard both for the rights of the traveling public and for the privileges to which lovers of this new form of sport and recreation may properly regard themselves as entitled. It is now pretty generally recognized that the automobile has come to stay, as the phrase goes, and that the law must regulate and not suppress it. Suppression has been tried in



some limited localities. An amusing incident was lately told in a despatch from Switzerland, where one of the cantons has a law forbidding motor-cars to enter its limits. An American, not knowing of this law, reached the center of the canton before he was stopped, and was then surrounded by a large detachment of the police, who refused either to allow him to go on or to return. The case was finally compromised by his being allowed to walk beside his vehicle while it was escorted out of the canton. In a few towns in some of the New England States, we are informed, a similar attempt is being made to keep out motor-cars altogether. It is doubtful whether any such attempt will, in the long run, prove possible and desirable. The true remedy against recklessness and the true preventive of danger is a law so framed as to be possible of enforcement.



**A Volcanic Obelisk** An extremely singular phenomenon, one new to geologists who have studied volcanic eruptions, has taken place on Mont Pelée. Professor Angelo Heilprin, who, as readers of Mr. Kennan's articles in *The Outlook* will remember, was the first to ascend Pelée to its crater after the terrific explosions of last year, vividly describes in the "Youth's Companion" this peculiar formation as it appeared to him on a recent ascent, under the title "A 'Corked' Volcano." It seems that the lava pushed up constantly by volcanic force from the new crater has hardened before it emerged, so that instead of flowing it is continuously pushed into the air in the form of a rock or crag. This natural rock obelisk is now eight hundred feet in height (two and a half times the height of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty's torch from the water), and at its base is over three hundred feet thick. It is, says Professor Heilprin, as if a cork were being pushed out from inside a bottle. The obelisk or crag is still rising; indeed, it rose twenty-one feet during the four days of Professor Heilprin's stay. Its base is fiery red from molten lava, and a light cloud of steam at the very top shows that there must be a channel or rift through the entire eight hundred feet of rock. Says the observer, "The grandest monuments erected by

man are insignificant when compared with this monument of nature, placed where it looks over cities of the dead." From time to time parts of the rock break off and avalanches of the fragments fall into the valley, but still the monumental mass continues to mount silently and majestically. What the end of the phenomenon will be is an open question; it may fall over in a tremendous crash; it may cease to rise, and remain a strange and impressive memorial of a great tragedy.



**The International  
Yacht Races**

The rather easy victory of the *Reliance* by nine minutes, actual time, over *Shamrock III.* on Saturday in a race sailed for the most part in a fresh breeze, taken with the American boat's apparent superiority in the previous attempt to race with merely a breath of air stirring, has led the yachting experts both in America and England to the conclusion that there is very slight doubt that the America's Cup—first won fifty-two years ago to a day before the *Reliance's* first victory—will remain on this side the water. When the official measurements of the yachts were made and published together, it was clear that the *Reliance* was not only the larger boat, but had more possibilities of motive power in proportion to her size, and could well afford to give even as large a time allowance as nearly two minutes. The race of Saturday was a fine one in many ways: the wind was from ten to fifteen knots from the southwest; the yachts were near enough each other to make the race exciting; the great fleet of steamboats and private yachts with thousands of onlookers behaved as they should in leaving the course clear; there was no dispute or unpleasant incident or mishap. That the following races may be as satisfactory was the wish of all interested. Sir Thomas Lipton is a prime favorite with the American public; he has shown good humor and good sense as well as persistence and sportsmanship. It has been said with truth that one of the most disagreeable consequences of our losing the Cup would be that we should no longer have our annual friendly visits from Sir Thomas.—An announcement of importance to lovers of yachts and yacht-racing is that there

is a probability of a challenge for the America's Cup for next year from Canada, where a group of yacht-owners are raising a fund for the construction of a challenger. A novel suggestion is that the crew may be made up entirely of volunteer "gentleman sailors."

**A Question of Title** The Supreme Court, New York City (Justice McCall), lately issued an order enjoining any interference with the mural paintings executed by Mr. William de Leftwich Dodge at Toronto, Canada, until the case should have been passed upon. These paintings depict stirring scenes in Canadian history, and were placed in the new King Edward Hotel, Toronto. They were furnished by Mr. Dodge, acting under contract with a well-known decorating concern. The hotel authorities had already made a contract with the decorators, which, so it is reported, said that "the work should be satisfactory." Although Mr. Dodge's preliminary sketches had been approved, the architect of the hotel found the finished panels unsatisfactory, because the electric light was not strong enough properly to display them. Hence he ordered changes to be made so that the pictures would be lighter in tone, it being supposed by him that "title had passed" and that the artist had already parted with his control. Mr. Dodge refused to make the changes demanded, and, when told that they would then be made by another, offered to return the sum received in payment for his pictures, declining to have his work mutilated. Fearing that changes might be made anyway, he applied for an injunction restraining the architect and decorators of the hotel from altering the panels. So far as we know, this is the first case of the kind to come before an American court. The whole question seems to us one of the passing of title. If a contract has been made for mere decoration, which, of course, comes under the authority of the architect, the terms of the contract must be fulfilled, and the case is one under the general laws of bargain and sale. If, on the other hand, an artist of signal reputation is employed to paint a picture, signed by his own name, any changes made by others in the picture, disapproved by the original artist, would seem to be

so many forgeries. There is an analogy between changes proposed to be made in his signed painting and those which might be made by the publishers of a signed poem.

## Lord Salisbury

On Saturday night of last week, in an old-fashioned room at Hatfield House, there passed away an old-fashioned man. The room overlooks a garden where, three and a half centuries ago, Elizabeth first heard that she was Queen of England. Her great Minister, Burleigh, was the ancestor of the statesman who died last week. The careers of these two Ministers were marked by certain common characteristics due first to the men themselves and next to their times—aristocracy, independence, imperialism. For, in our opinion, the two notable periods for English expansion are the Elizabethan and the Victorian.

The personal career of the Marquis of Salisbury was as interesting as was his political career. More than any one of our day, he showed that the great aristocratic houses of England are still producing statesmen. Yet he was perhaps the last of the old-time Tory nobles to rule England.

Independent he always was, personally and politically. In early life, as Lord Robert Cecil, a younger son, and not expecting to succeed to the marquissate, he supported himself by writing for the "Standard," the "Saturday Review," and the London "Quarterly." As biography, an account of this period is more inspiring reading than the description of his later years and honors. The most important event of his life flatly defied Cecil traditions. Even here he could be independent of his family. But Lady Salisbury, supposed to be beneath her husband socially, was quite his equal. Their married life was one of exemplary purity, privacy, and beauty; and when the Marchioness died recently, Lord Salisbury's friends knew whereof they spoke in prophesying that he would not remain long in active politics, but would seek distraction in the pursuit which absorbed him even more—chemical research. Lord Salisbury was also personally independent of those about him. Walking to and

from his house in Arlington Street, you might see the stout, full-faced, stoop-shouldered man pay no more attention to the passers-by than to his decidedly shabby-looking clothes. Not only did he keep himself aloof from the public, but even from those of his own Cabinet; with both he used, on occasion, an exasperatingly "cross-country" manner.

Politically, Lord Salisbury's career was distinguished by an independence which, in our opinion, was generally admirable. His addresses never carried with them the magnetism which attached to Gladstone's, for instance. Not for felicity in language, for eloquence in delivery, or for resultant thrill among auditors, were the Salisbury speeches notable. The speaker probably realized this himself. He doggedly went to the other extreme. Whether from pride of station or from contempt for mere rhetoric, his bent towards satire and sarcasm was accentuated. Most of the Cecils have been statesmen and Cabinet officers: it has seemed to us sometimes, in reading Lord Salisbury's earlier speeches, as if an intransigent Tudor or Stuart representative of the family had suddenly come to life in a new age—and did not like it. Yet, unconciliatory as Lord Salisbury's temper might be, he always commanded respect even from those whom he irritated most. In him they recognized both intellect and character. His independent course was not demagogical. He never "played to the galleries;" he carried on the ancestral tradition worthily. It has been a strange fashion in some quarters to call Lord Salisbury an opportunist, and to quote Bismarck's bitter characterization of him, "A lath painted to look like iron." But Lord Salisbury could display firmness to match any man's. At least he had the advantage of Bismarck, who, after showing tremendous obstinacy, did after all go to Canossa, being gently led thither by the greatest diplomat of his time, the late Pope. Lord Salisbury was no opportunist. We are convinced that he always aimed to be true to his convictions. If he must fail, he failed; he did not compromise. As long ago as 1868 he resigned his place in the Government rather than betray what he held to be a constitutional principle. In our opinion, his was then a bigoted Tory exclusiveness miscalled principle, but at least we may

honor his conscientiousness. This quality may be noted all through his career. Only quite recently he gave a signal example of it, taking the very moment when British blood was "up" to deliver a seemingly cold-blooded and ironical speech. Even some of his own party adherents called him a cynic, but in this, we are sure, they went beyond the mark. He simply felt it his duty to speak; he spoke his mind fearlessly; the knowledge that his words were pessimistic and would not be popular moved him not a whit.

Though in appearance of the John Bull type, and in adding to and maintaining the British Empire the typical imperialist, Lord Salisbury's words were—especially in the latter half of his life—markedly unjingish, unbellicose. In them you could see the real man, an aristocrat in the best sense, simple, sincere, actuated by an overwhelming sense of public duty, the upholder of the nation's dignity, but also and in especial of the world's peace. No one's influence for peace meant more. Even when he referred impressively to "decadent nations," there was no fear that he was going to take advantage of them, nor when he indulged in his annual jeremiads on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's dinner—addresses which came almost with the authority of the sovereign's speech opening Parliament. Every one felt that at the base with him there was a vast melancholy and sadness, quite the opposite pole from the war-making spirit—as if he knew that the times were out of joint and he the last of his kind! He must have despised the Crimean War, and we fancy that the Boer War was hardly of his seeking. In that, as in all the rest of the making of the British Empire, the exclusive aristocrat had a truer conception of real progress than has Mr. Chamberlain, the "pushful" democrat to whom the Premier gave a place in the coalition Cabinet of 1895.

In Lord Salisbury's foreign policy we recognize both failures and successes, but the latter far outweigh the former. He was in public life during the half-century between the Crimean and Boer wars, but he influenced the foreign affairs of Europe at first hand during the twenty-five years in which he was three times Prime Minister and four times Foreign Minister. He was the last of that great quartette of

Foreign Ministers—Bismarck, Gortschakoff, Andrassy, Salisbury.

Queen Victoria was repeatedly served by Mr. Gladstone on the Liberal side as First Minister of the Crown, but she was served, we believe, more acceptably by Lord Salisbury on the Conservative side. Indeed, even from the Liberal standpoint, we are not sure but that, in their own estimation, the English people, as a whole, were more acceptably served by the Marquis of Salisbury than by any recent statesman. Haughtily independent and aristocratic as he was, they recognized in him an equal sincerity and integrity with Mr. Gladstone's, a greater simplicity and far-seeing wisdom, and certainly a more popular because a more progressive imperialism.

In the old days the nobles ruled; in ours the people rule. Yet nobles may still exercise enduring influence, particularly if, as in Lord Salisbury's case, they are noble nobles.



## The Congo Slave State

A cable despatch from Brussels last week ran as follows:

The British Minister has notified the Belgian Government that Great Britain formally objects to the granting of monopolies, the employment of forced labor, and other features in the administration of the Congo Free State.

It is certainly to be hoped that the despatch accurately reflects the tone as well as the substance of the protest presented by the British Minister. The recent action of the Belgian Congress—with only a few Socialist deputies dissenting—approving of the administration of the King in the Congo Free State shows that the reform of abuses there is not likely to proceed from the foreign nation directly in control. It must come from the outside pressure exerted by the other Powers which eighteen years ago at Berlin intrusted the King of the Belgians with the rule of the Congo State.

Of the character of the Belgian administration, as reported by Protestant missionaries, foreign travelers, and even ex-officials of the Congo bureaucracy, *The Outlook* has made frequent mention. Recently the whole case has been presented in a hundred-page pamphlet by

Edmund D. Morel, whose volume entitled "Affairs in West Africa" has proved one of the strongest influences in bringing Congo oppression to the attention of the liberty-loving world. This pamphlet is certain to quicken public feeling everywhere, and aid in making the protest just filed by the British Government an insistent demand on the part of all nations concerned in the promotion of human justice.

The policy of the Belgian administration, as shown by Mr. Morel, has been to turn almost the entire territory of the Congo State over to a group of industrial monopolies which, supported by the army, carry on their "trade" by means of a merciless system of forced labor—the wages of the natives and the prices of their products being fixed by the commercial corporations in control. Nominally, it was only the "vacant land" of the territory which was parceled out to these trusts, but as all land not actually built upon or cultivated was declared vacant, virtually all the natural resources of a country with nearly twenty millions of people were turned over to the foreign syndicates. In these syndicates the Belgian Government generally subscribed for a half interest—the partnership between the Government and the trusts serving the double purpose of bringing commercial interests in Belgium to the support of the Government's foreign policy, and at the same time enabling the Government to profit financially from its trusteeship while reporting to the rest of Europe that its receipts from taxes in the Congo hardly met the cost of administration. It is through the operation of these commercial syndicates that the real taxation of the natives is exacted.

The methods of a single trust will serve to indicate the methods of them all. We select the Mongalla trust, the description of which is largely taken from a statement by an American citizen, Mr. Edgar Canisius, who was formerly one of the trust officials. The Mongalla trust is an Antwerp society, with a capital of only 3,400 shares (\$340,000), yet controlling a territory as large as New Jersey. One-half of the shares belong to the Congo State. The profits during the last five years have aggregated \$1,600,000—or nearly five hundred per cent. upon the capital sub-

scribed. During these five years the scandals from the trust's administration have led to stirring debates in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, followed by the punishment of a few minor officials, while the responsible men whose wishes were the real law to their subordinates went scot-free. The principal business of the Mongalla trust, as indeed of all the others, was the collection of rubber and ivory, which are practically the only exportable products of the country, now that slave labor can no longer be exported. As both rubber and ivory are produced on land neither occupied nor tilled, they both belong to the monopolies to which the "vacant" land is ceded. The collection of rubber by the Mongalla trust at a trading-post established among a submissive tribe—the Gombés—is described by Mr. Canisius as follows:

Once in a fortnight these Gombés were obliged to bring rubber to the post. Each of the villages was under the surveillance of a "capita" or headman, sent by the post manager, whose duty it was to see that the natives gathered the rubber in time, and in proper quantity.

At the time appointed, the post manager notified the "capitas" to bring in the rubber gathered by the villagers under their control, and in due course they arrived at the station, each man carrying a small basket made of rattan, furnished by the white agent, in order that no native could make a mistake as to the quantity he must furnish.

When all the villagers had arrived at the station, they took up their positions in rows, and the post manager then settled down to business, assisted by the Company's "soldiers," a number of whom were stationed at every post. Each villager was in turn ranged up before him, every man with his basket before him. Each native wore, attached to a cord around his neck, a small disc made of the zinc lining of packing-cases. These discs each had a number stamped upon it, and in a book which the manager had before him were inscribed the names of the natives against the number upon their "tags." One by one, the half-frightened bushmen were called up and made to present their baskets to the white man, a proceeding frequently assisted by a cuff from one of the soldiers. If the quantity of rubber was satisfactory, the native—who had worked many days to produce it—was paid what the agent thought the proper amount in "mitakos," pieces of brass wire, six to eight inches long. If, on the other hand, a native had only a small quantity of rubber in his basket, he was taken aside by one of the soldiers, and, after all had been called up, was severely castigated with the fearful whip made of hippopotamus-hide.

When all the villagers had deposited their

quotas of rubber, the manager had a thousand pounds, or more, which I estimated cost him at the rate of about one penny per pound. As this rubber was worth over three shillings per pound in the Antwerp market, it is safe to assume that the Company made a very considerable profit on it, even after paying heavy transport charges and a high export tax.

These statements regarding the nature of the "trade" forced upon the natives by the representatives of higher civilization seem almost incredible until we find them practically confirmed by the official reports of the Belgian Government regarding the value of the exports and imports of the Congo State. These run as follows:

Exports.. \$10,000,000 Imports.. \$3,600,000

In other words, the natives send abroad ten million dollars' worth of products, for which they receive in return at most three millions and a half. In reality they receive much less, for more than half of the imports consist of arms and ammunition, provisions and liquor, plainly designed for the soldiers and officials of the Belgian Government and syndicates. The supplies intended for the natives appear to be worth hardly one-fifth as much as the rubber and ivory they return!

This, then, is the course of trade where the natives have submitted to the new régime. Where they have not submitted, the outrages perpetrated upon them are often almost indescribable. A missionary, for instance, tells of regiments of cannibal soldiery being despatched into unsubmitive districts, with orders to bring back a hand for every cartridge fired—the troops often bringing back the hands of living women and children in order to comply with the requirements of their civilized commanders. Other missionaries, whose statements seem to be carefully guarded, tell of villages from which the women flee into the woods at the approach of the soldiers, and tell of Government victories which are carnivals of arson, murder, and rape. Outrages of this character must be exceptional, but Mr. Morel's narrative proves that, while the Belgian officials doubtless try to prevent savagery, the terrorism they seek to establish by the methods of civilization is hardly less cruel. The whole narrative recalls the horrors of the slave trade, and the fact that King Leopold has been proclaiming before the world that his "only

programme" was "the work of moral and material regeneration" only makes the régime the more revolting. The conscience of the world will condemn it, and under this condemnation it will be destroyed.

## Who Will Guard the Guards?

Men have been sent to Indian Territory to protect the Indians. Some of them are under the Indian Department, others belong to the Dawes Commission. When the old pernicious reservation system, by which the Indians were isolated from civilization and kept in barbarism, was abandoned, and the policy of allotting lands in severalty to the Indians, by which these dependent people were given a chance to make progress, was adopted, a long step was taken toward decent dealings between white and red men. It then became the duty of Indian agents, and in particular of members of the Dawes Commission, to see to it that the change should be made fairly and honestly. The Indians themselves, untrained in business methods and unacquainted with the value of their possessions, were incapable of looking out for their own rights. This fact gave opportunity for speculators and promoters to obtain possession of land by inducing Indians to part with it, either by lease or sale, at ridiculously low figures. It is true that the law affecting the change made apparently ample provision against oppression; but since the Indians were not able to enforce the law themselves, officials of the Federal Government were designated to enforce it. It is now charged that some of these officers, guardians of a helpless people, have taken advantage of their authority to become speculators and promoters themselves.

This condition has been made known by a representative of the Indian Rights Association, Mr. S. N. Brosius, who has been on the ground studying the administration of the law for a year. He reports other evils as well as this betrayal of trust. The method of allotting land is so technical and complicated that it requires of every Indian a considerable journey to Tahlequah and a long wait there to file his application, involving expense and absence

from home which the Indian cannot afford. Mr. Brosius has calculated that, under the method now in vogue, the work of the Commission in allotting the lands will not be completed for more than thirty years! But such an evil as this, outrageous as it is, does not compare with that of commending the Indians to the protection of men who have entered upon the business of obtaining possession of the Indians' lands. According to Mr. Brosius's report, the Chairman of the Dawes Commission, Tams Bixby by name, is stockholder and vice-president of one real estate company, and stockholder and president of another; Thomas B. Needles, another member of the Commission, is a director and vice-president of a third company; P. L. Soper, United States District Attorney for the northern district of Indian Territory, whose business it is to prosecute persons having excessive holdings of land, and to defend Indians in all suits involving titles to lands, is a stockholder in a fourth company; J. G. Wright, Indian inspector in charge of Indian Territory, is a director of one of these companies. So the list might be extended. It is such companies as these, Mr. Brosius declares, that are leasing lands from the Indians at twenty-five to seventy-five cents an acre, and then subletting them at from one to two and a half dollars an acre. Similar companies organized to control oil and gas lands are doing the same sort of business. For example, Mr. Brosius says:

In a case recently reported to the Indian Office by the writer, protest was made against the approval of a lease covering the homestead rights of a mother and two minor children. The Indian mother, being ignorant of values, was induced to give up the lands that had been in possession of the family for many years upon being paid \$900 each for the three tracts, while the person obtaining the same received \$20,000 from the oil company for his share of the profits.

Such a report as this demands investigation. Clear and specific allegations such as are made by Mr. Brosius cannot, and we believe will not, be ignored. We are glad to say that Commissioner Jones, of the Indian Department, takes this view. The alleged evil is of such scope, however, that investigation ought to be directed by the Department of the Interior, or, better, by the President who need not limit the investigation to any one Depart-

ment. We hope the announcement is true, which was made last week, that such an investigation is contemplated.

Commissioner Jones, of the Indian Department, is quoted as saying that he thought it was extremely bad taste for officials to allow themselves to be connected with these companies. It certainly is—the same bad taste that is displayed when a man cheats his washerwoman. The man who profits by the driving of hard bargains with people who are not only helpless but dependent upon him and under his care ought to have his taste improved.

The United States has treated the Indian with vast generosity in granting him privileges and making of him a pauper. The Nation should not now turn back from its undertaking to make a man of him by no longer being niggardly in according him his rights. Fortunately, in this case there is no question as to what the first rights of the Indians are: that these charges be investigated, and, if proved true, that the Indians be protected against their protectors.

## Making Opportunities

It cannot be too often said to men and women of all ages, nor with too ample illustration, that opportunities are never to be waited for and that they come unawares. Great things are gained by intelligent and patient waiting; but the man who stands beside the highway of life waiting, not for something which he is prepared to receive, but for something which accident may throw in his way, will never be overtaken by Fortune. When Fortune comes his way she will pass without any recognition from him. It sometimes seems as if life were a great game, and as if the invisible player against whom all men and women are matched delighted in perplexing and confusing his opponents. As a matter of fact, life is so saturated with the moral quality that every step brings us face to face with a new test. The great things are for the most part so humbly garbed that, unless we penetrate their disguise, we do not recognize them until they have passed and are a long way off, when we discern their majesty. In Emerson's

poem "The Days" are represented as appearing with empty hands and in the humblest dress; but if a man fails to recognize them, he sees, after they have passed, that they are queens in disguise and that their hands are full of the choicest gifts.

The difference between men and women lies largely in the ability or the lack of ability to penetrate the disguise of the opportunity and detect its true nature. As a rule, the great opportunities on which success turns come in unexpected moments and ways; and the great majority of men who have attained marked success, as they look back, see clearly that they passed the turning-points in their career when they were quite unaware that they were on critical ground. No one ever knows when his opportunity will come; no one ever knows when the decisive moment of his life will arrive. The great crises are often like a bolt out of the blue of a summer day; there is not a moment for preparation. In such crises all that a man has been doing in the way of preparation suddenly bears its fruit. He often acts instinctively; he does that which he is in the habit of doing; and, because he is in the habit of doing his best and all his instincts prompt him to put forth the best that is in him, he seizes the golden moment and does not discover until long afterwards that it was golden. He meets his great crises with clear intelligence and a resolute will, and passes it successfully before he is aware that it is upon him.

Opportunities are created by the development of the power which deals with them, and they come to men and women, as a rule, in exact proportion to the ability to recognize and handle them. There are of course vast differences of condition and ability between men, but opportunities come to all. The difference lies in the ability to seize the right moment and make effective use of what is thrown in one's path. Successful careers often read like romances, so full do they seem of the chances of life, so purely accidental appear to be, at the first glance, the openings of the gates of success. It is true that Malibran happened to pass under the window of the house when the young violinist, Ole Bull, was practicing, and that apparent accident gave the brilliant young

violinist the great opportunity for which he longed ; but Malibran would not have paused, nor would Ole Bull have been sent for, if the notes of the violin had not, by their compelling beauty and power, arrested her attention and made the fortune of the player. It was not Malibran who gave Ole Bull his chance ; it was his own magical skill. Malibran furnished the opportunity, but the opportunity would have come in some other way if the famous singer had not passed under the window of the violinist. Men and women who could help us are always passing under our windows, but if there is nothing in us which lays a spell upon them, they do not know that they have passed our way and we are never aware of it. The streets are thronged with those who could open the doors, and the houses they pass are full of men and women who long to have the doors opened ; but it is only the man or woman of skill, power, training, and discipline who can arrest the attention and command the chance. The way to secure opportunity is to walk resolutely on the pathway along which opportunity comes. He who waits wastes his life. He who takes his fate in his hand and goes forward, sooner or later finds the time of his deliverance and the place of his achievement.



## Am I My Brother's Keeper?

You have a friend for whom you feel a burden of responsibility. You are regular at church ; he has ceased attendance. You are a devout believer ; he has lost or is losing his faith in the Bible, in God, in immortality. You are a total abstainer ; he is already a moderate drinker, perhaps verging toward the immoderate drinker. There are special reasons why you feel a sense of responsibility for him. He is an old friend ; an old pupil ; the son of an old friend ; your own son. What shall you do for him ? What can you do ?

There are two things you can do.

First, remember that he is his own master. His will is free. The God you believe in made his will free. No man can be steered by another. If he is insane, society puts him under the control of another for his own protection ; if criminal, it puts him under control for the sake of others ;

while he is yet a child he is under control of his parents. But when he has come to manhood, he is put under his own control. He has the same right to stay away from church that you have to go ; to drink wine that you have to abstain from wine ; to disbelieve that you have to believe. You are a Protestant ; would you not resent the claim of your neighbor to drag you into attendance on a Roman Catholic church ? You eat meat ; would you not resent your vegetarian neighbor if she lectured you on the sin of meat-eating ?

Do not misunderstand us. We do not doubt that it would be better for your friend to abstain from wine-drinking and to cultivate the habit of church-going. But what he shall eat and drink and how he shall spend his Sundays are questions he is to decide for himself ; you are not to decide them for him. Do not hector him ; do not lecture him ; do not, in your own mind, assume responsibility for him. Do not imagine that you are your brother's keeper. If you think the Bible makes you so, read again the story of Cain and Abel, and see if it justifies the conclusion which has sometimes been deduced from it.

Is there nothing you can do, then ? Yes ! Something. Stevenson has said— we quote from memory and not with exactitude : There is one person whom it is my duty to make good, that is myself. My duty towards others is better expressed by saying, Make them happy. You go to church. Get happiness out of it ; come back from church, not to look rebuke at others because they did not go, but with a sunny face, happy yourself and better fitted to make them happy. Live your own life so joyously that your friend will envy you, but do not live it for the purpose of making him envy you. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. All men like these fruits. If your orchard is full of these, your friend will wish that he had an orchard like it. Do not preach ; simply practice. And always remember that God has seen fit to make him the master of his own life, and any wish on your part to become the master of his life and bend it into conformity with your liking and your conscience would be a wish to violate the divine order.



# Lord Salisbury<sup>1</sup>

By Justin McCarthy

THE retirement of Lord Salisbury from the position of Prime Minister and the leadership of the Conservative Government withdrew into comparative obscurity the most interesting and even picturesque figure in the English Parliamentary life of the present day. Even the most uncompromising opponents of the Prime Minister and of his political party felt a sincere respect for the character, the intellect, and the bearing of the man himself. Every one gave Lord Salisbury full credit for absolute sincerity of purpose, for superiority to any personal ambitions or mere self-seeking, for an almost contemptuous disregard of State honors and political fame.

Yet it was not that Lord Salisbury was habitually careful and measured in his speech, that he was never hurried into rash utterances, that he was guided by any particular anxiety to avoid offending the susceptibilities of others, or, indeed, that, as a rule, he preferred to use soothing words in political controversy. He had, on the contrary, a marvelous gift of sarcasm and of satirical phrase-making, and he was only too ready to indulge occasionally this peculiar capacity at the expense of political friend as well as of political foe. In his early days of public life, when he sat in the House of Commons as a nominal follower of Mr. Disraeli, he was once described in debate by his nominal leader as "a master of flouts and jeers." On another occasion Disraeli spoke of him, although not in Parliamentary debate, as a young man whose head was on fire. In later days, and even when he had held high administrative office, Lord Salisbury often indulged in sudden outbursts of contemptuous humor which for a time seemed likely to provoke indignant remonstrance even from his own followers. . . . The truth is that Lord Salisbury's odd humor is a peculiarity without which he could not be the complete Lord Salisbury, and an unlucky

expression was easily forgiven because of the many brilliant flashes of genuine and not unfair sarcasm with which he was accustomed to illumine a dull debate. When he succeeded to his father's title, and had, therefore, to leave the House of Commons and take his place in the House of Lords, every one felt that the representative chamber had lost one of its most attractive figures, and that the hereditary chamber was not exactly the place in which such a man could find his happiest hunting-ground. Yet even in the somber and unimpressive House of Lords, Lord Salisbury was able, whenever the humor took him, to brighten the debates by his apt illustrations and his witty humor. . . .

We may take it for granted that Lord Salisbury had been for a long time growing tired of the exalted political position which had of late become uncongenial with his habits and his frame of mind. By the death of his wife he had lost the most loved companion of his home, his intellectual tastes, and his political career. A pair more thoroughly devoted to each other than Lord and Lady Salisbury could hardly have been found even in the pages of romance. The whole story of that marriage and that married life would have supplied a touching and a telling chapter for romance. Early in his public career Lord Salisbury fell in love with a charming, gifted, and devoted woman, whom a happy chance had brought in his way. She was the daughter of an eminent English judge, the late Baron Alderson, and although such a wife might have been thought a suitable match even for a great aristocrat, it appears that the Lord Salisbury of that time, the father of the late Prime Minister, who was then only Lord Robert Cecil, did not approve of the marriage, and the young pair had to take their own way and become husband and wife without regard for the family prejudices. Lord Robert Cecil was then only a younger brother with a younger brother's allowance to live on, and the newly wedded pair had not much of a prospect before

<sup>1</sup> The article which is here in part reprinted first appeared in *The Outlook* for September 6, 1902, and is included in Mr. McCarthy's book, "British Political Portraits," published by the Outlook Company.

them, in the conventional sense of the words. Lord Robert Cecil accepted the situation with characteristic courage and resolve. There seemed at that time no likelihood of his ever succeeding to the title and the estates, for his elder brother was living, and was, of course, heir to the ancestral title and property. Lord Robert Cecil had been gifted with distinct literary capacity, and he set himself down to work as a writer and a journalist. He became a regular contributor to the "Saturday Review," then at the height of its influence and fame, and he wrote articles for some of the ponderous quarterly reviews of the time, brightening their pages by his animated and forcible style. He took a small house in a modest quarter of London, where artists and poets and authors of all kinds usually made a home, far removed from West End fashion and courtly splendor, and there he lived a happy and productive life for many years. He had obtained a seat in the House of Commons as a member of the Conservative party, but he never pledged himself to support every policy and every measure undertaken by the Conservative leaders, whether they happened to be in or out of office. Lord Robert always acted as an independent member, although he adhered conscientiously to the cardinal principles of that Conservative doctrine which was his political faith throughout his life. He soon won for himself a marked distinction in the House of Commons. He was always a brilliant speaker, but was thoughtful and statesmanlike as well as brilliant. He never became an orator in the higher sense of the word. He never attempted any flights of exalted eloquence. His speeches were like the utterances of a man who is thinking aloud and whose principal object is to hold and convince his listeners by the sheer force of argument set forth in clear and telling language. Many of his happy phrases found acceptance as part of the ordinary language of political and social life and became in their way immortal. Up to the present day men are continually quoting happy phrases drawn from Lord Robert Cecil's early speeches without remembering the source from which they came.

Such a capacity as that of Lord Robert Cecil could not long be overlooked by the public, and it soon became

quite clear that he must be invited to administrative office. I ought to say that, after Lord Robert had completed his collegiate studies at Oxford, he devoted himself for a considerable time to an extensive course of travel, and he visited Australasia, then but little known to young Englishmen of his rank, and he actually did much practical work as a digger in the Australian gold-mines then newly discovered. He had always a deep interest in foreign affairs, and it was greatly to the advantage of his subsequent career that he could often support his arguments on questions of foreign policy by experience drawn from a personal study of the countries and States forming successive subjects of debate. Suddenly his worldly prospects underwent a complete change. The death of his elder brother made him heir to the family title and the great estates. He became Viscount Cranborne in succession to his dead brother.

In 1866 Lord Cranborne entered office, for the first time, as Secretary of State for India during the administration of Lord Derby. The year following brought about a sort of crisis in Lord Cranborne's political career, and probably showed the general public of England, for the first time, what manner of man he really was. Up to that period he had been regarded by most persons, even among those who habitually gave attention to Parliamentary affairs, as a brilliant, independent, and somewhat audacious free-lance whose political conduct was usually directed by the impulse of the moment, and who made no pretension to any fixed and ruling principles. That was the year 1867, when the Conservative Government under Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli took it into their heads to try the novel experiment, for a Conservative party, of introducing a Reform Bill to improve and expand the conditions of the Parliamentary suffrage. Disraeli was the author of this new scheme, and it had been suggested to him by Mr. Gladstone's failure in the previous year with his measure of reform. Gladstone's reform measure did not go far enough to satisfy the genuine Radicals, while it went much too far for a considerable number of doubtful and half-hearted Liberals, and it was strongly opposed by the whole Tory party. As usually happens in the case of every reform introduced by a Liberal ad-

ministration, a secession took place among the habitual followers of the Government. The secession in this case was made famous by the name which Bright conferred upon it as the "Cave of Adullam" party; and, by the co-operation of the seceding section with the Tory Opposition, the measure was defeated, and Mr. Gladstone went out of office. Disraeli saw, with his usual sagacity, that the vast mass of the population were in favor of some measure of reform, and when Lord Derby and he came into office he made up his mind that, as the thing had to be done, he and his colleagues might as well have the advantage of doing it. The outlines of the measure prepared for the purpose only shaped a very vague and moderate scheme of reform, but Disraeli was quite determined to accept any manner of compromises in order to carry some sort of scheme and to keep himself and his party in power. But then arose a new difficulty on which, with all his sagacity, he had not calculated. Lord Cranborne for the first time showed that he was a man of clear and resolute political principle, and that he was not willing to sacrifice any of his conscientious convictions for the sake of maintaining his place in a Government. He was sincerely opposed to every project for making the suffrage popular and for admitting the mass of the workingmen of the country to any share in its government. Lord Cranborne was then only at the opening of his administrative career, and he must have had personal ambition enough to make him wish for a continuance of office in a powerful administration. But he put all personal considerations resolutely aside, and resigned his place in the Government rather than have anything to do with a project which he believed to be a surrender of constitutional principle to the demands of the growing democracy. Lord Carnarvon and one or two other members of the administration followed his lead and resigned their places in the Government. I need not enter into much detail as to the progress of the Disraeli reform measure. It is enough to say that Disraeli obtained the support of many Radicals by the Liberal amendments which he accepted, and the result was that a Tory Government carried to success a scheme of reform which practically amounted to the introduction of house-

hold suffrage. Lord Cranborne and those who acted with him held firmly to their principles, and steadily opposed the measure introduced by those who at the opening of the session were their official leaders and colleagues. I am convinced that even the most advanced reformers were ready to give a due meed of praise to the man who had thus made it evident that he preferred what he believed to be a political principle, even though he knew it to be the principle of a losing cause, to any consideration of personal advancement.

Some of us felt sure that we had then learned for the first time what manner of man Lord Cranborne really was. We had taken him for a bold and brilliant adventurer, and we found and were ready to acknowledge that he was a man of deep, sincere, and self-sacrificing convictions. I have never from that time changed my opinions with regard to Lord Cranborne's personal character. His career interested me from the first moment that I had an opportunity of observing it, and I may say that from an early period of my manhood I had much opportunity of studying the ways and the figures of Parliamentary life. But until Lord Cranborne had taken this resolute position on the reform question I had never given him credit for any depth of political convictions. The impression I formed of him up to that time was that he was merely a younger son of a great aristocratic family, who had a natural aptitude alike for literature and for politics, and that he was following in Parliament the guidance of his own personal humors and argumentative impulses, and that he was ready to sacrifice in debate not only his friends but his party for the sake of saying a clever thing and startling his audience into reluctant admiration. From those days of 1867 I knew him to be what the world all now knows him to be, a man of deep and sincere convictions, ever following the light of what he believed to be political wisdom and justice. I can say this none the less readily because I suppose it has hardly ever been my fortune to agree with any of Lord Salisbury's utterances on questions of political importance.

In 1868 the career of Lord Cranborne in the House of Commons came to an end by the death of his father. He succeeded to the title of Marquis of Salisbury, and became, as a matter of course, a member of

the House of Lords. He was thus withdrawn while still a comparatively young man from that stirring field of splendid debate where his highest qualities as a speaker could alone have found their fitting opportunity. I need not trace out his subsequent public career with any sequence of detail. We all know how from that time to this he has held high office, has come to hold the highest offices in the State whenever his political party happened to be in power. He has been Foreign Secretary; he has been Prime Minister in three Conservative administrations. For a time he actually combined the functions of Prime Minister and those of Foreign Secretary. He was envoy to the great conference at Constantinople in 1876 and 1877, and he took part in the Congress of Berlin, that conference which Lord Beaconsfield declared brought to England peace with honor. Everything that a man could have to gratify his ambition Lord Salisbury has had since the day when he succeeded to his father's title and estates. His own intellectual force and his political capacity must undoubtedly have made a way for him to Parliamentary influence and success even if he had always remained Lord Robert Cecil, and his elder brother had lived to succeed to the title. But from the moment when Lord Robert Cecil became the heir, it was certain that his party could not venture to overlook him. He might have made eccentric speeches, he might have indulged in sarcastic and scornful allusions to his political leaders, he might have allowed obtrusive scruples of conscience to interfere with the interests of his party, but none the less it became absolutely necessary that the Conservative politicians should accept, when opportunity came, the leadership of the Marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Salisbury certainly did not achieve his position by any of the arts, even the less culpable arts, which for a time secured to Macbeth the highest reach of his ambition. Lord Salisbury's leadership came to him and was not sought by him. I cannot help thinking, however, that, after he had once attained that supreme position in his party, the remainder of his public career has been something in the nature of an anticlimax. Was it that the chill and deadening influ-

ence of the House of Lords proved too depressing for the energetic and vivacious spirit which had won celebrity for Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons? Was it that Lord Salisbury, when he had attained the height of his ambition, became a victim to that mood of reaction which compels such a man to ask himself whether, after all, the work of ascent was not much better than the attained elevation? Lord Salisbury's years of high office coming now thus suddenly to an end give to me at least the melancholy impression of an unfulfilled career. The influence of the Prime Minister, so far as mere outsiders can judge of it, has always been exerted in foreign affairs for the promotion of peace. Even the late war in South Africa is not understood to have been in any sense a war of his seeking. The general belief is that the policy of war was pressed upon him by influences which at the time he was not able to control—influences which would only have become all the stronger if he had refused to accept the responsibility of Prime Minister and had left it to others to carry on the work of government. However this may be, it can hardly be questioned that of late years Lord Salisbury had become that which nobody in former days could ever suppose him likely to become, the mere figurehead of an administration. Lord Salisbury's whole nature appears to have been too sincere, too free from mere theatrical arts, to allow him to play the part of leader where he had no heart in the work of leadership. A statesman like Disraeli might have disapproved of a certain policy and done his best to reason his colleagues out of it, but nevertheless, when he found himself likely to be overborne, would have immersed himself deliberately in all the new-born zeal of the convert and would have behaved thenceforward as if his whole soul were in the work which had been put upon him to do. Lord Salisbury is most assuredly not a man of this order, and he never would or could put on an enthusiasm which he did not feel in his heart. We can all remember how, at the very zenith of British passion against China during the recent political convulsions and the intervention of the foreign allies, Lord Salisbury astonished and depressed some of

his warmest admirers by a speech which he made at Exeter Hall, a speech which, metaphorically at least, threw the coldest of cold water on the popular British ardor for forcing Western civilization on the Chinese people.

Lord Salisbury's frame of mind was one which could never allow him to become even for a moment a thorough jingo, and through all the later years of his power he held the office of Prime Minister at a time when jingoism was the order of the day among the outside supporters of the Conservative Government. He never had a fair chance for the full development of his intellectual faculties while he remained at the head of a Conservative administration. Under happier conditions he might have been a great Prime Minister and a leading force in political movement, but his intellect, his tastes, and his habits of life did not allow him to pay much deference to the prejudices and passions of those on whom he was compelled to rely for support. There was too much in him of the thinker, the scholar, and the recluse to make him a thoroughly effective leader of the party who had to acknowledge his command. He loved reading, he loved literature and art, and he took no delight in the formal social functions which are in our days an important part of successful political administration. He could not be "hail-fellow-well-met" with every pushing follower who made it a pride to be on terms of companionship with the leader of the party. I have often heard that he had a singularly bad memory for faces, and that many a devoted Tory follower found his enthusiasm chilled every now and then by the oblivious fact that the Prime Minister did not seem to remember anything about the identity of his obtrusive admirer. Much the same thing has been said over and over again about Mr. Gladstone; but then Gladstone had the inborn genius of leadership, threw his soul into every great political movement, and did not depend in the slightest degree on his faculty for appreciating and conciliating every individual follower. Lord Salisbury's tastes were for the society of his close personal friends, and I believe no man could be a more genial host in the company of those with whom he loved to associate; but he had no interest in the ordinary ways of society and

made no effort to conciliate those with whom he found himself in no manner of companionship. He did not even take any strong interest in the study of the most remarkable figures in the political world around him, if he did not feel drawn into sympathy with their ways and their opinions. On one occasion, when a report had got about in the newspapers that Lord Salisbury was often seen in friendly companionship with the late Mr. Parnell in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury publicly stated that he had never, to his knowledge, seen Parnell, and had never been once in the House of Commons smoking-room.

No man has been better known, so far as personal appearance was concerned, to the general English public than Lord Salisbury. He has been as well known as Mr. Gladstone himself, and one cannot say more than that. He was a frequent walker in St. James's Park and other places of common resort in the neighborhood of the House of Parliament. Every one knew the tall, broad, stooping figure with the thick head of hair, the bent brows, and the careless, shabby costume. No statesman of his time was more indifferent than Lord Salisbury to the dictates of fashion as regarded dress and deportment. He was undoubtedly one of the worst-dressed men of his order in London. In this peculiarity he formed a remarkable contrast to Lord Beaconsfield, who down to the very end of his life took care to be always dressed according to the most recent dictates of fashion. All this was strictly in keeping with Lord Salisbury's character and temperament. The world had to take him as he was—he could never bring himself to act any part for the sake of its effect upon the public. My own impression is that when he was removed by the decree of fate into the House of Lords and taken away from the active, thrilling life of the House of Commons he felt himself excluded from his congenial field of political action and had but little interest in the game of politics any more. He does not seem destined to a place in the foremost rank of English Prime Ministers, even of English Conservative Prime Ministers. But his is beyond all question a picturesque, a deeply interesting, and even a commanding figure in English history.

# The Financial Administration of Colleges

By Henry A. Stimson

**M**R. CARNEGIE'S creation of a board of trustees to manage his ten-million-dollar gift to promote Scientific Research, Mr. Leland Stanford's founding of the university that bears his son's name, and Mr. Rockefeller's great gifts to resurrect and establish the Chicago University, serve only to remind us that for now nearly three hundred years a great array of relatively small givers have been placing sums which aggregate many millions of dollars in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the public in educational lines. If to these be added the great sums intrusted by the people through the Legislatures to the Regents of the State universities, cases in which the endowment has been in land grants of a value difficult to estimate, but already, as in Texas and Minnesota, of vast proportions, it will be seen that the amount is sufficiently large and the interest of the public in its legal relations and management sufficiently vital to make it second to none. The aggregate is, for various reasons, difficult to discover, the last census of the United States being in this respect incomplete, but it amounts to many millions of dollars.

Some would be disposed to add to the purely educational trusts the great philanthropic benefactions, of which the Sailors' Snug Harbor in New York and the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital are examples, and the various ecclesiastical corporations, like Trinity and the Reformed Collegiate Churches, the Roman Catholic Bishop, who is a "corporation sole," holding in his own name the property of his diocese, and the different Catholic orders, which have held large properties and peculiar relations to the people in the Philippine Islands, and already have very large holdings in the United States; but for all these there is more or less special legislation, and the consideration of the forms of trust which they represent and the method of their administration, important as these matters are becoming, does not now concern us. The question which I propose to discuss is the admin-

istration of the finances of our endowed educational institutions considered as a public trust.

The college or university is, of course, primarily a corporation. It almost invariably has a special charter from the State. These charters the States were slow to grant, and at first restricted them within very narrow limits. The Dartmouth College case not only fixed the inviolability of these charters, but gave an impulse to a line of development in their administration which has become largely characteristic, and is only now attracting attention and beginning to change. The bitter struggle which Yale College went through under President Clap, in contest with the State of Connecticut, to secure its independence and life, naturally crowded the early governing boards into an attitude of defense, and ultimately of secrecy. Trustees felt the importance of a trust for the benefit or understanding of which the community was in many cases not yet prepared, and which had in it advantages and powers to be carefully shielded. In most cases it consisted in large part of real estate, and its amount and value could not be concealed. But to protect the institution from destructive taxation or from hostile legislation, the necessity was apparent for all the privacy of administration that was possible. After the two or three great contests, the State was content not to interfere, and the colleges have been more than willing to be let alone. They are corporations, but without stockholders. The trustees are, in the main, self-perpetuating. There is no official accountability. And the feeling has naturally grown within the boards of management that these institutions are largely private affairs, of which the corporate body is the virtual owner.

That these corporations are trusts in the true sense, the same to all intents and purposes as those created by wills (which was the original form of trust), appears from several considerations. Though they are generally close corporations and self-perpetuating, the members of the corporation have no financial interest and

derive no profit from their trusts. They are supposably punishable for tort, but have no personal financial liability. They do business in other States than that in which they are chartered, on the same basis as private individuals. They buy and sell land and loan money only under such regulation as applies to citizens. The courts have settled it that these and all similar corporations exist solely for the sake of the beneficiaries, and if the term *owner* is to be used at all, it applies exclusively to the latter—that is, in the case of educational institutions, to the faculty and students, for whose benefit the trust was originally created.

In fact, therefore, we have here a trust in the largest proportions, long established, in the highest degree beneficent, and in the manifest interest of the whole people. The method of its administration is obviously of more importance to the public, and perhaps will have more to do in quieting the public mind and preparing the way for the healthy and beneficent development of the trust idea, than the mere fact or form of its legal standing in comparison with trusts as ordinarily known.

In common with other trusts, the time has come when the administrators must take the public more frankly into their confidence. Public confidence is the basis of all forms of organized social activity. The colleges are no exception. To the fullest extent they have enjoyed this confidence in their ability to produce men. The time has come when they can set the example and do much to establish the confidence of the public in the ability of these men to manage large financial trusts both honestly and honorably. Happily, that confidence in the administration of our educational institutions has not been disturbed. It is true that there have been defalcations and losses, but they have been few and not important. Because of the undisturbed confidence of the public in college officers, it is their privilege to take, in advance of pressure, an attitude toward the public which, as both legally correct and administratively prudent, would constitute an important contribution to the healthful financial progress of society. They have the entire confidence of the community as educational institutions, long tried and thoroughly approved.

The time has come when they deserve a similar confidence, and owe it to themselves to secure it, distinctively as public financial trusts. The question as to how this is to be accomplished may not at once be satisfactorily answered. The habit of secrecy and the conviction that it is an important factor in protection against attack are long established. Some conscientiously feel that if the actual facts (in some cases of their poverty, in others of their wealth) were known, it would interfere with their ability to secure increased benefactions. The mere sense of control of large sums of money, detached from a sharp and constant consciousness of personal accountability, constitutes a subtle temptation to magnify the importance of one's position and to make one reluctant to share it with others. The more splendid the success of the administration and the more distinguished the institution, the stronger is this feeling. But, whether for reasons which have some show of justification or have not, the time has surely come when the frankest and fullest publicity is not only desirable but is demanded in the interests both of the institutions and of the community.

To this end there ought to be a periodic and official, if not a more or less public, accounting. The presidents of some of our largest universities have begun to issue annual reports with increasing detail, and some college treasurers do the same; but, as a rule, such has not been the case. In some institutions lax accounting has long prevailed, and often slack financial responsibility. I know one institution of the highest class whose newly appointed treasurer has had the greatest difficulty in interpreting and adjusting the accounts of his predecessor; another where the new treasurer accepted his position only after an outside expert had been called in to fix the various balances with which he might open an entirely new set of books; another, of the highest standing and most successful management, whose trustees have not for years had from their treasurer an account that was more than a memorandum of what he thought wise to communicate; another that has only recently revised its entire system of accounts; and I am told that for three months or more experts have been at work upon the books of one of the largest institutions of the

country. A complete printed annual report of a college treasurer is still a rarity. Finance committees often do little more than record the action of the treasurer, and boards of trustees go through the form of accepting reports of which they have but the slightest knowledge, and for which they feel the minimum of responsibility.

The bearing of all this upon the situation as it stands to-day is shown in an incident that has recently occurred. The treasurer of an important Eastern college, himself a prominent business man, told me that in response to an application which he ventured to make to a well-known millionaire for a large benefaction, he received an invitation to an interview. After he had carefully answered certain questions that were addressed to him, his friend said, "I will let you know my decision before long." A few days afterwards a stranger walked into the office of the college, introducing himself as the representative of the millionaire, and asked to see the treasurer's books. He spent a number of hours in a careful examination of them and also of the minutes of the trustees. A week or two passed, when my friend was summoned to a second interview. The millionaire said, "I have had a careful examination made of your institution. I find that your treasurer does not run the college, and that your trustees attend to their business, that your accounts are properly kept, and that your funds are well invested. I have therefore decided to give you" so much—a very large sum of money. There may have been some show of excuse, in the early days of a struggling institution, for the president to carry its accounts on scraps of paper in his coat pocket, as has been the case in the past. There may have been justification for devoted officers of institutions that have had to struggle for success in the face of the competition of rival institutions and the antagonism of the State, to make their financial affairs as closely

matters of private concern as was possible. But in the light of the new attitude which is now everywhere being taken by both the legislatures and the courts toward all institutions that are recognized as existing for the welfare of the people—an attitude which is disclosed in the legislation of all the States from New York to California, now everywhere notably generous and kindly toward such institutions—it certainly is no longer necessary. And the time has come when, in view of the widespread discussion of matters of public finance by all classes, and of the relations in which trusts in every form have come to stand toward the interests of the people, it is the privilege of those who are the managers of this oldest form of trust that exists in our land to so administer them, in openness to the public eye, in manifest carefulness of detail, and in unquestioned devotion to the public service, that they shall not only command the public confidence for themselves, but shall quiet the public unrest and strengthen the confidence of the people in the general stability of our financial condition. Many of our religious and philanthropic corporations have already established the rule of an official audit of their books by a public accountant. Some are insisting that their funds shall be deposited in the trust companies, and even employing them in connection with their own financial committees as agents for investment. No board of management, however generous its service or however distinguished the position of its individual members, will be exonerated in case of trouble, either by the courts or by the public, unless it can show at once that it has taken advantage of modern methods of doing business and has exercised that kind of care which to-day is alone regarded as adequate. The time has come when the common people no less than the millionaires insist on knowing that their benefactions are carefully administered as well as safely kept.



# Emergency Relief in Great Disasters

By Edward T. Devine

General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City

**F**ORTUNATELY, the need for charitable relief in American communities is comparatively rare. It is not, as it has elsewhere become, a usual feature in the life of the ordinary laborer. Abnormal immigration, industrial crises, a wasteful and unwise relief policy, and such disasters as a great city fire, the overflowing of rivers, or the destructive sweep of the tornado, have caused at times acute and even widespread distress, which has led to the adoption of emergency relief measures.

The questions arising from immigration—like those arising from the presence of a race problem in the Southern States—although they are essentially relief questions in a broad sense, are not of an emergency character, and are too complex to be dealt with briefly as a part of the present article. The problem of hard times and the distress caused by industrial displacement must also be set aside for the present; although it is enumerated as one which is not to be disposed of by a consideration of such National policies as the currency, the tariff or other form of taxation, imperialism, or the management of trade-unions. On the contrary, in every period of depression and unemployment there is likely to arise a need for exceptional relief; and in a progressive society in which mechanical processes are rapidly discarded to make way for better processes such needs are likely to increase rather than diminish.

The demand for relief which is created by unwise philanthropy or lavish expenditure for public relief may likewise be passed over; although there is no doubt that a considerable part of the existing dependency is due directly to such causes.

Immigration, hard times, industrial displacement, the congestion of population, and the race problem, are all to be considered as exceptional causes of distress, with which we shall one day know how to deal effectively. They are unlike sickness, accident, and death of the breadwinner, unlike mere industrial inefficiency and moral defects, in that all of the latter

can be remedied only by changes in human nature, or by the slow, if steady, advance of science; and yet all of these are but phases of the general problem of relief. Those who are to shape National and local policies must come to look upon them as parts of a general problem, to solve which clear and definite views are essential. From these we may distinguish, as less complex and baffling than many of the others, the task of dealing with exceptional emergencies—such as are caused by fire, flood, and famine. In the presence of such disasters as those at Heppner, Oregon, Armourdale, Kansas, and Martinique, there can be no doubt of the need for quick and effective assistance, and there can be no doubt of the wisdom of considering the lessons to be gained from the study of such disasters, after they are passed.

The first lesson which is written large in the experience of those who have been called upon to deal with such disasters is the folly and wastefulness of relying upon inexperienced, untrained, or incompetent agents for the distribution of relief and for the constructive work without which relief distribution may easily be productive of more harm than good. There are always at such times novel problems to be solved, but the experience of other communities under similar or analogous conditions will aid in their solution if it can be brought to bear. It may be, as at Chicago after the great fire, that the problem is primarily one of relief pending the resumption of trade and industry. It may be, as at Johnstown and at Heppner, that the problem of sanitation and public safety is equally important; or, as at Martinique, that the destruction of life is so complete that little relief is required except for the transportation of the few survivors for whom no means of livelihood remain. It may be that, as in Paterson after the fire and flood of March, 1902, and the tornado of 1903, the community as a whole remains self-supporting, even though one portion is severely taxed to supply the necessities of other portions

that have especially suffered, and that as a consequence no outside relief is needed; or, on the other hand, as at Galveston after the inundation in September, 1900, and at Kansas City, Kansas, this year, that all classes have been so uniformly stricken that outside relief is imperative; or it may be, as at East St. Louis and adjoining villages, that relief is provided in sufficient quantity from towns and cities in the immediate vicinity, although not in sufficient amount from the stricken town or city itself.

It is indispensable that there shall be a quick perception of the essential features of the existing situation in those who would lead a community and outside sympathizers to a wise conclusion in the face of impending or accomplished destruction of life and property.

When it has been decided that there is need of relief, whether in the form of money, of transportation, of labor, or of whatever form, then there should be summoned an executive, if such a one can be found, who is endowed with financial capacity, a knowledge of human nature, experience in dealing with men, and acquaintance with the peculiar and difficult problems constantly arising in the attempt to relieve suffering and distress without injury to the self-respect of those who are to be aided, and without injury to their neighbors. If the problem is a large and complicated one, numerous sub-committees will be requisite and a staff of assistants. There should be searching inquiry into the claims for relief where the facts are not fully known. The bureau of inquiry inaugurated at Johnstown by Mr. Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, speedily became one of the most important features of the whole relief system, and upon it eventually devolved the real decision as to the persons to be aided and as to the amounts they should receive.

There should be an executive committee, whether called by that name as in Chicago, or by some other designation, thoroughly acquainted with local conditions and in constant touch with the relief operations. Whether this committee should have the full responsibility, or should itself be responsible to a larger board or commission, will depend upon various conditions, and especially upon the extent of the area from which dona-

tions are received. If contributions are made from distant communities, it may be advisable that there should be representatives upon the controlling body from such communities, or at least there should be as members of it citizens of sufficient reputation and standing to inspire a feeling of confidence even in the most distant places. After the Johnstown flood, a commission was appointed by State authority on which there was comparatively little local representation, and the principal responsibility in Johnstown itself, during the period of greatest need, rested upon what was known as a finance committee. Although there are advantages in an authoritative and widely representative commission, such as that which was then created, it is doubtful whether the resulting delays and the lack of familiarity with the actual situation are not fatal objections. It is certain that commissions, if made at a distance, should be influenced by the opinions of those who are on the spot. In any event, the real responsibility will naturally rest principally upon the local executive committee and its executive. The committee should lay down the principles on which aid is to be extended, and full responsibility for carrying them into effect should devolve upon the executive.

Material should be preserved for the publication of a detailed report, including a detailed financial record both of receipts and disbursements. This is not only due to contributors and to the public as a guide in future emergencies, but it is of advantage to those who are responsible for the relief measures in order that, if criticism or controversies arise, a full statement can be made. The Fire Report of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society and the Report published in Calcutta of the Central Executive Committee of the Indian Famine Charitable Relief Fund of 1900 may be cited as models of most complete and elaborate reports; and, although of briefer compass, the Report of the Secretary of the Johnstown Flood Relief Commission, the Report of the Jacksonville (1901) Relief Association, and the Report of the Minnesota State Commission for the Relief of Fire Sufferers (September, 1894; report printed 1895), are equally explicit and valuable as sources of information.

The failure to publish similar reports, or, indeed, anything that can be properly called a report or a financial statement, is one of the just criticisms made against the American National Red Cross. This society has taken part in the relief of the sufferers from the forest fires in Michigan in 1881, from the overflow of the Mississippi River in 1882 and of the Ohio in 1883, from the Mississippi cyclone in the same year, from the overflow of the Ohio and Mississippi in 1884, from the drought in Texas in 1886, from the Charleston earthquake in the same year, from the Mount Vernon (Illinois) cyclone in 1888, from the yellow fever epidemic in Florida in the same year, from the Johnstown disaster in 1889, from the inundation, hurricane, and tidal wave of the South Carolina coast in 1893 and 1894, and from the Galveston flood.

In connection with these various enterprises, and others in which the Red Cross has been interested, large sums of money have been contributed to the Red Cross Society, but for their disbursement no suitable public accounting appears to have been made in any instance. In the pamphlets and addresses issued by the Society such paragraphs as the following take the place of definite statements concerning what was actually done and what relation such action bore to the relief work of other and often more important agencies:

"The Secretary brought together the women of Johnstown, bowed to the earth with sorrow and bereavement, and the most responsible were formed into committees charged with definite duties towards the homeless and distraught of the community. Through them the wants of over three thousand families—more than twenty thousand persons—were made known in writing to the Red Cross, and by it supplied; the white wagons with the red symbol fetching and carrying for the stricken people."

It is principally considerations of this kind that have led to the recent remonstrance from some of the most prominent members of the Red Cross Society, and to an attempt, thus far unsuccessful, to bring about a reorganization of its management, especially on the financial side.

In times of great calamity, such as we have been considering, there are many

who are ordinarily self-supporting who find themselves suddenly bereft of property, of accumulated savings, of the means of livelihood, and even of the barest necessities of life. The disaster may befall a community of high industrial standards, with few, if any, paupers or public dependents—a community in which there is little lawlessness and crime. Under such conditions, the principle of indemnity, as distinct from that of charity, may well have a very general application. The principle of indemnity is that of the fire insurance companies, and, in a modified form, also that of the life and accident insurance companies. It implies the reinstatement of the beneficiary as nearly as possible in the position from which he was hurled by the calamity which has befallen him. It implies that to the householder shall be given the use of a house, to the mechanic his tools, to the family its household furniture, to the laborer the opportunity of remunerative employment. For the community as a whole it means the speedy restoration of such commercial and industrial activities as have been temporarily suspended, the rebuilding of bridges, the reopening of streets, the reestablishment of banks, business houses, churches, and schools. It requires that protection shall be given to the defenseless, food and shelter to the homeless, suitable guardianship to the orphan, and, as nearly as possible, normal social and industrial conditions to all. The charitable principle takes account only of the necessities of those who apply for aid; the principle of indemnity gives greater weight to their material losses and the circumstances under which they were previously placed. It is a vital question whether the principle of indemnity might not properly have a wider application to ordinary relief than has usually been given to it, but we may be certain that the pauperizing effects supposed to result from liberal relief have not been found to follow the most generous attempts to avert completely the paralyzing and direful consequences of such disasters as we are now considering. Both in Chicago and in Johnstown hundreds of families were placed by gifts of money, or of house, furniture, clothing, and tools, in a position practically as good as that which they had occupied before the fire or the flood

respectively. There is ample testimony that in practically all instances good results were obtained from this policy. In Chicago harmful consequences in the subsequent charitable history of the city have been traced to a retention of a portion of the money by those who were its custodians; and in Johnstown there was unquestionable hardship from the delay in its distribution and from the early indiscriminate grants made without knowledge of the circumstances of claimants; but in neither city were there well-founded complaints of the results of discriminating and judicious disbursements in large amounts made with the avowed purpose of putting the recipients in a position to carry on their former or equally appropriate vocations.

On several occasions the usefulness in great emergencies of detachments of the standing army which have happened to be near at hand has been demonstrated. The perfect discipline and the organization constantly maintained in the army may save days at a time when even hours are of the greatest importance. The National Guard of the various States might render, and in some instances—notably at East St. Louis, Missouri, this year—has rendered, similar service. The suggestion made by Dr. F. H. Wines in the "Charities Review" for June, 1898, that soldiers are of great utility as an aid in emergency relief work, was based upon an experience in the relief of sufferers from an overflow of the Ohio River at Shawneetown, Illinois. The detail which came to his assistance on that occasion consisted of a sergeant and nine men, and their special duty was that of patrol and other similar service. Dr. Wines found that even then twenty men would have been better. Dr. Wines recommends that where any portion of the population of a given community requires the shelter of tents, a temporary canvas city provided by the State or Nation should be organized and remain under the control of the military authorities. By maintaining strict military discipline the inhabitants of the emergency camp at Shawneetown, slightly exceeding at one time two hundred in number, of whom two-thirds were negroes, were at all times under thorough control. By the aid of the military force it became possible to provide for these refugees "a

care so sympathetic and paternal that it produced . . . no pauperizing impression."

For the temporary camp in Kansas City, Kansas, tents were supplied from the Federal post at Fort Leavenworth, and for the similar but smaller camp on the Missouri side, for residents of Kansas City who had been driven from their homes by the flood, tents were supplied by the State militia; and in both cities detachments of the National Guard were called upon for patrol duty. One of the principal reasons for such a military patrol is the temporary disorganization of the community. The local constabulary is likely to be demoralized and excited, and the presence of State militia gives confidence and security to people who need temporary moral support.

While soldiers may profitably be employed in the manner that has been indicated, it will not ordinarily be found advantageous to place upon them responsibility for relief or for remedial measures. Military discipline has its limitations as well as its advantages, and it would unfit the average soldier or petty officer to exercise that discriminating judgment and personal influence which are so essential in dealing with people who have suddenly lost their possessions and require aid and counsel in readjusting their affairs and regaining a foothold in the industrial system. At the earliest practicable moment the ordinary municipal authority should be established and the necessity for military patrol overcome.

At Johnstown one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the few months succeeding the flood is that which deals with the restoration of municipal borough authorities to the full exercise of their functions. In some of the boroughs affected by the flood there was left no building in which a meeting of the borough council could be held. Self-constituted committees had temporarily managed police, health, and fire departments, and later such duties had been in part assumed by State authorities. Gradually, however, the Adjutant-General, representing the State government, sought out those who had been duly chosen to perform such duties, arranged suitable meeting-places for councils and public boards, and transferred to them the duties which it had

again become possible for them to perform. No legal or other controversies arose in connection with these ultra-constitutional arrangements, and no act of the Legislature was thought necessary to legalize what had been done in the interval during which ordinary municipal activities were suspended, or the acts performed by the reorganized and restored municipal authorities.

One suggestion which is frequently made is that relief in emergencies should never be in money, but always in its equivalent. This suggestion is not to be adopted without consideration of the character of the proposed beneficiaries. It is probable that, so far as disbursements from public funds are concerned, the policy suggested is wise, and that provision of employment where emergency relief measures are necessary is still better than relief in kind. Instead of opening free shelters, depots for free food and for the distribution of clothing, as early as possible a reliable list should be made, based upon a knowledge of the portion of the community affected by the disaster. In Baltimore, after the recent tornado, the police, under the direction of the Marshal, prepared a census of all the families residing within the storm area. When a reliable list of this kind has been prepared, applications may be compared with it and intelligent decisions reached as to the relief required.

The conclusion reached by the Johnstown Flood Commission to make a distribution of money was eminently justified by the conditions that there prevailed. It was then proposed, and indeed at one time it had virtually been decided by the Commission, instead of dividing the money in their hands after providing for various special needs, to establish large warehouses and fill them with clothing and other necessities of life, to be distributed as occasion might require throughout the ensuing winter. The change of plan was made because of earnest and emphatic protests from prominent citizens of Johnstown who were personally acquainted with the people for whom this scheme of relief was proposed, and who appreciated the absurdity of applying to skilled mechanics and prosperous trade people the principles which are based upon distrust either of the honesty or

intelligence of ordinary applicants for relief.

One cannot ~~commend~~ the methods of those almoners in Johnstown who, instead of placing their funds in the hands of the relief committees, ~~passed~~ through the streets handing ten-dollar bills to every one whom they met. The criticism, however, lies not against their use of money, but against their lack of discrimination and common sense. Many of those to whom grants of one thousand dollars and upwards were made instantly became engaged in active industry and trade, and within a few months, except for the loss of relatives, neighbors, and friends, might have looked upon their experience as a nightmare to be forgotten in the waking hours of renewed active life. It is probable that so large a sum has never before been poured into a community of equal size with so little damage to the personal character of the citizens and so complete an absence of any pauperizing or demoralizing influences. In the opinion of good judges resident in the city both before and after the flood, this is due in part to the fact that money was given, and that those who received it were left free to decide for themselves how it should be expended.

Two other considerations may be suggested. Special emergencies display in a high degree the need of local co-operation. In meeting such distress as is caused in populous communities by a tornado or a serious fire, there is a place for the activity of the Chamber of Commerce or Merchants' Association, or some other representative of the business interests of the community. The task relative to the large sums of money usually requisite can best be ~~undertaken~~ by some such body. Any ~~appeal~~ having their indorsement will be likely to meet with generous and quick response. There is a place also for the Charity Organization Society, or Bureau of Charities, or Provident Association, or some other general agency whose officers and agents are trained in investigation and in the administration of funds. It may also be expedient, if no such general agency is in existence, to call upon the churches or upon such denominational bodies as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Hebrew Charities. There may also be a need for children's aid

societies or the representatives of orphan asylums to care for children who are left without guardianship; and there is almost always an urgent demand for physicians, for a temporary ambulance and hospital service, and for trained nurses. Often the aid rendered by volunteer private citizens is more valuable than that of any organized agency, and often the absence of organized relief makes it imperative that private citizens shall undertake to do what is essential, whether from choice or not.

One of the best illustrations of successful local co-operation in a special emergency is described in a brief account given by Walter S. Ufford in "Charities" of August 8, although in the storm which was its occasion no lives were lost, and the amount of relief required was less than four thousand dollars. In Baltimore, as in some other communities, a citizens' permanent relief committee has been created to deal with great National disasters, but so efficient was the co-operation of the various local societies that public sentiment did not demand a calling of the meeting of that committee.

This leads to my final suggestion, which is that in the presence of even a serious disaster leaders of public opinion should attempt to preserve in the public mind a due sense of proportion. Even in the presence of urgent need at a distance, the

continuing and probably equally imperative needs at hand should not be forgotten.

It is not surprising, in view of the frightful loss of life at Martinique and its proximity to our own shores, that the New York committee should have received some eighty thousand dollars more than they could disburse, in spite of an announcement by the committee that it would not take additional contributions. This was in part due to the fact that the eruption occurred in foreign territory, and that public appropriations were made both by the United States and France.

I would not be understood as discountenancing large and immediate responses to such appeals. By no means all that is given to meet special emergencies is deducted from ordinary charitable resources. There should, however, be cultivated a sane and reasonable examination of the probable need; and the citizen who gives, even with great liberality, should not on that account consider himself free from the obligation to consider also the needs of his immediate neighbor. The city, even in prosperous times, through its quick industrial changes and by the very conditions of life which it imposes, places upon some weak shoulders burdens which are not rightfully theirs and which it is the duty—and it is an agreeable duty—of their neighbors to share.

## Managing a National Park

By Henry Harrison Lewis

SEVERAL years ago a well-known magazine illustrator conceived the idea of producing a series of sketches showing Uncle Sam in his various characters. The scheme was to draw the typical lean, shrewd face with its chin-whisker, and garb the body according to the character in question. The artist began to compile a list, starting with the army and navy, but when the list had grown beyond the hundred mark he decided that the Washington Government's duties were too multitudinous to make the plan practicable.

If the artist had completed his series, one of the characters would have shown Uncle Sam in a nondescript costume

made up of a cavalry uniform, a ranger's buckskins, and a Cabinet official's conventional clothing. This picturesque costume would have represented the Government in its capacity as manager of the Yellowstone National Park, the most stupendous of its kind on earth and in character quite unique.

Perhaps it is only natural that the many articles published about the Yellowstone Park have told only the scenic side of it, but the result is that few persons know anything about the rules established by the Government for the maintenance and care of this most remarkable wonderland.

It was in 1872 that Congress enacted

the law reserving from settlement the great tract of land

"Tucked away among the mountains on the crest of the continent,"

where the border-lines of Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho meet, but for the following six years it allowed it practically to protect itself. The first appropriation to care for and improve the Park was made in 1878, and amounted to \$10,000. When it became evident that some form of local government was required, it was decided to place the territory under the charge of the Interior Department, and to commit the actual guarding to an army officer and a detachment of United States troops. Our soldiers surely could not be assigned work more useful and patriotic in times of peace than that of preserving for posterity this magnificent natural museum.

The first appropriation was ridiculously small and inadequate, but last year the sums set apart to improve and perfect the Park and to provide the proper administrative force, exclusive of the cost and maintenance of the soldiery quartered there, reached the generous total of \$750,000. The greater part of this money was expended in extending the system of roadways and in opening a new entrance by way of the Wyoming border.

Although the seat of control is in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, the headquarters, the capital, so to speak, of the district is at the Mammoth Hot Springs, where Fort Yellowstone is situated, and where practically all the travel in the Park passes. It is here that Major Pitcher—the commandant and the superintendent of the Park—has his station, and it is at this point that the troops of cavalry make their headquarters.

Although the superintendent is supposed to govern according to his discretion and the circumstances of the case, there are strict regulations promulgated in Washington relating to the protection of the natural phenomena of the Park from injury and mutilation, to the carrying of firearms, protection from forest fires, and care of the animals, fish, and birds of the Park.

To secure the better enforcement of these regulations, the troops are stationed in detachments of from three to ten men each at the most frequented points. These stations, ten in number, are located

at Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris Basin, Lower Geyser Basin, Upper Geyser Basin, The Thumb, Lake Station, the Grand Cañon, Soda Butte, Riverside, and Snake River. A glance at a detailed map of the Yellowstone Park will show that these little outposts are so arranged as to cover the entire area, or at least that part accessible to the ordinary tourist. From each of these stations a system of daily mounted patrols is kept up over some two hundred miles of road. The fact that from the headquarters at Mammoth Hot Springs to the most remote station, Snake River, is a distance of ninety miles, shows the scale on which the Park is laid out.

One efficient aid in keeping out undesirable visitors is the fact that during nine months of the year the interior of the Park is accessible to the public by practically only one route—that through Gardiner, on the north boundary. The other entrances, of which there are three more, are blocked by snow, and although it would be possible to penetrate them with a heavily provisioned expedition, skillfully guided, it would not be long before the presence of such an expedition would be known to the soldiers.

An incident that occurred during President Roosevelt's recent visit proves the exceedingly careful manner in which the Park is guarded. When Mr. Roosevelt made it known that his object in entering the Yellowstone Park was to secure several days of complete privacy, and that he did not want any one aside from Major Pitcher and the picked escort to accompany him, a certain correspondent representing a New York daily, who had been ordered to be on hand in case of any accident to the President or other emergency of National importance, resolved to ignore the President's request and to follow him at all hazards.

With this object in view, he attempted to bribe some of the native population, but without success. Not disheartened by his failure to secure a friendly companion and guide, the correspondent hired a horse and persuaded a stray dog to accompany him. This was on the afternoon of the President's arrival at Fort Yellowstone. The Fort is ten miles from Gardiner, where the rest of the correspondents and the President's party had stopped.

The recreant correspondent set forth

in high glee at the possibility of working a "beat" on his fellow-craftsmen. As he rode along through the leafy lanes and past the towering cliffs which in part line the road to the Springs, he felt very well satisfied with himself, and chuckled at the ease with which he had evaded the guards stationed near Gardiner. Suddenly, as he was entering a particularly dark part of a forest, he heard a voice from the brush on the right.

"Theodore Jones," it said slowly and in unmistakable authoritative tones. "Theodore Jones!"

The correspondent reined up his horse in amazement. Who was it calling his name? Had he been followed from Gardiner? If so, why did the voice come from the bushes and evidently some distance from the road?

"Hello!" he shouted, in reply.

There was no answer. He called again and again, but without result. Then he put spurs to his horse and rode on. Half a mile further down the road, just as he was passing through another bit of woodland, a deep voice called out seemingly at his very elbow:

"Theodore Jones! Theodore Jones-s-s! Better go back."

For one moment the newspaper man hesitated, then he rode resolutely forward. He felt that he was being tricked, but he intended to see the game out. He was a bit nervous because he realized that his course of action was not entirely honorable, and it was with something very like relief that he espied at a turn in the road a United States trooper sitting with horse blocking the path and a rifle slung carelessly across the pommel of his saddle.

"Halt!" called out the soldier. "Mr. Jones, you are wanted at Headquarters."

"How do you know my name is Jones?" demanded the correspondent.

The trooper smiled as if the question was a joke. Placing one hand upon the correspondent's bridle, he led him without further words to Fort Yellowstone. A technical charge of unlawfully bringing a dog into the reservation was entered against Mr. Jones, but he was released on his promise not to enter the Park again until the President's return. The incident had its value in showing the extreme care taken by the Park's guardians in keeping out unwelcome visitors. The

correspondent's errand was known at Headquarters before he had crossed the line.

It would seem to be a difficult problem to take care of more than sixty-two square miles of park with two troops of cavalry, but the system followed is so well planned that good results are obtained. In summer the troops patrol mainly the roads along which tourist travel is greatest. During the hunting season careful watch is kept of the game ranges in order to prevent poaching. The Yellowstone and Teton forest reserves to the south of the Park are under the same administration, though still subject largely to the laws of Wyoming.

To facilitate winter scouting a number of snowshoe cabins have been erected at intervals of about one day's travel throughout the Park. These cabins are supplied at the beginning of winter with food, bedding, fuel, matches, and cooking utensils. They are indispensable for the maintenance of the Park regulations and the protection of the guards, for without these the winter patrols would be limited to one-day or at most two-day trips from the permanent stations. All travel in winter is done on skees, the great depth of the snow effectually preventing the ordinary means of transportation.

The precautions against forest fires are particularly strict and thorough. As fully eighty-five per cent. of the Park is forested, the work of fire-prevention is one of the most harassing and arduous that falls to its guardians. Notices to guard against fires are posted throughout the Park and at all places suitable for camping. All camps are examined by the patrols after they have been vacated, to see that the fires are extinguished. Failure to thus extinguish a fire on moving camp means arrest and trial before the United States Commissioner.

The wild denizens of the Park are, of course, strictly protected from attack. Hunting, killing, or capturing any wild animal except dangerous animals in defending one's self from an attack is prohibited. At times campers have found it necessary to shoot bears who come too near for comfort, but the occasion is seldom. Firearms are permitted in the Park only on written permission from the superintendent. Fishing for profit, or in any



manner except with hook and line, is likewise prohibited. The superintendent may at any time declare a close season in any or all the Park waters. As a consequence of the vigilant and unsparing enforcement of these rules, poaching on the National preserve has been reduced to a minimum, and the animals within the reservation are gaining yearly in numbers and fearlessness.

During his very interesting visit to the Park, President Roosevelt had an excellent opportunity to secure personal knowledge of conditions affecting the game. It is known that he is heartily in favor of the policy making the Yellowstone reservation not only a place of recreation and sightseeing for tourists, but also a great breeding-ground for American fauna. The President saw during his eight days' stay immense herds of elk, so many in fact that it was difficult to believe that all of them could find feeding-place in even the Park's large area. There was abundant evidence that a number of elk and other animals had died of starvation during the winter, and it was this fact which caused the President to recommend the discontinuance of hunting the lions, cougars, and bobcats with the Government's packs of cougar hounds. Mr. Roosevelt's long experience with nature in the open enabled him to see that nature was better able to practice economy than man.

In addition to the elk there are fully a thousand of the American antelope living under National protection. They are among the most troublesome of the wild inhabitants, because of their propensity to stray across the boundary line, where they are almost sure to be shot by some of the hunters who hang around the outskirts of the Park waiting for just such an opportunity.

The common deer abound everywhere, frequently appearing on the parade-ground at Mammoth Hot Springs, so fearless have they become through long immunity. There are still many splendid specimens of the moose to be seen, and since the enactment of strict protecting laws by the Wyoming Legislature they have begun to increase in numbers. The beaver, once plentiful in every American stream, but now confined to a few favored haunts, here finds a safe refuge and builds his dams undisturbed. The buffalo herd, one

of the few remaining, contains forty or fifty members; these are the only animals that show a decrease in numbers from year to year.

Besides enforcing the game laws and fire regulations, the Park officials have to look after the safety of the thousands of tourists, and to see that the roads and bridges are passable after the storms of winter. The road-making and other engineering work is under the direction of the United States Engineer Corps. Recently improvements to the estimated amount of \$300,000 were completed. Many miles of new roads have been constructed, and the old ones made safer and better adapted to traveling.

Transportation in the Park is in the hands of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company. The company operates two stage lines with the regulation outfit of coaches, teams, and drivers. These lines run through the Park, one connecting with the Northern Pacific Railroad at Gardiner, Montana, and the other with the Oregon Short Line at Monida, Idaho, making a tour of all the principal points in five days. There are also a number of licensed guides who will personally conduct a camping party. This method of "doing" the Park relieves one of the necessity of patronizing the Park hotels, as those who travel by stage are obliged to do.

The regulations provided by the Government for the Yellowstone Park are few in number, but they are rigorously enforced. For the benefit of intending visitors to the Park, as well as others who may be interested in the subject, several of the more important rules are herewith given.

For instance, those visitors who may feel inclined to carry away souvenirs of their stay should understand that they are strictly enjoined from removing or injuring the sediments or incrustations around the geysers, hot springs, or steam vents. It is also forbidden to deface the same by written inscriptions or otherwise.

If the reader has it in his mind to take residence in Yellowstone Park, it will be well for him to get permission in writing from the Department of the Interior, or he will find himself hastily vacating at the point of a very earnest cavalry saber.

For the benefit of campers it is well to add that they are forbidden to cut or injure any growing timber. If they need

fuel, they must use dead or fallen timber. Fires shall be lighted only when necessary, and must be completely extinguished when no longer required. As a proof of his temperate habits, Uncle Sam, in the person of the Secretary of the Interior, absolutely prohibits drinking-saloons or bar-rooms within the limits of the Park.

Persons who render themselves obnoxious by disorderly conduct or bad behavior, or who violate any of the rules, will be summarily removed from the Park, and will not be allowed to return without

permission in writing from the Secretary of the Interior. The legal penalty for the violation of the regulations, in addition to the above, is severe, and any one proved guilty may be punished by a fine of \$1,000 or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both. It will be seen from this that the Government is very much in earnest in its efforts to so manage this most wonderful of national parks, the Yellowstone, that it will prove a garden spot for tourists and a safe haven for the wild animals of the country.

## The Hungarian Immigrant

By Edward A. Steiner

**N**EARLY all Slavs are designated in America as Hungarians, which is so distasteful to them that it comes near being accepted as an insult. The Magyar, the ruling race of Hungary, has not the slightest relation to the Slavs, unless it be that of ruling a portion of them with a rather iron hand, and hating all of them proportionately. The Magyar's closest relation is to the Finns on the north and to the Turks in the east of Europe, and he is classed anthropologically as a Ugro-Finn. In his development he has leaned closely to the west, having a Germanic culture while still retaining a somewhat untamed Asiatic nature which manifests itself in nothing worse than a love of fast horses, fiery wine, and the wild music with which the gypsy bewitches him and draws the loose change out of the pockets of his tight-fitting trousers.

In that strange conglomerate of races and nationalities called the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the Magyar has gained a dominant influence, and although numerically among the smallest, he has gained for himself the greatest privileges, and practically dictates the policy of the Empire. Upon those rich plains by the Danube and the Theis he has been a plowman who enjoyed the fruits of his toil as long as the marauding Turk would let him, furnishing wheat and corn for the rest of Europe and gaining not a little wealth since his arch-enemy has been driven back into peace. What he has of his country in the last forty years

of internal and external peace, how he has created for himself a capital which surpasses Vienna, and built factories and railroads unrivaled anywhere, forms a glorious page in the history of Europe.

From this comparatively wealthy country, from its freedom, from its broad prairies and its picturesque village life, there have come to America one hundred thousand men and women who are hard to wean from this Magyar land, but who, like all others, finally lose themselves in the National life, bringing into it fewer vices and more virtues than we ever connect with the Hungarian as he is superficially known among us. In New York, where the Ghetto ends, "Little Hungary" begins; rosy-cheeked maidens with bare arms akimbo stand in many a doorway while their swains court them on the street as they were in the habit of doing at home. Nearly every second house advertises "Sor-Bor" or "Palenka" for sale—the wine, beer, and whisky to which the Magyar is devoted; everywhere one hears the sound of the cymbal, that unpromising instrument which looks more like a kitchen utensil than anything else, but out of which the gypsy hammers sweet music. Little Hungary has but a small domain in New York; it ends abruptly with a restaurant in which gulyas, the favorite stew of the Magyar, lures the appetite; close by is Little Bohemia, and finally the big Germany which overshadows every other nationality.

The Hungary of New York, however, is only a stopping-place, and not sufficiently

distinctive to give a good field for observation. In Cleveland some twenty thousand Magyars live together round about those giant steel-mills which send their black smoke like a pall over that much alive but very dirty city. Although street after street is occupied solely by them; I have not seen a house that shows neglect, and the battle with Cleveland dirt is waged fiercely here, judging by the clean doorsteps, window-panes, and white curtains which I saw at nearly every house. A large Catholic church, with its parochial school dedicated to St. Elizabeth, the Hungarian queen, shows that the Magyar does not neglect his religion. There are also a Greek Catholic church and a flourishing Protestant congregation. A weekly newspaper keeps the Hungarians in touch with one another and with the homeland, although it does not represent the Magyar spirit either by its contents or through the personality of its editor, who has no influence among his countrymen. I looked in vain for a Hungarian political "boss," for no party can claim these people exclusively. Social Democracy has made great gains among them, which is due in no small measure to the fact that they come from a comparatively wealthy country, from conditions which are not unbearable, and from something of ease and comfort, and so, finding the work in the iron-mills hard and grinding, they soon grow dissatisfied, which means—Social Democracy. A sort of pessimistic philosophy is developed, and the happy Hungarians grow melancholy, dejected, and homesick. They cling with rare tenacity to the fatherland, in which they have a just pride, and whenever the opportunity offers itself they show how much they love it. The erection of a monument to Louis Kossuth by men and women of the laboring classes, the enthusiasm with which it was dedicated, the festivities which recalled by speech, song, and dress the greatness of the man whose memory they honored, speak much for their idealistic and loyal love of country.

Of all foreigners the Hungarians are among the most tolerant toward the Jews, who live in large numbers in Hungary, while Hungarian Jews in Cleveland love to be known as Magyars and are treated as such by their fellow-countrymen. The Magyar's good nature is also shown by

his treatment of the gypsies, who have followed him in large numbers to America and are really a sort of parasite, being supported by the easy-going and pleasure-loving Magyars, who dance the czardas to the fiery notes of fiddles and cymbals whose owners finally possess the largest portion of their patron's wages. Of the Hungarian gypsies it is said that when a boy is born among them the father holds before the child a penny and a violin; if he grasps the violin, he grows to be a musician; if the penny, a thief; but in most cases the child must have taken the two, for in Hungary as well as in America he is both with equal adeptness. One gypsy in Cleveland keeps a saloon which is a combination of the Hungarian "czarda" (inn) and its American namesake, the saloon, and it combines the evils of both institutions. The regular bar is supplemented by rickety chairs and tables and a clear space for the dancing floor without which the Hungarian czarda does not exist. On Saturday night, the soot of the week washed away, the Hungarian is found here in all his native glory. His mustache, twisted to the fineness of a needle-point, is his most prominent national characteristic, unless it be his small, shining eyes which barely escape looking out into the world from Mongolian openings. A small head and prominent cheekbones are also characteristic, while the color of the hair is dark brown and black, the blond being almost unknown. He differentiates himself from his neighbor the Slav by his agility of both temper and limbs, and to see him dance a czardas, to hear him sing it and the gypsy play it, is as good as seeing that other acrobatic performance, a circus. When the gypsy innkeeper knows that his guests have pay-day money in their pockets, he has ready a band of gypsies, who look shabby enough, and very unpromising from an artistic standpoint; the leader, who plays the first violin, tunes it with remarkable care and tenderness, the second violin scrapes a few hoarse notes after him, the bass-viol comes in grudgingly, and the cymbal-player exercises his fingers by beating cotton-wrapped sticks over the strings of his strange instrument. One patriotic youth, who has had just enough liquid fire poured into him, now lifts his voice and sings a song of the puszta (the

Hungarian prairie), of the horses and cattle which graze upon it, and of the buxom maiden who draws water from the village well. Slowly, pathetically, almost painfully melancholy, the notes ring out as if the singer were bewailing some great loss; the musicians follow upon their instruments as sorrowful mourners a hearse; but all at once the measure becomes brisk and the notes jubilant; the singer and the musicians are caught as by a fever, faster and faster the bows fly over the strings, the cymbal is beaten furiously, and the bass-viol seems in a roaring rage.

Sunday morning finds the dancers sobered and reverent on the way to church, most of them going to the Roman Catholic church, in which a zealous priest blesses, but is not blessed by, them. Seldom have I found among foreigners such frank criticism of the priest and yet such loyalty to the Church. The Hungarian Catholic is not narrow; he is much more liberal than the Slav or the German Austrian, and a bigoted priest may hold him to the Church but will not win him to himself. It is always hard to judge of a priest or preacher from the reports of disgruntled members of his flock, but the Catholics seldom speak ill of their shepherd unless there is much hard truth to tell. The following, which I heard from trustworthy sources, is characteristic. At a meeting of one of the lodges the motion was made to have a mass said on a certain memorial day; the priest arose to second the motion, and said, "We have two kinds of mass, the five dollar and the ten-dollar one, and I would not advise you to have the cheap one." True or untrue, the fact remains that this priest has built a fine church and a magnificent parochial school. He is a good financier, and I doubt not that he is such for the glory of his Church and not for his own enrichment; I can testify to the fact that he has done much good, that he has quieted much turbulence, that he is not a friend of strong drink, and that he is a narrow but exceedingly careful shepherd of his flock.

The Greek Catholic priest in Cleveland was driven from the church by his independent parishioners, who found him not only a good financier but a bad man, "a holy goods," as they called

him, who was ready to dispense his blessing to man and beast for money, large or small, or for a drink more often large than small. The Protestant church is shepherded by a young man from the Oberlin Theological Seminary, who is in touch with the American life and its interpretation of the Christian Church and ministry.

The Protestant Hungarian is, as a rule, better educated, morally on a higher level, and in America more quickly assimilated than his Catholic brother. In Hungary this has well-defined causes. First, splendidly equipped Protestant ministers, not a few of them graduates of English and Scotch universities and imbued by the Puritan spirit of those countries. Second, a Protestant theology of the Calvinistic type, which, harsh and hard as it is, makes everywhere strong men and women, and which in Hungary distinguishes the Calvinistic communities from the Catholic by a severer philosophy of life and a much more moral conduct. The third cause may in the eyes of some persons be the most real one. Wherever a religious community is in the minority and is or has been severely persecuted, it becomes thrifty and highly moral. Whatever the reason, the fact exists and is a pleasant one to chronicle. Not so pleasant is the fact that, in common with all foreigners, the Magyar presents a serious religious problem. Neither church, priest, nor preacher holds authority over him very long after he reaches these shores. He rebels against, loses interest in, and finally ceases to support his church; neglect not seldom ends in hate, and a rude atheism is a common disease among these people. Besides this, it is not easy to find enough and suitable priests and preachers for these foreigners, as slight differences in language call for different pastors, and in Cleveland alone the Church could use advantageously men of twenty nationalities of whose existence the average man has scarcely any idea. The imported pastor is almost always in discord with his congregation, which is almost always in accord with the freer American spirit and cannot be treated as he treated his people in Hungary or Poland. Many, perhaps most, of the pastors who are educated abroad have no sympathy with the democratic spirit of our

country, and they frequently complain of its effect upon their authority. I met one such priest on his way back to Europe; he was leaving his work because, as he said, "I could find nobody in my parish to black my boots, for everybody considered himself as good as I am. In the old country my people would stop on the street and kiss my hand, but here the children say, 'Hello, Father,' and go on their way." The ministers trained in America are few, and these are yet young and inexperienced.

The English Protestant churches are not seriously concerned about this growing problem, the solution of which does not consist only in building missions and paying money into the treasury, but also in presenting to these foreigners a living, acting, and blessing Christ, who, when uplifted, draws all men unto him. It is good to be able to say of people who come to a strange country that they maintain their integrity, and this may be said of the Hungarian. He is, as a rule, honest, easily imposed upon, somewhat quarrelsome, addicted to drink, not so industrious as the Slav but much more intelligent, comprehending more easily and assimilating more quickly. He is not a problem but a lesson. Crossing the ocean in December on the Red Star Line steamer *Vaterland*, I found among the mixture of steerage passengers over two hundred Magyars, or, as we more exactly call them, Hungarians. I was eager to know what they were carrying home to their native country after years of living with us, and I found that many of them seemed completely untouched by the American life. Their language, spoken by but a few people in Europe, is almost unknown in America, and the man without a language is almost always "the man without a country." If anything, these poor creatures seemed worse than when they came, for many of them had failed and were broken in spirit. Some whose tongues had become loosened were aware of the larger life, and were full of the praises of America. They were going back to look again upon the village in which they were born, in which they made whistles from the hanging willows by the creek, where they chased the pigs into the mud-puddles, where they lived their small and simple life, and to which they were now returning as traveled

men. They had crossed the ocean, seen miles of earth, had struggled with wind and weather, felt freedom's breezes blow, and had grown mightily. Brain, heart, and soul had developed, or perhaps only changed, but even change is experience, if not always life and growth. It was good to talk to these men who had "arrived," who saw things as we see them and felt them as we feel them, and who carried American flags in their pockets to show to their friends and gloried in their American citizenship. "I love the old country," said one of them, "but I love America more. Stay in Hungary? Oh, no! I do not even want to die there, but if I do, I want them to wrap me in this shroud," and he pulled out of his pocket the Stars and Stripes.

But not all of them are so idealistic; some love America for the money they made, some for the social position it gave them, many of them for the chance their children will have to grow into their full heritage as men and women; but, whatever the cause, it is good to feel that so many of these foreigners learn to love their adopted country. It was interesting also to find that these ten or twelve nationalities which were represented in the steerage of the *Vaterland* were nearly all closely related, but could not understand one another in their native language. There were Slovaks, Serbs, Rumanians, Poles, and Bohemians, all of them more or less of Slavic origin, and yet when they wished to speak to one another they had to use the English tongue. In that conglomerate of races and nationalities, in which language was an iron wall, it was good to hear "American talk," as they call it, and find it a binding link. They sang as only these children of nature can sing. A Serbian bard sang of his heroes who fought the Turk, the Magyar sang of love and wine, of horses and red cattle, the Jew chanted the Psalms of David and called God down to earth because he was poor and needy, the Frenchman sang the martial "Marseillaise," and the German the stirring notes of "Die Wacht am Rhein," and as they sang and the voices mingled the sound brought discord and confusion to the ear and to the heart also, for these songs had in them the thunder of war and the spirit of enmity. In the midst of this uproar a Hungarian boy, who came

from the mines of Pennsylvania, began to sing, "My Country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." Not many voices joined in the strange tune, but there arose a deep

and listening silence, a prophecy of peace and of the final consummation of the dream of seers and prophets—the brotherhood of man.

## One of the Family

By Alice Ward Bailey

IT was a pleasant room, with wide window-seats and many cushions, pictures everywhere, and souvenirs of travel, but not handsome, not formal, as one's best room should be. So thought Aunt Susan Symington as she stood looking about her. She had hoped Elizabeth would have things different as Sanford Grey made more money and Katharine and Stuart grew older, but here she was, married ten years and if anything less "particular" than in her girlhood. The reflection brought a sigh.

"You have no cause to sigh; I'm the one," said a voice behind her, and there stood Elizabeth herself.

"You!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, with a start. "What has happened?"

"Nancy," was the laconic reply, as Elizabeth seated herself and folded her hands in her lap. "She won't let me say a word."

"She never would," retorted Miss Symington, dryly. "But then you didn't use to try. I don't see why you should begin now."

"Katharine will be nine years old to-morrow," said Elizabeth, "and I have decided that one young lady is enough in the house. Besides, you've stirred my conscience."

Aunt Susan looked up inquiringly over her spectacles.

"You've impressed it upon me that I'm not doing my duty by Nancy. I've always taken her as a joke," said Elizabeth, calmly. "It was very wrong."

"It was wrong," said Aunt Susan, warmly. "Now, the first night after I came, do you know what that girl did?"

"You strike," said Elizabeth, "the key to the situation. You see, she never was 'that girl' to me. She was—Nancy."

"Do you know what she did?" repeated Miss Symington. "She brought in the

dining-room lamp turned 'way down, and told you not to turn it up till the chimney was dry—she'd just washed it. And you and the children sat there and giggled in the dark!"

"We do—'giggle'—a good deal," said Elizabeth, apologetically.

"Moreover," said Aunt Susan, severely, "you've allowed her to enter into the conversation of the family while she was waiting on the table. She doesn't do it as much as she did."

"The conversation isn't as interesting," said Elizabeth, mischievously.

"And I caught her in *your place* drinking tea *out of your cup* the other night," finished Aunt Susan.

"She must like me pretty well," mused Elizabeth.

Aunt Susan drew out a length of thread and bit it off with the precision of an Atropos.

"You see," said Elizabeth, "two years ago, when Sanford was traveling and both the children were down with the measles, Nancy and I ran the hospital together, bathed and fed the children together, sometimes we ate together. She found herself in the bosom of the family, and, hard as it was, she liked it. She doesn't like being poked out."

Elizabeth whisked off to another room, as she had a way of doing when she did not care to be answered. "Some 'Aunt Susan' will be all right in this, but all 'Aunt Susan' will be as bad as all 'Elizabeth,'" she said to herself.

Not long afterwards Mrs. Bolton called—Mrs. Isaiah Bolton, President of the Woman's Club and author of "The Complete Housewife." "I'll ask her about it," decided Elizabeth.

"Dear Mrs. Bolton," she began earnestly, after the preliminary questions and answers which belong to a call as "responses" do to the Episcopal service.

"Dear Mrs. Bolton, what *do* you do when your cook gets obstreperous?"

"I keep out of her way," returned Mrs. Bolton, easily.

"But if there are orders—"

"I don't give them. I let her do as she pleases until she is tired of the responsibility."

"But—don't you think—isn't that an—*evasion*?"

"Of course. That is why I do it. My dear, there are enough things which we cannot evade. We must dodge where we can." And Mrs. Bolton dodged. "I wanted to ask you," she said, graciously, "what you think of putting in Miss Comstock as corresponding secretary for the Club?"

"Admirable," exclaimed Elizabeth, and spoke no more of Nancy.

While Mrs. Bolton was saying her farewells, Mrs. Clark called. She had on a new picture hat which became her, and she took her seat in range of the mirror where she could study the effects.

"I'm delighted that you approve," she said, in reply to Elizabeth's compliments. "I suppose Bridget will have one as near like it as possible before the month is out, but I'll have a chance to wear it a few times. How do I get on with Bridget? Finely. I do as you do with Nancy. I make an intimate friend of her."

Mrs. Clark showed her dimples.

Elizabeth thoughtfully rubbed her chin. "Nancy and I are not as intimate as we were," she said, soberly.

"You're not?" cried Mrs. Clark. "Do you think they take advantage?"

"I think *we* do," was the unexpected reply.

Mrs. Clark opened her eyes. "That's just what my husband says," she cried. "He declares that I ask Bridget to do things I wouldn't think of asking if we were not on such good terms, and that some day she'll 'kick,' as he expresses it. Has Nancy? Why, I thought Nancy would stand anything. How did it happen? What began it?"

"I began it," Mrs. Grey confessed. "She didn't complain about doing things, but she would take her own time and way, and I objected."

"How is she, now?" inquired the visitor, manifesting the acute interest of one

who sees destiny looming large on her own horizon.

"She's pretty bad," was the reply.

"How do you think it'll end?" asked Mrs. Clark in awed tones.

"I'm afraid," said Elizabeth sorrowfully, "she'll have to go. I'm afraid she'll want to, when she finds she can't have her own way. And she has 'shown out,' you see."

"Can't you make her think you haven't noticed?"

"Only by letting her have her own way more than ever and acting as if I were the one to blame."

"Can't you train her? Is she impudent? If she has commenced *that*, of course you can't stand it—I *must* go. I promised to meet Mr. Clark at his office at twelve. Don't be discouraged. Perhaps you'd like a Pole. The Bridgmans have one."

"I know they have," said Elizabeth, without enthusiasm.

"You know you always *do* have to put up with something," said Mrs. Clark, lightly. "My friends ask, 'Is Bridget a good cook?' 'Not very,' I say. 'Is she a good laundress?' they ask. 'I put out most of it,' I tell them. 'Well,' they say, 'she probably gives exceptionally good service.' But she doesn't. It's only that she's so *comfortable*."

"Nancy *was*," sighed Mrs. Grey.

"I'm sorry for you," said the visitor, rising. "But, then, you'll get along. You have your aunt, and Katharine is old enough to help. How old is Katharine?"

"Katharine will be nine to-morrow."

"And Stuart?"

"Stuart is five. Oh, yes. I shall get along."

"Cheer up!" called the visitor, over her shoulder, as she descended the steps.

"It isn't the same thing at all to her," thought Elizabeth, disconsolately. "She's had a dozen girls since Nancy came to me." Was this the better way, she wondered, to let them come and go and not to care?

She glanced up at Nancy's ample figure as it bent over her at dinner, touched anew by its bovine majesty. "How she did shake her horns at me when I tried to drive her out of her clover pasture!" she thought. "There's no other way,

though, if she stays; and I want no one else. I want her—as I want her.”

“Nancy!” she said, by way of continuing the course of discipline upon which she had entered. “You may have breakfast at seven hereafter. Set the alarm for six.”

Nancy snorted. Set the alarm, indeed! For more than a year her morning summons had been a rap on the wall with the heel of Mrs. Grey’s slipper—unless Mr. Grey was at home; then Mrs. Grey slid into her dressing-gown and stole around to Nancy’s door.

One quick glance passed between the two, and Nancy countered.

“We’re out of flour,” she said, grimly, “an’ we’ll need sugar by to-morrow. There’s only tea enough for once more. An’ I thought I’d ask you before I changed the tablecloth if I’d put on that darned one s’ long’s there’s comp’ny.”

Elizabeth winced, but increased her “manner.”

“I’ll order flour and sugar the first thing in the morning,” she said, grandly. “And tea—that tea’s gone pretty fast, Nancy. You’ll find plenty of tablecloths in the bottom drawer in the china-closet.”

“There ain’t but one the right length,” returned the triumphant Nancy, “an’ that’s the one I was tellin’ you of.”

“I’ll see about some, immediately,” said her mistress, clutching at her vanishing dignity. “Nancy, you have on a very dirty apron.” Nancy flounced out of the room. The trumpet had sounded; the interchange of hostilities had begun.

On neither side was there hesitation or regret. Nancy was “Old Country born,” and Elizabeth herself came of fighting stock. All that day Nancy sang in an aggressively loud voice over her work and banged the kitchen door as she went to and fro. On her part, Elizabeth ceased to “make things easy” and to inquire after Nancy’s lame feet.

War in its initial stages is more or less exhilarating, especially when it occurs between friends. The escape from an overclose intimacy brings a sense of freedom. The desire to retaliate for wrongs, real or fancied, gives a glow, adds an artificial strength. After liking what some one else likes and doing what some one else pleases, it is a relief to like and

do the contrary. Elizabeth even indulged in a little mild braggadocio to her aunt.

“I’ll soon have her in hand,” she said, gayly. “She had rather gotten beyond me, but she’ll come down.”

Likewise Nancy made light of what had occurred. “It’s that old maid’s doin’s,” she said to herself. “Mis’ Grey’s all right when she’s let alone. Only she’s a right to keep out o’ the kitchen.”

But Elizabeth did not keep out of the kitchen and Nancy did not “come down”—in truth, she did not dream that this was expected of her. She merely knew that one who had been near and warm had become distant and cold as well as annoying, and, not to be outdone, she too grew distant and cold and annoying.

The entire feminine portion of the household stiffened, for Katharine naturally patterned after her mother, and Miss Symington was only too glad of an opportunity to act as she felt. Stuart alone, being a man—in embryo—ignored conditions and enjoyed himself.

He strolled out into the kitchen, his chubby face wreathed in smiles.

“Nanthy,” he began, confidently, “I want to thee your thircuth.”

Although Stuart was five, he retained his lisp. Only a heart of adamant could resist it, but Nancy’s was a heart of adamant just then.

“I haven’t any circus,” she said, crossly.

“Yeth you have,” he insisted. “Up in your room. I want to thee the man who turns around tho,” and he did his futile best to produce a semblance of the contortionist. “You thaid they’d picked the bones out of him.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Nancy, disagreeably.

She did know, and she wanted to run up to her room and get the picture; she wanted to take the adorable little fellow in her arms and squeeze delicious laughter out of him—but she wouldn’t, no, indeed; if Mrs. Grey could be “mean,” Nancy could.

“I won’t have you bothering me while I’m at work,” she said to the boy. “Run along and play.”

Stuart sidled towards the door, his round eyes fixed upon her face. Nancy felt them, although she looked another



way, and she charged up another uncomfortable sensation to Mrs. Grey's account.

Stuart did not come again, but there were other opportunities to "get even." She had not lived side by side with her mistress for nearly four years without learning somewhat of that lady's idiosyncrasies. While Mrs. Grey sifted Nancy, Nancy sifted Mrs. Grey. There was one beautiful result—the house was kept as it had never been kept before. Cleanliness and order prevailed. The meals were well cooked and admirably served. Elizabeth congratulated herself upon having gained so much, nor questioned if the effort paid.

At the end of the week Sanford Grey came home. He knew as soon as he opened the front door that something had happened. "It's as clean as a funeral," he said, sniffing suspiciously; and later, "Bess and the children are at the mercy of their best clothes, and Miss Symington smiles like 'the cat that has eaten the canary'—and Nancy—*Nancy has nothing to say!*"

This gave him a clue. "Bess has been attending another course of lectures on Domestic Science," he decided. "I wish she'd let well enough alone." He taxed her with it that night after the children had gone to bed and Miss Symington was deep in the magazines.

"If you don't take that look of the Perfect Housekeeper off your face," he added, "I'll go away again. It is almost as bad as the look of the Professional Bargain-hunter. Come back to your nice old easy-going ways, or I won't stay."

"Am I different?" she inquired, sensitively. "I didn't know I was different."

Aunt Susan looked up over her spectacles. Her glance said plainly, "Why don't you tell him?" She didn't know—how could a spinster know that one must never tell one's husband servant-girl troubles?

"I know I'm stupid," she said, brightly.

"No, you're not," he answered. "I wish you were. I'd have more hope of you."

Evidently Bess did not intend to tell him. And there was something very much out of the way with Nancy; the girl looked as if she'd had a fit of sickness. Women always did expect too

much of their help. He essayed a stratagem.

"I've been telling John Southey about Nancy's getting up and building fires in the middle of the night when the children were sick. He said he never heard anything like it; he'd never had a girl in all the years he'd kept house that would do such a thing."

Not a word replied Elizabeth.

"I told him how she takes care of the furnace and does all sorts of things 'most any one would leave for a man. He thinks we have a very valuable girl."

"Sometimes," said Elizabeth, slowly, "I think she is worth her weight in gold. Again I would let her go for what she breaks and eats."

"I told him it was all your doing," said Sanford, ignoring the interruption; "that you make her feel that she is one of us, that our interests are hers. He wished his wife could talk with you."

"I should be very glad to hear what she has to say," said Elizabeth, politely, but Sanford detected a different ring in her voice, and fell asleep, content in the consciousness of having sown good seed.

While he slept, however, the enemy sowed tares, in another corner of the garden.

"Ye ain't goin' now, sure," cried Mary Daly, when Nancy commenced at ten o'clock to put on her things. "Ye've been onaisy all the avenin'. What's atin' ye, onyway?"

"They're havin' breakfast earlier at the house," returned Nancy, "an' I must be abed."

"They? Who's they? Don't ye get breakfast any more?"

"Course I get breakfast," replied Nancy.

"Well, thin, they'll have it when ye get it, won't they?"

Nancy sat down.

"I notice ye ain't sayin' so much about 'our' house an' 'our' children," continued Mary, teasingly. "Have ye had a divorce?"

But Nancy was in no mood for pleasantries; she made no reply.

"Take another cup o' tay," pursued Mary, insinuatingly. "This ain't none of yer thirty-five-cent stuff."

"Who's tay is?" demanded Nancy.

"Yer folkses. I seen it on the paper."

"Ye see no such a thing," returned Nancy, angrily. "It's seventy-five."

"Have ye the paper?" asked Mary, putting in more sugar and stirring vigorously. "Take a good look at it when you go home."

"I'm going now," said Nancy, rising. "Come over, when you've nothin' better."

"I will," said Mary, cheerfully. She had longed for months to "take Nancy Cassidy down a peg." Nancy had put on such airs, on account of being "intimate" with her lady. If Nancy hadn't been a "gonus" she would have known how little *that* amounted to. "Seventy-five cents!" she muttered, tossing the contents of her cup, thick with sugar, into the sink, and turning on the water to wash it down. "I've given her somethin' to chew on."

She had. All the way home Nancy rolled the bitter cud. Could it be that Mrs. Grey was buying poor tea for the kitchen? Early in her service at Mrs. Grey's the subject of "treating" had come up for discussion, and Mrs. Grey had demurred at Nancy's liberality.

"Sure, they all know ye're as open-handed as the day," had been Nancy's wily reply. "They'll think I'm the stingy wan."

Mrs. Grey had laughed and shrugged her shoulders and had let the matter go. But of late she had made tea on her own little table in the library, for those who drank it, and Nancy had had hers by herself.

The paper was still on the last package, stuffed into the canister. Nancy could hardly wait to pull it out and carry it to the light. Suspicion and distrust, forever latent in the very relation of the employed to the employer, stirred like snakes in her breast. "What is it?" she whispered. "It's seventy-five. No, 'tain't; they've changed it, they've put a seven over the three!"

She tasted a dry leaf and spit it out resentfully. "They were awful smart," she sneered, "an' I—what a granehorn! I'll show 'em. I'll get square with 'em."

The next day she reserved the first "drawing" of coffee for herself and the first skim of cream. Elizabeth saw her through the open door. She had come down early prepared for an armistice. She said nothing; but she did not stint

the coffee or the cream; and just before she left the dining-room she poured the contents of the water-pitcher into the coffee-pot, and replenished the cream-jug from the milk-pitcher. "I didn't think I'd ever come to that," she said, as she did it.

She went out into the kitchen an hour later, banners flying, gun to shoulder; but she found the enemy prepared. Her eyes fell before the bold gaze they encountered. Something came up from below and looked out at her, something she had not seen before. The nature of the contest had changed. It was no longer the wrenching apart of two who had been friends and who still feel the drawing of old ties, it was the antagonism of those who realize that they have been betrayed into a false position. The girl had not been impudent before, that was plain. She had merely flung out against restraint. Now the veiled insolence of her manner was intolerable. Class against class they met now, not in the air where the superior combatant meant to keep the battle, but on the ground where the inferior always ends it. "Has she overheard? Does she know that Mrs. Clark sent a girl here yesterday?" went through Elizabeth's brain, while she faltered out her orders. Nancy made no reply. Her silence was eloquent of mud-flinging.

"And to think how I've taken her to my heart," panted Elizabeth, in the safety of her own room. "How I've interested myself in everything that concerns her, her dress, her love affairs, her health! She must go. *She must go.* I will not have her here. She must go, as soon as I can find some one to take her place."

Left in command of the field, Nancy exulted and mourned by turns. "She couldn't look me in the eye," she said to herself. "I'm enough for her—she was such a nice lady, what's come over her, I dunno! She'll hunt long before she'll find a girl to do what I've done. But I'll give her a dacent notice, while I'm lookin' around. I'm goin'—but I'll take me time."

Each reckoned without the other and without the provocations sure to arise. It is not in the nature of a duel to permit deliberation. The fury of a regiment is more or less disseminated; the fury of one is the discharge at the electrode's

point. It was inevitable that Elizabeth should walk out into the kitchen, after resolving not to go near the place again that day, and, actuated by she never knew what impulse, lift the lid of the stove, where Nancy with equal fatuousness was burning the pieces of bread left from the table. And then—the thing was done!

"So that is why we never have crumbs," cried Elizabeth, with fine irony.

"I gives me notice!" cried Nancy. "I'm sick an' tired of you follerin' me up as you've done lately."

"Very well," returned her mistress. "You can go any time, Nancy."

"Then I'll go now," shouted the girl. "I'd give a respectable notice if I'd been treated respectable, but I ain't. I'll go now."

She wrung the suds from her hands and wiped them on the dish-towel.

"I'll go now," she repeated, tremulously. "An' it'll be long before you'll find a girl to serve you as faithful as I've done."

With dignified demeanor she walked slowly out of the kitchen and climbed the stairs leading to her room. Elizabeth stood where she was, for some seconds, listening to the retreating footsteps. At last she too withdrew and went to her own part of the house.

Nancy had waited outside the door of her room. She had thought that her mistress would follow her. When she heard that light footfall cross the kitchen floor and pass along the hall, she pulled open the door fiercely, and entered her room.

It met her with the sweet graciousness of the woman who had planned it for her comfort. There were muslin curtains at the window, white covers on the tables, a rug before the bed. "I hope you will be happy here," Mrs. Grey had said the night she came. She had been happy, happier than she would ever be again.

How could things be so different?

There were Christmas and birthday gifts about her which told of the "good feeling" which had been; a picture of Stuart in his first trousers, one of Katharine dressed in fancy costume for a children's party; there were toilet articles in silver—"It does seem ridiculous," Mrs. Grey had said to Mrs. Clark, "to give her such things, but what can you do? She wants them, and they were selling for fifty cents apiece at Tracy's." Nancy wiped

her eyes as she looked at the nail-file and the shoe-horn and the cold-cream jar.

"Why didn't she come an' talk to me like she useter?" she sobbed, "an' not stand off an' act so! P'raps she's got another girl in mind." Sudden jealousy seized her for her possible successor. "Pretty much everythin's mine," she muttered. Those were her own pictures on the walls, her own knots of ribbon and bunches of artificial flowers. Her heart ached at the thought of dismantling the place familiarity had made so dear.

The girl in the kitchen is a bird of passage, but not from choice. Often she will remain in a hard place, amid unpleasant surroundings, rather than risk new ways and the criticism of strangers. And this place was not hard or unpleasant, it was home.

"She made so much o' me," moaned the girl. "She's a right to come to me now and talk it over. I'd 'a' done anything in the world for her. I would now. Huh, what does she care? She is like the rest of 'em. Prob'ly she's got a girl all engaged. Prob'ly she'd 'a' fired me if I hadn't give notice. That's the way they all do. She is just like the rest of 'em." She clenched her fist and lifted it against all those who hire. "I hate 'em," she cried. "I hate 'em!"

In the opposite corner of the house Elizabeth sat motionless, her chin upon her hand, her elbow on her knee, until she heard the children come in from school. Miss Symington followed, returning from the Monday Morning Bible Lecture. It was time for luncheon. She hurried into the kitchen. Nancy had gone. The kitchen stove was cold.

"That's the way they do, the best of them," said Miss Symington, cheerfully. "I knew you'd find her out sooner or later."

"It was she who found me out," said Elizabeth, gravely. "I could never deceive her again."

Miss Symington studied her niece's face.

"I suppose that is a joke," she said, seriously.

"No, it passed beyond a joke some time ago," said Elizabeth. "Stuart, run up to mamma's room and bring down the other chafing-dish. We'll see what we can do about luncheon."

Mr. Grey came in while the

getting things ready, and took his turn, preparing a dish he had seen John Southey's wife make.

"So Nancy's gone!" he ejaculated, and gave a long, low whistle. "Well, I must say I'm surprised. And she gave notice herself? I didn't think any one could club her away.—Stuart, my boy, give me some hot plates."

Nothing more was said on the subject. Luncheon went off in gay, picnic fashion. Katharine, in a long gingham apron which came down below her short skirts, washed the dishes while her mother and Aunt Susan took an account of the larder. Mr. Grey and Stuart "carried away."

"We'll all go out to dinner," announced Mr. Grey. "And, Bess, I have tickets for the opera to-night, if you and Aunt Susan would like to go."

"I detest opera," said Aunt Susan, promptly. "I'll stay with the children."

"It's a star cast," said her nephew-in-law.

"I don't care if it's sun, moon, and stars," replied Aunt Susan, recklessly. "I'd rather go to bed. Elizabeth looks more fit for bed than to go out, but I suppose she'll forget her troubles listening to the music."

Elizabeth smiled faintly. Would she ever forget the occurrences of the past few hours? As to finding in music a Siren's voice to divert and soothe—every penetrating note reached the sore spot in her heart. So still she sat and with such white cheeks that Sanford touched her to

make her look at him. He saw then that her eyes were full of tears.

"I am surprised at you," he said, when they were again at home and he was stooping to unfasten her cloak. "An old opera-goer like you crying over the Damnation of Faust!"

"It wasn't that," she answered, breathlessly. "It was the Damnation of Nancy—just as inevitable, just as gradual, just as terrible!"

"Poor little woman!" he exclaimed, seating himself in the big smoking chair and drawing her to his knee. "You're all worn out with this business. Don't be so tragic."

"It *is* tragic!" she cried. "They may talk of the Tragedy of Sex—it isn't any bigger than the Tragedy of Service. You come so near, you are so tied up together, so interdependent. You can't get away! And there is all that strain of employment, of working for wage; and if you try to make it up to a girl, that is a mistake—you can't be too kind."

"And she watches so, she knows all your weaknesses! You have to be perfect. She does as you do, only worse. We think we impress them by our manners, we think they do not see behind it. We think we can keep them on a leash and they will do as we please—why should they? Why should they be humble? Why should we be proud? And how will it be settled at the Last Day, tell me that?"

"I can't tell you, dear," said Sanford, soberly.

## Leavening the Nation<sup>1</sup>

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, who has not only a scholar's knowledge of the West but a practical knowledge of the American people of all sections as few if any other men have, has paid tribute in at least two public addresses to the part which missionaries have had in the subjugation of the North American continent to civilization and to the construction of the Nation. "It is such missionary work," he has declared, "that prevents the pioneers from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it

the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. . . . Because of it, deep beneath and through the National character, there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal upon which the safety of the Nation will ultimately depend." That this is a sound view no one who has studied historically the forces which have produced the United States can deny. The home missionary, who to many people is hardly other than a man with a wife and several children somewhere out West, to whom a barrel full of odds and ends is sent, and from whom is received a letter full of gratitude and accounts of prayer-meetings, is in reality

<sup>1</sup> *Leavening the Nation*. By Joseph B. Clark, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

one of the most dominant agents in the making of history that the world has ever known. Compared with the settlement and civilization of Europe the spread of civilization over the territory which now comprises the United States has been startling in its swiftness. No armies ever achieved so thorough or so speedy a triumph as the American pioneers did. And among the pioneers none were more courageous, none were more steadfast, and none more in earnest, or, on the whole, more successful in attaining their purposes, than the men who went, not for the sake of extracting wealth from the soil, but for the sake of establishing righteousness in the new communities. In the midst of greed, or what may at best be called the spirit of acquisitiveness, they injected the spirit that seeks not to get but to give, the saving spirit of service, the leaven of the Nation.

It is from the point of view which enables one to see these missionaries not merely as propagandists but as makers of a nation that Dr. Clark has written his account of their activities. "Leavening the Nation" belongs to missionary literature; but it belongs just as truly among books on American history.

As a specific instance of this characteristic of the book we select Dr. Clark's treatment of the Northwest Territory. He describes its position and briefly recalls the mode of its settlement. Situated so as to be in comparatively easy communication with States so widely different in character of population as New York and Kentucky; subject to the Ordinance of 1787, which not only shut out slavery from the Territory, but also created a National sentiment that was quite as cohesive in its power as the Constitution itself; a natural highway to the further West and therefore a region inviting the incoming foreigners, especially the Teutons and Scandinavians; a natural territorial unit by virtue of the Great Lakes, which make the distribution of its population easy—the Northwest Territory was inevitably, as Dr. Clark says, "the recruiting-ground for the gathering of those forces which were destined to win and subdue the greater and the then unknown West," as well as the field in which took place the conflict of principles (personified in Lincoln and Douglas) which resulted in mak-

ing of the United States in fact a Nation. With the territory thus described, the missionary activity that took place within its borders necessarily assumes quite other than merely ecclesiastical or denominational significance; it is seen rather to be momentous in its influence on National destiny. In similar fashion, New England, the early West, the Louisiana Purchase, the Southern Belt, the Mexican Cession, and Alaska and the West Indies are considered. The order is, first the region, its settlement and its historic relation to the Nation, then the part which missionary activity has had in creating its character.

Certain conclusions are very plainly to be drawn from this volume. One is the unifying effect which the missionary spirit has often had upon the churches. This finds frequent illustration. The "Plan of Union," by which Presbyterians and Congregationalists pooled their missionary contributions, so to speak, for the benefit of churches of both orders; the United Domestic Missionary Society of New York, an early federation of mainly the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches; the American Home Missionary Society, whose membership included four denominations, Presbyterian, Associate Reformed, Reformed, and Congregational; and the comparatively recent and very efficient Interdenominational Comity Commission of Maine, by which the Baptists, Congregationalists, Free Baptists, and Methodists have co-operated in promoting economy of effort and diminution of rivalry in establishing new churches or reviving churches that are decadent—these are all cases in point. Perhaps, however, the most picturesque incident illustrative of the federating influence of missionary work in a new country is told of the settlement of Michigan, where the educational system was built upon the plans and efforts of four home missionaries—a Methodist, a Roman Catholic, a Presbyterian, and a Congregationalist. The Methodist and the Roman Catholic drew up an act to establish a university to which they gave the name (evidently manufactured from the names of their respective communions) "Catholepistemiad!" In frankness, however, it ought to be recorded that the sectarian rivalry, which Dr. Clark emphatically calls "denominational enterprise," that flourished especially in Minnesota seems to have

produced results as favorable as the more amicable policy of Michigan, so far as church statistics indicate.

Another conclusion to be drawn from this volume is that home missionaries are engaged in as picturesque and complicated an adventure as was ever undertaken. Their business is to be the advocates of Christian civilization in a growing Christian nation; and yet it falls to their lot to encounter as rank lawlessness and as silly superstitions as confront the missionary in foreign lands. No romancer, for instance, could conceive any situation more extraordinary than that which exists in our own country, where Christian forces are facing such an artificial heathenism as the religion and hierarchy of the Mormons.

The third conclusion, and the last we shall mention, is one which Dr. Clark explicitly and clearly draws—that with the settlement of the country home missionary

activity is not to cease; for the enemy has shifted his ground; he is no longer threatening the safety of the Nation in the materialism of the frontier; he is rather gathering his forces among the vast hordes of immigrants that are crowding into the big cities. It is there that the armies which do battle in the name of the Son of God will find in the future the most important field of conflict.

The book has its defects. Names which have only professional interest might well have been more generally relegated to foot-notes. Congregationalists occupy more than their share of attention. Statistics quoted in evidence of social changes are sometimes really of more ecclesiastical than social significance. In view, however, of the author's historical sources, these very defects, because of their comparative slightness, indicate a wholesome and commendable restraint.

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**American Government: A Text-Book for Secondary Schools.** By Roscoe Lewis Ashley. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 356 pages. \$1. net.

A well-planned text-book for the secondary schools. The affairs of local, State, and National governments are presented in the right perspective, the former occupying the foreground in this volume as they do in the actual life of most citizens. Pending measures of reform, such as public control of monopolies, direct primaries, and direct legislation, are dealt with without dogmatism—the pros and cons being presented so that the student may comprehend both sides.

**Babel and Bible: Two Lectures on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion: Embodying also the Most Important Criticisms and the Author's Replies.** By Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Translated from the German by Thomas J. McCormack and W. H. Carruth. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 6x7½ in. 167 pages. 75c.

These lectures have already appeared in another form and have been reviewed by us. Comments on the lectures, together with the Kaiser's letter, are here included, and Professor Delitzsch's reply to his critics. It is evident that this eminent Assyriologist is not a leader in religious thought. He is a type of those who have not yet adjusted their theology to their increased knowledge of facts.

**Defending the Bank.** By Edward S. Van Zile. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 313 pages. \$1. net.

A spirited young folks' story, telling how two

boys and a girl defeated a band of burglars. It is not quite probable in all points, but it is certainly readable and has fun as well as excitement.

**Exact Science of Health Based upon Life's Great Law.** By Robert Walter, M.D. The Edgar S. Werner Publishing Co., New York. 6½x10 in. 302 pages. \$2.

**Failure of Jesus and His Triumph (The): Silhouettes Touching the Story of the Unfolding of the Son of God in the Son of Man.** By Frater Occidentalis. The Argus Press, Red Wing, Minn. 5½x7 in. 124 pages. \$1.

The meditations and exclamations of a modern mystic. His forceful style is disfigured by trivial expressions in the midst of passages that are elevated and even poetical in diction. The typography of the book as well as its style smacks of Elbert Hubbard, though it is in places careless. What is here said, however, is worth saying. Much of it is very suggestive. For instance, the first temptation of Christ is interpreted as a temptation to make his ministry a purely material one, to deal with starvation of the body rather than with that of the soul, to "give to mankind the blessings of a leisure class." The author finds evangelical faith rational though tested by science and philosophy. He is, unfortunately, so recently freed first from narrowness and then from infidelity that he cannot forbear a polemical tone.

**Independence of the South American Republics (The).** By Frederic L. Paxson. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 264 pages. \$2.

Three years ago, in his work on the "Diplo-

matic Relations of the United States and Spanish America," Mr. Latané gave a much-needed outline of the wars of liberation waged by the new republics in the early part of the preceding century. Mr. Paxson's study is a necessary complement to Mr. Latané's work, and is indeed an exhaustive account, since, for the first time, the diplomatic correspondence of the American and British Foreign Offices and the archives of the Adams family have now been thoroughly explored. The work might almost have been entitled "The Foreign Policy of John Quincy Adams," since it necessarily concerns itself in great part with his course during the eight years in which he was Secretary of State. Mr. Paxson has done one signal service in bringing out the fact that, even more completely than has been surmised, John Quincy Adams was the real head of the Monroe Administration, and was the real power behind the throne as regards the Monroe Doctrine. Furthermore, the author shows that the Monroe Doctrine itself was in process of formation for many years before it was enunciated in 1823. Finally, the present study throws new light upon the rivalry between John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. Thus we have a work which will attract the immediate attention of every student of American history, and the attention will be well repaid.

**Man in the Camlet Cloak (The): Being an Old Writing Transcribed and Edited.** By Carlen Bateson. Illustrated. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5x8 in. 320 pages. \$1.50.

**"Miss Träumerei": A Weimar Idyl.** By Albert Morris Bagby. Illustrated. (Fourth Edition.) Published by the Author, 18 W. 34th Street, New York. 5x8 in. 292 pages. \$1.50.

A pleasant love story set in the Weimar of Liszt's last days. The musical atmosphere is successfully conveyed to the reader. It is that of a hothouse. The moist adulation which was the very breath of the "dear master" becomes somewhat suffocating at times; but that is not the fault of the book. There is plenty of opportunity of breathing drier air in the course of the story. The characters are interesting, fairly distinct, wholesome and human. The reader's interest is carried leisurely along. The book is better than most musical novels.

**Municipal Affairs. Vol. VI. No. 4. Municipal Operation and Public Franchises.** Reform Club, Committee on City Affairs, Pine Street, New York. 6½x9½ in. 374 pages. \$1.

The current issue of "Municipal Affairs" is a volume of nearly four hundred pages containing the papers read before the convention on municipal ownership of public franchises held under the auspices of the Reform Club in New York last February. There is no other volume which presents so well both sides and all phases of the problem dealt with. This is high praise, but it is given without qualification.

**Mutineers (The).** By Eustace L. Williams. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 291 pages. \$1, net.

A school story dealing with a faction fight between two societies, the evil results in athletics, and the final triumph of the mutineers or independents in a great ball game. We

regret to say that the boys of both factions talk and act like rowdies.

**My Child and I: In Sickness and Health from Pre-Natal Life until Sixteen.** By Mrs. F. L. S. Aldrich, M.D. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 6x9 in. 429 pages.

**New International Encyclopedia (The).** Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., LL.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. XI. Illustrated. Doud, Mead & Co., New York. 7x10 in. 1,050 pages.

**New Testament Apocryphal Writings.** Edited by James Orr, D.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x9½ in. 137 pages. 60c., net.

**One Woman (The).** By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 350 pages. \$1.50.

A dime novel—except for price, typography, and—save the mark!—religion. A triumph of crudeness and vulgarity.

**R. F. & H. L. Doherty on Lawn Tennis.** Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5x8 in. 233 pages. \$1.50.

Beginners and experts alike may find in this volume much suggestion as to the detail of play in tennis. It is written by men who are champions through skill rather than severity of play. The value of the lessons is doubled by the many and excellent illustrations throughout the book.

**"Ropes of Sand:" Verses.** By Joseph Jenkins Lee. Published by Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 6x9 in. 15 pages.

**Solar Electric Distribution and Sun Habitation.** By Alexander Young. Illustrated. C. E. Cochrane & Co., Laporte, Ind. 5x6½ in. 132 pages. \$1.

**Stories from the Hebrew.** By Josephine Woodbury Heermans. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. 178 pages.

**Two Twice-Told Tales.** By John Jacob Meyer. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. VI.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8x11 in. 11 pages. 25c.

**Vigilantes (The).** By Mrs. C. C. Ellerson. Illustrated. Walker-Ellerson Publishing Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 254 pages.

**Virgil's Æneid: Books I.-VI.** Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Jesse Benedict Carter. Illustrated. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 386 pages.

We have often wondered why most of the school editions of Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil have been left unillustrated. Not only does the text of each author lend itself well to illustration, but the boys' and girls' interest should be taken into account. We are glad to see that Professor Carter has made his edition much more interesting to young pupils (and also to their elders) by the quaint pictures which have been included in this volume. It has, however, another and greater merit. Its introduction and notes have evidently been prepared first of all for the use of the boys and girls themselves and only very secondarily for the use of teachers. We observe also that the notes have not been loaded down with convenient phrases of translation. Professor Carter justly believes that the pupil should work out the rendering without such assistance.

**Whitewash.** By Ethel Watts Munford. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 319 pages.

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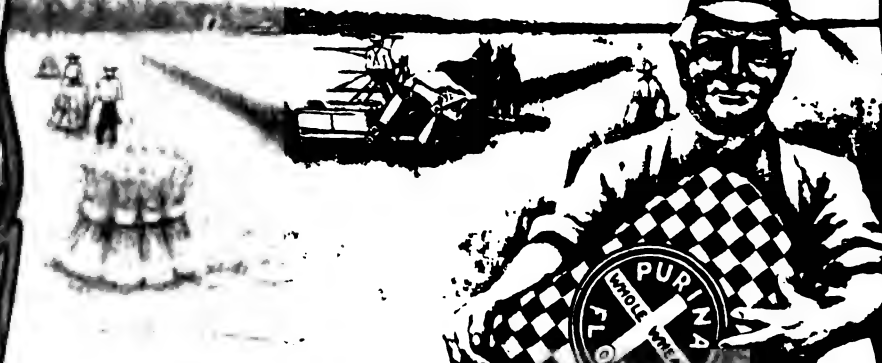
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
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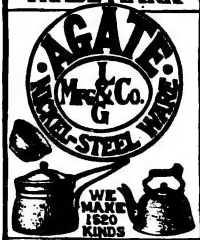
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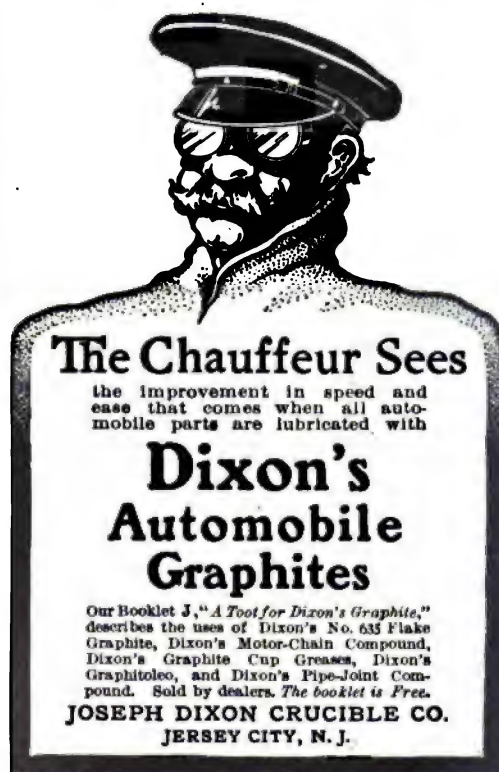
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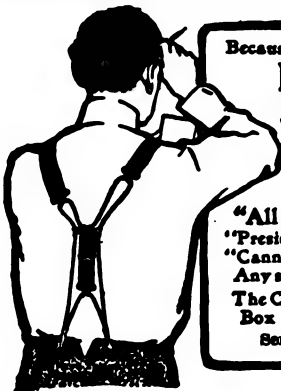
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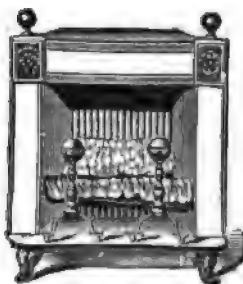


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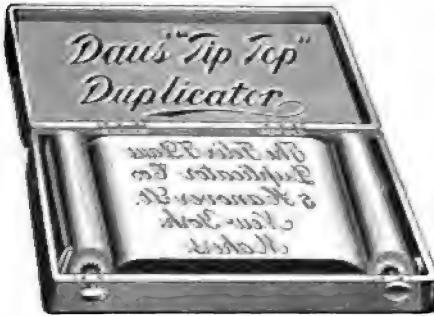
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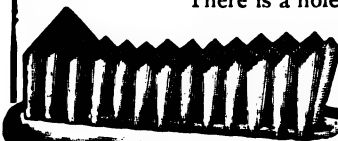
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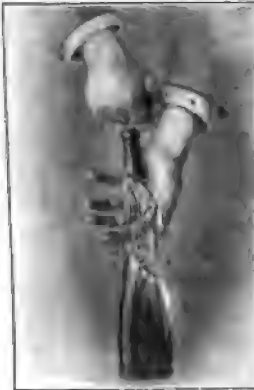
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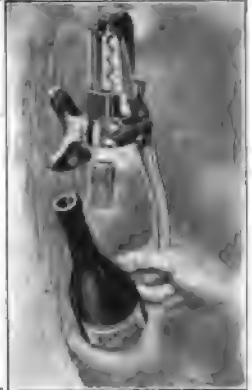
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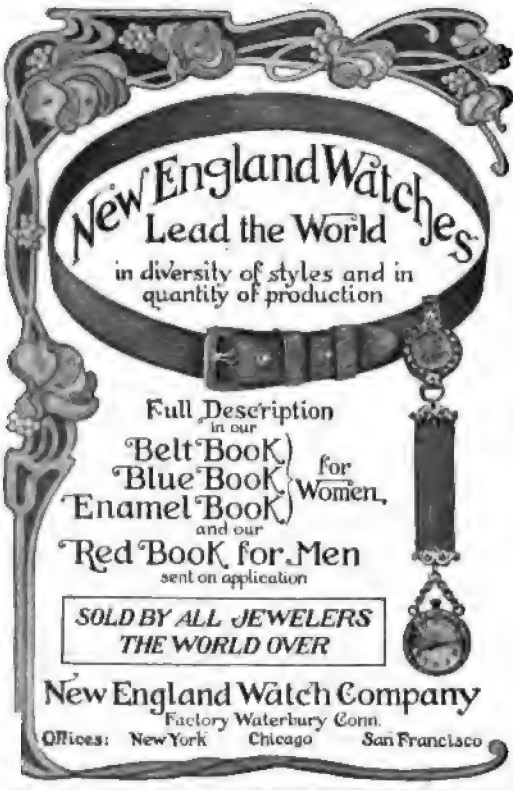
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Vermifuge, is sure to bring it right. I always keep it in the house  
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Ninety-Ninth Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1903

### SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks.....	\$ 427,046 49
Special Deposits in Trust Companies.....	545,527 84
Real Estate.....	1,593,892 06
United States Bonds.....	2,040,000 00
State and City Bonds.....	2,869,000 00
Railroad Bonds.....	1,375,430 00
Water and Gas Bonds and Stocks.....	319,000 00
Railroad Stocks.....	6,174,550 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	456,250 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate.....	112,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents.....	983,872 94
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1903.....	9,315 79
	\$17,108,635 12

### LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund.....	5,986,873 00
Unpaid Losses.....	737,114 48
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims.....	833,608 95
Reserve for Taxes.....	75,000 00
Net Surplus.....	6,436,038 69
	\$17,108,635 12
Surplus as regards policy holders.....	\$9,436,038 69

JOHN H. WASHBURN, President; ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, Vice-Pres.;  
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The Coal River Coal and Land Co., Charleston, W. Va., offers a limited amount of its certificates for sale at \$50.00 per share. This Company owns coal lands which are leased to operators who pay rentals based on production, the minimum amounting to more than nine per cent. on the capital stock (\$100,000). A Trust Company guarantees at least six per cent. dividends to shareholders. For booklet and map, please write

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Capital and Surplus	Assets
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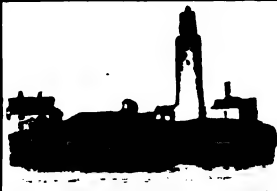
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**Maine Lakes** \$5 per week. Fine new house, bath, etc. Send for circular. "The Oaks," E. Stoneham, Me.

### Maine

# THE LOUISBURG BAR HARBOR, MAINE

Seashore and Mountains. Open July 1 to September 26. For furnished cottages and booklet apply to manager.

ALBERT BUTLER,  
care The Buckingham, New York City.

# Camden, Me. BOARD AND ROOMS

House on high land, a few minutes' walk from the shore, with fine view of Penobscot Bay and Camden Mountains. All modern conveniences. First-class table. Terms, \$10 to \$15 a week. E. C. GREENWOOD, Camden, Me.

# MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE

CAMDEN, ME.—High elevation, grand views of mountains, islands, and bay. Best mountain spring water, perfect sanitation, good boating, livery, and golf. Open June 25. Address Martinsville, Knox Co., Me., until June 10; after, Camden, Me. F. O. MARTIN, Prop.

# Casco Bay, Coast of Maine

Delightful situation; fine views; sheltered walks; boating, bathing, and fishing; pure air and water; good food; choice company. 4 miles from railroad station. Miss S. G. SIMPSON, Brunswick, Maine.

**THE ACADIAN**, Castine, Me.—Enlarged and improved. New billiard room. 12 rooms with private baths. Boating, golf driving, fishing. Reasonable rates. W. A. Walker, Mgr.

# The Lodge

HERON ISLAND, ME.  
40 miles from Portland.

Good fishing. Perfect sewerage. 1 mile from mainland where there are many beautiful drives to the old historic towns near by. A beautiful summer home, always cool, very high. Island covered with Fir and Bay trees.

Same Management

# Woodland Park Hotel

AUBURNDALE, MASS.  
Open the entire year. Suburb of Boston. Booklets. C. C. BUTLER, Prop. and Owner

# The POCAHONTAS

(PORTSMOUTH HARBOR)

# Kittery Point, Me.

Also furnished cottages to rent. Situated at junction of Ocean and Harbor, the most picturesque on the coast and great Naval Station. Commanding view of ocean, harbor, and woodland. Good boating, bathing, and fishing. Golf, tennis, etc. Address till June 15th, Mrs. C. G. FRANCIS, Mgr., The Abbotsford, Corn'th Ave., Boston.

# OXFORD SPRING HOUSE

and VICTORIA COTTAGE

OXFORD, MAINE

Open all the year. Altitude 1,000 feet. Pure water. 300 acres lawn and forest. Service high grade. Ideal home for comfort and freedom. Especially attractive to brain workers. Cottage as desired, with or without meals. Special rates for April, May, and June. C. E. FISHER, Prop.

**STRAWBERRY HILL, PEMAQUID HARBOR, ME.**—A summer home with sea and woods, sailing, fishing and drives. Send for booklet. F. FARRIN.

**FARRAR HOUSE, TENANTS' HARBOR, ME.**—A quiet place for rest and recreation; good boating, fishing and drives. Address Mrs. Geo. C. FARRAR.

Maine

## Kirkwood Inn

Scarborough Beach, Maine

Loveliest and most restful place in Maine. Twenty-five acres of woodland and grass land. Two-mile beach. Surf-bathing, golf, drives, walks, electric light, late dinner. Apply till May 30th to W. H. SMITH, Manager, 122 Jackson Place, Baltimore, Md. After June 1st Mr. Smith will be at the Kirkwood.

Massachusetts

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND

## Attleboro Home Sanitarium

will open for the summer of 1903, June 1st, at Eastville, Cottage City. Fine estate, beautiful harbor and country views, pure water, modern plumbing. Send for circular. Mrs. E. G. GUSTIN, Supt., Attleboro, Mass. Physician, LAURA V. GUSTIN-MACKIE, M.D.

## THE ABBOTSFORD

186 Commonwealth Ave.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A strictly first-class family hotel for permanent or transient guests if engaged in advance. Near Back Bay Station, Public Library, Art Museum, and Trinity Church. One block from electric cars to all theaters, public places, and suburbs.

Mrs. C. G. FRANCIS, Manager.

## Hotel Brunswick

BOSTON

European and American Plan.

CAPE COD.—Cozy little Surf Cottages, fronting ocean; surf bathing; rooms, table board at Inn. Rates moderate. Ballston Beach Co., West New Brighton, N. Y.

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East Parsonsfield, Maine

High-grade house. Foothills of White Mountains. Large, cool rooms; exceptional table. Fine walks and drives. Circulars. A. C. VARNEY, 121 North 18th St., Phila.

## The Surfside

CAPE ANN

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Directly on a beautiful sand beach, always cool. Cuisine is noted for its purity. Send for booklet. F. H. SAWYER, Prop.

## Hotel Thorwald

BASS ROCKS, Gloucester, Mass.

One of the most picturesque and charming spots on the Cape. Hotel is thoroughly modern and first class in every respect. Fine bathing beach, good golf links, beautiful drives and walks. Special rates for the season. For booklet and information address

MRS. LUCY A. JACKMAN

SNOW INN, Harwichport, Mass.—Fifty yards from ocean. Fine sailing, fishing, and bathing. Golf links near the Inn. F. H. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

## GREYNOOK-ON-THE-CLIFF

NANTUCKET, MASS:

Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter, having secured the Rhodes estate, announces the opening of the house for guests April 1; special arrangements made for house and shooting parties during the spring and fall seasons.

Massachusetts

## Menauhant Hotel

Menauhant (Cape Cod), Mass.

Directly on the beach. Grand water view. Clientele of the best. The purest of spring water. Noted for its excellence of cuisine and service. Yachting unsurpassed. Fine roads. Golf, ping-pong, music. Absolutely the coolest spot and most luxurious bathing on Atlantic Coast. From June to October. Booklets on application. FLOYD TRAVIS, Proprietor.

## THE SNOW HOUSE

MARBLEHEAD

Is now open for the season. For terms address JOHN R. GILES, Proprietor.

## NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A lady having a house for college girls would like to hear of boarders for July and August. Address No. 3, 197, The Outlook.

The IDLEWILD South Williamstown, Mass. In the heart of The Berkshires. Acres of lawns; golf, tennis; fine dancing hall; sanitary plumbing. G. R. MACDONALD, Prop.

## THE BREAKWATER

WOODS HOLE, MASS.

WILL OPEN JUNE 10. Fine bathing, temperature of water from 65 to 75 degrees; fishing, boating, golf links, sun parlor, each end of piazza. Address (or confer in person with) W. F. BOWMAN, Hotel Curtiss, 45 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, till June 1. Later, Woods Hole, Mass. Circular, W. F. BOWMAN, Mgr.

Michigan

## ALMA SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Alma, Michigan

### A REFINED RESORT FOR REFINED PEOPLE

A medical institution of the highest class, where are used the marvelous mineral waters. ALMA-BROMO and ALMARIAN, almost a sure cure for rheumatism, skin, liver, kidney and nervous diseases. Able physicians, well-trained nurses, amusements, homelike surroundings, everything pleasant and complete. Write for illustrated brochure.

New Hampshire

Turner House Bethlehem, N. H. On the main street. Pure water. Good drainage. Plenty of room and shade. Golf. J. N. TURNER & SON.

## THE ASQUAM 1903

Open June to Oct. A high-class modern hotel, situated on picturesque height, encircled from southwest to southeast by the winding Asquam Lakes. Driving, boating, bathing, bass-fishing. Holderness, N. H. GEO. E. JEWELL, Manager.

Camp Life in the beautiful Pemigewasset Valley, N. H. Circular. H. HERBERT COOK, 46 Parsons St., West Newton, Mass.

## Pine Grove Springs Hotel

SPOFFORD, N. H.

June 15th to October 1st  
The Ideal Resort for Health, Rest, and Pleasure. Situated in pine forest on banks of beautiful Lake Spofford, 1,100 feet above sea. Rooms singly or en suite, with or without baths. Celebrated Spring Water. Unlimited amusements. Fine drives. Music, Golf. Moderate rates. Illustrated booklets. ATKINS & MESEER, Mgrs.  
Address Florence, Mass., until June 1st.

New Hampshire



## Parsons Farm Hotel and Cottages

COLEBROOK, N. H.

In the White Mountains at the Western Gateway of the Rangeley Lakes.

Bathroom suites, sanitary plumbing. Golf, tennis, boating, canoeing, driving. Mrs. GEORGE PARSONS.

CHISWICK INN In heart of White Mountain region. Unsurpassed view of White and Franconia ranges. Pure spring water. Address J. M. ROBINSON, Littleton, N. H.

New Jersey

THE SALT BREATH OF THE SEA BRINGS HEALTH

## Galen Hall

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Always Open

Illustrated booklet telling about new buildings, baths, and cuisine, sent upon request.

F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Mgr.

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An entirely new building.

Near Boardwalk, with view of Ocean.

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Elevator, Electric Lights, Rooms with Bath, Sun Parlor, Library with Magazines, Game Room, Afternoon Tea, Evening Dinner. Booklet. CRAIGHEAD & CRAIGHEAD.

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## Lakewood Sanatorium

For rest and recuperation. Electricity and massage. Turkish, Roman, Sulphur, Pine, Electrothermal, and other baths. First-class table. Large Sun Parlor. Every room bright and cheerful. Board with or without treatment.

HENRY H. CATE, M.D., Lakewood, N. J.

LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

The Famous Spring Resort.

## The LAUREL HOUSE

Open until June 1

## The LAUREL-IN-THE-PINES

Open until May 15

Both hotels under management of

DAVID B. PLUMER

## Essex and Sussex

Spring Lake, N. J.

Sea Rooms, Baths. Modern Furnished Cottages

New Jersey

**PINE BLUFF INN**  
POINT PLEASANT  
Ocean Co., N. J.

Two hours from New York. Fifth season. First-class family hotel, situated in large grove of pine trees on banks of beautiful Manasquan River near the ocean; still water and surf bathing, golf, tennis, wheeling, croquet, boating. Opens June 10th. Since first season has been full to capacity after July 1st. Write for particulars and circular.  
WALTER P. BEERS (Manager).

New York City

**ST. DENIS**  
HOTEL

Broadway & Eleventh St., N.Y.

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

William Taylor & Son  
Proprietors

**THE EARLE**

Strictly Fire-Proof  
103 Waverly Place  
one block west from lower end of 5th Ave.  
Entirely new American plan hotel. Near business and shopping district. One room with private bath with meals for one, \$3.00 per day; same room with meals for two, \$5.00 per day. Also suites of two or three rooms and bath.

**THE JUDSON**

Strictly Fire-Proof  
53 Washington Square South  
Adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Facing on the Washington Square Park near business and shopping district. A select family and transient hotel. American plan. Single and double rooms, suites, and apartments from \$2 per day up. JAMES KNOTT, Proprietor.

**Hotel St. James**

109-113 W. 45th St., N. Y.

A select family apartment hotel in the heart of the city, convenient to the church, amusement, and shopping centers. Restaurant accommodations. Apartments of one, two, three, or four rooms with bath available by the day, week, or month at reasonable rates. Special rates for the summer.  
W. W. WYCKOFF, Manager.

New York

**Under-Cliff** on Lake Placid  
in the heart of  
the Adirondacks

A long-established and popular resort, patronized largely by families and parties of friends, insuring a charming social life. Many rooms and cottages already engaged. Early application to Mrs. H. D. HUNT, 143 Madison Avenue, New York City.

New York

**Adirondack Mts.**  
**HUNTER'S HOME**

An ideal summer resort for families. Write for booklet. LAURENCE BROS., Props., New Russia P. O., N. Y.

**ADIRONDACKS** Camp Mohawk  
and Cottages  
Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain. Write for booklet. Mrs. H. H. LONGSTAFF, Old Forge, N. Y.

**ADIRONDACKS**—Estes House, Keene Valley, N. Y.—Heart of Mts. Fishing, hunting, mountain-climbing, driving. Send for booklet. \$3 to \$12. L. J. ESTES.

**THE INN** Arverne-by-the-Sea,  
Long Island

The Inn, new in 1901, is dainty and exclusive. Situated on a large plot at the ocean's edge, it is always cool and delightful. Capacity 150. Home cooking. Adult trade solicited in July and August. Inspection invited. Take 1:20 P. M. train.  
Opens May 1. F. W. AVERY, Prop.  
15 miles from N. Y. Frequent trains

**Country Board** 1 hour from N. Y. City. Farm on the Bay; private dock and bathing; modern house; quiet, pleasant home. W. Glover, Baldwin, L. I.

**Spa Sanatorium** Ballston Spa, N. Y.  
Restful home. Modern equipment. 6 miles from Saratoga. A. I. THAYER, M.D.

**The Jackson**  
**Sanatorium**

Dansville, Liv. Co., New York

Send for literature as to Methods of Treatment and special advantages.

Address  
J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D., Box 199

**The GLEASON** ELMIRA  
**SANITARIUM** NEW YORK

**REBUILT.** Elevator. Steam heat. Electric bells. Sun parlor. All forms of baths. Electricity and massage. Bicycling. Golf. Driving. Dr. JOHN C. FISHER, formerly of Warsaw Sanatorium, resident physician. Write for booklet to Edward B. Gleason, Proprietor.

**Come Here!** When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. Booklet free. Steuben Sanitarium, Hornellsville, N. Y.

**Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.**, ranks first on the Atlantic coast for aquatic sports. 2 golf links. **Bay View House** is the house to stop at for comfort and moderate rates. The table speaks for itself. Opened until Oct. 1. Pamphlet. C. M. WRAY, Mgr.

**SUMMER BOARD** The Vaughan Teachers' Rest will open for guests May 12th. Comfortable and homelike. Circular on application. Box 88, Tomkins Cove, N. Y.

**The Walter Sanitarium**

Walter's Park (Wernersville), Pa. Open all the year. All modern conveniences. Send for illustrated booklet.

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**The American Nauheim**

A Health Resort and Hotel of the highest class. The most complete and modern bathing establishment in America. Hydrotherapy and Electricity in all forms; valuable mineral springs. Well-kept and attractive Golf Links. Illustrated book free.

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Watkins, N. Y.

New York

"In the Heart of the Southern Catskills"  
**ROXMOR** Woodland,  
Ulster Co., N. Y.

A wild, picturesque, quiet retreat. Private neighborhood. Altitude 1,200 ft. Excellent water. Modern house. Open all seasons. Booklet, etc., on application.

E. B. MILLER.

Vermont



**LAKE HOUSE**

On LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Larrabee's Point, Vt.

R. L. ABEGG, Proprietor  
Accommodations for eighty guests. Sanitary plumbing and steam heat. Telephone in house. Open all the year. Send for circular.

**EAGLE INN**

ORWELL, VERMONT

An ideal summer home, located on high ground in the beautiful Lake Champlain valley, between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. Climate equable and dry. Purest water. No mosquitoes.

F. B. KIMBALL, Prop.

Virginia

**Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.**

are now open for guests. For circulars and terms address EUBANK & GLOVER, Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.

**CITY PROPERTY**

132 W. 86th 4-story Dwelling, fully furnished. Will rent cheap for summer. J. RHINELANDER DILLON, 111 Broadway, New York.

**FURNISHED APARTMENT.** Corner apartment, fully furnished, 5th St. and Riverside Drive, to rent from May 25 until October 1. Apply E. B. CURRIER, 127 Riverside Drive.

**COUNTRY PROPERTY**

California

**Olive, Orange, and Lemon**

**Plantation** 600 acres; southern California. For sale or exchange. Address: THE BANCROFT CO., 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. or GRIFFING BANCROFT, San Diego, California.

Connecticut

**FOR RENT.** Small furnished cottage at Grove Beach, Conn. Pleasantly situated in fine grove on Sound. For photographs and particulars address Box 142, Clinton, Ct.

**IN FARMINGTON, CONN.**—Vine-clad Cottage of 8 rooms, furnished; all modern improvements; large piazzas, lawn, shade trees, tennis court, etc., to small family season or by the year \$300. Photos on application. JESSE MOORE, Farmington, Conn.

**Fenwick, Saybrook Point, Ct.**

Furnished cottage, eight rooms, kitchen and laundry. Large verandas, golf, fishing, sailing, and driving. Three hours from New York. For terms, apply to E. BEN JACKSON, 52 Broadway, New York.

Connecticut

**Norfolk, Litchfield Co., Conn.**

For Rent—"Widewind," small furnished cottage, elevation 1,600 ft., pure water, fruit, ideal place for artist or writer. Adults only. JANE E. W. SMITH, Waterbury, Ct.

**RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**—Attractive

house, six master's rooms, fine view, stable for six horses, twenty minutes from station. Address Adams & Keeler, Ridgefield, or Theodore B. Starr, 26 Fifth Ave., City.

**For Sale** **Old-Fashioned Country Residence and Farm**

33 miles out; very high; grand views; no mosquitoes; good buildings; woods, spring water, brooks, game; 150 acres; plenty fruit. **ERSKINE GRANGE**, Stamford, Conn.

Several furnished and desirable cottages for rent in the well-known summer resort at Washington, Conn. Elevation 1,000 ft. above sea, pure water, large grounds and charming surroundings. No malaria or mosquitoes. For particulars inquire of E. K. ROSSITER, 95 Liberty St.

Maine

**FOR SALE**

**"MILE TREE FARM"**

Modern residence, 16 rooms, broad verandas, water service, electric lights, hot water heater, telephone, two bathrooms, fire protection, commodious stable.

Suit for a home in 1901, by the late Geo. R. Williamson, of New York, formerly General Auditor Post-Telegraph company, at an expense of about \$15,000, under supervision and from plans of John Calvin Stevens, of Portland, Maine's leading architect.

Grounds contain twenty acres with one-eighth mile of shore front on

**PENOBSCOT BAY**

House and grounds command view of Islesboro and Castine, with sixty square miles of bay and river near at hand, and of Mt. Desert and Bluehill in the distance. All steamers and shipping entering port of Belfast pass close by.

Situate on a broad level avenue, one and one-half miles from Belfast Post-office. Taxes and insurance very low.

To close the estate of the late owner, this property will be sold with or without furnishings. Any persons desiring to inspect it will be met at arrival of train or boat at Belfast on notice.

Write for further particulars to **WILLIAMSON & BURLEIGH**, Attorneys for Administrator, Augusta, Maine.

**FOR RENT**, through the summer, in

**BUCKSPORT, ME.**, on the Penobscot River, near Camden, a house of 12 rooms and bathroom, completely furnished for housekeeping, broad verandas around front and side; fine view of water and the Island of Verona; air with its sea breezes superb; scenery unsurpassed. Terms reasonable. For further particulars address Mrs. M. C. DONNELL, Box 37, Bucksport, Me.

**TO LET IN CAMDEN, MAINE.**

From May 1 to November 1, a 12-room cottage; modern conveniences; finely furnished; situated on Penobscot Bay 4 miles from Camden village. F. W. SAWYER, 29 Franklin Street, New York City.

**TO LET**—Furnished Cottage on **ASH POINT, CASCO BAY**, near

South Harpswell, Maine. — Cottage consists of good-sized living room with fireplace, four chambers, kitchen, piazza twelve feet wide and thirty-five feet long. Nice mattresses, also a good piano. Best of spring water brought into the house. An abundance of fish, clams, lobsters. Good stable, suitable for two horses. Terms for the season, \$125.00. L. H. SPAULDING, Lowell, Mass.

**TO LET AT MARTINSVILLE**

**KNOX CO., ME.**  
2 furnished cottages, one 10, one 8 rooms, with stables; good fishing, driving, and bathing; fine view of harbor and ocean. F. O. MARTIN.

**TO LET** **Furnished Cottage** centrally located in

Harbor, Maine, address **HOS. CLARK**, State House, Augusta, Me.

Maine

**SEASHORE**

**ON FIRST FOOT OF MAINE COAST**

At Entrance of Beautiful Portsmouth Harbor

**FURNISHED COTTAGES**

of from 6 to 14 rooms, to rent for the season. Magnificent location, all the summer pastimes; fine boating, etc., golf. Address S. E. JENKINSON, Kittery Point, Me.; or A. W. STARRATT & CO., 30 State St., Boston.

**ORRS ISLAND, MAINE COAST**

7-room cottage furnished completely. Hair mattresses; large open fireplace; large cistern, pump in kitchen; piano; floating pier; wide piazza over the sea. Price \$300.00 season. Mrs. GEO. W. SUMNER, Belmont, Mass.

**FOR RENT—COAST OF MAINE.**

Summer property near Portland. Ample grounds partly wooded, picturesque shore front, pure spring water. Nine-room house, modern plumbing, drainage to sea. Completely furnished, including bed and table linen, china and table ware. \$450 for season. For photographs, plans, etc., address F. H. MOFFATT, 57 William St., New York.

**SEAL HARBOR, MT. DESERT,**

**MAINE** **Desirable Furnished Cottages**, large and small, to let

for the season. Address G. L. STEBBINS, Seal Harbor, Me.

**PORTLAND, ME. FURNISHED COTTAGES**

Beautifully located in Portland Harbor. From \$150 to \$400. A. M. SMITH, Portland, Me.

**TO SELL** **Summer Homes,**

**OR RENT** **Camps or Cottages**

For every one and everywhere. On Shore of Lake or Sea. In the Country or Woods. For information address **MAINE SUMMER HOME CO.**, P. O. Box 1,013, Portland, Me.

**WEST LEBANON, ME.**—Large re-

modeled farmhouse, 13 rooms, fully furnished, modern conveniences, open fireplaces, large closets, piazzas, perfect view foothills of White Mountains. Private family only. Address Mrs. WALDRON SHAPLEIGH, 2225 De Lancey St., Phila., Pa.

Massachusetts

**IN THE BERKSHIRES**

Attractive Old Colonial Farmhouse for rent from August 1st. Five minutes' walk from hotel, post-office, telephone, livery stable. Running spring water in kitchen, full ice-house, fine garden, good orchard. Rent low to right people. Address C. F. BRUSIE, Ossining, N. Y.

**BOSTON'S**

**BEAUTIFUL**

**SUBURBS**

About 4 miles from Boston Common and 2 miles from Harvard College, located on high land with extensive view, 3 min. from electric, House, furnished, 11 rooms, laundry and two baths, open plumbing, acre of lawn, stable, 3 stalls, large carriage room to let for the summer or for 18 months. Address S. No. 3, 131, The Outlook.

**BERKSHIRE HILLS**

**Beautiful Country Villa**

FOR RENT. — Completely furnished; 15 rooms, 2 bathrooms, steam heat and open fireplaces, hot and cold water and electric lights; large lawn, fine shade trees, garden, stables, etc. Central location. Address Box 128, Great Barrington, Mass.

**To Let on Indian Island**

which contains eighty acres, heavily wooded with pine and fir, in Selago Lake, Me. New cottage, furnished. Shore lot of about two acres. Four chambers, fireplace, good water, excellent drainage. Three miles from railroad station. Near mainland. Secluded yet accessible. Ideal place for quiet summer rest. \$350.00 for season. Another smaller cottage, \$150.00 for season. Write HARRIS B. COX, Portland, Me. See Outlook of April 25 for picture of cottage.

Massachusetts

**For Sale** **Cambridge Mass.**

MRS. OLE BULL'S modern Colonial mansion on Brattle St., with an acre of land, or less if desired. It is soundly constructed, has 15 rooms and unusual attractions, including music-room in oakwood carved in India is in the most favored section and possesses more than a local reputation. A valuable estate for a family of means. Address GEO. B. ELLIOT, 209 Washington St., Boston.

**A Commodious House** of 13 rooms

to rent; modern improvements; ample stable accommodations; high ground; large and well-shaded lawns; midway between Leominster and Fitchburg; 10 minutes' walk to electric; two steam railroads to Boston; golf club grounds near by. G. E. ABBOT, Leominster, Mass.

**HARWICHPORT, CAPE COD.**

To let, finely located furnished cottage of ten rooms, five minutes' walk to beach; ocean front. Address Mrs. MARION M. RAYMOND, 108 Appleton St., Boston, Mass.

**For Sale, Eleven-room Cottage on**

**Martha's Vineyard**

Magnificent location facing Nantucket Sound and beautiful park. Two minutes from steamer landing. Plenty of shade trees. House in perfect repair. Price \$5,000. A. R. WENDELL, 452 Lexington Ave., New York.

**No. Falmouth, Mass.**

For rent at Megansett, on water front, two new houses, furnished, modern and complete, 12 and 8 rooms. Running water, bath, and laundry. Send for illustrated circular. L. WADLEIGH, Brockton, Mass.

**Berkshire Hills**

**To Rent, Furnished**

for the summer, the residence of the late Hon. H. L. Dawes, in Pittsfield, Mass. Apply to Miss ANNA L. DAWES or to FRANK RUSSELL & CO., Pittsfield, Mass.

**PLYMOUTH, MASS.**

**To Rent for the Summer**

Large place, fine location, house nicely furnished, modern conveniences, stable. An attractive Summer Home. Correspond with J. 200 Court St., Plymouth, Mass.

**ROCKPORT**

Cottage of 7 rooms and bath; town water, electric lights, high ground, fronting Thacher's Island and ocean; wide piazzas; rent \$350. J. F. REYNOLDS, 110 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

**AMONG THE BERKSHIRE**

**HILLS.** 575 acre stock farm; two good farm houses, five barns; 375 acres meadow, tillage and pasture; 2,000 maple trees, 5,000 cords wood; trout brooks and living springs, all stocked; cuts 125 tons hay. JOHN W. CRANE, Broker, Springfield, Mass.

**West Falmouth** **on Hill**

OVERLOOKING BUZZARDS BAY  
**TO RENT—Modern Cottage of 13 Rooms.** Furnished about five minutes from station; also house; lots for sale. ESTATE OF FRANKLIN KING 120 Milk Street, Boston.

**TO LET** **Furnished House,**

abundance of shade, 14 rooms, large grounds, electric light; barn, all improvements; golf light; Pittsfield, Mass. Apply to G. F. HALL, 211 Centre St., New York City.



PARK HILL HOME

## PARK HILL

An Idyl of the Hudson

We will send, free of charge, to any Outlook reader seeking a suburban home near New York, a copy of this richly bound and handsomely printed book. It contains over 100 pictures, on heavy coated paper, of Park Hill-on-the-Hudson, New York's most beautiful suburb.

**AMERICAN REAL ESTATE CO.**

Das Building, 290 Broadway  
New York

### New Hampshire

**White Mountains Private Residence,** situation beautiful, 8 acres, house perfect order, price \$12,000; if enlarged, \$15,000. Address W., Thorn Hill, Jackson, N. H.

**LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N. H.** New furnished cottages in pines, on shore, 40 acres, wharf, beach, boat, ice, fuel, beautiful views, fishing. Send for circular. F. P. SPEARE, 458 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

**Furnished Cottage—Sale or Rent, at WONALANCET, NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—250 acres: 9 rooms, bath, ice-house. Address No. 3,339, The Outlook.

### New Jersey

**Montclair New Jersey**

A modern, well-built house of nine rooms and bath in an attractive location, rented to a desirable tenant at a price paying good interest on the value of the property, is offered for sale at a low price owing to owner's interests elsewhere. No. 2,135, The Outlook.

**MONTCLAIR New, well-furnished House to let for summer season to small desirable family; Mountain Ave., convenient to trolley; 10 rooms and two bathrooms; gas cooking appliances; electric lights; tennis court. M. K. BOWMAN, 230 West St., New York.**

**At Spring Lake Beach, N. J.**

Modern furnished cottages to rent. Write for catalogue. W. C. BATEMAN.

### New York

**30 Years Selling COUNTRY**

**REAL ESTATE everywhere**

Buyers get our Free Catalog. Owners send us details of your property. PHILLIPS & WELLS, 93 Tribune Building, N. Y.

**ADIRONDACKS**

#### Keene Valley

To rent, completely furnished Cottage, 11 rooms and bath; hot and cold water in kitchen; stable and carriage-house, with man's room. Wood and ice. Rent \$500 for season. J. W. HARDENBERGH, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City.

### ADIRONDACKS

Cottage thoroughly renovated, newly furnished, 7 rooms and bathroom, hot and cold water, wood, ice. Address DR. LAIGHT, Keene Valley, Essex Co., N. Y.

### New York

**ADIRONDACKS**

If you want a cottage, a camp, a building site, or forest lands, near Paul Smith's, Saranac Lake, or Lake Placid, apply to the Real Estate Agent at Saranac Lake, N. Y. WILLIAM F. ROBERTS.

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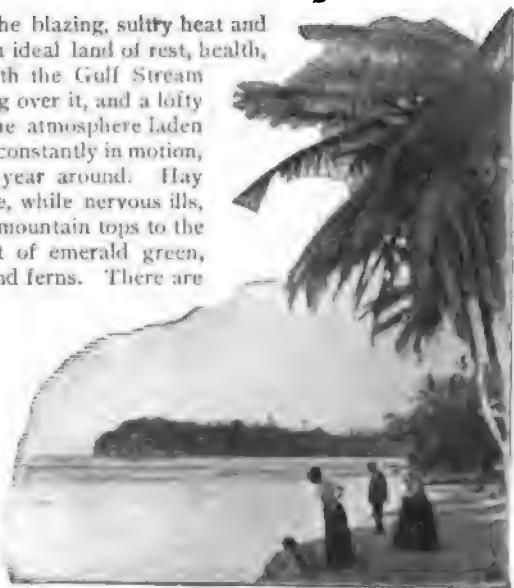
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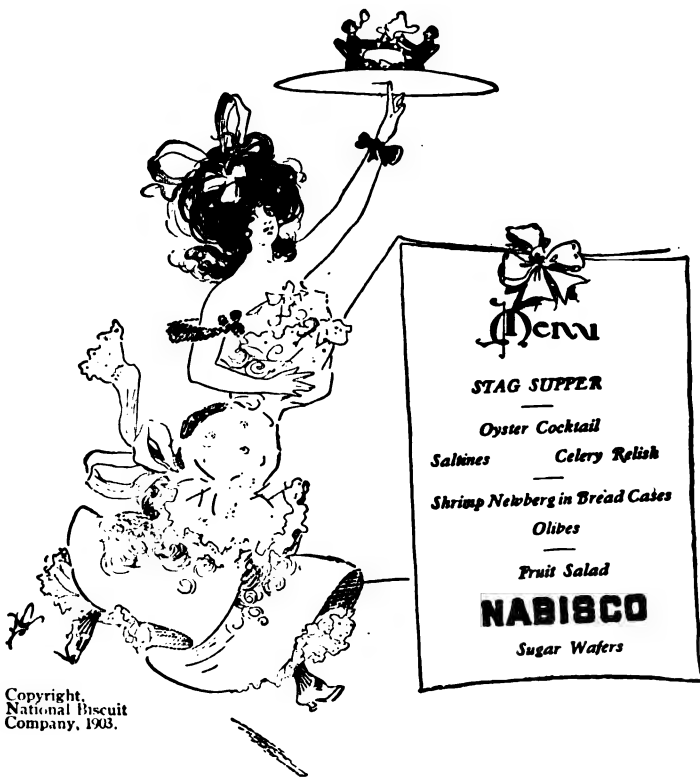
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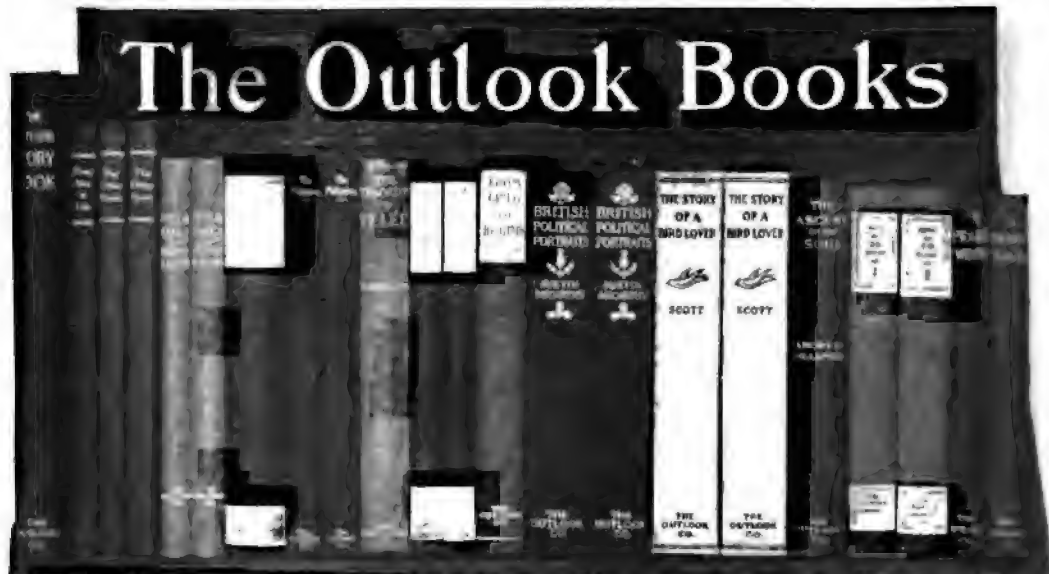
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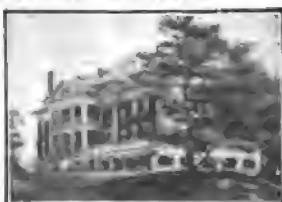
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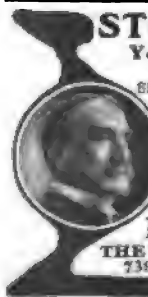
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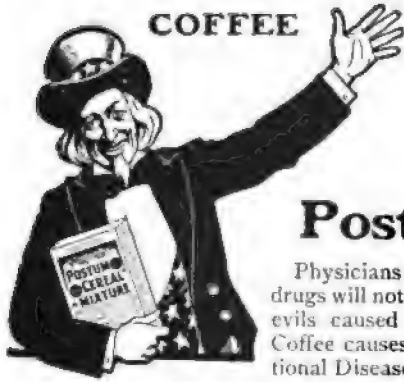
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Physicians know that drugs will not correct the evils caused by coffee. Coffee causes "Our National Disease—Dyspepsia."

The only remedy is to stop short on the coffee and use Postum Cereal Coffee in its place. A physician of Heber, Ark., says: "I have been a coffee drinker for 50 years and have often thought that I could not live without it. After many years of suffering from our national malady, dyspepsia, I finally attributed it to the drinking of coffee, and after some thought determined to use Postum Food Coffee. I soon found myself so much better I used it at all meals and I am pleased to say it has entirely cured me of indigestion."

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No better proof of the truth of this old prophecy is needed than the visible fact that a large part of that vast region only a few years since known as the "Great American Desert," is now the most fertile portion of the United States. This great change is due to irrigation; an abundance of life-giving water has turned these sandy wastes, once the home of wild beasts, the cactus and sage-brush, into productive farms and grazing lands. Such wonders does the **Hot-Air Pump** work on dry soil; arid lands anywhere can indeed be made to "blossom as the rose." Have you not some unproductive ground which irrigation might improve? These pumps are automatic, supplying any amount per diem, up to 100,000 gallons.

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of Gold and Silver retain their original brilliancy indefinitely when cleaned and polished with

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Used by owners and makers of Valuable Plate for more than a quarter century.

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**15 CENTS PER CAKE.**

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Every egg tested for Dry Rot, Tuberculosis and disease.

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**T**HE ANGELUS of to-day is so far superior in every respect to the first Angelus (or even that of last year) that the one ought not to be compared with the other, except to note the marked improvement.

To-day it is not only the means for any one to play upon the piano anything written in music, even though he does not know one note of music from another, but also it is the delight of the musician, for he can now play his favorite classics with The Angelus fingers, which never make a mistake in reading the notes and never get out of practice, as his own do.

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We call your attention to the following features and important things which can be done with the aid of an Angelus :

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- (5) The dainty resilient touch like that of the human fingers, owing to the elasticity of air by which the touch is produced.
- (6) The size of the cabinet, being the smallest made, of elegant design, and the best piano finish.

**We should be pleased to have you thoroughly investigate our claims regarding The Angelus of 1903—our product of to-day. Price \$250.00.**

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Every piece bears our trade-mark "Standard" cast in relief on the exterior, which is our absolute guarantee of quality and durability.

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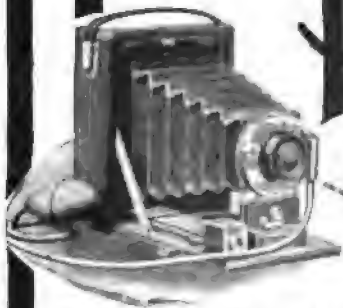
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Department 22, Pittsburg, Pa.



## "Standard" PORCELAIN ENAMELED Baths and Sanitary Ware



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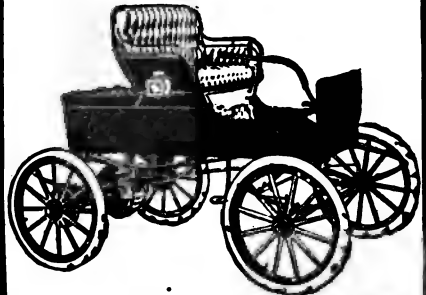
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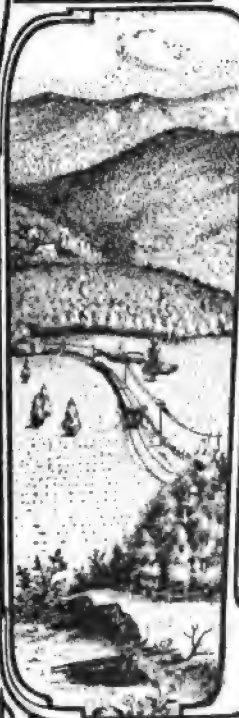
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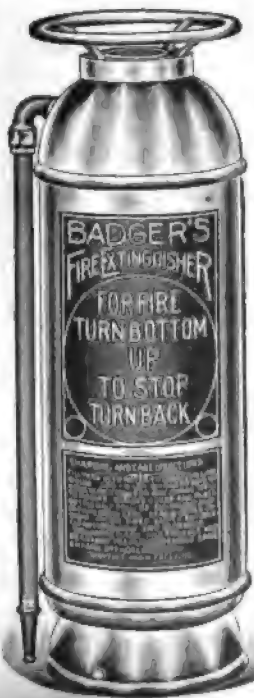


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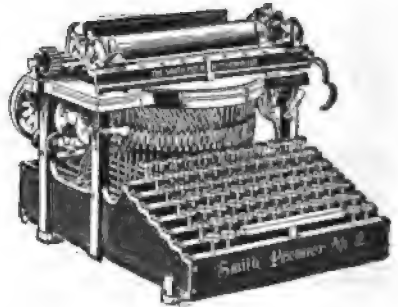
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has close-fitting lid which shuts in odors, makes scattering of contents impossible. So strong it will not dent or bend in a lifetime. Good housekeepers use it. Imitations are worthless. See that "Witt's Can" is stamped in the lid.

For sale by Hardware and House Furnishing Dealers  
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1. Do you own an OSTERMOOR MATTRESS?
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will be in charge of Mr. E. A. Ames, of Ostermoor & Co., Mr. C. M. Nast, of *Collier's Weekly*, Mr. George H. Haren, of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. E. W. Spaulding, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and Mr. William H. Johns, of George Hatten & Co., Advertising Agents, who will judge the answers.

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Note the marvelous record of the Canadian Soo's recent growth. Population for 1900 was 5,000, in 1903 is 18,000. Assessed Real Estate value in 1900, \$1,700,000; in 1903, \$7,000,000 (with bulk of industries exempt from taxation). Number of Manufacturing Plants in 1900, 5; in 1903, 20. Number of employees in same in 1900 was 500, in 1903 over 5,000, with annual pay roll of \$2,500,000, and when improvements now projected are complete 25,000 men will be employed. *Most of this great increase has been in the past 18 months.*

The "Soo" is the literal power-house for the world. On both sides of the river there are water power canals built and under construction that develop 110,000 horse-power. Our cheap power brings the factories.

## Real Estate Values are Doubling at the "Soo."

from the actual growth of the industrial interests and the population—not from speculation. Last year 500 houses were built here and more than that will be built this year. Good building sites are limited and will never be so cheap again. The "Allied Companies" do not own property except as needed for their own uses, and do not deal in real estate in any way.

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Highland Park has graded streets, shade trees and strict building restrictions. It promises to fully triple in value by 1905.

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### REFERENCES:

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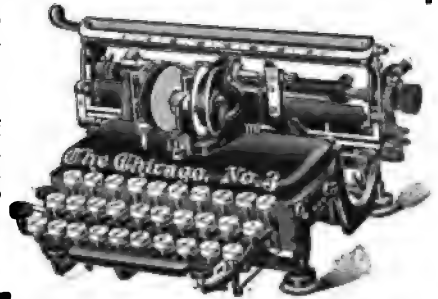
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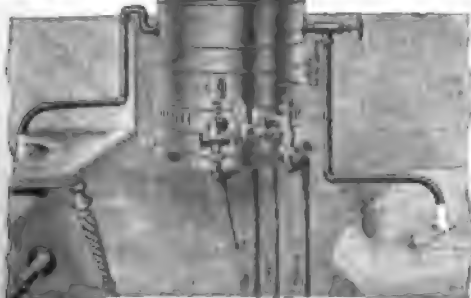
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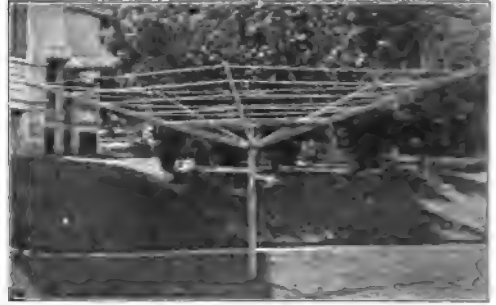


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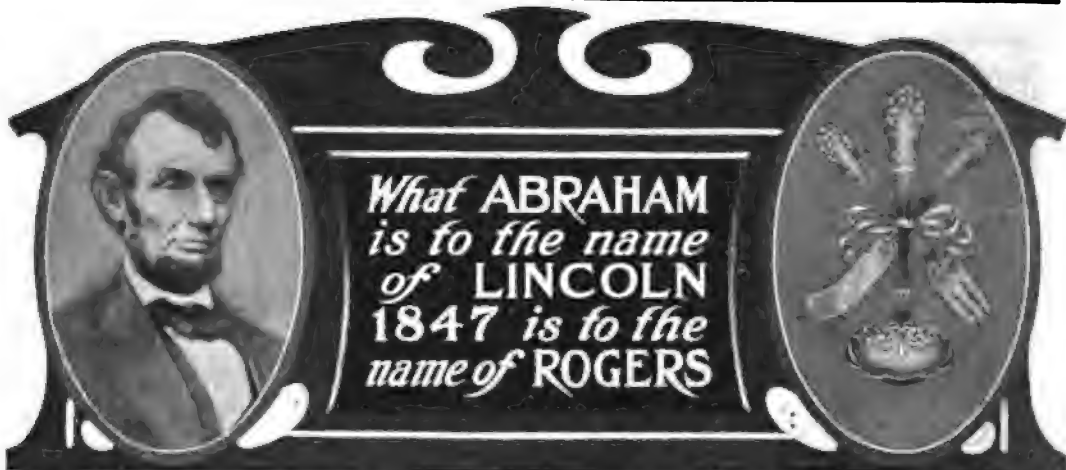
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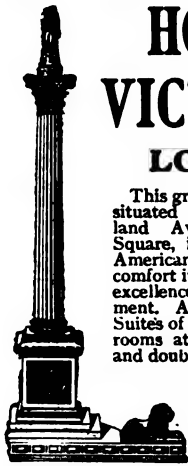
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Finest situation on the Muskoka Lakes.  
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Open June 15th to October

**LARGE MODERN HOUSE**, with every  
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## THE SNOW HOUSE

MARBLEHEAD

Is now open for the season. For terms address JOHN R. GILES, Proprietor.

**Monterey, Berkshire Co., Mass.** Ledgehurst. Now open. Near Lake Garfield. Boats free. Tennis, golf, etc. Send for booklet. Wm. S. Bidwell, Prop.



Massachusetts

The combination of mountain and seashore is obtained in

# The Linwood

(SEASHORE RESORT OPEN IN JUNE)

Pigeon Cove (Cape Ann), Mass.

AND THE

# Robbins Spring Hotel

(Mountain Scenery and Benefits)

BEST FAMILY RESORT IN VICINITY OF BOSTON

Arlington Heights, Mass.

Both under one management.

F. H. PRATT, Arlington Heights, Mass.

# Menauhant Hotel

Menauhant (Cape Cod), Mass.

Directly on the beach. Grand water view. Climate of the best. The purest of spring water. Noted for its excellence of cuisine and service. Yachting unsurpassed. Fine roads. Golf, ping-pong, music. Absolutely the coolest spot and most luxurious bathing on Atlantic Coast. From June to October. Booklets on application. FLOYD TRAVIS, Proprietor.

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MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASS. Open Plumbing and lighted throughout by Electricity. Opens June 1. Finest location on the North Shore. Every room has ocean view. Special rates for July. Send for descriptive circular. E. G. BROWN, Prop.

**FINE AIR. GOOD BOARD.** Beautiful scenery. Terms \$7 to \$14 per week. H. F. KEITH, Taconic Farm, Mount Washington, Berkshire Co., Mass.

# NAHANT, MASS.

The WHITNEY HOMESTEAD

Open May 15. Mrs. HARRIET E. TEAL.

# NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A lady having a house for college girls would like to hear of boarders for July and August. Address No. 4,447, The Outlook.

## Cape Cod

Golf. The ocean.  
Write for Booklet.  
Highland House  
North Truro, Mass.

# BERKSHIRE HILLS

**MAPLEWOOD FARM.** Pleasant rooms, shade, piazza, piano, daily mails, church, beautiful scenery, delightful walks and drives, boating and fishing; fresh vegetables, fruit, cream, and eggs. Adults \$5 to \$7; children reduction. Circular. Miss E. S. ROCKWELL, Otis, Berkshire Co., Mass.

# The Granite View Pigeon Cove, Mass.

Now open for the Season. Directly on the Ocean. Rates for May and June \$1 per day. Mrs. E. E. PIERCE.

**SUMMER BOARD** at Tamarack Farm, Berkshire Hills, one mile from West Pittsfield Station. High ground, shade trees, beautiful views. A good table, comfortable beds and a gentle horse for driving. No young children desired. Board \$7 and \$3 per week. References exchanged. Mrs. GEORGE L. HUNT, Pittsfield, Mass., P. R. D.

**BERKSHIRES, Pittsfield, Mass.** Board in private family for adults; quiet, every home comfort. Near trolley line, shaded lawn; \$10 to \$15. Early application desirable. MRS. RITCHIE, 43 North



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Berkeley and Boylston Streets

BOSTON, MASS.

Modern in every detail. Convenient to Back Bay Stations, near Copley Square and Public Garden. Particularly attractive to ladies traveling alone. European and American plans. Circular on application to  
**JOHN A. SHERLOCK.**

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Beach, Lincoln, and Kingston Streets

BOSTON, MASS.

Only two blocks from South Terminal Station in the center of the great "Shoe and Leather District" and only 3 minutes' walk to Washington St. and all the large retail stores; a good, clean, and comfortable home. American or European plan. Reasonable rates. Easily accessible from North Station by elevated railroad to Beach Street Station. Send for circular.  
**JAS. G. HICKEY, Manager.** **TILLY HAYNES, Proprietor.**



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will appeal to readers of The Outlook who wish to break the journey to the mountains or seashore. Under the same management as the Islesboro Inn.

LESS THAN A BLOCK FROM COPLEY SQUARE

EUROPEAN PLAN.

HARRY L. BROWN.

Massachusetts

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the first landing place of the Pilgrims. Good, large, airy rooms; excellent board; good location; overlooks the harbor; unsurpassed boating and bathing. For terms apply to Mrs. M. A. DAYS, P. B. Box 775.

# In Mountains (Heart of Berkshires, near Lenox), 1,200 ft.;

fine air; locality noted, hardly equalled; perfect conditions for health or pleasure; unusual board, and references of the very best. R. MACNAUGHTON, Pittsfield, Mass.

# THE BREAKERS Rockport, Mass.

Situated directly on the rocks with broad ocean view. Apply to "The Breakers."

# SOUTH SHORE NEW COLONIAL COTTAGE

Now open for the season; on farm overlooking the ocean; near station; 42 minutes to Boston; modern conveniences, excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing. Address Box 91, Scituate, Mass.

# WILLOW BROOK FARM.

Altitude 1,200 feet. Large rooms, shade, fresh vegetables and milk from farm. Mrs. E. A. EASLAND, State Line, Mass.

# Red Lion Inn, Stockbridge, Mass.

In Berkshire Hills. Now open. Modern equipment; beautiful surroundings. Golf. ALLEN T. TREADWAY.

"Walnutlawn" An attractive country estate, offers fine rooms, good table, shade, boating, fishing. Howland, Westside, Mass.

Massachusetts

# The IDLEWILD South Williamstown, Mass.

the heart of The Berkshires. Acres of lawns; golf, tennis; fine dancing hall; sanitary plumbing. G. R. MACDONALD, Prop.

# ROSALIND West Harwich, Mass. Cape Cod

Boarders wanted. First-class table board. Nicely furnished, airy rooms with bath. Near ocean and pier. \$10 per week. Mrs. THOMAS B. PECK.

# SUMMER BOARD

In the Berkshires. Send for leaflet to Mrs. A. P. Sherman, Williamstown, Mass.

# THE BREAKWATER WOODS HOLE, MASS.

**WILL OPEN JUNE 10.** Fine bathing, temperature of water from 65 to 75 degrees; fishing, boating, golf links, sun parlors, each end piazza. Address (or confer in person with) W. F. BOWMAN, Hotel Curtiss, 45 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, till June 1. Later, Woods Hole, Mass. Circular. W. F. BOWMAN, Mgr.

New Hampshire

# Fitzgerald Cottage Bethlehem, N. H.

A new modern house, furnace heat, home comforts, rates moderate. Open early and late. Modern improvements. Fine tennis court, etc.

# THE PARK VIEW, Bethlehem, N. H.

A first-class hotel; all modern improvements; table the best; terms reasonable. Circular. H. F. HARDY, Prop.

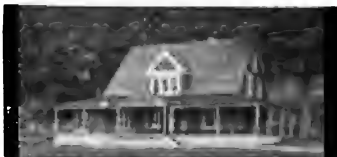
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A VIEW FROM PARSONS FARM, COLEBROOK, N. H.

*At Northern end of the White Mountains at the Western Gateway of the Rangeley Lakes.* Bathroom suites, sanitary plumbing. Choicest farm products. Golf, tennis, boating, canoeing, driving. For booklet address

MRS. GEORGE PARSONS



THE EDGEWOOD COTTAGE



## Parsons Farm Hotel and Cottages COLEBROOK, NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire



### Social and Scenic Centre of the White Mts.

Dry and invigorating atmosphere. Free from Hay Fever. Superior Golf Links.

**MAPLEWOOD COTTAGE** nearly opposite. Accommodates 130. Moderate rates. Opens June 15th. Write for Booklet and Information.

LEON H. CILLEY, Mgr.  
H. B. LOCKE, Asst. Mgr.

New Hampshire

**The UPLANDS, Bethlehem, N. H.**  
Highest point. Accommodates 200. Golf.  
F. H. ABBOTT, Proprietor.

● **THE LANE'S** ●  
**CHICHESTER, N. H.**  
The quiet, retired Farm home. For  
● information address G. W. LANE, Prop. ●

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This fine modern house, most beautifully situated at the head of Lake Winnepesaukee, accommodates 250 guests. Fine Drives, Boating, Bathing, Excellent Fishing all the time.  
**New Management Moderate Rates**  
**C. D. BROOKS**

Formerly of Hillside Inn, Bethlehem, N. H.

**The Odell FRANKLIN, N. H.**  
Handsomest and Healthiest Village in the State. New, with all Modern Improvements. Table and service exceptionally fine. Hay Fever, Malaria, and Mosquitoes unknown here. Golf, Livery, and Music Room connected.  
Send for booklet. H. J. ODELL, Prop.

New Hampshire

"Go forth under the open sky and list  
To Nature's teachings."

### THIS SUMMER VISIT HOPKINTON, N. H.

— AND —

### Ye Anciente Perkins Inn

A beautiful village in a picturesque locality, where nature seems always trying to please, and a quiet, homelike, well-kept summer hotel, which, modernized in 1888, does full honor to the memory of the famous old Perkins Tavern, which stood on the same site in 1786.

Mr. E. R. GUERIN, formerly of the Adams House, Boston, is proprietor and manager of Ye Anciente Perkins Inn. Inquiries addressed to him will result in the obtaining of full information.

### BELLEVUE HOUSE INTERVALE, N. H.

Open June 1. Fine view of the mountains. New improvements include private baths, steam heat, and electric lights. A pretty booklet is sent free. J. A. BARNES' SONS.

### THE IDLEWILD WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

Opens June 25th. Address Miss LOUISE CRAIG, 36 High St., Brookline, Mass.; after June 8th address INTERVALE, N. H.

**Maple Villa White Mountains, Intervale, N. H.**  
Delightfully situated. Modern. Noted for its excellent cuisine. Splendid lawns; attractive Pine Woods nearby. Farm and livery. Opens May 1. Write for booklet.  
**GEORGE E. GALE, Prop.**

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**WHITE MOUNTAINS**  
Extra large rooms for families. A wealth of mountain and landscape scenery. Prices moderate. Booklet. C. C. SMALL, Intervale, N. H.

### The Iron Mountain House

**Jackson, White Mountains, N. H.**  
Will open June 1st. Steam heat for early and late season. Special rates for June and July. Send for booklet.  
**W. A. MESERVE, Prop.**

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**Jefferson Highland, N. H.**  
Open June 15th to Oct. Elevation 1,680 ft. For booklet and rates address J. L. POTTLE.

**MT. ADAMS HOUSE WHITE MTS.**  
**Jefferson Highland, N. H.** Highest elevation and finest situation in Jefferson. Apply for circular, JOHN W. CRAWSHAW, Prop.

**LAKE  
SUNAPEE  
N. H.**

**BEN MERE INN**  
Opens June 20.  
Send for illustrated booklet to S. L. THOMPSON, Proprietor, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

**FOSTER COTTAGE LISBON N. H.**  
A beautiful mountain home, drives, veranda, telephone. Mrs. J. L. FOSTER.

**CHISWICK INN** In heart of White Mountains region.  
Unsurpassed view of White and Franconia ranges. Pure spring water. Address J. M. ROBINSON, Littleton, N. H.

**Summit Farm House New Boston N. H.**  
One of the finest, healthiest locations in the State; 1,200 feet elevation; 125-foot glacier. Terms, \$6 to \$7. S. L. MARDEN.

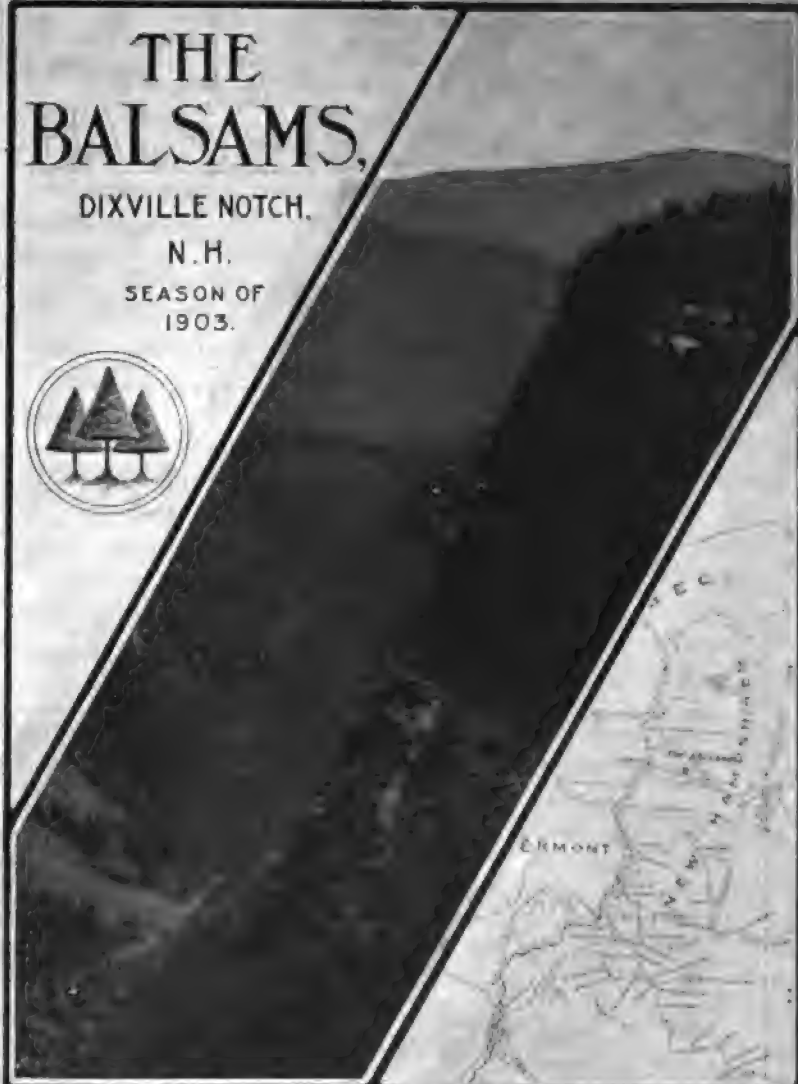
**Turner House Bethlehem, N. H.**  
On the main street.  
Pure water. Good drainage. Plenty of room and shade. Golf. J. N. TURNER & SON.

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DIXVILLE NOTCH,

N. H.

SEASON OF  
1903.



**D**IXVILLE NOTCH, 2,000 feet above sea level, is the center of the finest and wildest scenery of northern New Hampshire, near the Rangeley Lake region. **THE BALSAMS** stands on the shore of a beautiful mountain lake, alive with trout, which are a daily feature of the bill of fare. Unlimited sport in trout-fishing, and ducks, partridges, squirrels, rabbits, and deer are also abundant. Mountain climbing, boating, fishing, camping, golf, tennis, and all sports. A paradise for the tired brain-worker. Dixville Notch is famous for affording perfect relief in the worst cases of hay-fever. **THE BALSAMS** is the resort of refined, intellectual people, who go there year after year. It is noted for its excellent table. Open June 27 to Oct. 5. Write for booklet, with fine views of the splendid mountain scenery. **CHAS. H. GOULD, Manager, DIXVILLE NOTCH, N. H.**

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All comforts and conveniences known to modern life are found at Wentworth Hall and Cottages at Jackson, N. H.

A place for particular people, accommodating 250 guests.

There are 800 feet of broad piazzas, Bays, Oriels, and Galleries. Within the Halls and Cottages are 100 suites of rooms with private baths; Casino with smoking and billiard parlors, Café, Bazaar, and Ball-room.

Wentworth Hall Golf Course (among the finest in the country) is admirably located about an eighth of a mile from the Hall.

First-class livery accommodations for private horses and carriages. Western Union Telegraph. Long Distance Telephone. Eleven hours from New York, five hours from Boston. Excellent cuisine. Fresh vegetables, milk and cream from Wentworth Farm.

For full information, pamphlet, time-tables, etc., address

M. C. WENTWORTH, Proprietor and Manager.

Winter Resort  
The New Raymond Hotel  
Pasadena, California

JAMES N. BERRY, Assistant Manager.

JACKSON, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

## New Hampshire

### THE GRAND

At Beautiful Mont Vernon, N. H.

The ideal summer home Hotel in the ideal spot, 1,100 feet elevation. Magnificent scenery. Purest air and water; adjoins charming village and beautiful golf course. Every out and indoor amusement and comfort; pine woods, etc. The finest arranged Hotel you ever saw, 400 feet piazzas. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. Accommodates 200. No car. Send for beautiful booklet.

GEO. E. BATES, Owner and Prop.

## WHITE MOUNTAINS

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NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

Will open June 20. Suites with private bath, perfect drainage; golf, tennis, orchestra.

A. I. CREAMER, Manager  
New York Office, 3 Park Place

### THE PIPER HOUSE

New modern house, 40 rooms, light and airy, in wild mountain and lake location. At foot of Mt. Chocorua. Delightful and quiet. Sit and all out-door amusements. First-class patronage. For booklet and terms address FRANK P. PIPER, Mgr., Pequaket, N. H.

### Ocean Wave House

(200 feet from ocean)

At NORTH BEACH, N. H.  
For booklet. H. E. PUTNAM.

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SPOFFORD, N. H.

June 15th to October 1st

The Ideal Resort for Health, Rest, and Pleasure. Situated in pine forest on banks of beautiful Lake Spofford, 1,100 feet above sea. Rooms singly or en suite, with or without baths. Celebrated Spring Water. Unlimited amusements. Fine drives, Music, Golf. Moderate rates. Illustrated booklets.

ATKINS & MESSER, Mgrs.  
Address Florence, Mass., until June 1st.

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The Miramonte Inn and Cottage located 1,700 feet above sea level, facing the Presidential and Franconia ranges. Special rates for July. Address MISS ESTEY, Putney, Vt.

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New house, all modern conveniences. Golf, Tennis, Swimming Pool.

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WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

A Standard Resort Hotel

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Conducted with reference to an unexcelled clientele and refinement. GOLF, TENNIS, and all popular amusements. Address C. H. GREENLEAF, President.

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Five miles from Profile (same ownership). Beautifully situated near many points of interest. Open June 10 to Oct. 10. S. R. ELLIOTT, Mgr.

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WEIRS, N. H.

Lake Winnepesaukee

Situated on a high bluff overlooking the most beautiful of lakes and entirely surrounded by the majestic White Mountains. Boating, bathing, fishing, billiards, fine drives, tennis, and an excellent orchestra. Accommodations for 250; many rooms en suite with private bath. Write for booklet and rates. Opens June 15.

H. R. SHARES, Prop.

Winter—The New Rockledge  
Rockledge, Fla.

### PROSPECT HOUSE, Meredith, N. H.

1,400 feet elevation. Overlooking Lake Winnepesaukee, and 1 m. from same. Between Center Harbor and Meredith. Circular.

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### A SANATORIUM AND HOTEL

Maybe you are needing a change of climate—None surpasses that of Atlantic City. Possibly it is hot where you are—The Salt Breath of the Sea is most refreshing.

As aids to nature and helps to health, a course of our BATHS will be found beneficial, exhilarating, luxurious. We have many forms of Hydriatics, and Sea-Water is used in all Baths.

An attractive illustrated Booklet with full information and terms will be sent promptly upon application to F. L. Young, Gen'l Manager.

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## ST. DENIS HOTEL

Broadway & Eleventh St., N.Y.

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

William Taylor & Son  
Proprietors

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Strictly Fire-Proof  
103 Waverly Place  
one block west from lower end of 5th Ave.  
Entirely new American plan hotel. Near business and shopping district. One room with private bath with meals for one, \$3.00 per day; same room with meals for two, \$5.00 per day. Also suites of two or three rooms and bath.

## THE JUDSON

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Adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Facing on the Washington Square Park near business and shopping district. A select family and transient hotel. American plan. Single and double rooms, suites, and apartments from \$2 per day up. JAMES KNOTT, Proprietor.

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Asbury Park, N. J.  
Elevator, Baths,  
Evening Dinners.  
Booklet on Request.  
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North Asbury Park, N. J., 6th Ave.  
Full ocean view from spacious porches. For particulars address HARRY DUFFIELD, Prop.

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### The Best Combination for the Vacation

THE ENGLSIDE, with all the desirable adjuncts of a first-class summer home by the sea; rooms with baths supplied with salt and fresh water; every room with an ocean view.

AND

BEACH HAVEN, noted for its matchless bay for sailing and fishing, its superb bathing, and the select class of its patrons, and if you have Hay Fever, there is no surer place to escape it. Send for Booklet. Opens June 13th.

R. F. ENGLE, Manager, Beach Haven, N. J.

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## Altamont-Craig Hall

An entirely new building.  
Near Boardwalk, with view of Ocean.  
Pennsylvania Avenue  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.  
Elevator, Electric Lights, Rooms with Bath, Sun Parlor, Library with Magazines, Game Room, Afternoon Tea, Evening Dinner. Booklet. CRAIGHEAD & CRAIGHEAD.

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NEW JERSEY  
Directly on the ocean and Barnegat Bay. Splendid bathing, sailing, fishing, bicycling, etc. Artesian water, hot and cold sea water baths, gas, perfect sanitary arrangements. Booklet. ALFRED E. JOHNSON.

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Situated on bluff facing ocean. Unexceptionable drives and roads suitable for automobile driving.  
COTTAGES OPEN THURSDAY, JUNE 11TH.  
HOTEL OPENS THURSDAY, JUNE 25TH.  
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Now open for the season. 50 ft. from ocean. Special till July 10th. Booklet. F. S. HAYNES.

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POINT PLEASANT  
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Two hours from New York. Fifth season. First-class family hotel, situated in large grove of pine trees on banks of beautiful Manasquan River near the ocean; still water and surf bathing, golf, tennis, wheeling, croquet, boating. Opens May 29th. Since first season has been full to capacity after July 1st. Write for particulars and circular. WALTER P. BEERS (Manager).

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## Restawhile Cottage Spring Lake

Beach, N. J. Two blocks from ocean on Washington Ave. Opens June 1st. For terms, etc., address The Misses BURKE.

## WILBURTON-BY-THE-SEA

Spring Lake, N. J. Opens June 20th. Cottage Annex now open. Directly on the Beach. Elevator. Cold and hot sea water baths.



## THE FRONTENAC St. Lawrence River Frontenac, N. Y.

This palatial hotel will open June 20th. The situation is unique and surroundings unparalleled in beauty. All outdoor sports, including boating, sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, etc.

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**MISS MEAD, 146 East 36th St.**  
Comfortable, airy rooms; ample closets with dressing-rooms; excellent table and attendance. Refined, accessible. References.

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Permanent and transient. Summer rates. 147 and 150 E. 37th St., N.Y.

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On Lower Saranac Lake

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Famed for beauty of environment and excellence of Cuisine, Golf, etc. For Booklet address John Harding, Algonquin, N. Y.

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PREY HOUSE.**—Is new; good location and modern improvements. Good fishing, boating, and bathing. Rates \$12 to \$18 per week. C. E. VANDENBURGH, Blue Mt. Lake.

### BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

**BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, N. Y.**  
For booklet and terms apply to TYLER M. MERWIN, Towahloodah, Hamilton Co. N. Y.

## "Cascade Lake House"

E. M. WESTON Cascadeville, N. Y.

### Banner House In the Northern Adirondacks

A summer resort that will please you. Easy of access and terms moderate. J. S. KIRBY, Prop., Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.

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In Adirondacks; detached cottages in Pine Grove; pure mountain air; ample shade; large brick house, broad piazzas; open log fires; fine table, fresh vegetables, lamb, chickens, eggs, rich milk, cream, berries from farm; mountain climbing, bicycling, golf, cricket; NO PULMONARY INVALIDS TAKEN. Booklets upon application.

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Keene Valley, N. Y.—Heart of Mt. Adirondack. Fishing, hunting, mountain-climbing, driving. Send for booklet. \$8 to \$12. L. J. ESTES.

**CLAWBONNY** Keeseville, N. Y.  
Near Ausable Chasm. Sanitary plumbing, bath, spring water; pine grove. \$8 to \$12. E. A. JORDAN, Propr.

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Happy home in the Adirondacks. 2,000 acres forest, mountain, and lake. Booklet. Frederic M. Heath, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

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LOWER SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.

A most delightful lake and mountain resort. Opens June 25th. Perfect Golf Links. Fishing, Rowing, Bathing, Tennis, and Dancing. Superior Music. Post, telegraph, telephone offices in hotel. Booklet. G. S. MOULTON, Manager, N. Y. Office, Aeolian Building, 362 Fifth Ave. (34th St.).

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An ideal summer resort for families. Write for booklet. LAVERY BROS., Props., New Russia P. O., N. Y.

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**ON SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.**  
Gentle trade only solicited. For booklet and full particulars address C. F. TAYLOR & SON, Taylor's-on-Schroon, N. Y.

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A long-established and popular resort, patronized largely by families and parties of friends, insuring a charming social life. Many rooms and cottages already engaged. Early application to Mrs. H. D. HUNT, 143 Madison Avenue, New York City.

**Shadyalde—in-the-Adirondacks,** Jay, Essex Co., N. Y. Quiet, restful place; beautiful mountain scenery; large, airy rooms; excellent board. Terms moderate. Miss DAV.

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**ADIRONDACKS Camp Mohawk and Cottages**  
Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain. Write for booklet. Mrs. H. H. LONGSTAFF, Old Forge, N. Y.

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## at "MOON HILL CAMP" on Schroon Lake in the Adirondacks

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**ON UPPER SARANAC LAKE**  
GOLF, TENNIS, BOATING, MUSIC.  
Pure Spring Water. Private tables for guests.  
J. BEN HART, WAWBEEK, N. Y.

**The Chieftain, Catskill Mountains,**  
Big Indian, N. Y. Large rooms; music, good table; ample shade; extensive veranda; livery; mile from station, on Ulster and Delaware R. R. D. A. HAWKINS, Prop.

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On the side of Mt. Pakatakan, overlooking two beautiful valleys. A family resort at the best class. Send for booklet. F. D. NEWTON, Prop., Arkville, Delaware Co., N. Y.

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Hot Sulphur, Brine, and other baths. Electrical treatments, etc. Electric Radium. Steam heat and bells. Many special attractions as a summer resort. Send for booklet. IRVING C. ALLEN, M.D., Avon, N. Y.

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A few minutes from Bay. Home comforts. Generous table. Reasonable. J. R. Warner.

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Delightfully located; opposite Grand  
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FOR YOUNG GIRLS.** Large  
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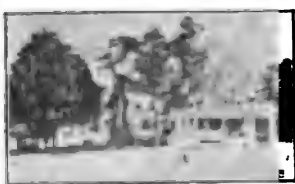
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Lovers of nature who find this an ideal spot for a beautiful, airy, comfortable and well-furnished home. A house situated on Virginia River. **C. H. FAYSON, Manager.**

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**Hill Crest and Harbour View**

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**New Summer Cottage** On "NAPINKA ISLAND"

At the far famed "Fiddler's Elbow" 1,000 ISLANDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER Canadian Side

Beautiful summer home just completed, extensive large reception and dining room, with open hearth fireplace in each, kitchen with sink and tile floors, five bedrooms, large linen room, bathroom, w. c. and lavin. House plastered with asbestos plaster throughout. Spacious verandas, balconies, waterworks, drainage, fountains filled with ice, new boat-house, three bedrooms over same, new skiff and steamboat landings and docks. Stone seawall will round island, beautiful timber and shade oak, maple, birch, pine, cedar, situated between all steamboat and yacht channels, close to London's and American Rail's best Channel, etc., improved property on all sides, daily mail, post-office on main shore few minutes distant. Finest location, most extensive and magnificent view of the Canadian side of the river. "Napinka" Island contains about 25 acres. Price \$7,000, easy terms, or to a good party for a term of years will rent \$200 furnished, \$100 unfurnished. I have also large number of beautiful, unimproved islands all along the Canadian side between Brockville and Gananoque, including a number of the best water in the river. Parties desiring to inspect "Napinka" property will find key close by at Mrs. Porter's, Echo Lodge, a three hill property on the same side of the river. The Outlook is for further particulars address the owner, W. D. Morris, Ottawa, Canada.

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## The Finest Piece of Seashore in

## CASCO BAY

(Portland Harbor)

About 135 acres, partly wooded. Price \$22,000, cash. Location, outside of one of Casco Bay's most beautiful islands, about 12 miles from Portland and near Harpswell Neck. Also three cottage lots (front) on Littlejohn's Island, 2 minutes to wharf and Hotel; only \$200 each to close estate. Address **JOSHUA T. NOWELL, 53 State St., Boston, Mass.**

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Furnished cottages, 3 rooms each. Friendship Island, one-half mile from Friendship, Me. Steamboat wharf and stores within ten minutes' row. \$40 for season. **Capt. N. W. THOMPSON, Friendship, Me.**

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**WITHOUT A PEER** as to location, air, water, scenery. Location selected and buildings erected by their sole owner and present manager to illustrate **an idea** which had grown out of twenty years of invalidism.

**FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF HOPELESS INVALIDISM**, convalescence and restored health have enabled the founder of this Sanitarium to develop

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**Based upon Life's Great Law, the Analogue of Newton's Law of Gravitation**

Over 300 large, royal octavo pages, price \$2.00. The most important work of this or any other age. Solves all medical problems and establishes a science of regaining and maintaining health as certain and reliable as astronomy or chemistry. It will double the average of human life within fifty years.

**THIRTY YEARS OF PRACTICE** justifies the most extreme claims. No patient has died in this Sanitarium in fifteen years except from the infirmities of old age, and not more than two or three in thirty years. No other Sanitarium and no other system of treatment in the known world can show an equal record. What did it but "The Exact Science of Health"? Don't fail to send for the book. To all who send Post Office Order drawn on Walters Park, Pa., for \$1.50 before June 15th, the book will be sent post paid. Circulars free to any address. Address

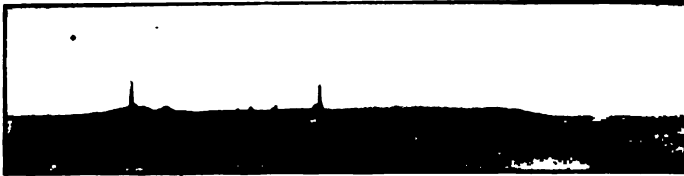
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**REFERENCES:** Publisher of this Journal,  
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# THE OUTLOOK RECREATION DEPARTMENT

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#### LAND'S END, ROCKPORT, MASS.

**8 SHORE FRONT LOTS** of 2-4 acres each.  
**SEVERAL FINE HIGH LOTS** of about the same size, with beach privileges and magnificent ocean views.  
**ALSO 2 LARGE TRACTS**, one of about 40 acres, with sea front, and the other of about 55 acres. Any of these parcels can be divided.  
 This land is on the most easterly point of the northern shore of Massachusetts Bay, close to the twin lights of Cape Ann, which mark the northern entrance to Massachusetts Bay as Cape Cod Light does the southern. Both north and south of Cape Ann the sea makes into the westward, also, that most every wind comes over the water. The shore in front of these lots is bold and rocky, and there is a fine sandy beach on the property near by. The place is one of great beauty.  
 Neighborhood most desirable. References required to keep it so. For particulars and maps apply to the undersigned, or Mr. T. Sheehan, Jr., Rockport, can show you the property. Better still, after June 25, spend a few days at the Turk's Head Inn on the property and look over the whole of the beautiful North Shore at your leisure.  
 ARTHUR LYMAN, 33 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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**CHOICE LOCATION** for Summer Home. Ten lots of 10,000 feet each. Near bay; splendid ocean view. Price reasonable. N. W. Thompson, Friendship, Me.

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**ON FIRST FOOT OF MAINE COAST**  
 At Entrance of Beautiful Portsmouth Harbor  
**FURNISHED COTTAGES**

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Six rooms, open fireplace; running water. Situated among fir trees; rocky coast. Fine view of Camden Hills, Hotel Samoset and the Bay. Season \$200. Address A. F. B., 70 Allston St., Allston, Mass.

## SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.

A Fine Estate on Somes Sound, Mt. Desert Island, directly opposite North East Harbor, to rent for the season. An attractive house, hardwood floors, two open fireplaces; seven or eight beautiful rooms; piazza 12 feet wide; five acres covered to the water's edge with spruce and fir trees; long avenue; house and barn completely hidden by forest; superb view of mountains, sea, and islands; the best water privilege for boating on the Sound; no flats at lowest tide; wooded path leading to the boat. Address "D," care of Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass.

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#### ANNISQUAM, MASSACHUSETTS

##### Shore of Cape Ann

Cottage, eight rooms and bath; grounds extend to the beach. Rent \$400. Address I. B. PULCIFIER, Annisquam, Mass.

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A sunny, convenient house of ten large rooms; barn for two horses; large flower garden and pleasant grounds; within five minutes' walk of schools and trains; electric near by. Apply to  
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**Attractive Old Colonial Farmhouse** for rent from August 1st. Five minutes' walk from hotel, post-office, telephone, livery stable. Running spring water in kitchen, full ice-house, fine garden, good orchard. Rent low to right people. Address C. F. BRUSIE, Ossining, N. Y.

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Remodeled, newly furnished cottage, location unexcelled. Near fine golf links and bathing beach. Very large living room, piazza and glass enclosed porch, pantry, kitchen, basement laundry, 5 bedrooms (6 if desired), bathroom, water and gas. (Rev.) J. S. WILLIAMSON, Haverhill, Mass.

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**To Let**—Furnished house of ten rooms with all modern improvements; situated on the shore at Norwood Heights. Good boating and bathing. Fine sea view. Apply to ARTHUR E. ROWE, Gloucester, Mass.

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Furnished house. Wide veranda, three sides. Fine view. Terms moderate. GERALD STANLEY LEE, Northampton, Mass.

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to rent; furnished; 13 rooms; modern improvements; ample stable accommodations; high ground; large and well-shaded lawns; 5 minutes' walk to electric; two steam railroads to Boston; golf club grounds near by. G. E. ABBOT, Leominster, Mass.

**To Let**—Summer cottage furnished, 10 rooms, 6 bed; bathroom; fireplace; stable. Near Hotel Belmont, West Harwich, Mass. Fine bathing. J. Raymore No. Harwich, Mass.

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**In Pittsfield, Mass., and Vicinity**  
 To rent, furnished Houses for summer season, ranging from small cottages to large country seats. Send for catalogue to FRANK RUSSELL & Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

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for the summer, the residence of the late Hon. H. L. Dawes, in Pittsfield, Mass. Apply to Miss ANNA L. DAWES or to FRANK RUSSELL & CO., Pittsfield, Mass.

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**In the BERKSHIRE HILLS**  
 A furnished house to rent for the summer. 11 rooms, attractively situated in the village. Broad piazza and lawn. Modern improvements. Address P. O. Box 27, Sheffield, Mass.

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**OVERLOOKING BUZZARDS BAY**  
**TO RENT**—Modern Cottage of 13 Rooms. Furnished; about five minutes from station; also house lots for sale. ESTATE OF FRANKLIN KING, 120 Milk Street, Boston.

**Williamstown, Mass.**—Furnished cottage, June 20 to September 20, \$125 per month. 15 rooms; broad piazzas. Near hotel. Address E. J. HOFFORD, Northmead College Preparatory School.

**FURNISHED HOUSE at Winchester, Mass.**, to let from June 25 to September 6, 13 rooms, high elevation, plenty of land, splendid view, 3 minutes from electric and Metropolitan Park. 9 miles from Boston. References required. K. M. D., 167 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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## COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE AND TO RENT

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**TO RENT in BETHLEHEM, N. H.,** for the summer, a modern cottage on Maple St.; eight rooms and bath; hot water; newly furnished; good piazzas; unobstructed view of Presidential ranges. Also use of driving outfit if desired. Address **J. A. L., Lock Box 16, Bethlehem, N. H.**

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On main line of "Lackawanna" railroad, 57 miles from New York. Population, 3,000; unsurpassed in beauty and healthfulness of location; beautifully shaded macadam streets; electric lights; public water supply taken from Schooley's Mountain and pronounced the purest and most abundant in the State; seat of Centenary Collegiate Institute, re-built 1901 at a cost of \$300,000; graded public high school; strong churches; best hotel accommodations. **AN IDEAL "HOME" TOWN**, and trading center for a prosperous agricultural section. Low rents; minimum living expenses, maximum public advantages. Large acreage adjoining railroad available for manufacturing sites free with public concessions. Furnished houses for rent for summer. Address Sec'y Board of Trade, Hackettstown, N. J.

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**NAVESINK HIGHLANDS.** Daily trip via Sandy Hook boats. Attractive furnished cottage. Fine high situation. Good views. **F. A. WRIGHT, 95 Liberty St.**

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farm, home, business, or other property (no matter where located or how large or small) may be obtained through me. Send description, state price, and get full particulars free. Established 1896. Highest references. Offices in 14 cities, from Boston to San Francisco.

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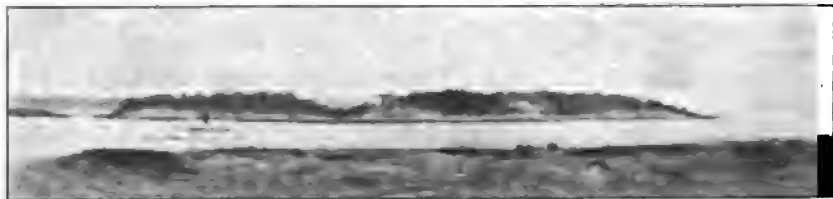
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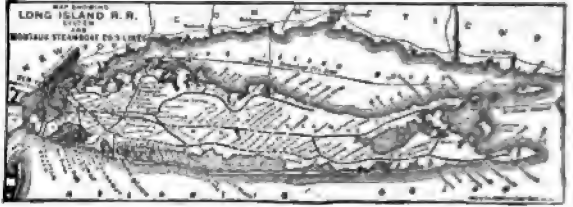
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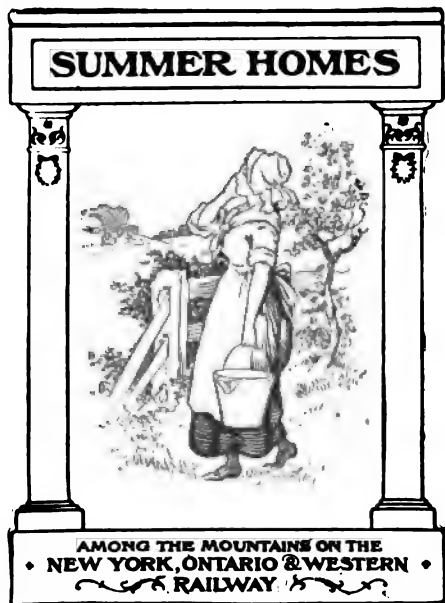
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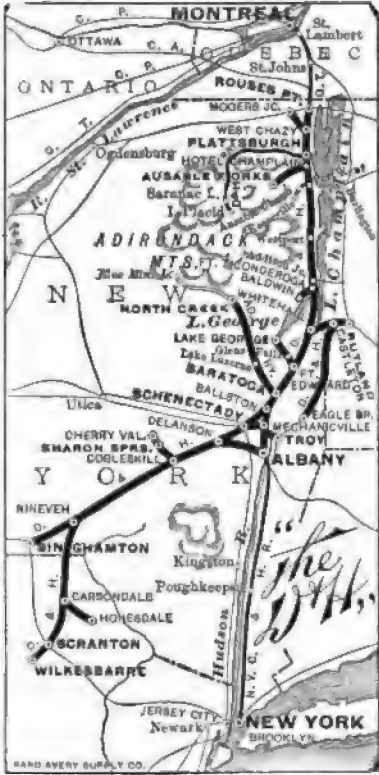
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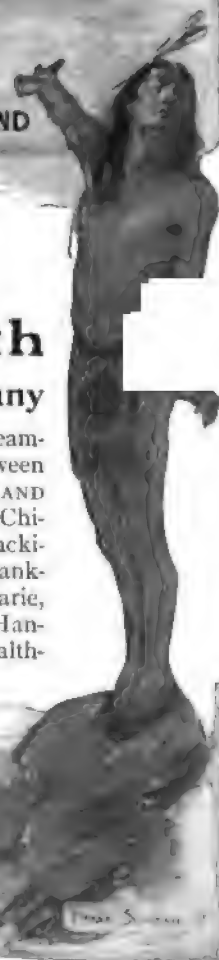
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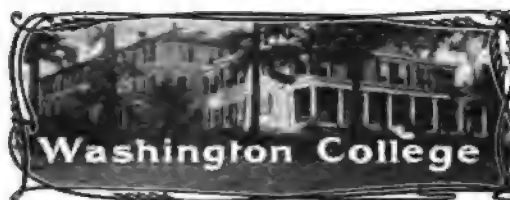
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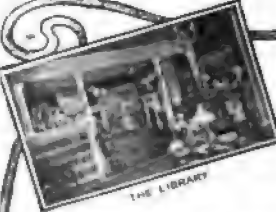
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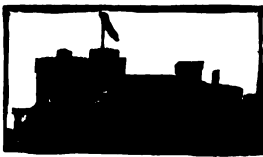
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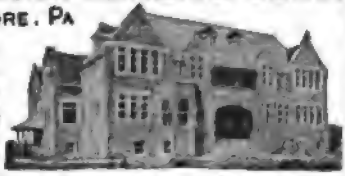
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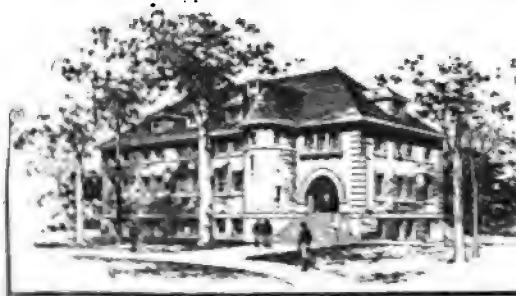
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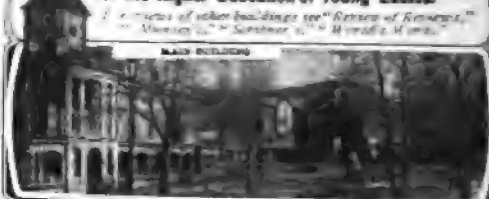
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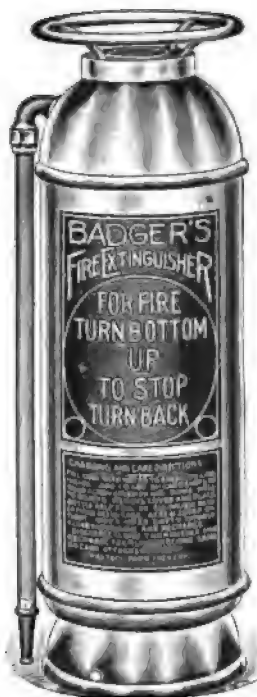
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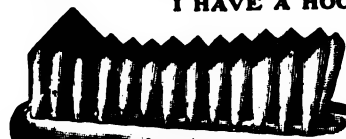
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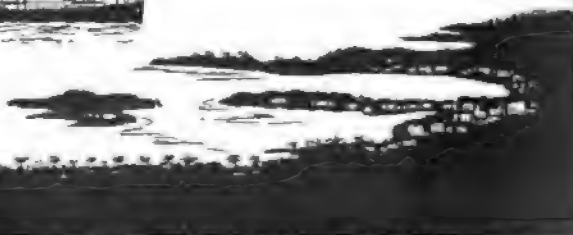
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ONTARIO CANADA  
At the Ontario End of the  
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Excellent Cuisine and Service.  
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Finest boating, bathing, fishing. Send for  
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Boating, bathing, fishing. Terms \$5 to \$7 a  
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Seashore and Mountains. Open July 1 to September 26. For furnished cottages and booklet apply to manager.

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**Parties Can Find Good Board**  
and accommodations from June 20th at a beautiful healthy place bordering on Casco Bay. Rates \$7 to \$9 per week. Address GEO. W. FENNELL, Brunswick, Maine.

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Historic and attractive. All summer pleasures. June to October. S. K. HALL.

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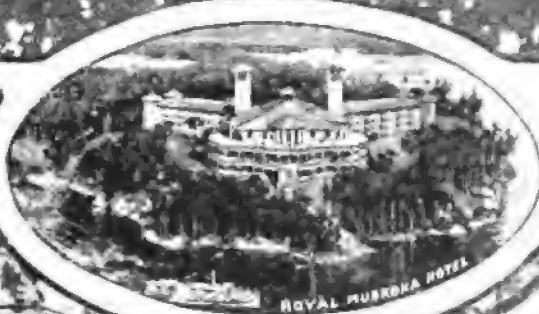
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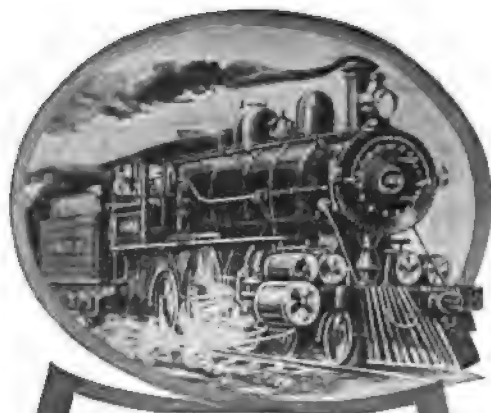
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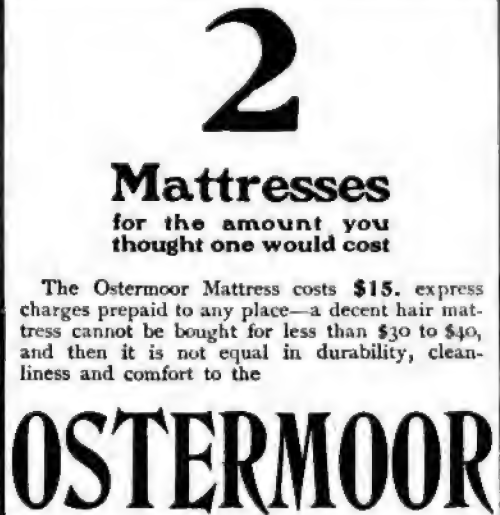
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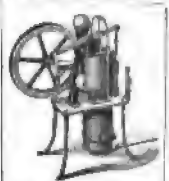
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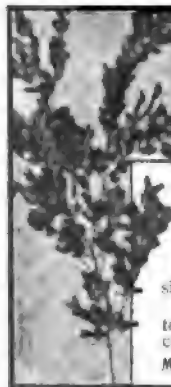
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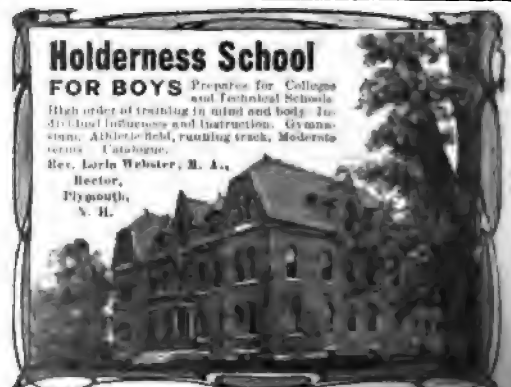
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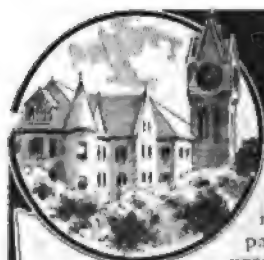
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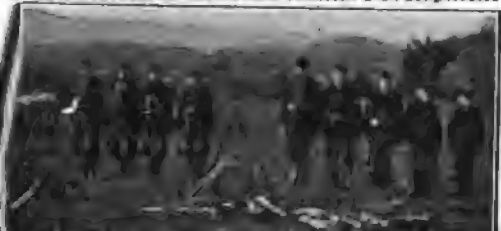
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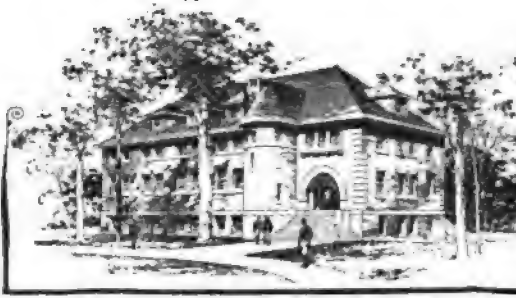
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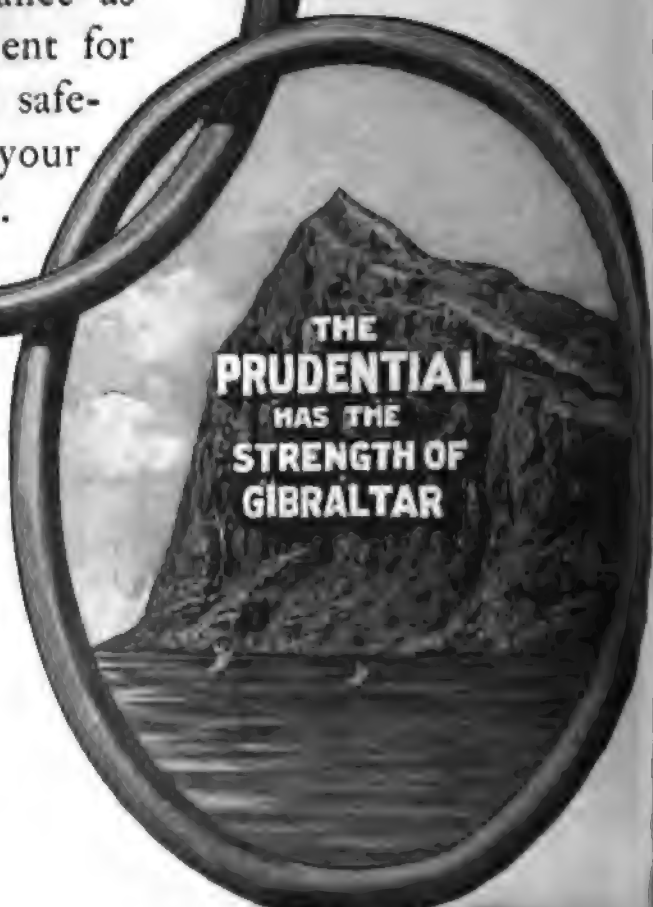
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An illustration of the Rock of Gibraltar, a large, craggy rock formation rising from the sea. The rock is dark and textured, with some white clouds or smoke rising from its base. The sea is visible at the bottom of the frame.

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because it is pure, rich milk from our own dairies, with the extract of malted grain, already prepared and reduced to powder form by our own special process—nutritious, easily digested, containing everything needed for the upbuilding of the child. Its use prevents the summer troubles incident to impure milk and improper feeding. Thousands of healthy children attest its value. Keeps in all climates. Convenient to carry and prepare when traveling. No cooking or addition of milk required. Ask your physician about it.

Very sustaining and strengthening for nursing mothers—a delicious invigorating food drink for every active, ready in a moment by stirring in water.

Used and sold everywhere—all druggists.

**SAMPLE** If you are not using it, send for a trial package, charges prepaid **FREE**

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Reduced Price  
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**SUITS and  
SKIRTS**

**\$6.<sup>07</sup> to \$20**

**Everything Made  
to Order**

SINCE the announcement of our Reduced Price Sale some weeks ago we have disposed of many of our fabrics. We have therefore added some new goods, suitable for Fall wear. This is the last month of the Reduced Price Sale, and if you wish to take advantage of it, your order must reach us during August. Suits and Skirts made to order (nothing ready-made) at *one-third less than regular prices*, perfect in fit, finish, and workmanship.

**Handsome Tailored Suits \$6.67, former price \$10. \$12 Suits reduced to \$8. \$15 Suits reduced to \$10. \$20 Suits reduced to \$13.34. \$25 Suits reduced to \$16.67. \$30 Suits reduced to \$20.**

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Catalogue, Samples, and Bargain List sent *free* by return mail. If the garment which we make for you does not prove satisfactory, send it back promptly and *we will refund your money*. Orders can be filled with the greatest promptness, very often in three days' time. Write to-day and don't fail to say you wish **Summer Catalogue No. 181 and Reduced Price samples**.

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Every mother needs our valuable book, "*How to Care for the Baby*." It is sent free with samples of Eskay's Food.

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**THE CECILIAN**  
THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER

### A Suggestion.

The Cecilian will bring your silent piano to life, for, with it, you, or any member of your family, can (without practice or musical training) play any music you desire. The Cecilian has a new device which permits the use of any standard 65 note music as well as the regular Cecilian music, and has other points of superiority which we will be glad to tell you about if you will send us your address. Price, \$250.00. Easy payments, if desired.

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Since the introduction of the

## ANGELUS Piano Player

others have been brought forward which give something, but not the artistic performance which he desires later. Not one of them can be successfully compared with the ANGELUS, because the Government patents protect the two most important features of this wonderful instrument. They are the two devices which permit the person playing the piano by means of the ANGELUS to duplicate pianists. The ANGELUS alone delights the critical music lover as well as the music-hungry one.

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which soften the Bass or the Treble independently of each other (thus bringing out the melody, while subduing the accompaniment) give the human touch and the finger effects impossible with any other piano player.

So important are these two distinguishing features that after you have investigated them for yourself, no other piano player would be admitted to your home at half the ANGELUS price, \$250.00.

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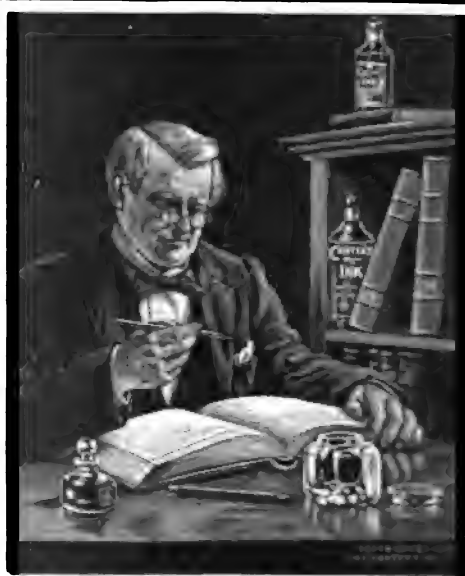
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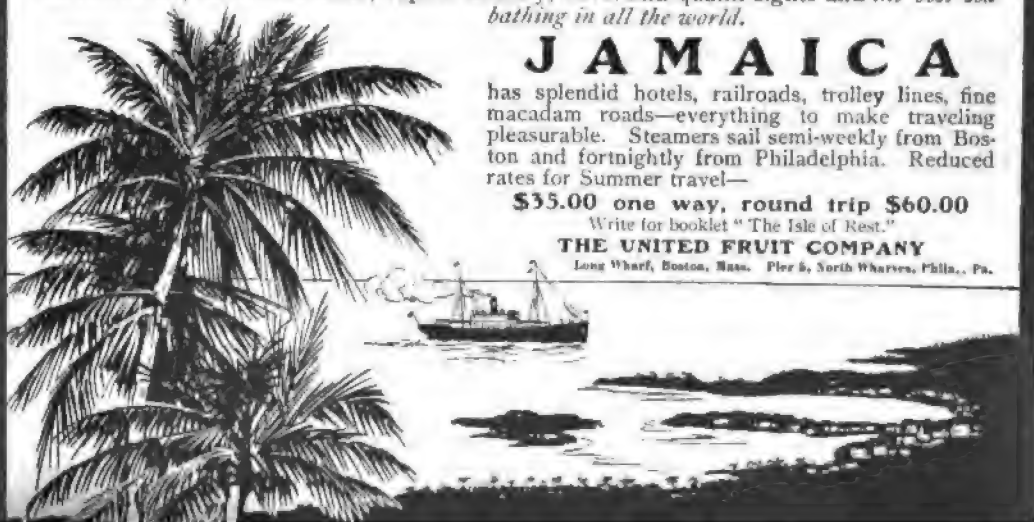
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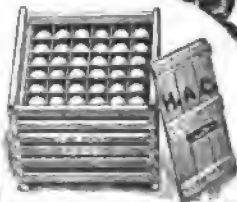
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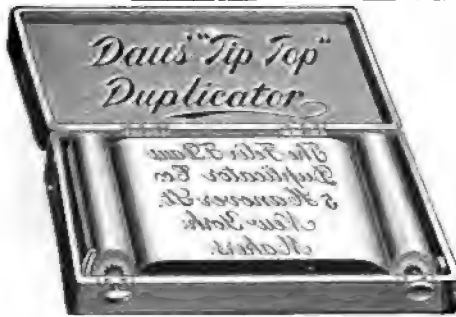
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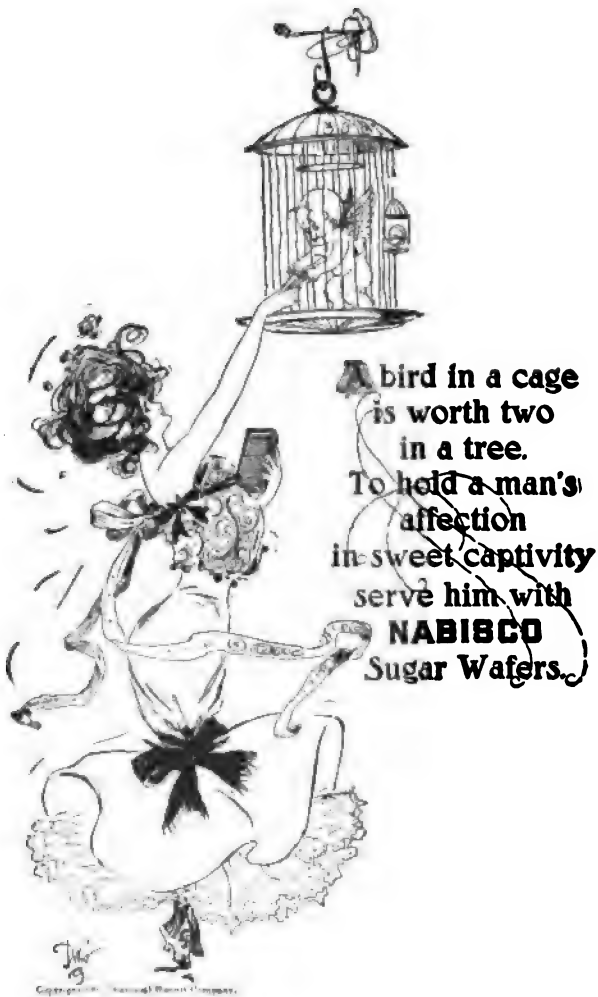
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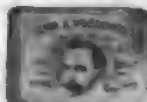
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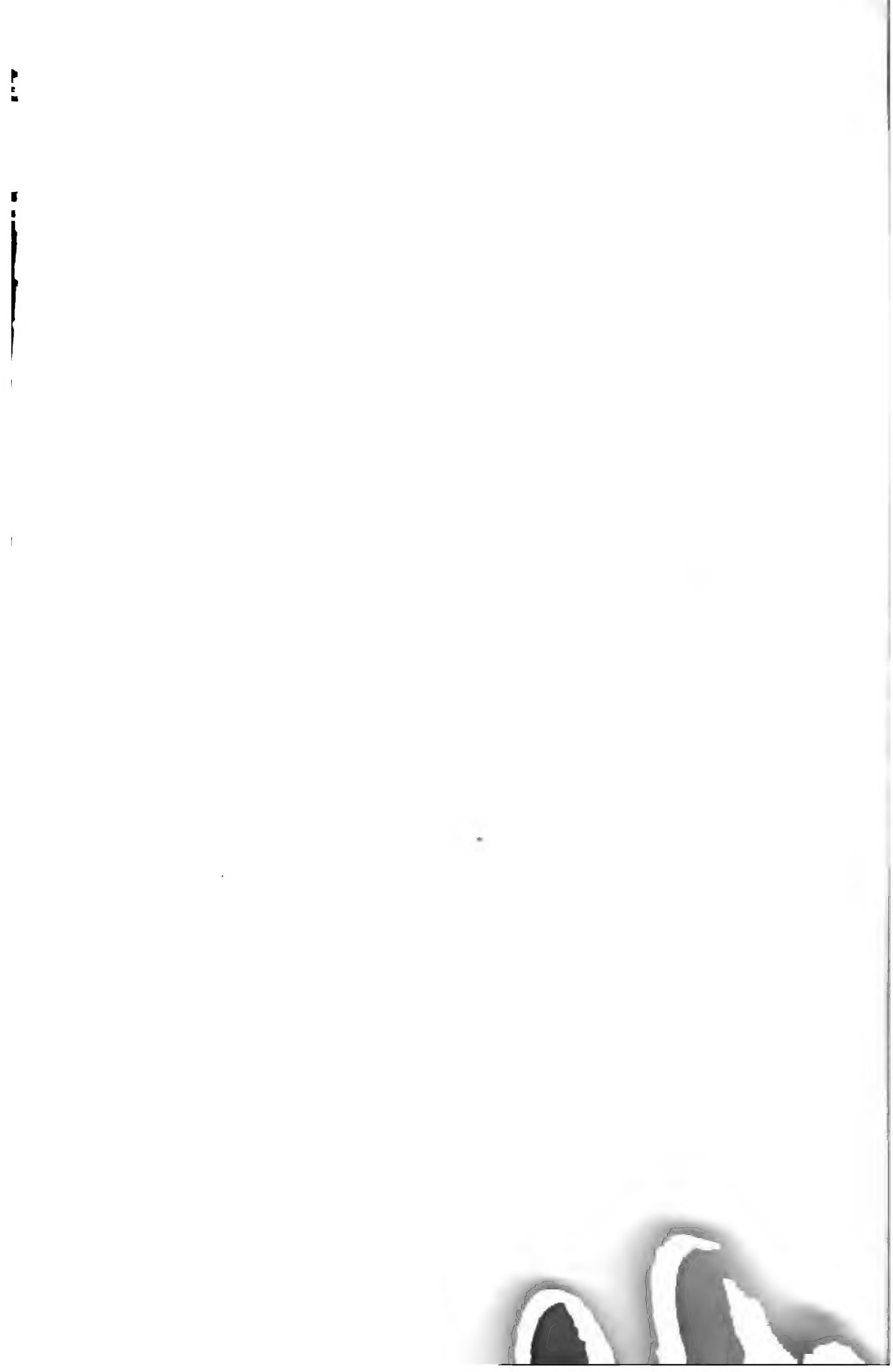
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